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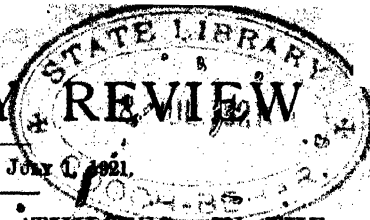
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No. DCLV. New Series, July 1, 1921.

CA NOW AND IN THE THIRTIES. IN THE
STEPS OF DE TOCQUEVILLE.

EN years before Charles Dickens paid his first visit to America, another European, even younger in years, had started on a similar voyage of observation and inquiry. This voyager was the Frenchman, Alexis de Tocqueville, then only twenty-five years of age. So eager was he for this quest that he threw up a judgeship in order to undertake it, and imperilled his career on its very threshold. Finding it impossible to pay his own expenses he managed to secure from Count Montalivet, a member of the Government of the new King, Louis Philippe, a mission to inquire into the penitentiary experiments then going on in the United States.² But that was not de Tocqueville's real aim and object. The governing motive of his journey was to make a thorough exploration into the working of democracy across the Atlantic. He achieved his object, and produced on his return a work which brought him instant fame, that remarkable book—or rather books, for there were two³—*Democracy in America*. Still, after all these years, that work survives as one of the most profound studies of a great community, and even in 1921 is still one of the most illuminating searchlights on the enduring mind and heart of America.

What was de Tocqueville's motive in this visit to America? To answer the question we must appreciate his position in modern life and history.

De Tocqueville stood historically in the same position as that favourite theme of Matthew Arnold's poetry—Senancour, the author of *Obermann*. Though born thirty years later, de Tocqueville, like Senancour, lived between two worlds—one dead and another not yet born. He suffered from the profound unrest of a world in travail:—

"But now the old is out of date,
The new is not yet born,
And who can be alone elate,
While the world lies forlorn?"

(1) This is a sequel to the article which appeared in the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* of March last, entitled "America Now and in the 'Forties: In the Steps of Charles Dickens."

(2) On his return he wrote a book on this question: *On the Penitentiary System in the United States and its Application to France*.

(3) One produced in 1835 and the other in 1840.

(4) Matthew Arnold's *Obermann Once More*.

De Tocqueville had come into the world in 1805, at the height of the Revolutionary period, and at the height of Napoleon's greatest glory—the year of the battle of Austerlitz. Brought up on a small property in Normandy, by parents who held the position of small nobles under the Old Order, he found himself impoverished and despoiled of property by the father and mother, indeed, the Comte and Comtesse de La Fayette, had barely escaped with their lives in the Red Terror of the later French Revolution, and had actually been imprisoned in the Conciergerie for several weeks. His father had had the courage to marry in the height of the Terror—in 1793—the grand-daughter of that brave man, M. de Malesherbes, who afterwards defended the King at his trial on April 22nd, 1794. The Robespierriests made a wholesale slaughter of the whole of that brilliant family, executing within one hour de Malesherbes himself, along with his daughter, another grand-daughter, and her husband, de Chateaubriand, the elder brother of the famous writer and statesman.

It was in such an atmosphere of carnage that de Tocqueville's parents had lived, and the terror and shock of those events was handed on to their son, whose whole life was absorbed in a certain brooding eagerness to save the world from the recurrence of such evils.

But the distinguishing characteristic of de Tocqueville was that that eagerness did not take the form of either panic or reaction. While most of the young nobles around him continued to live in the past, de Tocqueville looked to the future. The others vainly dreamed of restoring the Old Order; de Tocqueville realised that it was dead. He refused to use his title and he became a Liberal. His friends looked out on the new world in a mood of angry despair. But de Tocqueville turned his back on the past, and set himself resolutely to make the best of the future. That was, indeed, the unique and distinguishing quality which made him so great a figure in the thought and literature of France.

A year before de Tocqueville's journey, the incorrigible obscurantism of the Bourbon Charles X.—the old Comte d'Artois of the Emigration—had led to his sudden downfall and abdication after a brief reign of six years. The effort to restore the power and style of the Old Order had brought to the surface once more that revolutionary spirit of Paris which was still only simmering beneath the surface even after fifteen years of reaction. Three days of barricade fighting in the streets of Paris—the historic “days of July”—had driven from the throne of France the last of the Bourbons—that family which, after forty years, had truly “learnt nothing and forgotten nothing.” But though the workmen

is did the fighting, the Liberal middle class reaped the and they managed for the moment to stave off a republic jing to the throne the head of the rival Royalist faction, "Orleanists"—the followers of the revolutionary Duc de Orleans—who had played so powerful a part in the Revolution of the early days of 1789. Louis Philippe was, after all, only a disguised substitute for Charles X., and to the ordinary Parisian it must have seemed that the Revolution of 1830 was little more than a change of name. "Plus ça change, plus ça change," must have been the observation of such men.

But de Tocqueville saw deeper. Behind the mere changes of kings he saw the "Three Glorious Days"—"les Trois Glorieuses"—of the Revolution of July. With that amazing perspicacity which makes him always stand out as one of the few great prophets of modern political thought, de Tocqueville looked right beyond all the various phases of change which were to sweep over France for the following forty years. He perceived that the real governing force, stronger than all these Royalist and bourgeois currents, was the tide of democracy. He realised, with almost uncanny wisdom, in spite of all these adverse events, that this spirit of democracy was the inevitable conquering power of the modern world—certain in the end to subdue all things beneath its feet. The problem of the future, in his view, was not to resist democracy, but to make it safe for the world.

Deeply reflecting over this outlook, de Tocqueville looked round the earth, and caught sight of a vivid and striking world contrast. In Europe he saw democracy growing in power, but with no attempt to organise it or to discipline it. On the contrary, he saw all the efforts of the best minds of Europe being frittered and dissipated in a vain resistance to the inevitable. He saw on the one side blind reaction, on the other blind anarchy. The expiring forces of the Old Order were being exhausted in a miserable effort to destroy the new; and out of that conflict there was emerging the sway of alternating tyrannies—the tyrannies of two extremes, the "Red," and the "White."

Meanwhile the great mass of humanity were suffering. Listen to de Tocqueville's grave words, not inapplicable to the state of Europe to-day (1921):—

"The Christian nations of our age seem to me to present a most alarming spectacle: the impulse which is bearing them along is so strong that it cannot be stopped, but it is not yet so rapid that it cannot be guided: their fate is in their hands; yet a little while and it may be so no longer."¹

But when de Tocqueville looked across the Atlantic he saw

(1) *Democracy in America*. Translated by Henry Reeve. Longmans, Green Co., London: 1875. Vol. I., page 6.

quite another spectacle. He caught sight of a vast country, a powerful Government which had fully and frankly a democracy as its supreme principle of rule. Fifty years Britain's thirteen American colonies had shaken themselves from Europe, and at the same moment had definitely thrown the feudal ideas of the Old World. A revolution, both political and social, had occurred there quite as earth-shaking as the subsequent upheaval in France. But with very different results. While in France every basic principle of government was unsettled—"Blocks of the past like icebergs high" floating "on a rolling sea"—North America had spent those fifty years in giving shape and form to its New Order. There across the Atlantic republican democracy had learnt to know that it must be subject to laws and duties like any other form of human rule.

What fascinated de Tocqueville about America then—what drew him thither with the same inevitable gravitation that drew the restless Columbus—was the feeling that there already the scheme of the future world was coming into being. He dreamed that there he could find a clue to the troubles of Europe: a guidance out of its confusions, a torch to light it through the rocks and shoals of a stormy and perilous age.

So it was that he forsook everything and travelled across the Atlantic with a chosen friend to find the new Atlantis!

Thus Alexis de Tocqueville approached the United States, not as a hostile critic, but as a sympathetic inquirer, seeking for help and guidance. He arrived at the end of the first period of American reconstruction—when the revolting colonies had rallied themselves from the losses and shocks of the two wars with England,² and had developed the Constitution of 1789 into a working machine. In the previous year they had elected their seventh President, General Jackson. Ten years before they had accepted the doctrine of their great President Monroe, asserting a claim of guardianship by the United States over the whole American continent. They were already, therefore, a power to reckon with. They could no longer be dismissed with a sneer as rebellious "provincials" likely to return to the European allegiance. But we must not figure them for a moment as possessing

(1) He wrote in the introductory chapter to his book: "I confess that in America I saw more than America. I sought the image of democracy itself, with its inclinations, its character, its prejudices, its passions; I wished to discover whether we could not learn there at least what we have to hope or to fear from here." He concludes in another passage: "It is not then to satisfy a mere curiosity, however legitimate, that I have examined America. I wished to discover there some instructions from which we could profit ourselves." *Democracy in America* (Vol. I., page 12). That was the object of de Tocqueville's journey—not to praise America, but to enlighten Europe.

(2) The War of Independence (1776-1783) and the War of Trade (1812-1814).

the vast world power which is to-day expressed by the phrase "United States." The great sweep to the West had not yet really begun. Organised America was still east o' the Mississippi, and faced towards Europe.¹ The great European immigration had not commenced. De Tocqueville always speaks of the inhabitants of this country as the "Arglo-Americans," a term which reveals a general acceptance of the doctrine that America was still in the main an offshoot of the British stock. He, indeed, went even further than most Englishmen of that day in his emphatic assertion of the British origin of American civilisation. And he saw it as not merely British, but Puritan British. For de Tocqueville found the inspiring force of the American civilisation in New England. In an impressive passage he puts this claim very high :—

"The civilisation of New England has been like a beacon, lit upon a hill, which, after it has diffused its warmth around, tinges the distant horizon with its glow." (*Democracy in America*, Vol. I., page 28.)

Visiting New Plymouth he waxes dithyrambic over the "Plymouth Rock," which he sees as the foundation-stone of a whole continental civilisation :—

"Here is a stone which the feet of a few outcasts pressed for an instant, and this stone becomes famous; it is treasured by a great nation, its very dust is shared as a relic; and what is become of the gateways of a thousand palaces?" (*Ibid.*, page 81.)

No Bostonian to-day could improve on that. To this Frenchman visiting America in 1831 it seemed clear that the whole spirit of that country traced back directly to our British traditions, brought across the Atlantic by the best of the British stock, who carried with them that unique combination of political freedom with religious faith which has been on the whole the distinguishing feature of America ever since.

That was de Tocqueville's first observation. His second was very different. If the American spirit of that day was derived from England, it had acquired in the transference a new form of expression. In crossing the Atlantic it had shaken off English feudalism. It had left behind once and for all the inequalities of the Norman tradition. Both in its laws, and its atmosphere it had sloughed the aristocratic skin of the Old World. That was partly because the Pilgrim Fathers and the Puritans had themselves been the expression of revolt against that tradition. Their very emigration had been a protest against the claims of privilege. From the Mayflower "Social Contract" America had taken over, fully born, a theory and practice of democratic rule. There de Tocqueville saw the governing fact of American life.

This outstanding fact grew upon de Tocqueville to such an

(1) In 1833 there were 24 States and 14 millions of people within the American Union of the United States

extent that he gradually came to the great conclusion which has become identified with his name. There is no passage in his book which has been more often quoted than the opening sentence of his Introduction :—

" Among the new objects which attracted my attention during my stay in the United States nothing struck me more forcibly than the prevailing equality of conditions."

That has always been taken to be the keynote of his book. It develops it thus :—

" The more I studied the social conditions of America the more I saw that this equality of conditions was the vital fact round which every individual circumstance seemed to revolve, and I found it again and again as the central point to which all my observations tended to return." (*Democratie en Amérique*, French Edition, 1850, Introductory Chapter.)

In short, he found this equality penetrating every sphere of American life, whether the society of the great towns, or the political activities, or the churches, or the law courts, or the newspapers, or even manners.

Now Charles Dickens, the English observer, perceived and recorded the same fact, although he failed to give it the same value. Dickens treated this American spirit of equality with some scorn, as a form of *parvenu* boastfulness which would probably soon pass away. But de Tocqueville looked deeper, and it is where the value of his visit really lies. He saw in American equality of conditions the state of human life to which all modern civilisation was tending. It flashed in upon him that this was going to be the ultimate future development of the European world also. He did not believe that this equality of conditions was a passing phase. On the contrary, he believed that it was going to spread. He ventured to prophesy, in the face of all contrary forecasts, that, having no aristocracy, the United States would never acquire or create one.

Aristocracies, he says in a remarkable passage, are imported from without, and never developed from within :—

" Since the beginning of time I do not believe that one can quote an example of a people who by its own individual efforts and by itself produced an aristocracy from its own bosom : all the aristocracies of the Middle Ages are daughters of conquest." (French Edition, Vol. I., page 488.)

Now ever since 1831 every other critic of America has been saying the exact opposite. It has been the most general cast of the European visitor that America will develop an aristocracy. Her wealthy class—so goes the common utterance—will become an oligarchy. Yet after all these years it may be said that de Tocqueville has proved right. To-day, 1921—70 years after de Tocqueville visited America—she still has no aristocracy, and shows no signs of developing one. To be

an aristocrat, the American—whether man or woman—still has to cross the seas back to Europe.

Equality, then, is to-day just as much the general mark of American civilisation as it was in the day of de Tocqueville. The whole trend of events has fulfilled his wonderful forecast that equality of conditions, having once asserted itself in America, would not die out, but would rather tend to spread itself across the Atlantic back into Europe.

That was only the most conspicuous of a remarkable series of prophecies and forecasts which de Tocqueville recorded as the result of his visit to America.¹ In the course of his official journeys he was able to make extensive travels, and he could make observations on American life in many of the different States. The fact that next struck him with the greatest force was that everywhere, throughout the United States, the dominant political power lay always and all the time in—public opinion.

There he saw the centre of power. Public opinion stood out to him pre-eminent and conspicuous, as the autocrat of the American States. All American political discussion was a form of pleading in that court. Every party struggle was an attempt to influence that supreme power.

For, once public opinion had given judgment, de Tocqueville noticed this as the distinctive feature of American life—an extraordinary willingness to submit to its authority. He asserted boldly that the power of the majority in America exceeded the power of any authority existing in the Old World. He declared in his decisive way that there was no country in Europe at that time (1831) where the general mass of the people was more willing to submit to the judgment of their own majority when it had once been clearly pronounced. He prophesied that that feature would not only survive, but would become more emphatic as time went on. For de Tocqueville noticed with great shrewdness that the effect of this great power of public opinion was to discourage the development of individual character and initiative, and to create mass power at the expense of personal genius. He foresaw that in such a community the emergence of individual genius would become more and more difficult, until at last it tended to cease altogether.

Now that is precisely what has happened. Take the most dramatic recent event—the total and decisive repudiation of President Wilson. There you have only one vivid example of the punishment meted out to great genius by mass opinion so moulded and developed. Visiting America last autumn, I was continually

(1) See an Essay written for the Johns Hopkins University Publication Agency by Lord Bryce in 1897, and entitled *The Predictions of Hamilton and de Tocqueville* (Baltimore).

perplexed by the indifference of the American public to this colossal personal tragedy of President Wilson's downfall and illness. But the explanation was given to me by a man in the Mid-West, who, I think, spoke for the mass of the American people. "President Wilson," he said, "took on himself to speak for the American people. Now no one man can speak for the American people. If Wilson has suffered, he has been rightly punished."

That expressed the mass verdict of the mass judge, whose will had been defied, and it was an evidence that that judge can show itself just as relentless in the final exercise of power as any autocrat that has sat on any throne of any empire in the past.

Another conspicuous example at the present moment is the general submission of the American will to the Prohibition Amendment. It is not that Prohibition is readily or willingly consented to by the whole American people. That great minority which opposed it before 1920 opposes it still. But the real heart has been taken out of the opposition by the fact that a three-fourths majority of the American people have constitutionally declared in favour of Prohibition. In face of that great majority verdict you find nowhere in America to-day any passionate and determined resolve to reverse the judgment. "It will last our time" is the general view. There may be—and are—a great many secret breaches of the law. There are whittlings in the Supreme Court¹; but there is no considerable movement to repeal the Amendment itself.

Now here is the outstanding contrast between America and Great Britain. For in Great Britain there would undoubtedly be a determined movement among the minority to change the law. But in America, once the law is clearly established—once the majority has spoken—the minority seems to lose heart, the life goes out of it, all resisting power dies away.

De Tocqueville saw all this. He foresaw more. He foresaw that the tyranny of mass opinion in America would gradually destroy that fine flower of individual independence in thought and expression which produces a great literature. He foresaw that it would level down oratory to rhetoric, and poetry to journalism. He saw that New England was least exposed to these dangers, least dependent on popular will, and therefore most likely to lead America in will and judgment. In other words, he foresaw the great New England literary movement of the mid-nineteenth century—the movement of Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier and Thoreau.

(1) As, for instance, the recent decision that doctors can order beer as a medicinal beverage.

While foreseeing these effects, indeed, he had an equally clear foresight of the immense and massive momentum that would be given to the American people by their general habit of submission to the ascertained will of their nation. For therein lies the source of the trenchant and surprising power which America displays in great crises of her history. So far it is the heart of America's greatness.

But de Tocqueville also took the view that this power of majority opinion in America showed a tendency towards tyranny. It would, as he saw, have developed an odious despotism over individual human judgment but for two powerful forces on the other side. One was law: the other was religion. He recorded the fact that both law and religion had an immense and far-reaching influence over the American community. De Tocqueville, indeed, was the first man to realise the immense gain achieved in the United States by the establishment of the Federal Supreme Court, with authority not only over the interpretation of the law, but also over the Constitution and the law itself. Here he saw the authority of the law established in the highest seat of power.

The French visitor was amazed to discover a democracy which had thus deliberately consented to submit its authority to the supremacy of law. This fact gave to him the most inspiring hope for the future of a form of government which he regarded as likely to spread throughout the world. All other observers of America—including Lord Bryce—have since dwelt with the same seriousness on this central fact—the power of the law in America: and it is to-day to every political visitor the outstanding fact of her government. Congress itself bows to the power of the law, while the British Parliament stands supreme above the law. In Great Britain the Courts submit to Parliament; in the United States Congress submits to the Supreme Court. The President himself has to submit his laws to the judgment of a Court which is his own creation. No appreciation of America can be complete without a full realisation of that mighty and tremendous fact.

Last autumn, during my travels in America, I met a lawyer who was engaged in bringing an action in the Supreme Court against one of the States with a view to upsetting one of its laws, and I was told that he was very likely to succeed in his action. Such a performance would be impossible in England.

Then there is religion. De Tocqueville came from a country where the attack on the State had at the time become identified with an attack on religion. The French Revolutionists had destroyed both King and Church in one common assault; and ever since the tradition of France had been that the cause of

religion was bound up with the cause of the Old Order. But on the other side of the Atlantic he found a community where the idea of religion, on the contrary, stood entirely apart from the political and social conflict. After long and patient observation de Tocqueville found the reason in this central and governing fact—that in America religion had always existed in independence of the State. He traced back to this the astonishing immunity from speculative criticism enjoyed by religion in America. He found a people who speculated freely on politics, but let religion reverently unassailed. He detected that this lack of criticism extended also to philosophy. He wrote in the first part of his second volume:—

"I think that there does not exist in the whole civilised world any country where the men occupy themselves less with philosophy than the United States." (French Edition, Vol. II., Chapter I., page 1.)

That was true in 1831. It is almost as true to-day (in 1921). Neither on philosophy nor religion has America since given any original thought of high universal value to the civilised world.

Last December I attended a meeting of the Federated Christian Churches at Boston. The subject of discussion was the Reunion of the Christian Churches. What struck an English observer of those debates was that there was almost an entire absence of discussion or debate on points of Christian doctrine or faith. Everyone took for granted some undefined common core of Christian belief. No one discussed, or debated, or even explained that core. Assuming it as a given fact, the whole energy of those debates was applied to the practical questions of organising Christianity. Everyone seemed by common consent to sheer off from the smallest approach to speculation as to what "Christianity" stood for to-day. Listening to those debates, it occurred to me that in religious matters America was now the most conservative nation in the world. There, again, little has changed since the days of de Tocqueville's visit.

On all these points de Tocqueville was astonished at the security and firmness of the New Order in the United States. He was profoundly impressed by a state of society which combined the greatest fluidity in political ideas with the greatest solidity in religion and law. He seemed to find here the hope of that dream which he expressed so often in his correspondence—the dream of a democracy reconciled with duty and faith, with liberty and order.

But there was another point on which he felt less sure. Travelling about America he became increasingly doubtful as to the potential permanence of the federal arrangements which had been set up under the Constitution of 1789. He found great States which, in domestic affairs, were practically independent.

He was deeply impressed by the frailty of the federal tie. He recorded as his considered judgment that, if any considerable body of the States wished to secede, the central power would not be able to resist effectively.

There, on the face of it, de Tocqueville appears to have uttered the one false judgment of his political life.¹ For we all know that in 1861 the United States found itself up against precisely that position: In that year the Southern States definitely formed themselves into a Confederacy, and broke off from the Union. By the act of firing on Fort Sumter, on April 11th, 1861, the Southern States repudiated the claim of the Union to control them by force. We all know how the North took up the challenge, and how, after four years of terrible conflict and the loss of a million lives, the power and authority of the Union was finally asserted by the surrender of Lee on April 9th, 1865.

Why was it that de Tocqueville failed to foresee these events? We must remember that it was impossible for any man to foresee the immense commercial development of the Northern States after 1840, or the rapid trend westward that took place after 1850. There are limits to the power of human foresight, even when exercised by a brain like that of de Tocqueville. He prophesied as a constitutionalist. He failed as a social observer. That is all the more remarkable because he had a clear vision of the essential moral forces. In a noteworthy passage he pointed out that, while the practice of slavery was undermining the moral strength of the Southern States, the Northerners were being correspondingly strengthened. They were living the life of free men, and freedom was developing their powers in a way unknown to the South. There lay the true secret of the subsequent victory of the North.

Even to-day can one feel absolutely convinced that the peril of disunion has entirely departed from the possible fortunes of the United States? Travelling westward across that continent I became conscious of a heightened pride of power and an enhanced claim of authority among the States of the Mid-West. In the recent controversies over the Covenant of the League of Nations language has been used by American Senators which practically amounts to a claim to sovereignty on behalf of individual States. Europe has found itself dealing not with one

(1) "If the sovereignty of the Union were to enter into a struggle with any of the States one can easily see that it would be defeated. I even doubt whether it would seriously enter upon such a conflict." (French edition, Vol. I., page 447.) From which he drew the following conclusion: "It therefore appears to me certain that if any portion of the Union seriously desired to separate itself from the rest, not only would the Government be unable to prevent this, but it would not even try." (*Ibid.*, page 449.)

State, but with forty-eight. There are always dangers of secession in a community where the federal tie is so weakened, and the State powers so emphasised. All true friends of America will pray that such perils may be averted by wise statesmanship. But the lesson of 1860-1865 is surely this—that the risk of secession cannot be averted by a constant succession of federal surrenders. It is not by subservience to recalcitrant States, whether in the South or West, that the American Executive will strengthen its position as the supreme authority of the United States.

De Tocqueville recovers his position as a prophet when we pass to other aspects of American development. He dares to place on record his estimate that within a century of 1832 the United States will contain forty States and that the population will reach to a hundred million. It is now 1921—ten years within the century. The States now number forty-eight, and the recent Census reveals that the population has topped the hundred million. America has gone a little ahead of de Tocqueville's forecast, but not so very far! Can anyone mention in all political literature a numerical forecast that has so nearly hit the mark?

Then he pointed out, in discussing the American Presidency, that one of the chief perils of the American Constitution was that the founders, out of deference to George Washington, had failed to limit the re-elections to the Presidency. There he has proved perfectly correct. Custom, indeed, has limited the President to a second tenure of power; but against ambition custom is but a fragile defence. A successful President is rarely content with his second period. It is perhaps scarcely an exaggeration to say that if President Wilson had been constitutionally debarred from seeking a third tenure of power, the recent history of America might have been very different.

On the negro problem de Tocqueville has been equally justified in his main forecasts. He saw in the existence of this black race amid the white population of America the gravest of all perils to the future of the United States. He confidently prophesied that emancipation could not long be delayed, although he did not so clearly perceive that it could only be purchased by blood and fire. As the American candidate says in his famous reply to the Rev. Hosea Biglow :—

" Old Uncle S. sez he, ' I guess
God's price is high,' sez he,
' But nothin' else than what He sells
Wears long.' " 1

But what de Tocqueville did clearly foresee was that the emancipation of the black man would not settle the problem.

On the contrary, he perceived that in one sense it would make it worse. It would increase the hostility of colour. The white man would dislike the black man more, not less, when the black man made a claim to freedom and equality.¹ That forecast has proved absolutely correct. The horrors of slavery were great, but I doubt whether they contained quite the equal of the present yearly average of negroes lynched and often actually burnt alive. The recent outbreak in Oklahoma has no parallel in the history of the United States before 1860.

Here, then, de Tocqueville still stands out as a great prophet, uttering a warning which still rings true; and the American people will be wise if they take heed in time.

* * * * *

De Tocqueville returned to France and wrote his books. He leapt into fame. He entered public life as a Liberal member of one of Louis Philippe's Parliaments. He dreamt of an orderly development of French institutions along the paths pioneered by America. But it was not to be. The unwisdom of the King and the restlessness of the Republicans brought about another convulsion, and in February, 1848, Louis Philippe, too, lost his throne. De Tocqueville stood by the State. He took office under the Republic as Minister of Foreign Affairs. He tried to pilot France along the American road. But, again, his time had not yet come. He still "lived between two worlds." The adventurer, Louis Napoleon, foolishly elevated to the position of a powerful Presidency, turned his office into that of a despot. De Tocqueville was among the first victims. He was arrested and imprisoned in the days of December, 1851. On his release he retired from public life rather than serve as slave to any man. He lived for eight years in the busy retirement of a country gentleman on his Normandy estate, and there he died, at the age of fifty-four, on April 16th, 1859. Perhaps in those later, serenest days he caught some vision of the world that was yet to be—the ordered Republic that was to arise, after many tribulations, in his own country, as in America—the glimpse of a new dawn—the final vision of Matthew Arnold as he reflected on the life of Senancour:—

" And glorious there, without a sound,
Across the glimmering lake,
High, in the Valais-depth profound,
I saw the morning break."²

HAROLD SPENDER.

(1) *Democracy in America*. Vol. I., page 363 seq.

(2) The last stanza of *Obermann Once More*.

BRITAIN, JAPAN, AND THE UNITED STATES.

THE flood of great international troubles which has submerged the world for the last seven years has numbed the interest which educated people in England formerly devoted to foreign affairs. So many wars, so many catastrophes, have deadened the public perception, and unless political events threaten to touch their own safety or property, our countrymen regard them with a certain indifference, as if they were dazed by the misfortunes of the world. Even in domestic affairs administrative acts are tolerated with low murmurs which formerly would have aroused fierce denunciation and even resistance, such as the experiments of certain Ministers in the Post, Telephones, Railways, and other Departments, not to mention the crushing incidence of taxation and rates. The nation is, nevertheless, involved in world-wide politics of the gravest importance, which excite the deepest interest among the other parties concerned. In spite of all the worship of democracy as such, which is the current cant of the London Press and of British politicians, yet any *régime*, even the most autocratic, might welcome a little more interest in its direction of foreign affairs, whether critical or not, if only to be sure of national support in case of emergency. It is certainly regrettable that the more democratic we are in theory, the less we seem to interest ourselves in the conduct of our foreign policy.

The British and Japanese Empires have now been allies since 1900, when their forces marched to Peking, together with other European contingents, to punish the Boxers and to re-establish order in Northern China. Throughout the trying period of the occupation the two Powers, their troops and their representatives, worked in very cordial combination. Whatever jealousy may have been smouldering beneath the surface in those days between Japs and Americans, yet in every difference of opinion which arose in China, and they were neither few nor altogether trivial, the British, Japs, and Americans stood by one another against the representatives of the European Powers which at that period ranged themselves ostensibly in the same diplomatic group in Oriental affairs. This tendency was observable even in the occasional fracas which occurred between the soldiery of the different nations, who sometimes came to blows among themselves because they were bored by inaction. Then followed the diplomatic manœuvres which culminated in the signature of the Treaty which mutually guaranteed the Asiatic dominions of the two Powers. The British Alliance was of the greatest value

to Japan in her war with Russia, 1904-1905, because it prevented actual or diplomatic pressure being brought to bear against the Mikado; it virtually kept the ring, while American diplomacy acted in a loyal spirit as friendly to both antagonists in the negotiations on American soil, which were concluded by the Peace of Portsmouth. Both nations desired to end the conflict, and the pact which accomplished their wish was remarkably fair to both sides. It was not only a triumph of American diplomacy, but one of the greatest diplomatic triumphs ever achieved, for European history from 1914 to the present date has proved how difficult it is to conclude a national war in these days on any terms, just or unjust. So far the relations of the three Powers had been harmonious and satisfactory, though the inevitable jealousies and rivalries between American and Japanese trade interests in Asia certainly existed and became more pronounced after the Manchurian War. In spite of the moderation and skill of the Tokyo Cabinet, nothing could prevent a certain exuberance of the victorious Japs, which showed itself unmistakably, and, taken together with the powerful land and naval armaments of the Rising Sun, serious uneasiness began to prevail among the States which lay within reach of these forces as to their ultimate purpose.

The question which brought these doubts and fears into concrete shape was and is the immigration of Japanese into the thinly populated countries washed by the Pacific Ocean, for, not content with the conquest of Korea, the overflowing population of Japan was openly trying to settle in Australia and other islands, besides swarming into the Pacific seaboard of Canada and the United States. Both these countries have enacted laws with the avowed intention of limiting Japanese immigration and settlement, and the question has been rendered still more acute by the independent action of California, which, claiming its rights as a "Sovereign" State, has gone beyond the Federal precautions aimed at the exclusion of the Japanese population within her borders, with the result of chronic diplomatic friction between Tokyo and Washington. Both Cabinets have so far conducted the controversy with exceptional moderation and restraint, but a grave international question it certainly remains, which it is folly for us to ignore. It is, of course, true that our Treaty of Alliance with Japan never dealt with American politics nor faced the contingency of war between Japan and the United States, yet the renewal of this Alliance will certainly be seized upon by the anti-British Press in America to foment discord. It is as well, therefore, to have quite clear ideas in our mind about the renewal of this Treaty and concerning the obligations it implies. Partial wars can still be waged to honour secret treaties made behind the

nation's back, but for many a long year the British working classes will be deeply suspicious of any such indefinite understanding as the Entente with France and Russia, which was held to be a "moral" obligation to join them in war against Germany in August, 1914, apart from the question of Belgian neutrality and its violation by the German Army.

With the increasing importance of Japan, Western America, Chili, Canada, and Australia, the balance of power in the Pacific becomes of greater interest every year; it is contended that the same danger which threatened Western Europe in 1914 is to be feared on the shores of the Pacific. The absorbing pursuit of commerce by the citizens of the United States and their rooted distaste for military discipline and militarist tendencies might seem sufficient guarantee against any Government in Washington embarking upon a policy of aggression or tyrannical Imperialism, and Japan is not at present strong enough for the purpose even if any of her statesmen cherished the design. For it must be roundly stated that the policy of the British Empire is identical with American policy respecting the preservation of the American and Australian continents for the white races, and that is why Australian and Canadian statesmen are in accord with London for renewing the Treaty of Alliance with Japan. Within the partnership of an alliance the policy of the Mikado's Government will, it is believed, be more easily restrained where it might conflict with British and American interests. American statesmen are coming to the same conclusion, though many of them have to play up to a gallery containing the organisers of strife and the plotters of mischief within the circle of the Allied and Associated Powers, and, indeed, within the territories of the British Empire itself.

The rapid development of the United States and of Canada itself gives the key to the future international position on the Pacific. In the future, and not very distant future, it is to be expected that the vast Dominions of the north will support a population able and determined to assert itself, within or without the circle of the British Empire. This State must be a great Power and well able to defend itself against Asiatic aggression. Once again the Canadian point of view is almost identical with the American, and behind Canada there stands all the might of the British Crown: South America is weak from an international point of view, because the vast territory is divided into States of huge area, but small, scattered populations very jealous of one another; but these States are at any rate united on the question of excluding any Asiatic settlements on their shores. Moreover, the future is not altogether unlikely to see the consolidation and

increase of South American power, perhaps by the leadership of the best organised and best disciplined of these Republics. From these considerations it may confidently be deduced that the Japanese have not the smallest possibility of acquiring territory on the American continents by war or threat of war, nor is the privilege likely to be conceded by diplomacy. In fact, far from any danger existing of the British Empire ranging itself on the side of Japan against the United States in such a quarrel, it is almost certain that, on the contrary, the Empire and the Republic would combine as they never have before on such an issue, quite irrespective of any treaties which may exist now, or be negotiated in the future.

On the eastern shores of the Pacific the questions in which the Japanese, British, and Americans are deeply interested are far more complicated and less easy to regulate. Undoubtedly great forces are at work such as have in the past, and may in the future, upset the calculations and defy the precautions of the most far-seeing diplomacy and statesmanship. While the Japanese islands are already overcrowded, the vast Australian continent rigidly excludes Asiatic immigration from its three and a half million square miles of land of which but the fringe is occupied, and much of which could only be inhabited or developed by a coloured population. Not only so, but the Australian population increases very slowly, and is inclined to restrict the immigration even of white colonists. The Australians are accused of a dog-in-the-manger attitude to the world in general; none the less, they enjoy the protection of the British Navy, and by their courageous and prompt loyalty in both the South African and German Wars have earned the steadfast support of the British Government in the defence of their domestic policy. Assuredly the Japanese rulers of to-day have no plans for the conquest of Australia, but it would be foolish to refuse to see that a very different state of things may arise in perhaps two or three decades. The pressure on the Japanese rulers to find an outlet for expansion may, and indeed certainly will, become far greater. The contrast between the great empty lands of Australia and the overcrowded valleys of Japan will become all the more glaring, as well as the relative military and naval power of the two States. The British Empire may or may not endure. It is threatened at present by disintegrating forces which are political as in Ireland and India, and which are mainly economical in England. The English working classes have become impatient of all discipline and disinclined to work as hard as they used to when they formed the great reserve of strength of the whole Empire. These dangers may be overcome, and we may emerge more powerful

than ever as the centre of the mighty Confederation which includes the virile populations of Canada, Australia, South Africa, and India, but the danger of decay is evidently great.

In default of the United Kingdom, certainly Canada might take her place as the principal State of the Empire and the seat of its Government if her statesmen are sagacious and if her population for the next few decades is disciplined, industrious, and patriotic, but the hegemony of Canada over the other Dominions can never be as easily accepted or as natural as the supremacy of the mother country. Nor is it to be expected that the Canadian population scattered over so vast an area will be able to take the place of the English working population, or support the burden of Empire which we have hitherto so manfully carried, in less than half a century. Certainly Australia might, and would, appeal to the Americans for assistance, but only at the price of their diplomatic independence. To live by the grace of a foreign State, even if its population are akin, is a very different status from being an important confederate State of the greatest World Empire. Yet the jealousies and conflicting interests of Australians and Japanese cannot be neglected in forecasting the destinies of the peoples inhabiting the fertile and coveted shores of the Pacific Ocean.

Other powerful reasons for prolonging the Alliance between Japan and Britain are to be found in the potential hostility to both Allies of the same Powers, which provided the cause of the original transaction. The erratic foreign policy of Russia is likely to be, at least as dangerous under a Soviet régime or its experimental successor as it was under the Tsar Nicholas II. Nor is a combination of German and Russian power altogether impossible or even unlikely when both Empires have recovered somewhat from their present disabilities. Such a combination might prove hostile either to Japan or to the British Dominions in Asia, and would be dangerous if either of the two allied States stood alone. The Alliance not only secures the Dominions of both partners, but makes friendly understanding between Japan and the friends of Britain more possible and likely. Until the pact is renewed or dissolved the excuse for Japanese armaments may well be that she knows not where she stands, nor against what hostile combinations she may have to provide, nor can it be denied that her statesmen have some grounds for suspicion. The Japanese people have developed so far in isolation from the Western nations that they do not combine, even to the extent that the most unlike of Western peoples are capable of combining under a common sovereignty. The Japs have what is known as a lower standard of life—that is, they will do far more work

efficiently for much less wages than their competitors. Socially, politically, and morally they differ profoundly. Their Government is aristocratic instead of democratic. Military honour and service is enthusiastically worshipped by a large majority of the Japanese nation, whereas these pivotal organisations are derided and denounced by the most influential of the Western demagogues as "militarism" and relics of mediæval barbarism. The two points of view are irreconcilable.

Europe and the British Empire have been stricken almost to the point of collapse by seven years of war, waged with reckless disregard of national resources and of the economic needs of the future, and the sufferings entailed have produced the inevitable reaction. No European Government could count on the national support of its people to wage another great war for some years. The people of the United States have emerged from the contest as the richest and most powerful State in the world, but they are impatient of the sacrifices which the war inflicted, and are very much divided in opinion as to how far they will permit the new Republican Administration to follow an Imperial policy.

After the Armistice of November, 1918, the United States found herself in an enviable position as regards world power. As at the end of the War of Secession in 1866, she was possessed of a magnificent army and a powerful navy. In addition, her wealth now much exceeded that of any other State, and her people were united as no other nation could boast of being. The failure of the Peace Treaty and the economic crisis which supervened and protracted itself owing to the collapse of Europe, however, somewhat modified these conditions. The enthusiastic majority by which the Republican President Harding was elected in the autumn of 1920 was more of a vote of censure on the futile failure of his predecessor than a mandate to pursue the Imperialist ideals of the core of the Republican Party. The expedient dear to democracies—to make sacrifices by proxy for the national cause—had indeed been adopted, for the Wilson Cabinet had embarked upon a series of naval programmes whose fruition would give to the U.S.A. the most powerful fleet in the world; but already great difficulties were found in providing officers and enlisted men for this armada. The sums needed for other *matériel* than ships, especially for the fortification of the Pacific naval bases, had been ruthlessly cut down by Congress, nor have the representatives of the people been more generous to President Harding's Ministers. The Army has been reduced to a mere cadre, and the military policy essential to carrying out the foreign policy of the Government is gravely compromised by the limited credits voted by Congress.

No doubt young Americans are capable of learning how to become brave, skilful, and disciplined fighting men at sea as on land, but a navy, even more than an army, requires time for its *personnel* to develop. Even more than land forces the *personnel* of a navy must learn self-sacrifice, loyalty, and humility to superiors, and the habits of life and thought by which the profession exists, nor can these rare and fine qualities be attained by any human beings in a hurry. The pay and other conditions of service for Americans are far more generous than elsewhere, but hardly compete with what can be earned by the same men ashore; and the Americans have yet to learn the nobility of poverty, and the immense reserve of power which any State can draw upon if its people are proud and eager to serve and sacrifice not only their personal safety, but their opportunities of gaining money. In America, as in most other democracies, a man's prestige depends on his wealth, but in this respect Japan has great advantages over America. Finally, neither land nor sea forces can effect their purpose unless they are equipped with up-to-date requirements, nor can any fleet operate successfully without well-protected bases and arsenals at a convenient distance from the scene of its intended activity.

Strategically the United States is at a great disadvantage if she has to guard either her Atlantic or Pacific seaboard while engaged in or threatened with operations on either, for, in spite of the Panama Canal which reduces this handicap, her naval forces are inevitably divided. In any quarrel with Japan she is at the further disadvantage of having important interests on the Asiatic continent and such important possessions as the Philippine Islands on the Japanese side of the Pacific Ocean. When all these considerations are remembered it can hardly be said that American armaments are to-day excessive: indeed, to American patriots the reduction of the Army, the limiting of the *personnel* of the Fleet, and the neglect to fortify its Pacific bases must appear as crazy as the neglect of the Asquith-Haldane Ministry to prepare for war with Germany before 1914 now appears to Englishmen. In spite of the superior size and imposing number of American capital ships, the Fleet of the Stars and Stripes will lack essential elements for any war occurring in the next decade unless the present policy is reversed, nor can the superiority of the capital ships assure any permanent advantage over a rival in days when the finest models become obsolete with such ruinous and unexpected speed. The land and sea forces of the Great Republic must be considered as less, not greater, than they should be, having regard to America's political and economic position. Doubtless the present fit of economy in Congress will give place

to another mood, but the present policy will produce its natural result for some years to come.

If we turn from the American to the Japanese shores of the Pacific, we find an interesting contrast in military policy. Early in the European War Japan had shown a disposition to profit by the troubles of the world. Although it cannot be alleged that her rulers failed in loyal co-operation within the terms of their commitment to the Allies, yet, in fact, the Japanese Army struck but one blow, and that was to seize the German port of Kiao-Chao in Shantung for Japan. There was a considerable sympathy for Germany even when war flamed out, which increased through 1916 and the spring of 1917, and which found expression in remarkably outspoken Press campaigns, for the Japanese Press, especially in war time, is well under the control of the Cabinet. From 1915 onward Japanese diplomacy strove energetically to obtain preponderating authority in China, where revolution and civil war gave both excuse and occasion for intervention while other Powers were preoccupied. The Peace Conference in Paris achieved very little in harmonising Japanese aims with the policy of her Allies in the Far East, and ever since military preparations have been pushed forward on a scale which it would be futile to ignore. The space of a single article forbids the presentation of any complete account of these preparations, but the following figures give some idea of military and naval developments in Japan, in spite of the poverty of the country, and the tendency to Communism and other revolutionary doctrines among the impoverished and heavily taxed proletariat of the increasing population of Japan's new industrial cities.

• Twenty years ago the Japanese Army, in peace, numbered 150,000 of all ranks, including 8,500 officers. After the Manchurian War the establishment was raised to 250,000, and it has recently been augmented to 275,000 officers and men. The Japanese military code provides for seven years' service with the Colours and the first echelon of the reserve, and ten years in the second line. Thus Japan will soon be able to call out one and a half million field troops fully trained, besides considerable trained reserves of older men, and several classes of untrained youths in case of a prolonged war. The complementary and auxiliary services of the Army, which is reckoned at thirty-three field divisions in peace, are organised on a liberal scale and fitted with all the latest technical improvements. In proportion to its resources, no country in the world is so well prepared to wage war on land at short notice and with such formidable numbers. The Japanese Navy already includes ten capital ships in commission, ninety destroyers, and forty submarines, besides other less important

vessels. These ships are manned by 80,000 highly trained officers and sailors. In construction, or planned, in addition, are fifteen capital ships and sixty submarines. A well-informed and detailed comparison between the naval forces of the United States and Japan is to be found in Mr. Hector Bywater's valuable book, *Sea Power in the Pacific*.

Most international quarrels are susceptible of friendly composition, most wars are the result of suspicion and misunderstanding, due very often to the measures of secrecy adopted by the Governments concerned under the specious plea of avoiding friction. But contemporary propaganda through the Press and other agencies prevent this policy of tact from bearing fruit; its result has more often been to produce the very atmosphere which it professes to deprecate. A war postponed is generally a war prevented, and a war between two Great Powers in the near future would be nothing less than a peril to all civilisation, even if it was restricted to a duel. There is everything to be gained then by the frank discussion of the grievances cherished by influential leaders of opinion against neighbouring nations, and the following is a fair *résumé* of the complaints made against the Japanese summarised by an American statesman.

Among the three or four questions which are pending between Japan and the United States are those of the Island of Yap, the Japanese immigration in California, the evacuation of Shantung, and the Open Door in China. The interests of the United States differ in no essential particular from those of England, France, and Belgium. Belgium is interested in the Open Door in China; France is interested in the question of the Open Door in China and in the protection of Indo-China; and Great Britain is interested in everything, not only on her own account, but through Canada, Australia, and New Zealand.

The question of Yap is entirely a commercial one. It is merely a cable landing, and is of as much importance to the Dutch East Indies as it is to us. It is a desire to keep another country from controlling the commercial cable to the detriment of commercial interests. The same interest inspired Germany to lay her cables—to be independent of possible British commercial censorship. The United States is very much in earnest about the Yap question, and it is not so much strategic and military as it is commercial. The United States is opposed to the dismemberment of China, and interested in its division into spheres of influence. China cannot be dominated by Japan, because China will ultimately absorb the Japanese if they try. China is on the map to stay, and she will be backed by the United States in this endeavour. Japan is feverishly preparing for war. She is purchasing war

material in nearly every country in the world. This may mean very much or very little. For instance, she may wish to have on hand what she needs before the proposition comes for disarmament. Or she may wish to make herself more worth while for England to renew the Treaty of Alliance. Or she may be preparing for eventualities to enable her to satisfy her ambitions in Asia through being strong enough not to be dictated to, should her interests require that her policy run counter to that of other countries. Under any circumstances Japan is justified in strengthening her military position without aiming at any particular country.

The question of the Japanese in California is really only a side issue. Australia, Canada, and New Zealand are much more firm and drastic in their exclusion of Japanese than the State of California. Under the American form of government forty-eight States are federated into a Union. Each State makes its own laws, and these are sometimes in conflict with those of the Federal Government, in which case they are annulled by the Supreme Court. The various States do not always respect the Treaty agreements of the United States in laws which they pass, but they ultimately have to do so. This is the penalty America pays for local self-government. To show how little there is in the Japanese contention about discrimination against foreigners, Baron Goto stated that "Japan is willing to put a further check on emigration to America and is willing to meet America more than half-way should the gradual elimination of the Japanese population be desired." The trouble with the question is—America has accepted "the gentleman agreement" to restrict emigration and Japan has lived up to it, but, nevertheless, the Japanese population of California has increased from 30,000 to nearly 100,000 in the last few years through evasion of both the good intentions of the United States and of Japan. California is greatly alarmed and some solution must be arrived at.

Japanese irritation is, perhaps, exaggerated, as anyone who is familiar with the restrictions imposed by the Japanese on all foreigners will readily see. This is important on account of the plea of "racial equality" which the Japanese threatened to make at the Peace Conference, and will continue to make in the League of Nations, much to the disturbance of Australia, New Zealand, Canada, the Dutch East Indies, and French Indo-China, however much the Governments of Great Britain, France, and Holland may appear to be indifferent to it. The following is a list of Japanese discriminations against all foreigners: Foreign labour immigration into Japan is forbidden by Imperial Ordinance, No. 852, dated July 28th, 1899; foreigners cannot own land in Japan

as individuals; they cannot engage in agriculture in Japan; they cannot sell either fruits or vegetables in Japan if they raise them; they cannot engage in the fishing business in Japanese waters.

Foreign doctors of medicine cannot engage in the practice of their profession except in missionary hospitals (foreign doctors who were practising medicine in Japan before this law was passed are excepted) unless they pass a medical examination in the Japanese language, both written and oral, before a board composed of Japanese doctors. (This does not apply to foreign dentists.) Quack doctors, dealers in charms, doctors of ancient Chinese medicine, are numerous in Japan. Foreigners cannot become owners of ships flying the Japanese national flag, and all executive interest they can attain is subordinated by law to Japanese control. Foreigners cannot become shareholders in Japanese National Banks, the Bank of Japan, or the Agricultural and Industrial Banks. The articles of some private companies exclude foreigners from membership. Foreigners cannot, as individuals, engage in mining; they cannot become members, shareholders or brokers of the various exchanges nor members of Japanese Chambers of Commerce; they cannot engage in the emigration business, either as individuals or as shareholders in emigration societies or companies; they cannot hold any public office and cannot become members of the Japanese Bar.

Foreigners do not enjoy the franchise; foreign commercial juridical persons are recognised by law, but private non-commercial corporate bodies are not, except in virtue of a special Treaty or Convention. Foreign life insurance companies cannot write insurance in Japan unless a large per cent. of the money collected is left in the country. The laws of Japan also permit rebates being given by Japanese steamship companies on all goods imported or exported by Japanese merchants. This system is being practised as a means to undersell foreign merchants.

The real issue, however, is much deeper. Japan aims at a Monroe Doctrine which shall exclude foreign Powers exercising any political control in the Far East. At the present minute she feels that the United States stands in her way, whereas America is merely standing for the Open Door and against the grab game which is going on in Europe and Africa, and which America feels should not be carried on in Asia. America would willingly join with Japan and the rest of the world in a doctrine of League of Nations in Asia, but not for the exclusive benefit of Japan exploiting that region. Japan has overflowed into Formosa, Corea, Manchuria, the Hawaiian Islands, and California, under the pretext of finding room for her overcrowded

population, which is increasing rapidly. On the other hand, if the Japanese used modern methods of cultivation of unproductive lands on hillsides and by irrigation, five-sixths of the land surface of the country could be cultivated, and she could support from three to four times her present population. For the cost of a couple of battleships she could reclaim land in the territory which she now absolutely controls for her surplus population.

Intense hostility to all foreigners is now evident everywhere in Japan, but it is being very carefully cultivated against Americans. This irritation has the effect of making the Japanese workmen and smaller merchants forget their own troubles, but may be carried too far by inflaming the Oriental mind beyond control, especially if some sharp crisis should occur in the relations of Japan and America. A severe economic crisis in Japan, which cannot be averted owing to over-production and the general readjustment which is going on in the world, may produce so much unrest in the Japanese population that a war might easily be a diversion from local troubles. The policies of America are direct and open. America asks nothing but the right to trade on equal terms without having to suffer from the closing of legitimate markets by exploitation for the benefit of any one country. At bottom, Japan really resents the attitude of America, which is that of a policeman trying to maintain the *status quo*.

A peculiar part of Japan's claim for consideration of her subjects in California is that Japan herself forbids the immigration into her borders of Korean and Chinese labourers because it degrades their own labour. The Japanese claim that Korean and Chinese labourers lower the standard of living for the Japanese, but they are not willing to concede that Japanese labour does the same thing for American labour. As a matter of real fact, the serious issues between Japan and America are not either the immigration question in California or the Yap cable question. The fundamental questions lie deeper. The United States, in her policy in the Adriatic, has appeared to stand in the way of the Italian grab game in Dalmatia, and Japan regards it that the United States is solely responsible for Japan not being able to work her will in Asia since the Armistice. As a matter of fact, America has been hauling chestnuts out of the fire for all the Allies as against any one particular Ally, and is managing to interfere with the selfish interests of each Ally in turn, thereby making herself very unpopular. As she is not herself, however, trying to grab anything, and is not looking for compensations, it may be that in time the Allies will recognise America's relative disinterestedness.

The Japanese have, of course, their side to the question. Without denying altogether the generous and magnanimous motives of American foreign policy, they assert and point to modern instances in confirmation that, like other democracies, the American Government is subject to pressure of public opinion, capable of being aroused by Press propaganda, by incorrect appreciation of the facts, and by interested parties. Washington has been known to act in an extremely high-handed, not to say incorrect, manner under the pressure of electioneering exigency. The fact that America at this moment is the base and arsenal of the Sinn Fein party in Ireland is assuredly not overlooked in Japan. The Japanese claim as much right to a predominant position on the Asiatic shores of the Northern Pacific as the Americans claim on their side of that ocean. As a military Power ruled by aristocracy, there is unquestionably latent distrust of the United States system of government, not unmingled with the feeling that the Japanese should gain something from their patriotic sacrifices from which American citizens shrink. No doubt the Japanese also greatly underrate both the military power, economic strength and patriotism of the rival nation. Unquestionably, too, the floods of oratory which proclaimed the "passing of the Trident" from British to American hands, the organisation of an American Navy "second to none in the world" have given birth to the idea that, if a war is to be expected, it had better come soon, while America is relatively war weary and Japan fresh, and while American preparations are still inadequate to the task. Doubtless the exposed condition of American possessions within easy reach of Japan is a temptation to bring about an early settlement of international differences. Certainly there are moderating and even pacifist influences at work in Japan, and the former include the most capable and influential of her statesmen, but the strength of the militant party cannot be ignored, and events might play into its hands, as in Europe, 1914, if diplomacy were mishandled, or if unexpected events suddenly roused national jealousies and passion. Fore-warned is fore-armed in such cases.

To the British electorate the Pacific is too remote to be of any interest or to count when it exercises the franchise, yet its very existence may depend on the issues to be decided in those waters. It is imperative that British statesmen should do all in their power to avoid a war in the near future between America and Japan, for the defeat of either would be disastrous for us. To this end we should strive to foster and maintain friendly relations with our American kinsfolk, in spite of the thorny questions which have lately complicated those relations. Even without the formal

Alliance, which is a bugbear to the American electors, if a real confidence existed between Whitehall and Washington, so that the diplomacy of the Empire and Republic worked in practical accord, most of the foreign problems of both nations would approach solution. As the ally of Japan, Britain can make friendly representations in Tokyo which would be an impertinence from any other Cabinet, and reciprocally British influence might help to smooth over the difficulties of the Mikado's Government *vis-à-vis* the United States. No doubt such are the avowed aims of our Foreign Office, but under the new *régime* of our foreign relations our diplomacy has for the last three years been remarkably uneven in its work, usually successful where trained diplomats have been given a free hand, and usually the reverse wherever and whenever a vacillating hand has interfered, or where the supermen have tried to do the work of experts.

Not only our Government, but our people, might assist. Far too much ignorant nonsense has been talked about the American share of the war with Germany, in sublime disregard of the fact that Britain declared war on Germany without consulting the American Government, and ingrately forgetful that after the failure of the great campaigns in Flanders from 1914 to 1918 it was only the intervention of two million American soldiers which made the victory over the Germans possible. It should be steadily borne in mind by the patriotic section of the British people that we should have no enemies in America worth noticing but for the enemies of the British Empire who enjoy its protection and reside in the British Isles; and, also, that there is no considerable section of opinion in England itself so enthusiastically pro-British as the friends of Britain in America. The conduct of Admiral Sims attests the fact, when British orators and newspaper proprietors are too prudent to voice public indignation. A little more mutual appreciation from the general public on both sides of the Atlantic is very much to be desired, for, in fact, the course of both nations lie parallel, and their common civilisation is actually threatened by the same enemies and the same perils.

CECIL BATTINE.

THE STATE AND THE RAILWAYS.—II.

ALTERNATIVE SOLUTIONS.

IN the last number of this REVIEW I attempted to analyse the chief factors in the problem presented to the State by the present position and the future prospects of British railways. The State having, in accordance with statute and under the stress of a grave national emergency, assumed control of the principal railways of the country; having, by mutual arrangement, continued in possession for nearly two years since the termination of hostilities; • having, under the provisions of the Ministry of Transport Act (1919), been authorised to determine the period of control at midnight on August 14th next, finds in these circumstances an opportunity for an elaborate reorganisation of the whole railway system, and for an entire revision of the relations between the railways and the State.

The problem is not new, nor is it peculiar to this country, least of all is it simple. By common consent the provision of a cheap and efficient system of transport is one of the first necessities of an industrial community, nor can such a system be provided under the conditions of modern society, save with the sanction of the Legislature and in virtue of certain concessions made by the State. • At this point, however, agreement ceases. There are those who hold that the State, having, on terms, granted the necessary facilities, should thenceforth stand aside and interfere as little as possible either with schemes of construction or with the working arrangements of the railways or other methods of transport, leaving such matters to the free play of economic forces—in fine, of demand and supply. On the other hand, there are those who take the view that it is essentially the business of the State to devise the system, to construct it and to work it. Between these there is an intermediate party which, while leaving the construction and the working of the transport system to private enterprise, would retain in the hands of the State considerable powers of superintendence, supervision and control. In countries of vast extent, of sparse population, and of immature development, like Australia, it is inevitable that the State should at least assist in the construction of railways, which must, of necessity, be ahead of the economic demand, and which but for the State would not be constructed at all. It is otherwise in an old-established, thickly populated, highly developed country such as England; but even here a railway system could not for obvious reasons be constructed without certain powers conferred by the State, and in return for such powers the State is plainly entitled to exact a *quid pro quo*. One proviso, specifically made by the

State in England, was that under certain contingencies, but subject also to certain conditions, the State might temporarily assume control of the system and put it to its own purposes. The contemplated contingency arose in August, 1914, and the question now at issue is whether the State shall simply restore the railways to their legal proprietors, paying such legal compensation as was provided by the Regulation of the Forces Act, 1871; or shall seize the opportunity for acquiring the undertaking, lock, stock and barrel; or, *sors tertii*, while reinstating the proprietors, shall retain for itself a larger measure of control and shall arrogate to itself greater powers of interference in the management of the system.

The question is complicated by several things which have happened during the last seven years: the property itself has deteriorated; the incidental expenses of working, of maintenance and management have, as I showed in detail last month, enormously increased; and—most significant fact of all—there has been established by the Legislature a brand-new Department of State, with a large staff of officials, bearing grandiose designations, and remunerated on an extravagant scale. My own belief is that there is no item in the programme of "reconstruction," which the House of Commons more unfeignedly regrets, and that if the Ministry of Transport Bill were presented to the House to-morrow it would be rejected by an overwhelming majority. But these things are more easily done than undone.

Two alternative solutions of the problem are now before the House: the one is embodied in the Government Railways Bill; the other in a Bill "to provide for the transfer of railway undertakings in Great Britain to the Minister of Transport and for purposes connected therewith." The latter has been presented by Mr. J. H. Thomas, and is backed by Mr. William Graham, Mr. Sexton, and other members of the Labour Party. The former is based upon the principle of State control: the latter upon the principle of State ownership. Mr. Thomas's Bill, being at once more far-reaching in its proposals, more logical in structure, and more self-consistent in its provisions, may claim our attention first.

The Labour Party frankly stand for nationalisation; they, with entire consistency, therefore, oppose the Government Bill on the ground, *inter alia*, that "it would prejudice the future acquisition of the railways by the State on a fair and economic basis"; nor do they leave us in doubt as to their own substantive and alternative proposals. Their own Bill provides for the immediate purchase by the State of all the railway undertakings in Great Britain and for their subsequent management under the direction

of the Minister of Transport. The purchase is to be carried through by the cancellation of the stock and share certificates at present held by the proprietors and the issue to them of a specially created stock charged on the State railway undertaking and on the Consolidated Fund. The terms of purchase, though not over-generous, cannot fairly be described as purely confiscatory. The purchase price is to be calculated on the basis of the mean 1913 price of the existing railway stock, subject to a deduction of 30 per cent.—the amount by which the value of securities is reckoned generally to have depreciated. The rate of interest on the new railway stock is to be such as would enable it at the time of issue to be realised at par. Let us see how this would work out. The mean price of the 4 per cent. debenture stock of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway in 1913 was, as near as may be, 100; the 4 per cent. guaranteed stock of the London and North-Western was just about the same. In return for each £100 nominal there would, I infer, be issued £70 nominal of the new railway stock. If we assume, as we may, that the State could not issue (say) £800,000,000 of such new stock at less than 6 per cent. (if it was to be realisable at par), the yield upon the investment would be about 4s. per cent. in excess of the yield in 1913. The mean price of the preferred ordinary stock of the Midland Company was, in 1913, about £57, and the yield per cent. at that price was about £4 7s. 9d. Deducting from that mean price 30 per cent. (or £17 per £57), it follows that £40 of the new stock would be issued for each £100 nominal of the old, showing a return of £4 4s. 3d. on the original investment, or a loss of income of 3s. 6d. per cent. Or take the 4 per cent. preference stock of the London and South-Western Company. The mean price in 1913 was £82, which, after deduction of 30 per cent. (£24 12s.), would give the holder £57 8s. of the new stock, while the income would be reduced from £4 17s. to £4 4s. 3d., showing a loss of 12s. 9d. per cent.¹ Thus the arbitrary and uniform deduction of 30 per cent.

(1) The subjoined table may help to elucidate the point :—

Stock.	Class of Investment.	Nominal Value.	Mean Price during 1913.	Dividend Paid.	Yield per cent. on Original Investment.	Gain or Loss on Yield.
		£	£	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
i. L.B. & S.C.	4 per cent. Debenture Deduct 30 per cent.	100	100	4 0 0	4 0 0	—
		—	30	—	—	—
1921 New Stock at 6 per cent.	—	70	4 4 0	4 4 0	gain 4 0

would produce results to the holders of different classes of securities which would vary out of all relation to the pre-war, or indeed the post-war, value of the holdings, and would be to this extent palpably inequitable.

The holders of certain debentures and of other fixed dividend stocks or shares would not, I apprehend, suffer in income, and their security would presumably be improved. Holders of ordinary shares would receive a fixed income which might be less or more than the varying yield of such shares, and their income, too, would be guaranteed. On the other hand, both classes of proprietors, and particularly the deferred shareholders, might suffer materially as regards the capital value of their investments. They would be bought out at a price which is practically the lowest touched for the last half-century. It may be that bed-rock level has not yet been reached and that prices may go lower still. In regard to ordinary and deferred shares, no one can tell; in regard to those which carry a fixed rate of dividend, there is a reasonable presumption—unless, indeed, the railways go into liquidation—that the capital value will increase as the general rate of interest declines. In any case, investors are entitled either to have a chance of getting back some of the capital they have lost, or, if their property is to be compulsorily acquired by the State, to be bought out at a price which does not involve too heavy a sacrifice to those who have invested their hard-earned savings in an industry which was regarded as pre-eminently “safe,” though never highly remunerative. The State is not entitled first to depreciate the property and then, by the exercise of compulsory powers, to acquire it at a “scrap-iron” price. On the question of terms, however, some more equitable adjustment might perhaps be arrived at. It should be added that Mr. Thomas’s Bill

Stock.	Class of Investment.	Nominal Value.	Mean Price during 1913.		Dividend Paid.	Yield per cent. on Original Investment.		Gain or Loss on Yield.
			£	s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
2. L. & S.W.	Preference at 4 per cent. ...	100	82	0 0	4 0 0	4 17 0	—	
	Deduct 30 per cent.	—	24	12 0	—	—	—	
New Stock at 6 per cent.		—	57	8 0	3 9 0	4 4 3	loss	12 0
3. Midland	Preference Ordinary at £2 10	100	57	2 10 0	4 7 9	—	—	
	Deduct 30 per cent.	—	17	—	—	—	—	
1921 New Stock at 6 per cent. ...		—	£40	£2 8 0	£4 4 3	loss	3 6	

provides for the redemption of the new stock at par within a period of sixty years.

The ownership of the undertakings is to vest in the Minister of Transport on behalf of His Majesty, but the actual management is to be conducted subject to the over-riding authority of the Minister by seven railway commissioners. Of the commissioners the chairman and two members are to be appointed by the Minister, one by the Treasury, and three are to be "appointed by the Minister from persons nominated by the recognised trade unions" [§ 14 (ii)]. All the commissioners are to be full-time servants of the State, and all are to receive equal remuneration. Some light was thrown upon this provision in the second-reading debate on the Government Bill by Mr. W. Graham, one of the backers of the Labour Bill. "While," he said, "we oppose the Bill, we are not necessarily in favour of any State management or control of the railway undertakings in this country in the event of their being publicly acquired. Speaking quite for myself on this matter, I can imagine no public service which lends itself better to a guild organisation, because I believe that within a system of that kind you would get the co-operation of all the people who have knowledge of the working of railway concerns and you would get the use of all their knowledge and experience for the benefit of the community as a whole. That appears to many of us to be very much sounder than any State system."

Herein Mr. Graham undoubtedly speaks the mind of the younger Socialists, who are opposed to the bureaucratic type of Socialism formerly favoured by the Fabians, and lean heavily towards the Syndicalist type which is the ideal of the more advanced party among the miners as well as among the railwaymen. As in the case of the coal mines, so in that of the railways, they would employ all the powers of the State to expropriate the existing proprietors, and then would have the State commit the management of concerns acquired by the money of the taxpayers to the officials of the trade unions or the guilds. In fine, they want the best of both worlds without paying for either. One may have every sympathy with the Syndicalists or Guild Socialists, who are anxious to expose the incapacity alike of private and of bureaucratic management and to demonstrate their own superior capacity for the conduct of great industries or public utility services. But management cannot be divorced from financial responsibility. By all means let the Syndicalist or Guild Socialist have a chance of proving his capacity; but what is to prevent him doing it to-morrow if he is content to start, as individuals have started on a modest scale? Let the Labour syndicate or guild acquire its own factory or mine or get a con-

rolling interest in one of the smaller railway companies. Let the State facilitate the experiment by advancing capital to the extreme limit of financial prudence—provided always that the syndicate or guild was ready to take its part in the financial risk. The £10,000,000 offered by the State as a gratuity-in-aid of wages to the miners would be infinitely more profitably employed in furtherance of such a scheme; but the State, as trustee for the taxpayer, has no right to take unlimited risks, or to place at the disposal of untried enthusiasts the financial resources of the community at large.

A similar argument applies to the hotly debated suggestion that representatives of the employees should have seats on the boards of directors. There are some—in the House of Commons there are, seemingly, many—who would like to see them there. Why not? Directors are elected by the proprietors. Mr. Thomas on a recent occasion claimed to be—in a representative capacity—the largest railway shareholder in England. Why does he not use the power his holding gives him to put his own nominees on the boards? So elected, they would have every right to their seats, they would have a chance of demonstrating their capacity, and their presence would be no violation of the essential principle that power should not be divorced from responsibility.

To return, however, to Mr. Thomas's Bill. Apart from the basic provisions to which reference has already been made, the Bill contains minute details for the future conduct of the railway service: one clause, for example, authorises the Minister to acquire privately owned rolling stock; another provides for the continuance of pensions to retired servants; another permits ex-directors to retain the free travelling passes they now hold; others deal with the continuance of existing superannuation schemes and for the establishment of a new "National Transport Superannuation Fund"; while Clause 32—by no means the least important in the Bill—provides for the establishment of advisory boards for the adjustment of disputes as to conditions of service and for the adequate representation thereon of the three principal railway unions. There is, it is pertinent to observe, no anticipation that nationalisation, or even the reservation of three places out of seven for "Labour" on the directing commission, will automatically effect a settlement of all labour difficulties or dispense with the necessity for trade unions.

Such is the scheme for the reorganisation of the railway system officially propounded by the members of the Parliamentary Labour Party. No one can complain of any lack of definiteness or lucidity in the proposals, which are entitled to be discussed on their merits. Nor can the scheme be summarily dismissed as

"revolutionary," "confiscatory," or impracticable. Subject, indeed, to an adjustment of the purchase terms, there would appear to be no reason why the existing proprietors should not give serious consideration to the proposals. Even as they stand it is by no means certain that the results would not be at least as satisfactory to the proprietors—or many of them—as those which are likely to accrue from the proposals of the Government.

The question cannot, however, be determined with exclusive consideration for the interests of the railway shareholders. There are, as I showed in a previous article, at least three other interests of which account must be taken: those of the employees, those of the users and traders, above all, those of the State as trustee for the permanent and paramount well-being of the community as a whole. As to the employees, no more need be said, as it must be presumed that Mr. Thomas's Bill represents their wishes and would fulfil their aspirations. Far otherwise is it in regard to the interests of the traders and users of railways. In this respect the two Bills present a striking contrast. To the vexed question of rates and charges Mr. Thomas's Bill contains no reference; traders and passengers are apparently to be left to the tender mercy of the Ministry or the Commission—on which, be it noted, they would not necessarily have any representation whatever. Of the Government Bill no fewer than forty clauses, covering about twenty-five pages, are devoted to the problem of rates and charges and to the constitution and procedure of the Tribunal by which all questions relating thereto are to be determined. The principles laid down in this part of the Bill, and the machinery by which they are to be enforced, may or may not be acceptable to the companies, but the detailed treatment of this highly complicated subject is at least indicative of a desire to give adequate consideration to the interests of traders and passengers.

Similarly in regard to the interests of the State. These are—somewhat paradoxically—far more carefully safeguarded in the Government Bill than in that which is avowedly based upon the principle of "nationalisation." Under the terms of the latter a heavy contingent liability is imposed upon the National Exchequer; for, by § 5 (5), it is provided that if the "Railway Fund" proves insufficient for the payment of the interest on the new railway stock and for its redemption within the prescribed period, this shall be a charge upon the Consolidated Fund. Under Sir Eric Geddes' scheme the State, while exercising a large measure of control, assumes no financial responsibility whatever, except, of course, for the payment of the debts already incurred to the companies; and these are to be discharged by a lump sum which

by many is regarded as wholly inadequate. Even the expenses of the two tribunals set up by the Government Bill—the Amalgamation Tribunal and the Rates Tribunal—are to fall upon the luckless shareholders.

To the details of the Government Bill we may now turn. The Bill contains no fewer than seventy-five clauses and seven schedules. The main topics with which they deal are: (i) The grouping and amalgamation of the existing railway undertakings; (ii) railway services and the working of railways; (iii) railway rates and charges and the machinery for fixing them; (iv) wages and conditions of service; (v) accounts and statistics.

Against the principle of "grouping" nothing can be, or, as far as I am aware, has been, urged. The history of the English railways is a history of gradual amalgamation of different undertakings and of the steady reduction in the number of units. The existing Great Western Company represents the results of the amalgamation or absorption of no fewer than 137 separate corporations. Under the Government Bill it is proposed to take a tremendous step forward along the same path and to form six large groups each consisting of one or more *constituent* companies and a large but varying number of *subsidiary* companies which will be absorbed into the big units; and this result, be it noted, is to be effected, if necessary, under the compulsory powers conceded to the State by the Bill. The groups proposed under the Bill are as follows: (i) The Southern group, in which the South-Western, the South-Eastern, the Brighton, and the Chatham Companies are to be the "constituent items," absorbing sixteen "subsidiary" companies; (ii) the Western, in which the Great Western stands in lonely (and unique) majesty as "constituent," absorbing in its voracious maw no fewer than thirty-six "subsidiary" companies, including such important entities as the Cambrian, the Barry, the Taff Vale, the Midland and South-Western Junction, and thirty-two others; (iii) the North-Western and Midland, including those two companies together with the Lancashire and Yorkshire, the North Staffordshire, and the Furness railways as "constituents" and a large number of "subsidiaries"; (iv) the North-Eastern and Eastern, with the North-Eastern, the Great Northern, the Great Central, the Great Eastern, and the Hull and Barnsley as principals and many subsidiaries; (v) the West Scottish, combining the Caledonian, the Glasgow and South-Western, and the Highland, with their satellites; and (vi) the East Scottish, consisting of the North British and the Great North of Scotland and five satellites.

Up to June 30th, 1922, the companies are to be free to propose a scheme of grouping alternative to the scheme contained in the

millions at the outside. An interrupter asked Sir Eric Geddes: "Will there be fewer directors?" There will; but how far there is room for saving on that item may be judged from the fact that, out of an aggregate expenditure by all the controlled railways in 1920 of nearly £250,000,000, only about £120,000 per year was spent in directors' fees. If in future twenty-one directors, as a maximum, are to conduct the affairs of a group such as the North-Western and Midland, it will be necessary to pay directors a very much larger "salary" than that which they receive at present. If the salary in future averages no more than £1,000 a year, it would mean an expenditure of £121,000, or more than the existing aggregate. Should the grouping scheme survive in anything like the proposed form, there will probably have to be a species of super-directorate for the group, while the constituent companies will have to retain, though possibly on a reduced scale, their local or subordinate boards. The total cost of direction will, therefore, be increased instead of diminished.

Other points in the Bill must, however, be briefly noticed. Part II. confers upon the Railway and Canal Commission the power to require the companies to afford reasonable services, facilities and conveniences, and upon the Minister of Transport the power to require them to conform to standards and to adopt schemes for co-operative working. In both cases certain safeguards are introduced to protect the interests of the proprietors, but experts regard the safeguards as largely illusory, and, in any case, it is plain that these clauses would establish, over the working of the railway system, a dual control, which would be irritating to the management and would be unlikely to conduce either to economy or to efficiency. There is, as I have hinted, something to be said for nationalisation; there is much to be said for private management; there is nothing to be said for the mongrel compromise between the two principles which pervade the numerous provisions of this Bill. Should the Minister in charge during the Committee stage be in an accommodating mood, these clauses may perhaps be eliminated before the Bill returns to the House.

With Part III., which deals in minute detail with the intricate problem of rates and charges, this paper must not concern itself. For the adjustment of these rates a tribunal—which, unlike the amalgamation tribunal, is to be permanent—is to be set up. Why the companies should have to bear the charge of a tribunal presumably intended for the protection of the community it seems a little difficult to understand.

Part IV. deals with the wages and conditions of service, and sets up—or rather perpetuates and extends—the existing arrangement under which wages and conditions of service are ultimately

determined by a National Wages Board, on which all parties—management, employees and users—are represented. These clauses are in substitution for that portion of the original scheme which contemplated the presence of employees upon the boards. They represent the result of protracted negotiations between the several parties; but there are those who would have preferred the original suggestion.

One other provision, which in the opinion of many ought not to have formed an integral part of the Bill, demands brief notice. As explained in my previous article, the companies have large claims against the State for the deterioration of the property presently to be handed back to them, and in particular for those deferred repairs and maintenance which, in consequence of control, they were unable to execute during the five years of war. Few people appreciate the fact that during the war the railway companies not only placed at the disposal of the State, as under statute they were bound to do, their roads, rolling stock, staff, etc.; but, in order to provide munitions of war, put aside nearly all the ordinary work of their engineering sheds and workshops. One illustration, with which I happen to be familiar, will suffice. In the plant works of the Great Northern Railway at Doncaster were turned out, week after week, ambulance stretchers and general service wagons, gun mountings for the mercantile marine, gun cradles and cap-squares, armoured engines, drop-stampings, 6-in. H.E. shells, and much other work for Woolwich, and, in particular, repairs of cartridge cases. No fewer than 138,000 cartridge cases for the Admiralty and 4,267,093 18-pounder cartridge cases were repaired in the works at Doncaster alone; and all the work was done literally at cost price without a penny profit to the proprietors of the railway. The cartridge cases, for example, were repaired at an average cost of 4½d. each, while the Woolwich price for the same work was about 7d. or 8d.

Such patriotic work should not be forgotten when the final account is adjusted between the State and the railways. Under the Bill the State proposes to settle all outstanding claims by a lump sum payment of £51,000,000 net. Be it observed, however, that while the railway companies are asked to accept this sum in satisfaction of all their claims against the State, the State is still to be free to contest in the Courts the claims of the companies. Equity would seem to demand that there should at least be reciprocity. These details must not, however, detain us.

Taken in their totality, the provisions of Sir Eric Geddes' Bill constitute a serious extension of the principle of State interference and State control, and that at a moment when the prin-

ciple has, by the best of all tests—that of practical experiment—been hopelessly discredited. On every hand the cry that rises from industry is for more and more of freedom. Yet the fundamental purpose of this Bill is to impose in perpetuity upon a great industry the fetters which were temporarily justified by a great national crisis and an urgent national necessity. The Ministry of Transport, the Board of Trade, the Railway and Canal Commissioners, the Amalgamation Tribunal, the Rates Tribunal—to each and all of these the railways are to pay allegiance; but, while the State controls, it assumes no financial responsibility for the results of its interference. That devolves entirely upon the existing proprietors. The State may harass and interfere in any direction (I do not suggest that it will); the proprietors must in any case foot the bill.

Under these circumstances it is difficult to avoid the question whether it would not be at once simpler and more just to buy out the existing shareholders on some such terms and in some such way as Mr. Thomas proposes. But the solution fairest to the proprietors might not be to the interests of the community. The experiment of nationalisation has been repeatedly tried in France, in Italy, in Australia, New Zealand, and elsewhere; on balance, the disadvantages have heavily outweighed the advantages. The detached and impartial investigator is bound, on the evidence, to return a verdict opposed to nationalisation. There is only one alternative: to respect individual ownership and to give free play to individual initiative and enterprise. In its present form the Government Bill satisfies neither the collectivist nor the individualist; unless it be drastically amended, it may haply fall between two stools; but if the principle of compulsion be eliminated, and the exercise of control curtailed, there is no reason why the Bill should not provide a basis for the solution of one of the most intricate and obstinate of the problems of reconstruction.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

A LOOK ROUND THE BACK BENCHES.

Minora canamus. Behind the Treasury Bench sit the Ministerial stalwarts in a nicely graded phalanx of personal devotion. Here are "the rising hopes" with a personal stake in the fortunes of the Government and the solid men with a stake in the country, whether land, big business, or finance, the moderates who are little inclined to violent change. Many still enter the House of Commons with no definite political ambitions, some, indeed, with little aptitude for active political life, for they have spent their energies in pushing their fortunes and carving out their careers. But they value the distinction which a seat confers, and they can walk through a division lobby as well as any. A House composed of eager climbers, all talkers and all bent on shining, would be intolerable; it is sufficient if one member out of twenty has a fluent tongue, and no bad thing if half are of Trappist silence. What a Government needs and values is a compact body of willing followers. *Mens omnibus una sequendi*; it is for followers that Governments look in the Ministerial bloc, and they do not look in vain. And, if you cast your eye along the benches in a full House, it is remarkable what varied talent will be disclosed by the aid of "Who's Who?"—though half are never heard and more than half are rarely found in their places.

Absenteeism is becoming a back bench habit. Private members evince an extreme unwillingness to listen to debate. At question time the Chamber is well filled, for then Ministers may be baited; interesting announcements may be made; indiscreet things may be said. The question hour is now the most formidable hour of the day for Ministers—though within living memory questions rarely exceeded a score—and it is mercilessly abused. Questions over, the House automatically empties, unless an important speech is in immediate prospect, and the Chamber's normal appearance is one of bored indifference and careless transience. Few want to hear their brother members talk. They have no desire to be informed on questions in which they are not specially interested. They drift casually into the Chamber to see what is going on and then as casually drift out again. The few who sit on are mostly waiting their turn to speak, and as soon as they have had their say they rush away and are no more seen. Yet not so very long ago the House used to remain full far into the morning hours, and speeches of less than an hour were considered very short. Disraeli has put on record how Lord George Bentinck scarcely left the House for a moment from the time the Speaker took the

Chair till its rising, save when he was consulting Hansard or some Blue Book in the library. He did not even dine till the House rose, and he certainly hastened his end by such excessive devotion. Nor was he altogether exceptional. Sir Robert Peel, in one of his letters, refers to a certain Sir James Flowers who, during the Session of 1843, voted in 211 out of 221 divisions, dining every day at 2 p.m., arriving at Westminster at four, and never leaving the House while the Speaker was in the Chair. What was more, he never asked a favour and had never voted against the Government, and, therefore, adds Sir Robert, "he deserves from me that I should undergo the penance of sitting next to him at dinner and hear his eternal puffing of bad wine." There are no such sitters now. There was, indeed, a Liberal member in the 1910 Parliament who used to sit stolidly hour after hour in his accustomed place, but, whether for that reason or another, his brain became disordered and he came to a melancholy end. Members of Parliament are wroth when their regular absences are noted, and they are prolific in excuse and explanation. But the fact remains that their attendance is scandalous. When Mr. Fisher expounded the Education Estimates a few weeks ago he had an audience of about sixty, though nearly every member of Parliament professes himself an ardent educationist. Sir Alfred Mond talked Housing and Health to a still smaller and even less "jocund company." The Minister for War brought in the Army Estimates in a House of similar size. The new President of the Board of Trade could not attract a good audience, even when introducing the financial resolutions to the Safeguarding of Industries Bill, which raised a first-class controversial issue, and the Budget House this year was the most meagre of modern times.

The plain country gentleman, who used to be the prevailing type in the House of Commons, is now a survivor only, and his numbers dwindle at every successive General Election. Colonel Mildmay is an admirable representative of the type at its best. He has an engaging courtesy of manner, an agreeable presence and strict moderation of view; his judgment would be accepted on any point of honour or fair dealing. He speaks sufficiently well to be heard with pleasure—his contribution to the discussion on the Railways Bill was the best that came from the group of railway directors—but he has never sought office and is well content with the honour of having been for nearly forty years a member of the House of Commons. Colonel Burn belongs to the same class, and his exits and entrances are pleasant to watch, for his ceremonial bow to the Speaker conveys just the right degree of respectful salutation. No one in the House moves with an easier

grace, and though a bow seems merely a simple inclination, hardly a dozen members escape the self-consciousness which turns most bows either into "an offhand nod" or a clumsy jerk. Looking at Colonel Burn, one is reminded of a saying of Disraeli's in *Vivian Grey*: "I never knew a quack or an adventurer who could bow well. It requires a dignity which can only result from a consciousness of high-breeding, or a high moral character." Mr. Lane-Fox is another country member, but with a stronger infusion of the sportsman and fox-hunting squire, as becomes a Yorkshireman. It will be sheer loss when the country gentleman vanishes from Parliament, as, with the resignation of Mr. Walter Long, the type has already vanished from the Cabinet. No class is more disinterested, and its members submit much more cheerfully to the sacrifices imposed by patriotic necessity than the industrial magnates who have usurped their old ascendancy in the House of Commons.

The Coalition ranks include a host of these wealthy business men, but they have proved very disappointing as legislators, and few have made any real mark in debate. The representatives of the mine-owners, for example, have cut a sorry figure during the frequent discussions affecting their industry. The late Lord Rhondda and the late Sir Arthur Markham—both men of great individuality—have left no successors in the present House. Mr. J. C. Gould, the member for Cardiff, made a brilliant speech a few weeks ago, but he is primarily a shipowner, and neither Sir Evan Jones nor Sir Clifford Cory can talk coal acceptably and persuasively. Nor have other industries been much more fortunate. There they sit—the men who have made their big fortunes out of iron, and soap, and wool and cotton, and shipping and beer and what not else beside, and yet with few exceptions—such as Sir George Renwick; General Hickman, Mr. Wilson Fox, Sir William Pearce, and Sir Archibald Williamson—they seem tongue-tied when industrial problems come up, or they speak so indifferently that they carry no conviction. Sir Charles Sykes promised to develop into a good debater on commercial questions when he first entered the House, but he has been silent of late, and no one speaks with an authority equal to that of Lord Inchcape or Lord Weir in the House of Lords. Capitalism has never had more indifferent champions on the back benches. They have, indeed, scotched Nationalisation for this Parliament by giving the Government clearly to understand that there must be no yielding to Labour on that hateful head, but they have proved singularly infertile in ideas and singularly inefficient in the presentation of their case. During the boom they were so busy piling up their easy fortunes that to purchase even brief interludes

of peace with Labour they urged the Government to concessions which grievously prejudiced the position of British industry as soon as the inevitable collapse followed.

In such an atmosphere it is not surprising that idealists are few: Still the House has Mr. Austin Hopkinson. Though rich, he despises the personal enjoyment of riches. He makes money because not to make money in business is to fail in one's vocation. Yet he strips himself of his wealth as fast as he creates it and rejects the vulgar ambition of "amassing wealth." When war broke out he enlisted as a trooper in the Royal Dragoons and "did stables" till a commission was thrust upon him. He has made over his mansion house to the public service and lives in a wooden shanty in the grounds. He gave his motor car to his chauffeur in order to start him in business. He is a zealous believer in co-partnership, and, like Mr. Theodore Taylor, in the last Parliament, who has distributed half a million among his employees at Batley in the shape of earned profits, Mr. Hopkinson puts his theories into practice. But on occasion the unions find him as stubborn an opponent as the most hard-faced capitalist who only understands the principle of selfishness. He is of the stuff of which cranks and martyrs are made, but when he speaks the materialists flock in to listen. The successful business man respects him because he has made money; Labour regards him with a vaguely uneasy curiosity. For he wounds them in their most sensitive places. Trade Union officials, who are at heart ashamed at the extent to which the evil doctrine of *ca' canny* has permeated the whole movement, are never wholly comfortable in the presence of one who still proclaims the old gospel that whatever your right hand finds to do it should do it with all its might. If all employers were like Mr. Hopkinson, the agitators' occupation would be gone. Yet they are not afraid. For their belief in Capital's capacity for unselfishness is small, and capitalists unfortunately justify their scepticism only too well.

Another idealist, of similar type but more encrusted with party politics, is Mr. Aneurin Williams, who little suggests, either in speech or bearing, one whose fortune has been made out of iron and steel. Mr. Williams, however, has in his veins the chastening and refining influence of bardic blood. He, too, believes in co-partnership, and his active association with the Garden City movement, the Land Nationalisation Society, and the International Co-operative Alliance indicates his strong idealistic bent. Moreover, the sorrows of Armenia have troubled him sorely, and he is all aflame to rescue the Armenian remnant from the clutches of the Turk. He combines, indeed, the contradictory instincts of

Little Englander and Crusader, opposes all martial preparations, and then suddenly calls for martial operations which would lead to national suicide. Now that Lord Courtney is no more, Mr. Williams is the protagonist of the cause of Proportional Representation, and is as keen to snatch a political soul as any revivalist preacher. He has at fluent command all its literature and statistics, and it is quite an amusing comedy to watch his anxiety to leave nothing unsaid and his manifest fear of losing the attention of his audience. He pleads, he entreats, he adjures, he wrings his hands. He is one of the most engaging figures in the House, transparently honest, gentle-natured but passionately in earnest, eager to do good and convinced—most pathetically convinced—that the Independent Liberal Party, as “Whipped” by Mr. Hogge, is a chosen vessel of spiritual grace.

Lord Henry Bentinck is a late comer in the same company. His is the rare case of one who has laboriously argued himself into idealism as a living political faith. Yet though he may have satisfied his conscience by crossing the floor, he has obviously not attained serenity of soul, and Labour—which he has done his best to serve without sparing either time or trouble—will probably run some nondescript of its own against him at the next election. A year or two ago, while he still accepted the Coalition Whips, he tried to quieten his mind by writing a little book on Tory Democracy, but Disraelian epigrams offer little balm to a troubled mind. He himself may be that rare thing, a sincere Tory Democrat, but he is doomed to find that just as his brother Tories were not Democrats, so his new Democratic associates are not Tories, and care nothing for the institutions which he reverences. His mind—one would guess from his speeches—works slowly. He is shy and diffident in manner; his sentences do not slip along automatically to their close. Unhappily for him, the House of Commons is not much impressed by the spectacle of a transparently honest soul in the pangs of spiritual rebirth, and an idealist must be effective or he is naught. Moreover, he is out of temper with himself and rebukes with increasing asperity his old associates. It will not do. He is heading straight for the wilderness.

Prominent among the back benchers below the gangway on the Government side is Sir Samuel Hoare, who affects the corner seat on the top row whenever Sir Frederick Banbury is away. Why the member for Chelsea has not been given office is a little difficult to understand. He never speaks without a certain distinction, and his “firsts” at Oxford show the quality of his brain. He carries external neatness beyond elegance to dapperdom, and he has a scrupulously tidy mind to correspond. His thoughts are

trained not to stray one hair's breadth beyond what is proper and germane to his subject. He tames even a hissing sibilant. To hear him say "Czecho-Slovakia" is a liberal education. Evangelicalism is in his blood, but the inherited dignity of the bank parlour has saved him from any approach to a vulgar enthusiasm. Mr. Dombey would have loved him, and he is a member of the House of Laymen. Perhaps it is just this icy faultlessness, sometimes allied, in Tennyson's phrase, with splendid nullity, which led the Prime Minister to prefer Mr. Edward Wood to Sir Samuel Hoare when he was looking round among the Young Unionists a few weeks ago to find an Under-Secretary. But all the Young Unionists, who, if truth be told, are not so young as they were and tend to rely on photographs of an earlier day, lack sparkle. There is no bright fire in their addresses; their kindling wood is usually a little damp. The impression they leave is that they are waiting to be asked to come up higher, and yet there is no compelling reason why such invitation should be given. For they do not seem by their public performances to be very amusing, or very clever, or even very much in earnest, and they certainly are not dangerous. Colonel Walter Guinness, who speaks best when he is angry, waxes wroth about Ireland from time to time, but what his own solution of the Irish problem would be he does not disclose. Lord Winterton also affects an habitual impatience, and tears at the reluctant thoughts in his bosom as though they were bent pins in a pin-cushion. He gallops through a continent every autumn recess. The Arab of the desert now fires his imagination and over Mesopotamia, East Africa and Rhodesia he has cast his shoe. Mr. Hills talks sociology with a slightly embarrassed drawing-room air. Mr. Ormsby-Gore is born to be an Under-Secretary and will arrive in due course, but it takes longer for eldest sons to arrive than it did. There is little cohesion about these Young Unionists. The ingenious Sir Frederick Banbury occasionally weaves a rope of Tory sand around them, but it has no binding power, and too close an association with the member for the City of London is not good for those who have to face popular constituencies. Sir Frederick himself was born out of due time. His criticisms on finance are always shrewd and sound, but his attitude towards Social Reform is about as childish as was his opposition to Summer Time. He has mastered Parliamentary procedure in all its minutiae and he is a first-class tactician in Parliamentary obstruction. One Sir Frederick Banbury in the House of Commons is an agreeable anachronism; two would be a nuisance; three might be the end of Parliamentary Government. That Sir Frederick Banbury should represent the City of London is one of the many delicious absurdities of our demo-

cratic system. In him are incarnate the souls of all the rotten little boroughs that were disfranchised in 1832.

Close by sits one of the most successful of recent newcomers to Parliament, Mr. Marriott, the member for Oxford. Though youth is behind him, he has a roving, inquiring mind and an encyclopædic interest. And he obviously loves talking. To propagate useful information has become second nature to him. He has lectured for years, and there are those who say that he lectures still. But he sorts his knowledge well and brightens his general principles from a fund of well-chosen illustrations, while most of those about him seem to think that history started when they began to take notice of politics and are honestly ignorant that their pet nostrums have been tried before. Mr. Marriott is a staunch defender of such rights of private members as still remain. He was chairman of the famous meeting which called in Mr. Hodges to speak and answer questions on the eve of the Great Refusal of the Triple Alliance, and though the Government did not welcome the intervention and objected to private members butting in, the meeting was not unfruitful, and for days Mr. Marriott wore the proud Ciceronian look of one who has saved the State. He is almost a third member for the University of Oxford, and is far more active than either Lord Hugh Cecil or Sir Charles Oman, who, like their colleagues from Cambridge, Sir Joseph Larmor and Mr. Rawlinson, are too rarely seen or heard.

Some hidden magnet seems to draw ambition to the corner seat of the lowest bench below the gangway on the Opposition side. Here, during Mr. Asquith's spacious days, a little group of Tory lordlings clustered—the late Lord Helmsley, Lord Castlereagh, now the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Hugh Cecil, and one or two others. Then for a time Mr. Houston gained possession and daily vexed the Parliamentary representative of the Shipping Control with an unending stream of questions, dilating on the woes of beggared shipowners till one half expected to find him standing at the entrance to Palace Yard asking obols of pity, like Belisarius, from the passers-by. No rebuff ever daunted Mr. Houston. He might change colour, but never front, and when most breathless with indignation would still labour his fainting powers. Now Mr. Bottomley has seized the coveted place, and Mr. Bottomley is a Triton—or a great perch rather—among the minnows, though he does not, except physically, bulk so large in the House as when he is filling the immense spaces of the Albert Hall with his sonorous declamations. At Westminster, indeed, it is a subdued Mr. Bottomley. At times he seems overburdened with national cares, overweighted like an Atlas, who, tired of

bearing the world upon his shoulders, has swallowed it in a fit of despair. One misses the Horatio of the posters with clenched fist and mouth fantastically curled like that of a Greek mask. But he wisely shuns the mistake of rodomontade where it would only excite mocking laughter. Hence his demure self-restraint and modest self-repression, while he sits listening to the Prime Minister with folded hands in the historical attitude of M. Clemenceau at the Council of Versailles. Assent may draw from him a nod of measured approval; strong dissent may move him to passing remonstrance. But he strictly observes the decorum and punctilio of debate, and when he rises assumes a pose of exquisite deference to the collective wisdom of Parliament which much astonishes his admirers in the gallery. They expect a roarer. But he scarcely raises his voice. They look for a blustering, hectoring Horatio. Mr. Bottomley reasons and pleads. He is bent only on persuasion. He forgoes the mental and moral superiority which flavours his Sunday sermons. He is the plain man asking for information from the sophists who know. Though fruitful in suggestions—especially to the Chancellor of the Exchequer—he puts them forward with an engaging diffidence and an almost virginal shyness. He just takes the simple standpoint of his constituent, "Mr. Smith, of Acacia Villa," who likes good beef and beer, plays the game of life as a decent fellow should, and is unable to understand why the Government will not issue Premium Bonds in which the flattery of hope deferred more than compensates for a slender dividend. This is not the Mr. Bottomley who always had a weekly recipe to end the long military deadlock in the West, who was never beaten but once—and that by a few pieces of cardboard—to whose editorial office the British public flocks as to a consultant whose left hand always touches the pulse of events while the right guides the pen of the Recording Angel. Nevertheless, it is a unique Mr. Bottomley, and though Parliament checks its natural impulse to surrender to his greatness, and eyes him in fact as it would eye a mystery statue from Easter Island, it is not a little in awe of him and accords him a respectful, if distant, admiration. Members watch him, large, spacious, benevolent, in his corner seat, exuding John Bullishness and patriotism tinged with worldly lore collected in diverse places. Outside he serves a large section of the British people as a queer sort of mundane, accessible Pope; in the House he is more lonely and aloof. His party is small—four with great luck; but Brigadier-General Page Croft's party is even smaller. For Sir Richard Cooper is now rarely seen; and so the General is the personal embodiment of the National Party. He reminds me of a sight I saw and a sound I heard on the Mersey years ago

when the old *Great Eastern* was being broken up, and a solitary figure, swinging a languid hammer, made the river resound with his solitary blows, yet never seemed to start a plate.

Expectant lawyers are always an interesting study, so regularly do they attend and so wistfully do they stand, while hope remains of gathering the rare and refreshing fruits which reward the toilsome double pursuit of law and politics. Sometimes it is the party gladiator who sweeps all rivals from his path. He may be a sound lawyer or not; no Government is ever so strong that it can afford to dispense with a first-class fighting man. Profundity of learning is not so useful to a Government as a nimble wit which can deftly turn the tables on clever critics and draw off pressure from a harassed Minister in Committee when the Opposition are tasting blood. Sir Gordon Hewart has this faculty in perfection; in figure a miniature Lord Haldane, he is agile and wary as a cat which lives in a terrier-infested street. Compared with him Sir Ernest Pollock is a staid Family Solicitor-General. The Lord Chancellor in his Commons days and Sir John Simon, a brilliantly contrasted pair of clever duellists, have left no obvious successors. The eminent K.C.'s now in the House raise few joyous hopes on their rising. They are slow starters, toilsome feelers of their way. Mr. Leslie Scott weaves a labyrinth to entangle an expected opponent; Sir Ryland Adkins, who reserves himself for small crises, is sure to suggest a tame settlement out of court; Mr. McCallum Scott, a study in stammering and unmusical staccato, challenges even the postulates before he launches forth; Sir Ellis Hume Williams once had a light interlude with Premium Bonds, but the mountainous arrears in the Divorce Court leave him little time for Parliament. Others might be named who are as unconsidered as the chiming of small clocks at midnight when Big Ben is booming. Mr. Inskip, almost alone among the newcomers, has made a mark. He is on the grave and sober side, using no hard words of those with whom he disagrees, offending none, and contributing what he can. But one misses the wit and tang of Sir Ellis Griffith at his best. No ambitious young lawyer, still outside the walls of Parliament, need be debarred from entering because he fears that the lists are full. Full they are, but if he has any touch of genius, he will soon be prominent in the running.

The Father of the House is Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who first entered as member for Galway in 1880. Yet there is little of the patriarch about him as he sidles to his place with soft, padding footsteps. The springs of his temperamental exuberance are still unspent. The natural pigments of his florid rhetoric are unaffected by time. But it is rather *démodé* now, and his set

speeches are few. In the Commons Mr. O'Connor's heart is for ever being lacerated. He never rises but to pour forth woes; his standing question is to ask the truth of some "terrible" accusation. You would think him bowed and bent with grief, his fine, human, sensitive feelings in ribbons, no zest left for happiness, crushed and desolate, reduced to the powdery consolation of the snuff-box. And yet from his own account of his daily movements, as he records them in the Sunday Press, he still moves brisk and hearty to funeral feast or wedding banquet. And with what gusto he turns over the pages of his own and others' memories and culls the brightest passages to make the sprawling bouquet into which the British public loves to plunge an eager nose. Whom has he not met these last forty years? Everyone once worth knowing, but now in Père la Chaise and Kensal Green, all the prophets, priests and kings, all goodness and all frailty, all wisdom and all folly, and all the rich drapers of London and New York. To know "T. P." is the best form of insurance against an inadequate obituary notice. For he is the Grand Obituarist. His typewriter is wreathed with immortelles and the tears fall warm and free as the letters

"Flow

In soothing sadness of his warbled woe."

But nothing of this in the House, where Mr. Thomas O'Connor, as the Speaker calls him, daily throws his ineffectual poisoned darts against the Irish Administration, and every murderer hanged is "butchered," and every crime under heaven is insinuated against "the forces of the Crown."

Parliamentary talent on the Labour back benches is singularly diffident in revealing itself. But the majority of those who sit there are trade union officials, well on in middle life, who regard a seat in Parliament as offering rather repose to a closing than opportunities to an opening career. They show a disposition, therefore, to become easy dwellers in Zion and to leave speech-making and even attendance to their leaders on the Front Bench. Sometimes, indeed, their nonchalant attitudes remind one of the aged rustic's reply to the townsman's inquiry how he passed his time in such rural solitude: "Sometimes I sits and thinks; sometimes I nobbut sits." Many of these tired Labourites look as though they were "nobbut sitting" and as if their real interests were far away. But there are conspicuous exceptions. Mr. Vernon Hartshorn, for example, has established for himself a most enviable reputation. He knows every phase of the coal industry: he is master of all its intricate statistics and completely master of himself when addressing the House. Though a tenacious advocate of the miners' demands, he speaks as one who realises

the strength of the counter-arguments and the dependence of British industry upon an abundant supply of reasonably priced coal. He has always been ready for a fair deal, and he is the miners' true leader. Mr. Adamson has fallen back into his natural obscurity; Mr. Walsh in this dispute has allowed himself to be borne away shrieking by his emotions. More and more the Government have come to look to Mr. Hartshorn as the man with whom they could bargain, especially when Mr. Duncan Graham removed his truculent personality from the scene. Mr. Hartshorn, in fact, has stepped into the place vacated by Mr. Brace, and though he lacks the genial flamboyancy of his old comrade, his is the finer brain. Mr. William Graham, another Labour member with a Parliamentary career before him, belongs to a different type. He has had no experience as a trade union official, but is a Labour intellectual with a Scottish University degree, and, like most of his kind, has specialised exclusively on economics. Mr. William Graham reminds one rather curiously of Mr. Bonar Law. He has the same rapid delivery, the same memory for figures, the same disdain for notes, and he makes his points with something of the same jerky snap and wave of the hand, and the same rapid rush to the next position in the attack. There are no graces in Mr. Graham's style, and his cold disquisitions are not warming to the heart, but he will become a force in the Labour Party when his time comes. What he most needs is breadth and a whiff of the Humanities. He should abjure all Blue Books during his holidays and take a header into the pleasant waters of Romance. Too much economics thin the blood.

• The antithesis of Mr. William Graham—both have the inestimable advantage of youth—is Mr. Mills, who won Dartford at the by-election caused by the death of Mr. Jimmy Rowlands. Mr. Mills represents the shop-steward type of Labour leader, which is vexing the peace of the older trade union officials. He tingles with aggressiveness. He won his election on "hot-stuff." No doubt is admitted to his brain. He is cocksure on everything. But he has already toned down not a little since he entered the House, and his interruptions of the Prime Minister are not quite so unmannerly. In a slanging match outside Mr. Mills's oratory would revive like a parched geranium after welcome rain, but in the House of Commons it is a vulgar exotic. If one must talk revolution in presence of the Speaker, only two styles are possible. One is that of Mr. Kennedy, who proclaimed himself in his maiden speech a convinced believer in the right of Irishmen to take up arms in rebellion, stating the logical case for civil war as quietly as he would state the case for the isolation of a fever patient. The

other is the style of Mr. Jack Jones of Silvertown, who sits under the side gallery with folded arms and shouts "I am a revolutionary," scowling at a House which is generously slow to anger with him, and looking ill at ease beneath his tenuous flux of dishevelled black hair. The House understands either of these, but the shop-steward type is little to its liking. Mr. Myers, who came into the House with the kudos of having overthrown Liberal virtue itself in the person of Sir John Simon, was soon found to be very ordinary. And that is the real trouble with the Labour *personnel*. It is distressingly ordinary. The House would gladly welcome signs of new Labour talent. But the old is still the better. The genial, homely mother wit and human sympathy of Mr. Crooks have found no counterpart, and for plain roaring Mr. Will Thorne is still without a superior. abated though he has been of late by the immediate contiguity of the member for Plymouth and her illumining white kid gloves. Not that Mr. Thorne is the Stentor of the House. That honour belongs to Mr. Stanton, whose voice is like the roar of a wounded bull at the altar or Ocean thundering in his western caves. The Persian King would have given him a satrapy for such a voice. One would like to hear Mr. Stanton from the Terrace some still night emulate the exploit of the big-voiced man recorded by Herodotus, who shouted across the Danube for the boats on the further side to cross to the rescue of his king's retreating army.

Liberal talent is almost equally scarce off the Front Opposition Bench, which is a very Cheapside of ambitions, jealousies, and unrequited talents. The most valuable recent recruit of the Member for Paisley is without doubt Mr. Stanley Holmes. An accountant by profession and one of Lord Rhondda's young men, his natural speciality in politics is finance, and he speaks as one having authority. He reasons closely and is admirably clear: indulging in no adjectives, he lets his arguments speak for themselves. Mr. Holmes would carry on the best Liberal tradition in finance, and if ever Mr. Asquith is again in a position to distribute Government offices, 'tis long odds that one will go to Mr. Stanley Holmes. He would make a first-class Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Major Barnes has been prominent in debate on the Liberal side since he quitted the ranks of the Coalition Liberals, but he lacks "punch." Sir Edward Barton is but another voice from Manchester, and Mr. Asquith himself is Past Grandmaster of the Free Trade theme. Sir Godfrey Collins, another wanderer who has just returned to the fold, has always been a voice in the wilderness crying "Economy, Economy."

Finally, there is Commander Kenworthy. He is what used to be called a Nonsuch or Nonpareil. His passion is notoriety. His capacity for thinking evil of the Government is only equalled by his offensiveness in giving it expression. He collects scandals as others collect objects of art. No ordinary muck-rake suffices him. He is Joseph King, Keir Hardie, Alexander Pringle and Ramsay Macdonald rolled into one—the most thoroughgoing partisan the House has seen for years. He has no Parliamentary modesty. He is the cause and occasion of innumerable scenes, and he blanches at no storm, however violent, of opprobrium and abuse. Commander Kenworthy hesitated long whether to enter political life as Liberal or Labour. He would take office, I fancy, from either, and would probably make a capable Minister. For he has very considerable capacity. He is a great worker. He has courage, audacity, thickness of hide, and what the Greeks called Shamelessness. These are valuable Parliamentary qualities for those in search of rapid advancement, as Mr. Churchill could bear testimony. But he had genius, and of that divine spark I can trace no sign in this Parliamentary Front de Bœuf, who sits for Central Hull in the place of the lamented—the still lamented—Colonel Sir Mark Sykes. Unfathomable, indeed, are the hearts of popular constituencies.

AUDITOR TANTUM.

A BALTIC LEAGUE.

For some time past the question of the formation of an Entente among themselves, or of an Alliance or a League of two or three or more of them—better still, of all—has been widely and keenly discussed in the Baltic States, particularly in those which are generally called the New Baltic States: Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. Even in the summer of 1918, while the Great War was still going on, the idea of a Union was very much in the minds of the leaders of the Baltic peoples. The Union contemplated then was one of all the Baltic countries, including Scandinavia, or at least Sweden and Denmark, but excluding Germany, against whom it was, in fact, specifically to be aligned and directed in accordance with what was believed to be the overwhelming urgency of the situation which had resulted from the German victories in the spring of that year. Though not immediate in its effect on the Baltic lands, the defeat of Germany by the Allies radically changed the position so far as the suggested union was concerned, by depriving it of its basis. The delay in liquidating the German ventures in Finland, and more especially in the New Baltic States, with the sufferings of the inhabitants consequent thereupon, still led, during 1919, Baltic statesmen to regard Germany as the Power with whom they had to reckon and against whom they must be on their guard. Thus a writer on "*L'Alliance des Etats Baltiques*," in an essay with that title which was published two years ago, said it was necessary for Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia to combine "*pour une politique de résistance acharnée à la poussée germanique*."

But the point of view shifted as the months went by and the German liquidation was completed. It was seen that, for the time being at all events, the German "push" might safely be disregarded. Germany was otherwise sufficiently engaged. Her attention remains engrossed by other and more intimate affairs, but how long this will be the case is another matter. The New Baltic States, remembering her persistent hopes and purposeful activities, her Baltic Barons and her colonisation plans, will certainly keep a watchful eye upon all her doings and carefully consider their possible bearings on their own future. By their agrarian legislation Esthonia and Latvia have taken steps to close the old German corridor along the Baltic into Russia. In the meantime, however, the pressure on these States does not come from Germany, but from Russia—from that Soviet Russia which pronounced in favour of their right to self-determination, and with whom, only very recently, they made favourable treaties

of peace, but against whom, nevertheless, they feel that they need such protection and support as will be provided by a League or Union, for already there are unmistakable indications of a Soviet policy that threatens their existence as independent and sovereign nations.

It is in presence of this menace from Soviet Russia, with which, as regards this matter, most non-Bolshevist Russians sympathise, that the Baltic States, or those of them most directly affected, are bent on the establishment of a Baltic League, and are debating the measures to be adopted for the realisation of this object. There is the primary, fundamental reason: union is strength. "United we stand, divided we fall," say the Baltic States, "and therefore we must band ourselves together." And they add, with full knowledge of the facts, that the sooner a Baltic League is brought into being and made effective, the better will it be not only for them, but for the peace of Europe. They point out with justice that such a union conflicts in no way with the League of Nations, as Article XXI. of the Covenant of that League endorses "regional understandings" in order to secure the maintenance of peace, and quotes the Monroe Doctrine of the United States as an example of the meaning of this somewhat uncouth phrase. Such understandings are defensive, not aggressive, in intention and aim, and conduce to both national and international stability and amity; at the lowest, they are of the nature of an insurance against attack. This, then, is the attitude of a Baltic League, and it is strengthened by economic and other arguments of great force. Putting these arguments on one side for the moment, something may be said here with regard to the effect on the Baltic situation of Article X. of the Covenant.

By that Article, it may be recalled, the members of the League of Nations "undertake to respect and preserve, as against external aggression, the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League." As is well known, Article X. has been much criticised in America and elsewhere. As Canada has proposed that it be dropped, the League's Committee on Amendments to the Covenant, at the instance of Mr. Balfour, who is President of the Committee, has begun an inquiry into the real purport and scope of the Article. Mr. Balfour said that public opinion had been led to interpret it in so many different ways that it was desirable to obtain a precise statement of "just what responsibilities, if any, it places on members of the League, and just what relationship it bears to the rest of the Covenant." The words *just what responsibilities, if any*, have the characteristic Balfour touch, and if they do not leave a painful impression of the general futility of the business.

suggest at any rate a process of whittling down what in the eyes of the small nations is the most important feature of the Covenant. Of the new or revived Baltic States, Finland and Poland are members of the League, but Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania are not. Esthonia and Latvia, however, have been given *de jure* recognition by the Supreme Council, and this no doubt will lead to their inclusion in the membership. Probably on account of her controversy with Poland over Vilna, Lithuania has not yet received the same recognition, though it seems plain enough that she would be in a better position *vis-à-vis* Poland, a member of the League, if she also had had this seal of sovereignty set upon her. Of course, the New Baltic States will be glad to obtain whatever protection the League of Nations is able to accord to them, but in the circumstances outlined above they are perfectly justified in forming a League of their own. They have already a precedent in the regional understanding, the Entente, between Serbia and Czecho-Slovakia, to which, furthermore, Rumania is, or soon will be, a party.

Before proceeding to review the possible combinations of the Baltic States in a Baltic League the writer takes the opportunity of noting and commenting on, very briefly, the political and other interesting and important developments which have taken place in Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania since his article, entitled "The New Baltic States," was published in the December, 1919, issue of the FORTNIGHTLY. Comparatively little is still known of these States in this country, and, besides, these developments enter into the consideration of the subject now under discussion; within the States themselves they have all been in the direction of reinforcing and confirming national claims to statehood and independence, with organised Governments successfully at work on the solution of various political and economic problems. The position in general is entirely different now from what it was when the previous article was written. At that time—about twenty months ago—things in these countries were showing some improvement, though there was confusion, as the liquidation of the von der Goltz and Bermondts ventures in Latvia and Lithuania was still going on, and no settlement had been come to with the Bolsheviks.

Four forces were at work then in the Baltic States—Nationalist, German, Russian, and Bolshevik. In Esthonia the Nationalists were the natives, who were of Finnish origin and formed the great majority of the population; for the freedom of their country they had to contend with Germanism in the shape of the Baltic Barons and the "Balts," and with the Bolsheviks, who attacked them after the evacuation of the regular German troops towards

the close of 1918. They supported the "Constitutionalist" Russians, like Yudenitch, against the Soviets, in spite of the fact that the attitude of these Russians was hardly friendly to their national claims, but they gave them this support because they themselves supported, and were supported by, the Allies, who, at that time, were carrying on war against the Bolsheviks. The German element sided with the Russian Constitutionalists, and when the latter were hopelessly defeated, with the Bolsheviks; it actually desired that Esthonia, if she was not to be German, should be Bolshevik rather than Nationalist, i.e., Esthonian, and it played, as it had done on the previous occasions, into the hands of the Bolsheviks when they invaded the country for the third and last time—in November–December, 1919; but the Esthonians were victorious. Months before then Esthonia had held a Constituent Assembly, and possessed a well-organised Government which was genuinely Nationalist. The beaten Bolsheviks began negotiations, and an armistice was signed on December 31st; peace was concluded on February 2nd, 1920, after a struggle, marked by bitter fighting, which had lasted for more than a year.

Under the treaty of peace the Soviet Government recognised the full independence of Esthonia, promised to pay (and did afterwards pay) fifteen million gold roubles to Esthonia, granted timber-cutting rights over a considerable area in Russia, and gave preferential rights for building a railway from Reval to Moscow. On her part, Esthonia agreed to give Soviet Russia free economic access to the sea, without any import or transit duty, and the use of her railways, with the same tariffs and dues as were to be paid by her own citizens. Then the frontiers of the new State were defined by common consent. So matters stood between Esthonia and the Bolshevik Government, and the latter has received and has used that free economic access to the sea by the Esthonian railways which was arranged for in the treaty, but recent events, of which more will be said farther on, appear to suggest that Soviet Russia is not satisfied.

Meanwhile another stage has been reached in the political history of Esthonia. In June last year the Constituent Assembly passed a permanent organic law, or Constitution, for the Republic of Esthonia, providing that that Assembly should be replaced by a Parliament to be known as the State Assembly, to be elected by universal, equal, direct, secret, and proportional voting, and to sit normally for a period of three years. The elections were held in November, and in January the new Assembly was functioning; with Mr. Konstantine Paets as Prime Minister—a great patriot, he had been President of the first local Government of

Esthonia, and Prime Minister of the Provisional Government formed on the declaration of the independence of the country on February 24th, 1918. Mr. Paets is also the Chief of the State, his Esthonian title being *Riigivanem*, which means State Elder. A relatively small frontier question, whether the town of Walk or Valk belonged to her or to Latvia, was settled in 1920 by a Commission, over which a British officer presided, that assigned the place to her, as the majority of its inhabitants were Esthonians. With this decision the boundaries of the new State were definitely established. Including the islands lying off the coast, the area of Esthonia is nearly 22,000 square miles, and is larger than that of Switzerland, Belgium, or Denmark; the population is about two millions, 95 per cent. being pure Esthonian, and the rest German, Russian, Swedish, and Jewish. The Esthonians have a language of their own, but, as might be expected, it closely resembles that of Finland. The natural affinities of the Finns and Esthonians were manifested in the course of the struggle of the latter with the Bolsheviks, Finland sending men, rifles, guns, and money to assist the kindred nation in repelling the invaders.

As the principal theatre of the operations of von der Goltz and Bermond, Latvia was not so fortunate as Esthonia in getting rid of the German troops comparatively early, and the business cost her much more; her fight for her freedom from them and from the Bolsheviks was even more strenuous and severe, a large part of her territory being devastated and laid waste. After the Armistice granted to Germany the Letts—the Nationalists—established a State Council of Latvia, and on November 18th, 1918, proclaimed the independence of the Republic of Latvia—of Lettland, as most people called it at that time. A Government was set up, with Mr. K. Ulmanis as Prime Minister, but hardly had it come into existence when Latvia was heavily invaded by the Bolsheviks, who took Riga and overran most of the country. According to the Armistice, the German forces in Latvia were allowed to remain as a protection against the Bolsheviks, but they turned out to be nothing of the kind, and in the result the Letts had to fight both. It was not till the end of November, 1919, that Latvia was entirely freed from her German or Russo-German enemies, and her conflict with the Bolsheviks continued up to mid-February, 1920. Her Baltic Barons and German inhabitants sided against her as a matter of course, and this she will not easily forget in casting up her accounts, but peace was made with Germany on July 15th, 1920. On August 11th following, Latvia made peace with Soviet Russia, the terms being on lines similar to those of the Esthonian treaty, with the im-

portant difference that Latvia obtained only four million gold roubles instead of the fifteen millions received by Esthonia. Under the treaty Soviet Russia gave Latvia timber-cutting rights in Russia, and Russia was given full access to the sea by the railways and waterways of Latvia, in precisely the same way as by Esthonia.

Latvia has not yet reached the same stage of political development as her northern neighbour. In April, 1920, a general election for a Constituent Assembly of 150 members was held on the basis of universal suffrage of both sexes, the age-limit set being twenty-one. Of those returned upwards of 130 were pure Letts, and of the others six were Germans, six were Jews, four were Russians, and one was a Pole, thus showing the heavy proportion of the Nationalists of Lettish stock to the rest. A Constitution has been drafted, and it is anticipated that in November next the elections will take place to the Saeima, or Parliament, which will be the equivalent of the State Assembly of Esthonia, and which, it is proposed, shall have a life normally of two years. The frontiers of Latvia have been settled—with Soviet Russia by the treaty already mentioned, and with Lithuania by the award in March of the Court of Arbitration, presided over by Professor J. Y. Simpson of Edinburgh, which gave to her a small area south of Dvinsk, and to Lithuania a strip of coast, about fifteen miles in length, extending from the Memel district to a point four miles north of the Sveta, and including the roadstead of Polangen. Latvia has an area of about 25,000 square miles, but the population, which in 1914 was two and a half millions, is now under two millions, owing to war losses. Riga shows how much Latvia suffered from the Great War: in 1914 this leading port on the Baltic had upwards of half a million people, but now has only about half that number. The Letts are not connected racially with the Esthonians, but with the Lithuanians, and Lettish resembles Lithuanian in much the same way that Portuguese is like Spanish. There is authority for saying that the Lettish-Lithuanian peoples constitute the oldest European nation, and that their languages, or other language, is older than Latin or ancient Greek, and shows a strong affinity to Sanscrit. Though the political history of the two peoples has been different for centuries, there is in the tie of race and tongue a factor that makes for a union between them.

Esthonia and Latvia are new States, but Lithuania is an old State revived, "resurrected," like Poland. Five hundred years ago Lithuania was not only a Baltic State, but also a Black Sea State, her territory forming a solid block from the north-west to the south-east between these two seas. Her connection with

Poland, which began when one of her Grand Dukes became king of that country by marriage with its queen, was unfortunate for her. The superior culture of the Poles had a denationalising influence on her nobility and most of her gentry, and they became Polonised; the smaller gentry and almost the entire bulk of the people, however, remained distinctively Lithuanian during that period, as well as throughout the subsequent period of Russian domination. Vilna, the Lithuanian capital, was more or less Polonised, as was part of the province of the same name—hence the question of Vilna to-day: Are the city and district to be part of Lithuania or to go to Poland? During the Great War the Germans in 1915 occupied the Russian provinces of Kovno, Vilna, Suwalki, and Grodno, the old homeland of the Lithuanians, and usually designated Lithuania. No doubt Germany intended that Lithuania should be German, or at least a State within the German Empire, just as she intended should be the case with Esthonia and Latvia, and unquestionably she would have realised these plans of hers if she had won the war. In the Brest-Litovsk negotiations the Bolsheviks recognised Lithuania's right of self-determination, and on February 16th, 1918, Lithuania, in spite of the German occupation, proclaimed her independence. This action was taken by a State Council (Taryba), elected in the previous year by a Conference, which was held at Vilna and attended by 200 representative Lithuanians. After the Armistice a Provisional National Government, under the leadership of Antony Smetona, was set up on November 14th, 1918, although considerable German forces were still in the country.

As 1918 was closing the Bolsheviks invaded Lithuania, occupied Vilna on its evacuation by the German troops, and advanced in the direction of Kovno; but near that city, the present provisional capital, they were defeated and thrown back by the Lithuanians in January, 1919. Fighting with the Bolsheviks went on for several months. Like Latvia, and partly because of their contiguity, Lithuania experienced considerable difficulty in getting rid of the Germans, who, in displeasure at having to leave a land which they had regarded as their own, perpetrated extensive depredations. Lithuania also suffered much at the hands of Bermond's Russo-German force, which had retreated southwards after its repulse from Riga by the Letts. It was not till the end of 1919 that her soil was freed from these intruders. Peace was signed at Moscow with Soviet Russia on July 12th last year. Under the treaty the area of Lithuania is about 32,000 square miles, with a population of upwards of four millions, of whom 70 per cent. are pure Lithuanians; 13 per cent. are Jews,

and 10 per cent. are Poles, the rest being Russians, Letts, and Germans. The Soviets agreed to pay three million gold roubles to Lithuania, who afterwards received the money, and besides was given valuable timber-cutting privileges on adjacent Russian territory; moreover, the Reds handed over Vilna to her—Vilna and the Vilna district were assigned to her by the treaty of peace. In April of the previous year the Lithuanian State Council had passed a Provisional Constitution, and Smetona was appointed Provisional President. A year later (1920) a general election was held for a Constituent Assembly, and out of 112 representatives elected 102 were pure Lithuanians. This Assembly met on May 15th following, and a new Government was formed early in June, with Mr. A. Stulginskis, the President of the Assembly, as Acting President of the State. It was this Government that made Peace with Soviet Russia, and it is still in power.

As has been noted, Vilna was included in Lithuania under the treaty with the Soviets, and the city passed peacefully into the possession of Lithuania. During last summer the great struggle between the Poles and the Bolsheviks resulted in the victory of the former, and after the latter were repulsed from before Warsaw, and driven well to the east, many clashes took place between the Poles and the Lithuanians with respect to territory, and appeals were made to the League of Nations for a settlement. On October 8th a meeting of the disputants was held at Suwalki, with the result that an armistice was arranged, and a line of demarcation which gave Vilna to Lithuania was fixed provisionally. This seemed hopeful, but the situation was changed with dramatic suddenness when General Zeligowski, Commander of the Lithuanian White Russian Division of the Polish Army, marched on Vilna, and, being in greatly superior force to the Lithuanian troops in that city, occupied it exactly two days after the Suwalki meeting! The Lithuanian forces in Vilna offered no real opposition, first, because they were much too weak, and, second, because they looked to the League of Nations for protection. Zeligowski, whose action was officially disowned by the Polish Government, but was secretly—hardly secretly, in fact—supported by it, proclaimed Vilna and the Vilna district the "Republic of Middle Lithuania." Here was a plain defiance of the League of Nations, and the League made its voice heard, but with extremely little effect. Zeligowski remained in Vilna, and he, or his representative, is still there. The League certainly furthered a Conference at Brussels of Lithuanian and Polish delegations in April-May with a view to a decision, but the negotiations broke down, the truth being that an annexationist spirit dominates the Poles, who believe that they can count on the support of France with regard

to Vilna as well as to Upper Silesia. The Lithuanians, indeed, fear that Poland is altogether hostile to their independence. So long as Poland is in this mood of aggression, it is difficult to see how she can become a member of a Baltic League. Yet the ideal Baltic League, in the opinion of those most deeply interested, consists of Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and Poland.

This League of the Five States, which have become independent or have regained their independence as a result of the Great War, is known as the "Large Programme." The League or Union, mentioned in the opening paragraph of this article, is termed the "Maximal Programme," and it is worthy of note that it found an echo in Sweden; some day perhaps it may be realised, but at present it lies outside practical politics. With respect to the Large Programme, the chief obstacle in its path is the Polish-Lithuanian controversy; were that got of the way, it would have every prospect of success. Finland is likely enough to come into the scheme, and, in fact, some competent observers maintain that in any case she must inevitably form an alliance with Esthonia, a thing which naturally would affect Latvia and Lithuania. Finland, however, is moving slowly in this direction, probably because she is in no immediate danger from Soviet Russia. Her aristocracy, which is of Swedish origin, does not regard the alliance with much favour, but the big majority of the people, who are Finns, are decidedly friendly to it. A trade and shipping agreement is being negotiated between her and Esthonia, who will exchange her products for the manufactured goods of the other; the two States together are, or can be, looked on as an economic, self-supporting unit. Esthonia and Latvia, further, would be glad to have Finland in the League, because her culture is higher than theirs. Both Esthonia and Latvia have remarkably few illiterates, and attach great importance to culture. Putting Poland aside, the four other States included in the Large Programme have a population of about ten millions—not a negligible number where defence is concerned.

After the Large Programme comes what is called the "Small Programme," which envisages a Baltic League composed of Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. The three States form a continuous area, and their union in a League has other obvious advantages. Here, however, the Polish-Lithuanian controversy may again cause difficulty, but there is a strong movement in the three States in support of this League, and it seems almost certain that it will succeed very soon. Their combined population is about seven millions. They have not the same language, nor is there any notion of their having one in common, but leaders in education are advocating that in their universities

teaching and examinations should be made trilingual, the result being that in time all the foremost people would know and speak Esthonian, Lettish, and Lithuanian. An economic union has also been suggested—each State to have the same currencies, weights and measures, customs, and the like. Should it be found impossible just now to carry out the Small Programme, there remains what is termed the "Minimal Programme," which means a League of Esthonia and Latvia, or of Latvia and Lithuania. The first two States are independent, have *de jure* recognition, have their boundaries fixed, and are of the same cultural standing. Their main preoccupation is defence. They are under no illusions about the real attitude of Soviet Russia, who, they have good reason to know, is endeavouring to make bad blood between them by playing one off against the other as regards traffic-in-transit to and from Russia, and who besides is intriguing, in its usual and now familiar way, by propaganda, by inspiring and backing strikes and otherwise fomenting labour troubles, in each State against its established Government. The two States understand that they must safeguard themselves against Russia; they would like a Baltic League to be as large as possible, but, if they cannot do better, they will themselves form a League. In a war of defence they estimate they could put 400,000 men into the field against Russia, who would require, owing to strategical and transport difficulties, a million and a half men to win. The eastern frontier of Esthonia is already very strongly fortified; on the other hand, that of Latvia is rather open, and presents fewer natural obstacles. Touching a League of Latvia and Lithuania, it has to be said that at first the two States were too busy with their internal affairs to know much of each other, and their relations were not cordial, but they are now on friendly terms. Last May M. Puritzkis, the Foreign Minister of Lithuania, was in Riga consulting the Latvian Government, and a convention has been worked out; he was also in communication with the Esthonian Government. The signs appear to indicate that the first Baltic League will include all three States.

Much work, though some of it was of an informal character, has already been done to pave the way for a League. Conferences on the subject have been held at Dorpat, Helsingfors, and Riga, the last taking place in August-September, 1920. The States which participated in the Riga Conference were Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and Poland, and the object of the Conference was defined as being the elucidation of the reciprocal relations of the States from the military, political, economic, and intellectual points of view. An account of the proceedings was published by the Latvian Government in a journal which was

issued daily, the *Bulletin de Latvia*. Various proposals were elaborated, but political questions were not discussed officially—the Conference was more in the nature of an exchange of views, but it was very useful. A *Conseil des Délégués* was appointed as a permanent body to give such practical effect to the discussions of the Conference as was possible, and it has drawn up a consular agreement. Up to the *de jure* recognition of Esthonia and Latvia little could be done, but that recognition in itself gave a great impulse to the *rapprochement* of the New Baltic States. Both Esthonia and Latvia immediately accorded *de jure* recognition to Lithuania. Latvia sent a Mission to the Esthonian Government and another to the Esthonian Parliament, and Esthonia dispatched similar Missions to Latvia. Till then the States were not well informed as to the possibilities of an exchange of their commodities. In Riga a Lithuanian-Latvian Chamber of Commerce has been established. Merchants and industrialists have got into touch with each other in the three countries, not officially, but in the ordinary way of business, and have discovered how one State could supply what another lacked, how, for instance, Lithuanian grain had a market in Esthonia. Journalists took a hand in the game by going up and down the three States and seeing all that was to be seen, thus broadening their own knowledge and views, as well as being in a position to give their readers much interesting and fresh information which would enable them to look on these States as a whole, and not as a mosaic. And so the idea, the doctrine of a Baltic League, grows stronger and stronger every day. Unquestionably there will be a Baltic League, and as unquestionably it will be a very good thing for the Baltic States. It had been arranged that their Foreign Ministers were to meet at Riga early last month for the purpose of formulating the League, but a Parliamentary crisis in Latvia, which took place at that time, caused a postponement—this, however, is only a temporary delay.

ROBERT MACHRAY.

GERMAN FINANCE AND REPARATIONS: A LETTER FROM BERLIN.

BERLIN, *June 14th.*

FOR the first time since the peace terms were communicated the German Republic is ruled by a Cabinet with which the impossibility of fulfilling these terms is not the governing factor of policy. The policy of the new Chancellor, Dr. Wirth, who was Minister of Finance in the passive and ineffective Fehrenbach Cabinet, assumes that the peace conditions, whether fair or unfair, judicious or injudicious, can certainly be carried out. That has not exactly been said! But here the lesser includes the greater; and if the Reparations settlement embodied in the accepted ultimatum can, as Dr. Wirth affirms, be executed, it follows that all the other economic provisions of the Peace Treaty are practicable. This attitude means a complete change of face. All earlier Cabinets, alike that of Scheidemann, that of Bauer, that of Müller, and that of Fehrenbach, started with formal declarations that the Peace Treaty, in particular the economic terms, could not be fulfilled; the demand for revision and alleviation must be kept in the forefront, and meantime Germany would do for fulfilment only the best she could, which would inevitably fall short of her literal obligations. This, although under earlier Cabinets the Reparations liabilities were not known, and were not expected to be as heavy as they have proved. Dr. Wirth has abandoned this policy, and, although real doubt may fairly exist as to whether the Treaty and the Reparations terms are practicable, he has abandoned it advisedly. The proclamation in advance that Germany could not execute the Treaty, but would do something towards its execution was never wise. The new contrary policy in no way binds her if, having declared simply that she *will* carry out the terms, she fails.

Ultimately her ability will depend not only upon herself, but upon the general political condition of Europe, the extent of the world's economic recovery, the coming world price-level, and other conditions which the German Republic may largely influence but cannot altogether determine. Immediately, the question is State Finance and Taxation. Here the Wirth Cabinet is going to have a hard struggle. Like the preceding Cabinet, it is without a stable majority in the Reichstag. Parliamentarism has not yet taken firm root in German politics; the Fehrenbach Cabinet governed tolerably, if passively, without a majority; and Dr. Wirth, in whose Coalition the Socialist Party (Majority-Socialists)

has replaced the German People's Party, might without a majority do equally well. Trouble is that the new Centre-Democrat-Socialist Coalition is even less solid than the former Centre-Democrat-People's Party Coalition. The Democrats, without whom Dr. Wirth would be in a hopeless minority, show strong leanings towards their former ally, the now outside People's Party. The Majority-Socialists have a finance and taxation programme of their own, which they threaten to force on their two reluctant allies. The attempt to reinforce the Coalition by taking in either People's Party or Independent Socialists has failed. The half-Bolshevik Independents are in permanent opposition; and the People's Party and Majority-Socialists, who a year back refused to work together in a Fehrenbach Cabinet, persist in refusing. Originally, a great deal of this was merely the traditional German fissiparousness. But since the Reparations ultimatum was accepted, up again has come the old conflict of principle as to the character of the heavy taxes necessary not only to meet the Reparations claims, but also to cover a very heavy current Budget deficit. It is a difference as to whether the main burden should be imposed directly on "property," or indirectly on the consumer. Naturally here, as in other countries, the doubtful problem of the ultimate incidence of direct and indirect taxes is left unsolved. Dr. Wirth, who is a very competent financier, takes a middle course. He has proclaimed for heavy taxes of both kinds. Judged by party declarations so far, he will probably displease both camps. The non-Coalition People's Party, the still more Conservative German-Nationals, and undoubtedly some of the Centre and Democrats will emphatically oppose fresh heavy direct taxes; while the Majority-Socialists in the Cabinet, and naturally the Independents outside, are committed to overwhelming property taxation. The Majority-Socialists have, in fact, already formally declared that their support of the Cabinet is dependent upon this policy. And without Socialist support even a quasi-Parliamentary Cabinet must fall.

The task before Germany, if she really intends to put her Budget in order and to fulfil the Reparations obligations, is to provide for the next few years an estimated additional revenue of 100 milliard paper marks. The deficit on the Extraordinary Budget of 1921 (Ordinary Budget balancing) is 33 milliards; the railways deficit, booked outside both Budgets, is 12½ milliards; about 9 milliards (in addition to 26 milliards already provided in the Budget) will be needed for occupation expenditure; and the Reparations claims will absorb an estimated 45 to 60 milliards of paper marks. This last estimate is made by adding to the fixed Reparations payment of 2 milliard gold marks a quarter

the total estimated export. Exports in the first eight months of 1920 were 40,724,200,000 paper marks, which is only about 2,700,000,000 gold marks; but the usual estimate of exports in the next few years is 6 milliards of gold marks. The whole probable annual Reparations liability is therefore 3,500,000,000 gold marks, or between fourteen and fifteen times as many paper marks. These estimates, in view of the oscillations in the mark's foreign exchange, are very doubtful. Between February and May, 1920, the mark exchange rose from around 400 to 134 to the £ sterling; and by the late autumn it fell to double the second figure, since when it has shown relative stability. A further fact, with which State financiers do not at present need to concern themselves, but which is vital in considering Germany's ability to stand the strain, is the gold price-level of the world in general. A continuation of the recent price-fall would heavily increase the real burden, which is ultimately only a burden of goods produced and sold in order to realise gold.

The Wirth Cabinet's first work will be to present and put through an entirely new Financial Reform. The last Financial Reform was that of Herr Erzberger, passed mainly in the second half of 1919. The aim, accomplished at the time on paper, of Erzberger's reform was merely to establish Budget equilibrium without regard for the then unknown Reparations debt. The new Financial Reform must regard not only the Reparations debt, but also the failure of Herr Erzberger's aim. Until lately the Erzberger reform was universally condemned not only as a fiasco, but as a hopeless fiasco—the deficit on the financial year 1920 (ending March, 1921) actually reached 86 milliards of marks. At present, owing to the rising yield of taxes, more favorable views are held. Further, the failure did not arise (as the Right parties allege) from the ruinously heavy taxation of property and business, or (as Left extremists held) from undue consideration for property. It arose because the Erzberger direct taxes could not be immediately got in; because, therefore, practically no revenue was received; and because the Government's necessary resource was to increase the floating debt, which meant a wild increase of inflation, wildly rising prices, wildly rising State expenditure, greater current deficits, and so on, in a vicious circle without end. Herr Erzberger, whose taxation schemes were practicable enough and judiciously ruthless, made the serious mistake of swapping horses when crossing the stream. He destroyed the old assessment and collection apparatus, and assumed that a better apparatus could be put together in a few weeks. In order to concentrate direct taxation in the Republic's hands (income tax, the main impost, was removed from State and muni-

cial hands) was passed the law of Federal Finance Administration of September 10th, 1919, creating local Finance Offices, a Federal Court of Finance, and other organisations, the construction of which required not weeks, but nearly a year and a half. Meantime taxes were not paid; the inflation and increase of the Republic's expenditure proceeded; and a complete revolution in values took place, entirely upsetting the incidence, and diminishing the real yield, of the new taxation.

How very far this ruinous movement went appears from the increase of the Reichsbank's note circulation and from the growth of the floating debt. The figures of note circulation here given include also the "Kassenscheine," notes issued by the "Darlehnskassen" (war-credit institutions created first in 1914). These institutions are managed by the Reichsbank; but their notes are not liabilities of the bank, being guaranteed by the State and secured on property pledged with the "Darlehnskassen." The movement of circulation of both of these currencies since the first war year was :—

	Marks.
1914, June 30 (no "Kassenscheine")	4,406,500,000
1918, Dec. 31	32,433,000,000
1919, Dec. 31	49,226,000,000
1920, Dec. 31	80,838,000,000
1921, May 31	80,880,000,000

The increase of the floating debt, which consists almost wholly of discounted Treasury Bills, is naturally very much greater. On March 31st, 1914, the floating debt (all interest-bearing Treasury Bills) totalled only 220,000,000 marks, in addition to which there was a liability for 240,000,000 Federal Treasury Notes (*Reichskassenscheine*), which are really State Notes, and which in the assets of the Reichsbank count as cash. The totals of the floating debt in the last three years have risen to :—

	Marks.
1918, March 31	40,820,000,000
1919, "	75,104,000,000
1920, "	102,208,000,000
1921, "	184,127,000,000

Thus the currency inflation has risen nearly twentyfold and the floating debt over 800-fold. For the floating debt in the present financial year there is no hope; the best that can be expected will be an addition smaller than the 80 milliards added last year. The satisfactory feature is that the currency inflation is tending to cease. The cause of this, the extreme fluidity of the money market which makes it easy to place Treasury Bills with the banks and the public, may be temporary; but of late

its result has been a striking improvement. Thus in the first quarter of 1920 (calendar year) the circulation of Reichsbank notes and "Kassenscheine" increased by 9,421,000,000 marks, in the second by 8,707,000,000 marks, in the third by 7,474,000,000 marks, and in the fourth by 5,755,000,000 marks, whereas in the first five months of 1921 inflation practically ceased, the amount added to circulation being only 42,000,000 marks. This is a far greater gain than the continuing increase of the floating debt is a loss. The Erzberger reform, as stated, failed mainly because of the revolution in values caused by the inflation; and if further serious inflation is stayed the chances of the new Financial Reform will be much improved.

Ultimately, this new Financial Reform, so far as it concerns property, will probably in part be merely a modification of Erzberger's reform. Reason for this is that Herr Erzberger left very few expedients in direct taxation untried. The list of his direct taxes shows this sufficiently clearly:—

1. State Emergency Levy (*Reichsnotopfer*).—On all real and personal property. Exemption, property worth under 5,000 marks, for married couples 10,000 marks; further exemption of 5,000 marks for second and each further child. Rate: on first taxable 10,000 marks, 10 per cent.; then progressively to 65 per cent. on property of over 1,500,000 marks. Payable in case of land in 50 annual instalments, in case of other property 30 instalments. Estimated yield, 45,000,000,000 marks.

2. War Levy on Increment of Wealth.—On increase of all property between July, 1918, and June, 1919. Exemption when total wealth in 1919 was under 10,000 marks, or when increment is under 5,000 marks. Rate on first taxable 10,000 marks, 10 per cent.; then progressively, reaching 100 per cent. on increment exceeding 365,000 marks. Estimated yield, 10,000,000,000 marks.

3. Extraordinary War Levy for 1919.—On increment of income in 1919 over peace income. Exemption when increment did not exceed 3,000 marks, or when income of 1919 did not exceed 30,000 marks. Rate, on the first taxable 10,000 5 per cent., rising progressively to 70 per cent. on increments exceeding 360,000 marks. Yield (1919 only), 1,500,000,000 marks.

4. Income Tax (Federal, replacing State and Municipal).—Exemption, income of 1,500 marks, and 500 marks for each member of family. Rate, on first taxable 1,000 marks, 10 per cent.; second 1,000 marks, 11 per cent., rising progressively to 60 per cent.

5. Corporation Tax.—A companies' income-tax. Exemptions, public bodies and charities. Rate, uniformly 10 per cent. of net income, with progressive supplement according to proportion of dividend to capital, rising to 10 per cent. when dividend exceeds 18 per cent.

6. Capital-Yield Tax.—A tax on dividends and interest. Exemption, public bodies. Rate uniformly 10 per cent. of dividends or interest paid. Interest on bank deposits liable.

7. Estate Tax.—Is a tax also on legacies and gifts. Estate tax, exemptions, furniture up to 50,000 marks, and first 20,000 marks of estates under 200,000 marks; rate 1 per cent. on first 200,000 marks, rising progressively to 5 per cent. over 2,000,000 marks. Legacy and gifts tax, rates according to taxation class of beneficiary, lowest class rate on legacy or gift under

20,000 marks, from 4 to 15 per cent.; highest class rate, from 35 to 70 per cent. Hereto supplementary rates according to beneficiary's property condition.

8. Property Tax (*Besitzsteuer*).—A permanent triennially assessed tax on increment of wealth. Exemption, increment of under 5,000 marks where all property is under 20,000 marks. Rate on first taxable 10,000 marks, 1 per cent., rising progressively to 10 per cent. where increment exceeds 500,000 marks.

The Erzberger Financial Reform contained a number of other measures, mostly amendments or increases of existing imposts. Most important from yield viewpoint is the Sales Tax (*Umsatzsteuer*), levied on all turnovers and on the sale prices of luxuries and of a large number of the more expensive necessities. The rate for luxuries is 15 per cent., otherwise 1½ per cent. Another measure was a Land Purchase Tax of 4 per cent. on the value of all real property passing hands, with right to States and municipalities to impose a further 2 per cent.

In the Emergency Levy and the Income Tax radical amendments have since been made as a result of the inflation, which is the cause, as it is the effect, of three-quarters of Germany's present financial demoralisation. Price and value levels have been deranged beyond recognition. On January 1st, 1920, the wholesale commodities index was 1,083 (100 immediately before the war), and on May 7th this year was actually 1,428.¹ Property values rose accordingly. A Bourse index shows that between September 1st, 1919, when Erzberger's taxation schemes were being launched, and January 8th, 1921, the sum quotations of twenty-five typical stocks rose from 5,424 to 15,724. The rise since 1914 has, of course, been much greater: in fact, the majority of the leading industrial stocks, nominally 100 marks, are to-day quoted between 400 and 700, and some stocks fetch over 1,000. Even non-payers of dividends have experienced this rise, because the liquidation value of their assets in the present bad currency largely exceeds their capital. Land has risen since 1914 from four- to eight-fold in value, and the greater part of this rise, like the greater part of the inflation, has taken place during the past two and a half years. The prices of materials have risen much more. Coal to-day costs just twenty times its price of 1914; and pig-iron at its maximum of May, 1920, since when it has fallen, costs thirty times as much. Official salaries and wages have risen about eightfold—considerably less than private earnings. Naturally, the State's expenditure increased by leaps. But the yield from the great property taxes did not rise. The Emergency Levy

(1) From the *Frankfurter Zeitung's* Index. Owing to maximum pricing of Food and Housing, the cost of living has risen less, reaching a maximum of 924 on 1st January, 1921, since when it has dropped to 880 (May).

now provided for assessment at the values of December 31st, 1919; the War Increment of Wealth Tax for assessment at the values of June 30th, 1919. The taxes were not collected promptly; and immediately after the later of the above assessment dates began the greatest of all upward movements in prices and values—the movement accompanying the heavy drop in Reichsmark exchange which took place in January and February, 1920. As result, the State, while getting nominally the expected yield, is getting far less than the expected real yield; in other words, the taxpayer as debtor has been relieved of a great part of his burden, as mortgagors and all other debtors always are relieved by currency depreciation. Under the Emergency Levy a rich citizen must surrender 65 per cent. of all his wealth exceeding 6,000,000 marks, after paying progressively rising rates on this first six millions. That is, he must pay 6,500,000 marks out of 10,000,000 marks, and keep only 3,500,000 marks. But as the realisable value of his property since December 1919, has risen at least threefold, he, while paying 6,500,000 marks, keeps 23,500,000 marks. Under the still severer War Increment Tax, no citizen could under any circumstances retain more than 172,000 marks of wealth acquired during the war. Having acquired 10,000,000 marks between 1913 and 1919, a war-profiteer was required to transfer 9,828,000 marks to the State. That such a tax could have been collected no man (except the Socialists whom Herr Erzberger fooled) ever believed. But the need for methods of evasion did not arise: the inflation, with its values rise, automatically saved the taxpayer all trouble. The State, indeed, gets its 9,828,000 marks, but 20,000,000, probably 30,000,000, marks of war profits are left in the profiteer's pocket. Similar was the effect of the revolution in values on all such taxes as were not collected at once.

The result for the State as creditor was very bad. (The State, however, gained on the capital account through the corresponding watering of the public debt.) In 1919 the Emergency Levy seemed a formidable impost, which would indeed ruin many citizens, but which would have the advantage of setting State finance on its legs. The expected 45,000,000,000 seemed so large that Herr Erzberger, who had without it balanced on paper his Budget, earmarked the whole sum for reduction of debt; and, in fact, it would have paid off half the funded debt, which at close of the financial year 1919 stood at 80,988,000,000 marks. To-day the real yield of the Emergency Levy is shrunk to a trifle. Its collection has not ruined anyone; and its whole yield, if collected at once, would not meet the deficit of 1920 alone. The plan for devoting the levy to debt reduction has therefore been abandoned; and the tax has been amended in order to yield

money more rapidly for current aims. As an alternative to forced loan, for which (when Finance Minister) Dr. Wirth, the President of the Reichsbank, Herr Havenstein, and many other authorities stood, the collection of the levy has been accelerated. Instead of payment in thirty or fifty annual instalments, a third of the total amount, according to an amendment of this year, is to be paid before the end of 1921. That this one-third is being paid without difficulty, whereas two years back the payment yearly of a thirtieth or a fiftieth was all that was expected, shows how very far the currency decay has relieved taxpayers. With Income Tax the Government has been obliged to proceed in the opposite direction. The inflation rapidly sent up nominal, but not real, incomes; and as the original rates were highly progressive they soon became unbearable. Hence last winter the Income Tax law was amended by reduction of the rates on all incomes under 200,000 marks. An income of 24,000 marks, which is to-day only a good working-class income, pays 10 per cent. instead of the 20·67 per cent. of the original law; an income of 40,000 marks 17·12 per cent. instead of 25·12 per cent.; and so on. Had the inflation, the price-rise and the rise in incomes continued, such alterations of the taxation laws must have continued indefinitely; and there would have been less than no chance of ever getting the financial muddle straight.

Luckily, in addition to the practical suspension of inflation and to the cessation of the price-rise, there are other factors of hope. Although Erzberger's reform cannot at best bring the State more than a fraction of the expected proportion of citizens' *real* wealth; it is not such a bad failure as it seemed a year ago to be. A year ago it was predicted that even the estimated *nominal* yield would not be realised. This view has been falsified. The yields of nearly all taxes are increasing, and in most cases they materially exceed the estimate. In 1920 receipts from all sources were actually 37,706,000,000 marks more than in 1919. Up to the end of September, 1920—that is, for the first half of the financial year 1920—receipts from all sources were only 10,700,000,000 marks, or about a fourth of the estimated receipts of the whole financial year. After that there was a rapid increase. In October receipts rose to 2 milliards, and in March to 7 milliards. In the whole financial year the Emergency Levy yielded 5·8 milliards more than was estimated, the Sales Tax 600 millions more, stamp duties 1·3 milliards more, the Railway Traffic Tax 800 millions more, Coal Tax about 200 millions more, Tobacco Tax 900 millions more, Liquor Taxes 800 millions more, and export duties (the so-called 'Social Export Levy of May 10th, 1920) 1·1 milliards more. The Income Tax yielded the large

sum of 9,592,000,000 marks, Emergency Levy 9,336,000,000 marks, Sales Tax 4,073,000,000 marks, War Increment of Wealth Tax 3,094,000,000 marks, and Increment-of-Income Tax 1,891,000,000 marks. This has made it possible in preparing the Budget of 1921 to estimate the yield from all the recurring taxes at considerably more than in 1920. Naturally the increased yields are not real money, but mainly an outcome of the inflation. But they disprove the pessimistic contention that Erzberger's taxes would kill all industry, trade and traffic, and that therefore the estimated yields would not be received.

The Budget of 1921 also shows a material improvement over that of 1920. The Ordinary Budget balances, as did the Budget of 1920. The total is 46,945,202,674 marks. Last year there was no extraordinary revenue at all; this year the extraordinary expenditure is 43,667,104,208 marks, which is 40,867,946,231 marks less than last year, and there is extraordinary revenue of 10,556,468,118 marks, so that the amount to be raised by loan is only 33 milliards, or a mere £30,000,000 at present exchange. But in addition is the railway deficit of 12½ milliards, the supplement already mentioned to occupation costs, and finally Reparations; in all, as stated, probably 100 milliard marks. This apparently vast sum, at present exchange £400,000,000, is the subject of the new Financial Reform.

A general programme, without details, was presented to the Reichstag on the 1st of this month. In the forefront stands the Coal Tax. Here Germany has a resource which the former Minister of the Treasury, Herr Gothein, and many other good authorities, hold should have been taken advantage of long ago. The Coal Tax was first imposed in 1917; it is at the rate of 20 per cent. on the selling price of coal; and, owing to the rapid rise in prices, its yield has greatly increased—from 413,000,000 marks in the first year (August, 1917, to March, 1918, only) to 1,354,300,000 marks in the financial year 1919, and 4,670,000,000 marks in the financial year 1920. For a year past coal prices have been practically stable. In 1914 the best Ruhr coal cost 13½ marks per ton, on January, 1st, 1920, 109 marks, and on April 1st last 255 marks, having been raised only by a few marks since May, 1920. The tax therefore amounts to about 50 marks a ton. At 255 marks, however, German coal (which is maximum-priced by the Federal Coal Union and the Ministry of Industry jointly) is about 200 marks cheaper than coal in the world-market. Dr. Wirth's policy is to let the price gradually rise to world-market level, and to expropriate the extra receipts for the State. Done immediately, were it practicable, this measure would raise the tax from 50 to 250 marks a ton, and would raise the yield

from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to about 22 milliards of marks. In fact, the Coal Tax alone would go near to covering the fixed Reparations payment. The condition of industry will not allow of such a sudden rise, and, further, the Government has pledged itself to a differential price in favour of the domestic consumer, though why the domestic consumer, who gets his dwelling practically for nothing, is to be favoured is hard to say. The general policy of the last months, thanks largely to Dr. Wirth, has been against the old system of doles, exemptions and subsidies; in the new Budget the railway deficit, a dole in veiled form, has been reduced by 6 milliards, 8 milliards have been cut out of the bread price-cheapening subsidies, and through the freeing from State control of butter, milk and eggs, and also of certain kinds of iron and steel, the era of more or less freedom of trade has been restored.

The next item in the Financial Reform will be taxation of property. This the new Cabinet has promised, but beyond the statement that the Estate Duty (which is also a Legacy and Gift Tax) will be amended, no plan has been divulged. Several plans are under consideration, and probably more than one will be adopted. (1) To re-assess the Emergency Levy and the War Increment of Wealth Tax upon the increased nominal value of property to-day. By this means the yields could probably be trebled without making the real burden heavier than Erzberger intended. A Socialist plan is summarily to double the levy; but this plan is impracticable, as nothing more could be collected from mere holders of State Loans and other fixed-interest securities, who have not participated in the new inflation-wealth. (2) To exact a direct tribute from the industries by means of Taxation Syndicates. The plan is to fuse, merely for taxation purposes, and to make collectively responsible for payment, all the individual concerns in a particular industrial branch. This scheme has its source in the "Plan Industry" (*Planwirtschaft*), under which all-German syndicates were in any case to be compulsorily formed for purposes of joint control, efficient production, price-fixing, and so on. The "Plan Industry" came to an end after the coal, iron and potash compulsory syndicates were formed; and its only friend in the new Cabinet, the Minister of Reconstruction, Walther Rathenau, has declared that at the present juncture no such general reorganisation of industry can be undertaken. The Taxation Syndicate plan has the advantage that it would facilitate the direct bearing by industries of the 26 per cent. on exports, and would free the State from nearly half the Reparations liability. (3) To compel the mortgaging of real property, also perhaps the raising of mortgage bonds by industrial concerns, the mortgage and bond money to be transferred to the

State. This plan is practicable; like all debts expressed in the devalued currency, German mortgages and bonds have shrunk to a fraction of the original burden; and, as the private creditor has no chance of being recompensed, it is only fair that the gain should be transferred from the debtor to the State. (4) To establish State co-ownership of industrial and commercial undertakings. Public companies would be compelled to increase their capitalisation on a fixed ratio, and the new stocks or shares would belong to the Republic. In Hungary this has already been done by the much-advertised M. Hegedüs, who has compelled a 15 per cent. increase of capitalisation. The new Socialist Minister of Industry, Herr Robert Schmidt, has expressed himself for this plan; the German State, he says, already shares in the Reichsbank's profits; the Swedish State shares in the profits from mines; why should not the principle be universally applied? The obstacle is that State co-ownership means partial State control, and that is contrary to the present tendency, which is rather to transfer bureaucratic control rights over industrial concerns to practical business men.

Until these schemes have been elaborated their yield to the State is entirely conjectural. Probably any of them would yield far more than the Reparations sum, given general prosperity. The yield from the new indirect taxation announced is also conjectural. Announced are: a reform of the State brandy monopoly, an increase of the taxes on beer, tobacco, sugar and chemical sweeteners; and, possibly, the creation of a sugar-refining monopoly. Sugar is now the only food product entirely controlled by the State. Finally is expected a drastic increase of the Sales Tax, probably from 15 to 30 per cent. The yield of this tax in 1921 is estimated at 5,400,000,000 marks, and its doubling would probably injure business in the articles and products taxed; but it is estimated that the yield would be increased to at least 8 milliards. If the new Cabinet fulfils its undertakings to abolish entirely the food and railway subsidies, a further gain of about 20 milliards is in sight.

The refusal, so far, to recognise that the currency is not going to be restored to its gold parity is the cause not only of these ruinous subsidies, but also of financial weakness in a dozen other domains. Indirect taxes, where fixed by measure or weight, are all far lower than counterbalances the lost buying power of the mark. Thus the beer tax has been raised only from 2·12-4·20 marks (according to strength) per hectolitre to 10·0-12·50 marks, or an increase of from threefold to fivefold, though the mark is at a fifteenth of its old value, or (to take a fairer standard of measurement) though industrial wages have risen tenfold. Owing

to this, coupled with the fall in consumption (which is no result of the tax), the beer tax, which in 1913 yielded 124,800,000 gold marks, in 1920 yielded only 144,900,000 paper marks, or about 10,000,000 gold marks. The spirits tax has been nominally increased fivefold, from 29.1 marks to 164 marks a hectolitre; in gold, therefore, the tax is only a third of what it was, and the yield has fallen from 203,500,000 gold marks to 180,200,000 paper, or 12,000,000 gold, marks. On wines other than champagne there was no tax in 1913; the champagne tax of 3 marks a bottle then yielded 10,700,000 gold marks; to-day the champagne tax has merely been quadrupled—that is, in gold reduced to nearly a fourth—and the yield has “risen” to 61,200,000 paper marks—that is, fallen to 4,000,000 gold marks. The new all-round wine tax of 20 per cent., being on the sound *ad valorem* principle and therefore independent of the inflation, yielded 581,600,000 marks. The sugar tax has been raised only from 12.3 marks a double-centner (one-tenth metric ton) to 14 marks; at the latter rate the yield is 157,600,000 paper marks—that is, about 10,000,000 gold marks. The Government is raising the sugar and some other indirect taxes; but it still hesitates at the necessary step of raising all indirect taxes to their old gold incidence. Were this policy systematically carried through, and applied also in various domains where the unfruitful price-restriction system still prevails, the whole German financial trouble (given again a reasonable prosperity) would be solved. From the housing resource alone could be collected the whole Reparations sum. Taxes on dwellings are, often with reason, unpopular. But Germany's legally limited rents are, in gold, less than a tenth of the rents of 1914; they are at most 130 paper marks for every 100 gold marks of the peace rents, with the result that, as a Berlin official report admits, the citizen who formerly paid one-fifth or one-sixth of his income for rent now pays one-twentieth or even one-thirtieth. As at the same time a permanent tenant-right has been created by law, this means that the dweller has been presented with the house-owner's interest. Why all classes should be expropriated indiscriminately by an indebted State needs no explanation; but that, having expropriated the house-owner class, the indebted State should generously transfer the plunder to another class is explained only by the particular weakness of all German post-Revolution Cabinets—their desire to spare the most numerous classes and the more effective voters. A remedy in this matter is not likely. A Bill now before the Reichstag confirms the present system, forbids the house-owner to raise rents higher than will cover his house-administration expenses, house taxes and interest on mortgages, and therefore hands over

to the tenants the interest on the money which the landlord has invested himself.

Were Germany entirely to abandon the fiction that a paper mark is the same thing as a gold mark, and the almost as absurd fiction that some day the paper mark will be reconverted into a gold mark, her State finances would be by no means beyond restoration. According to reliable estimates, the yield from direct and indirect taxes could be at least doubled. The Reichsbank and the Reichswirtschaftsrat have both not only abandoned the latter fiction, but have declared that restoration would be undesirable. Stability, not improvement, of the mark's foreign exchange and of its home buying power is what is needed; an "improvement" would do more harm than good, would in no way repair the automatic confiscation of certain classes which has proceeded since 1914, and would derange home business and export trade—the only serious trade crisis since the Revolution took place in the summer of 1920, after and as direct result of, the rise of the mark's exchange to 200 per cent. above its lowest level. Further, the currency decay has reduced the funded and floating debts, which on March 31st last were together 264,863,000,000 marks to around 17,650,000,000 marks in gold, or only £(gold)880,000,000, so that the real German debt is little bigger than that of England before the war, and the burden of interest for this debt is only about £40,000,000 gold, or 13s. 4d. a head. Naturally, this does not mean that Germany is in a flourishing condition; in relieving herself as a State by currency degradation, she has also expropriated her bond-holders, and cannot expect to gain much more taxation out of this class. Were the State only equally ruthless with the large classes which have gained from the inflation, its financial troubles would speedily come to an end.

ROBERT CROZIER LONG.

THE AUSTRIAN QUESTION.

I. THE REVERSION OF THE HABSBURG EMPIRE.

IN place of the Eastern Question—though this, too, has not yet been solved, but has merely fallen into the background—Europe is now troubled by a new problem: the Austrian Question; a problem which is far more important and far more dangerous than the Eastern Question, owing to the central situation of Austria and its distinctly higher value for European civilisation.

The Austrian Question does not only date from after the war—as might be supposed, since it has only been discussed of late—but from long before. Arising out of the varied ethnical composition of the Habsburg Empire, it first came into notice at the moment in which the national principle was promulgated in Europe, namely, in 1848. This year and the following one saw Austria visited with its first grave crisis, and its existence seriously called in question. From this time onwards the Austrian problem has never been entirely out of the political perspective, coming more or less into the foreground of the stage according to the exigencies of political combinations; but up to the war it had never occupied such a prominent position in the foreground as the Eastern Question.

There were two reasons for assigning it so humble a part in comparison with other political problems: in the first place, it was not yet sufficiently ripe for action or discussion: for the Habsburg Empire, the break-up of which had been foretold as early as 1848, and again in 1859 and 1866, showed itself to possess a stronger vitality and power of resistance than, owing to its delicate construction, still further complicated by its dual character, had been expected, and even, in many cases, hoped. Besides, international diplomatic tact forbade the open discussion of how the heritage was to be divided while Europe's rich aunt—for it was as such that the Monarchy was regarded—was still alive; all the less so, since she gave no signs of preparing for death—we have but to recall the Congress of Berlin and the annexation crisis—but displayed, on the contrary, a vitality which must have surprised everybody. Discretion was therefore desirable, and so for the Chancelleries of Europe, officially at any rate, the Austrian Question did not exist.

Unofficially, on the contrary, it was all the more passionately discussed, especially among those who had expectations of the rich heritage, and from cupidity and impatience could hardly

wait for the decease of its possessor. This was the case within as well as without the frontiers of the Monarchy.

Within the frontiers it was the case to a greater or less extent of all the nations which inhabited it, all of which were either speculating on the creation of national States of their own—for instance, the Magyars, Czechs, Poles, Croats, Slovenes and Serbs—or longing to be united with those of the same race beyond the border—for instance, the Germans, Roumanians, Italians and Ruthenians (Ukrainians).

Beyond the yellow and black frontier posts there were, however, the neighbour States, who promised themselves rich spoils from the partition of the Monarchy, and inspired by this hope kept up an animated exchange of ideas with their co-nationals inside Austria-Hungary. Moreover, all of the neighbour States cherished this hope; above all, the Serbians and Italians, who could hardly restrain their impatience, and hence betrayed on every opportunity how passionately they longed for the end and the partition of the Monarchy. In the case of the Italians it was doubly conspicuous, and for the Austrians doubly wounding, since those who were eager to grasp their property were, after all, officially their allies. Russia and Roumania were better able to bridle their greed for the Habsburg possessions. Even Germany had designs on these: but only a fairly small portion of the population desired, like the other neighbours, to bring about the dissolution of the Monarchy, namely, the Pan-Germans, who, like the Italians and Serbs, made no secret of their hatred and impatience. The majority of the Germans of the Empire did not cherish this wish, but were ready to be punctually on the spot and put in their claims so soon as Austria's death-knell should sound.

All these neighbours with expectations kept up a more or less intensive propaganda within the frontiers of the Monarchy, so that a whole swarm of different irredentisms were working underground like moles in this hapless Empire: Italian irredentism in Southern Tyrol and the Adriatic provinces, Serbian in Croatia and Southern Hungary, Roumanian in Transylvania and the Banat, Russian in Galicia, and Pan-German in all the larger German cities, especially in those of Northern Bohemia, but also in Graz and Innsbruck.

All these native and foreign aspirants to the heritage of the Habsburgs obviously did not consider that the partition of the Monarchy was a particularly difficult matter. It was only necessary to arm oneself with their ethnographical maps and separate the Empire into its national component parts according to them. This was on the whole quite easy, and indeed the only right

thing to do, for such a conglomeration of nations as Austria-Hungary represented could not hope to justify its existence, since among the modern States it was like an erratic block which upset the uniform arrangement of Europe according to the principle of nationality, and must therefore be shattered. Moreover, the would-be heirs of the Habsburg Empire were thus at no loss for a moral cloak for their designs which enabled them effectively to disguise their greed: they pointed to the incessant national conflicts which raged throughout the Monarchy and endangered the peace of Europe, and declared that an end must at last be put to this bitter and everlasting quarrelling; that that this could only be made possible by a thorough separation of all the nations inhabiting the Empire—and hence by an out-and-out partition of the Monarchy.

II. THE NATIONAL PRINCIPLE.

The key to the solution of the problems of partition was to be the national principle. Seldom has any political dogma worked so much mischief as this one. It was a regular Pandora's box, which, once open, scattered its contents, pregnant with destruction, throughout the world, and on every side called forth unrest, strife and destruction. And this mischief was all the more widespread in that the dogma of nationality had something so specious about it, and for this reason was able to hypnotise not only the masses, who are easily carried away, but even educated minds. Nothing, indeed, could seem more just or natural than a division and grouping of all States according to their national character. Only the more far-sighted and independent minds recognised that behind this dogma was concealed an appalling danger, not only for Europe, but for the whole world; that a thoroughgoing and logical carrying-out of the national principle must of necessity and unavoidably lead to a complete overthrow of the whole political order of the world, turning everything upside down. The acceptance of this principle as a political norm must, for example, be dangerous for all colonial Powers which had within their borders a greater or lesser number of alien peoples; and thus, in the highest degree, for England and France. It is true that the peoples of India, Indo-China and Africa were as yet too little advanced in culture and national consciousness for the national principle to hold good for them; but, owing to the contagious nature of this dogma and the enormous power of resistance possessed by the seeds of infection emanating from it, it was necessary to reckon with absolute certainty on a time when this sowing of dragon's teeth would bring forth its harvest, and, as

happened everywhere, produce a rank growth; when all the fifty or more peoples of India should rise up against British rule, and split away from the British Empire. What a gigantic conflict would then await the latter, and how small would be her chance of bringing it to a successful issue! And what threatened her in India would also threaten her in Egypt, in tropical Africa and the Cape, in the West Indies, Canada and Australia. The same tragic fate would await France in Algiers, Morocco, Farther India and Guinea.

And it is not only in the more distant parts of the world, but also in Europe, that the carrying-out of the national principle would lead to confusion and mischief. Leaving Austria-Hungary temporarily out of consideration, it would be the death-knell of two European States: Switzerland, where the country is divided into three nations, and Belgium, where it is divided into two. But even for States which are reckoned to be national unities, such as France and England, this principle would entail fatal consequences in Europe as well. France must give up Corsica, where the population consists almost exclusively of Italians, and Nice, where it is predominantly Italian; by rights also Lower Brittany, where dwell a million Bretons, and certain provinces on the northern border of the Pyrenees inhabited by Basques. And in this case England must give up two of her most important naval bases—Malta and Gibraltar; not to speak of Ireland, where she is even now experiencing in the most painful way the mischievous consequences of national fanaticism.

And now for Austria-Hungary. In the case of this State the realisation of the national principle did indeed seem to be a necessity, so as at last to produce order and peace by segregating the quarrelling nations within separate frontiers. This did not seem hard to achieve—at least to nationalist fanatics and foreign claimants. But anybody who had a thorough knowledge of the relations of the nationalities in this Empire—it is true that even in the Monarchy itself they were but few in number—must have known that this appearance was deceitful, and that insuperable difficulties lay in the way of a partition which should be both just and productive of peace. Fate, indeed, had taken amazingly little notice of the national principle, and had woven the nations of the Habsburg Empire so inextricably together that in places it was absolutely impossible to separate them from one another. This was especially the case in Hungary, where out of sixty-three counties (Comitatus) there are scarcely three or four in which more than one nation is not to be found; where, moreover, the majorities are often so small, and the minorities so large, that for this reason alone the determination of a national boundary

is impossible. The Banat, for example—that province of South-Eastern Hungary which lies between the Theiss on the west, the Maros on the north, the mountains of the Transylvanian border on the east, and the Danube on the south—offers a regular textbook example of this national medley, with, in round numbers, 260,000 Magyars, 360,000 Germans, 270,000 Serbs, and about 600,000 Roumanians, and in addition, about 20,000 Slovaks. And all these peoples—except in the eastern part, which is inhabited exclusively by Roumanians—live so jumbled up together that one village may be German, the next Magyar, and the next Serbian or Roumanian. How can such a province be divided on the principle of nationality without doing an injustice to at least two of the four principal nations? In the case of the Germans, moreover—who actually form the cultured classes of the Banat—a national union with their mother country is absolutely out of the question, since they are separated from it by hundreds of miles. And what the Banat is on a small scale, Hungary is on a large scale.

In Austria the national diversity is not so great, it is true, as in Hungary, since the nations are more homogeneously grouped; but it is all the same great enough to make a clean-cut division impossible in many areas. This is especially the case in Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia, where, notably in the towns, the Germans form a considerable minority, and where the geographical configuration of the country is entirely unfavourable to a national partition.

In order, to realise the danger of the national principle for Austria, we need only glance at Trieste. To whom ought this, the greatest commercial port of the Monarchy, to belong of rights? The Italians naturally claimed it for themselves, since the town was principally inhabited by Italians. But in addition to them it was inhabited by 50,000 Slovenes, and the whole of the hinterland was Slovene; thus it was obvious that the Southern Slav State which was to arise on the ruins of the Monarchy would also lay claim to Trieste. But so equally would the Pan-Germans, whose political war-cry was "From the Belt to the Adriatic."

What need of further examples to illustrate the impossibility and danger of the national principle in relation to Austria-Hungary?

III. THE PARTITION.

And yet this Empire was partitioned. Mr. Wilson arrived from across the Atlantic and took upon himself the rôle of dictator of Europe. It was the national principle which he invoked and proclaimed as the sole doctrine leading to salvation. This

alone, as we have demonstrated above, was a matchless piece of folly and infatuation, but especially so in relation to Austria-Hungary; for we should hardly be doing Mr. Wilson an injustice were we to assume that before taking upon himself his arbitral functions, he had not the faintest notion of the excessively complicated national relations of the Habsburg Empire; and that the distinction between Slovenes and Slovaks was as unknown to him as the geographical import of Slovenia and the Banat. Did he not come from a country where even educated men were unaware that Vienna was in Austria?¹ And this was the man who held himself capable of partitioning the Habsburg Monarchy! Even if he had undertaken it with the aid of the national principle, the result, owing to the conditions mentioned above, could only have been a thing of shreds and patches, and, what is more, a glaring injustice: for if this principle was to be taken as the rule, it ought to have been so for every country, not only for Austria and Hungary (both in the narrower sense of the word); that is, for Switzerland and Belgium, France and Italy, Bohemia and Roumania. But what did Mr. Wilson do? He handed over to the Italians a former German province of Tyrol with over 200,000 Germans: he did the same with some 300,000 Slovenes and Croats in the Adriatic provinces. He gave away about 400,000 Germans of Southern Hungary to Serbia, and created a Roumanian State in which half a million Germans and about three times as many Magyars were to live. But his masterpiece was achieved in the Czecho-Slovak State, the national composition of which stands out as a crushingly ironical commentary on the national principle, and in which three and a half million Germans, one million Magyars, half a million Poles and Ukrainians, together with two million Slovaks, were condemned to dwell side by side with seven million Czechs, and, what is more, as their subjects: although their total numbers are as great as those of the Czechs, who, though they only form half the population, none the less play the part of absolute masters. The old Habsburg Monarchy had, it appears, no right to existence, and was laid low because it contained many nations; but on its ruins was erected a political body which was nothing more nor less than a new small-scale edition of this despised Austria—which comprised no less than six nations, and thus, from the point of view of the national principle, had equally little right to exist. And this new edition was also immeasurably inferior: *the old Habsburg Empire had been the product of a natural political development, the logical resultant of the given geo-*

(1) An American doctor addressed a letter to a Viennese professional colleague at "Vienna, Germany!"

graphical, historical, economic and psychological factors: the Czecho-Slovak State created by Mr. Wilson, aided by Herr Masaryk as prompter, is, on the other hand, a purely artificial production, bred in the diplomatic laboratory of St. Germain, minus any geographical, historical, economic and psychological foundations, lacking in internal cohesion, and only kept together by force. If, then, according to Mr. Wilson's view, the old Habsburg Empire had no justification for its existence, the new Czech State has infinitely less claim. ⁴¹

It has been sufficiently proved that the heterogeneous national structure of the Monarchy did not lack vitality, for it survived for almost four centuries, and it needed a four years' war against five Great Powers, two small States, and the united efforts of the irredentists within its borders to bring about its downfall. Had it been so rotten and full of senile decay as we have always been given to suppose, such a long spell of life and such a tough resistance would have been inconceivable. The future will prove—and that, probably, before long—that the Czech State (by the grace of Mr. Wilson) does not possess a tenth part of its vitality.

Even the Jugo-Slav State does not do much greater credit to the laboratory of St. Germain, for it contains at least a million Germans and Magyars, and has harnessed together two nations which have hated each other from of old: the Croats and Serbs. A national unity between these two is inconceivable.¹

Finally, so far as the Austria and Hungary of to-day are concerned, the two cores of the old Empire, they have indeed become nationally uniform, but they are only rumps from which all the limbs have been severed: about four million Germans of what was once Austria, and at least three million Magyars have been torn away from their mother country and wait with longing to be freed from a foreign yoke.

Such is the upshot of the national principle as understood by Mr. Wilson, such the work which he has accomplished in company with the diplomatists of the Entente at St. Germain. Coming from over the ocean to Europe, ostensibly to bring about peace and order, he has gone back over the sea leaving behind him a political chaos, and in each of the new States which compose this chaos he has left as a christening gift a packet of dynamite, which may go off at any moment. He may well be proud of his work, for it was, to use the just expression of a Frenchman, Senator de Monzie, "the greatest idiocy of the century."

(1) A good illustration of this is the fact that at an assembly for the discussion of the Southern Slav question in 1917, at which I was present, the Croats who were there declared with emphasis, and even with bitterness, that for them there were no Southern Slavs; there were only Croats and Serbs; and they must therefore decidedly reject the common name of "Southern Slavs."

IV. WHAT NEXT?

This folly, then, has been accomplished; the Austrian Question, far from being solved, has only become yet more entangled, until it has become a Gordian knot which awaits an Alexander.

The chief culprit has got himself out of the mess, but his helpers now find themselves faced with the difficult task of making good the harm which they wrought under his leadership; a task which they feel to be beyond their capacity and before which they stand without counsel. What is to be done with the helpless ramp which remains of the Habsburg Empire and bears the once proud name of Austria? Deprived of its members, bleeding from countless wounds, it is absolutely powerless to help itself, and is thrown entirely upon outside aid. It has sunk to the position of a beggar ceaselessly clamouring for alms in order to drag out its miserable existence, and has thus become a burden to the rest of the world, and makes more and more serious calls upon its pocket. For this reason alone, if for no other, the Entente must eagerly desire to shake from its back an ever more oppressive burden. But it knows not how.

From its own point of view it is easy to understand that the Entente will not consent to the annexation of Austria to Germany. To France in particular it would be a very mockery if Germany were to come out of this catastrophe greater in territory and in population than she was before the war.

But even in Austria's interests, however much a large number of the Austrians may desire it, the annexation would not be desirable. With that short-sightedness and unwisdom which have always been characteristic of the policy of the Austrian Germans from of old, they desire union with a State which, though not an utter cripple like Austria, is at any rate itself disabled, and likely to be so for some considerable time. What can Germany offer Austria? How can she, herself almost crushed under an enormous burden of debt, help Austria? Financial help, then, the latter cannot expect from Germany. Neither can she look for any revival of her trade, for Austria is above all an industrial State, and hence requires to be connected with agrarian States, not with a far stronger industrial State like Germany. The Danube is Austria's economic finger-post, and it points to the East. There lies Austria's natural economic objective, not upstream to the West. If the German-Austrians—though not all of them, it is true—were not hypnotised by the sinister influence of the Pan-German idea, which they have above all to thank for the tragic downfall of the Empire, they ought to recall the wise words spoken by a German whom they are in the habit of venerating like a demigod. It was no less a man than Bismarck

who said : " We could have no use for German Austria, either as a whole or in part. A fusion of German Austria with Prussia would not result ; Vienna cannot be ruled as an apanage from Berlin."

The German Austrians ought to mark this, and at last give up their eternal whimpering for annexation. It is as unworthy as it is futile. There is, then, here no intention of attacking the determination of the Entente not to allow this union. But this very prohibition lays upon them the duty, the necessity even, of seeing to it that Austria finds another combination, for alone it cannot exist. But where is it to seek this combination? The answer cannot be difficult : in the place where it found it before its collapse—with its former countrymen, now the Succession States. There is no other solution of the terrible dilemma which confronts the Entente—a dilemma created for it by its ignorant and short-sighted advisers. Either union with Germany, hard as that may be for all three parties—Austria, Germany and the Entente—or else a revival of the old Empire, naturally under quite different conditions suited to the altered circumstances. As for how this is to be done, an intelligent recipe has been given by Aurel C. Popovici, the Hungarian Rouman, whose study cannot be too strongly recommended to the Entente diplomatists. It is called *Die vereinigten Staaten von Gross-Oesterreichs* (The United States of Great Austria) (Leipzig, 1906), and indicates as the only solution of the problems of the Habsburg Empire its conversion into a federal State on a national basis. Each of the ten nations of the Empire must work out its own salvation according to its national genius ; they should only have in common the army, diplomacy, economic interests, and—the ruler : for without him the federal State would be unthinkable ; the traditional dynasty would be the strongest bond for holding together this federation of peoples. Since the appearance of this able and deeply thought out work a terrible revolution in political conditions has, it is true, taken place, and Popovici's proposition would require a corresponding adaptation and correction : but in the main it remains even to-day the only feasible solution of that dangerous dilemma, the Austrian Question, the only possible means of settling it satisfactorily. And to those who may look upon the restoration of the old Empire as a mad Utopia, may we recall a saying of the greatest statesman of the last seventy years, a man who can certainly not be accused of an exaggerated preference for Austria—Bismarck. In his *Gedanken und Erinnerungen* we find : " I can think of no future acceptable to us for the lands forming the Austrian Empire, in case they are destroyed or placed in lasting dependence. What could be set

up in that part of Europe which is occupied from the Tyrol to the Bukovina by the Austrian State? New structures erected in this area could only be of a permanently revolutionary kind."

Let the Entente diplomatists who are now uncertain what to do remember this wise saying. And with it a second, far older saying, which has, however, as much force nowadays as seventy years ago, that of the Czech historian, Palacky—a Czech, be it noted!—"If Austria did not already exist, it would be necessary to create it." This pronouncement has since become a "winged word" and has always been quoted by various statesmen each time that the existence of the Habsburg Empire seemed to be threatened afresh. It has thus become a veritable political commonplace, and it is only as such that the adherents of the national principle and the enemies of Austria will regard it, ridiculing everyone who repeats it and taunting him with trying to kindle a burnt-out fire. But do not let this be a stumbling block: it is inevitable to refer to this saying in speaking of the Austrian Question, for it is the only true answer to this question, the exact formula for its solution; and thus, even if it has to be repeated a thousand times, it will remain the alpha and omega of the whole problem, and the *Ceterum censeo* of everyone who considers it without prejudice and with knowledge of the subject.¹

V. AUSTRIA REDIVIVA.

Palacky's dictum has for its part met with full acceptance in the European Chancelleries; it has achieved the position of a political axiom, and even Italian statesmen such as Crispi and Bruniatti have used it as such, though certainly not with honest intent. It was notably in France and England that the maintenance of the Habsburg Empire was held to be of importance; not for sentimental reasons, naturally, but from very weighty practical considerations. For could there have been a quieter or more harmless Great Power than the kindly Habsburg Empire, which looked on with folded arms and a friendly smile while the other Powers divided the world between them, and in the concert of Europe always played upon the dulcet flute—and that *pianissimo*? Neither France nor England needed to anticipate the slightest interference with their colonial interests and plans from this quarter, or any trade competition in the world's markets either. Moreover, for England in particular she had been for many decades the best natural ally in the case of a Russo-British conflict; while for France it was important that she should be

(1) See my article "The National Conflict in Austria-Hungary" in *The Quarterly Review* (October, 1901).

upheld, for the reason that her downfall must have as its consequence the annexation of her German-speaking provinces to the German Empire. Even the French alliance with Russia, the bitter enemy of the Habsburg Empire, was not likely to deceive France in this respect; this is clear from Deschanel's pronouncement of fifteen to twenty years ago, referring to Austria-Hungary as the foundation-stone of European equilibrium, which must not be shaken.

And yet ten or fifteen years later this foundation-stone *was* shaken; in fact, blows were rained upon it until it was shattered into fragments. And it was France and England who did this! Why? Had their views as to the necessity of the maintenance of the Habsburg Empire changed so fundamentally in the meantime? It would seem so, but one might not be going far wrong if one were to assume that they did it *unwillingly and against their better judgment*: no doubt because they thought that in doing so they would bring about the downfall of Germany by depriving it of its strongest ally, and because for this purpose they needed Italy's help, as a condition of which the latter insisted on the annihilation of the Habsburg Empire.

But the work of annihilation was hardly accomplished when they realised with terror what an unspeakable folly they had wrought, and what unavoidable difficulties confronted them. There has never been any lack in England of clear-headed, far-seeing, fearless men who submitted the official British policy to independent-minded criticism; and on this occasion, too, it was uncompromisingly declared by some that the Peace of St. Germain was impracticable and stood in need of a thorough revision if it was to be lasting. And even before its conclusion Lord Bryce had protested indignantly against the act of robbery by which German Southern Tyrol was to be bestowed upon Italy. But even in France, where political events are not as a rule considered as coolly and soberly as in England, it was soon bitterly realised that the destruction and partition of Austria-Hungary was a fateful error. The dictum of a French Senator, alluded to above, as to the "greatest idiocy of the century," is a sufficient proof of this. In England, as in France, it was doubtless recognised how true was Palacky's saying, and that Austria is a necessity.

But, if this is recognised, why hesitate to act in accordance with this saying? Why is no finger raised as yet towards the restoration of the old Danubian Empire? What are London and Paris afraid of? Do they fear that Italy, the Czechs, Serbs and Roumanians will refuse their consent? They would certainly not

fail to do so, but all these States are powerless if those on the Thames and the Seine once make up their minds in earnest. Or is it antagonism for the Habsburg dynasty which holds back the Western Powers? It would seem so.¹ But nothing could be more perverse than this. Have England and France forgotten that this dynasty was always the most attached to peace? That, in contrast with the Hohenzollerns, it gained its Empire for the most part by peaceful means, through marriage and inheritance? Was it not once said, "*Bella gerant alii, tu felix Austria nupte.*" Did not the Emperor Francis Joseph preserve peace for his Empire for nearly half a century (1866-1914)? Was he not known even abroad as the "Peaceful Emperor" (*Friedens-kaiser*)?² Is it not known that his successor, the Emperor Charles, from the earliest days of his reign, eagerly interposed in the interests of peace and made constant representations in this sense to German Headquarters? That it was nothing but the obstinacy and arrogance of the German General Staff, infatuated with the illusion of a victorious peace, and of the Pan-Germans (not the Emperor William and the Crown Prince) which prevented him from making peace, as he longed intensely to do? Or is it by chance supposed that if he regains the throne he will consent to become a vassal of Germany? There need be no uneasiness on this score, for his experience of Germany—which, in return for his sacrifice of his throne and Empire on the altar of loyalty to his alliance, only reviles him as a "traitor"—is not exactly calculated to make this probable.

Or can it be that it is not practical political considerations which stand in the way of the restoration of the Habsburg Empire, but the secret machinations of those intangible sinister forces which hold sway behind the scenes of the world-stage and from thence pull the threads which make the puppets dance? I mean the freemasons.

But be that as it may: in any case the Western Powers show no inclination to further the restoration of Austria, and have even apparently given up their original plan of a "Danubian Confederation"—a pseudonym for "Austria." This is hard to understand, for they must long since have recognised that Austria, in its present state, represents a political impossibility: a political entity which can neither live nor die, and drags out its existence by receiving alms; in the long run it cannot last, and represents

(1) This article was already completed when the news arrived that the Entente had forbidden the return of the Habsburgs. If this be really the case, it would only confirm what I have said here.

(2) See my Article "The Emperor Francis Joseph as a Statesman" in the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* (July, 1920).

for Europe at large and for the Entente in particular not only a burden, but a terrible danger. If the Empire of the Danube is not set up again, there are only two possibilities left for the present remnant of Austria: either it will carry out its union with Germany against the will of the Entente, or else, by reason of the anarchy by which it is constantly menaced owing to its lack of a strong State authority, it will become a prey of Bolshevism, which has long been lying in wait for it. Either of these possibilities would bring the Western Powers face to face with the most serious conflicts. And since they naturally wish to avoid this, they must think how to put an end to the present position in Austria. But there are only two ways to do this: the restoration of the old Danubian Empire, or a complete partition. It is obvious that the latter would give rise to a violent quarrel over the spoils among all Austria's neighbours, and no further comment is needed. Thus the situation which faces the Western Powers resolves itself into the fateful question: a restoration of the Habsburg Empire or a new war? The choice can surely not be hard.

THEODOR VON SOSNOSKY.

Translated by CATHERINE PHILLIPS.

THE REAL POSITION OF SPAIN.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, in the issue of May, publishes, under the title of "The Class War in Spain," from a Madrid correspondent, an article which gives a terrible picture of my country. It has been written not by a Spaniard, but evidently by a foreigner not sufficiently acquainted with Spain and the psychology of her people. It consists of an indiscriminate collection of the most sombre hyperbolic lamentations of parliamentarians and pessimistic philosophers.

The state of Spain no doubt calls for reforms. What European country does not require them? Spain is now passing through an intense economic and social crisis, as is the case in most countries on both sides of the Atlantic and in Asia to-day. The readers of this article would have a right to be impressed by the fact that Spain, a land of over a hundred and ninety thousand square miles, can only reckon upon 5,500,000 persons to produce useful things if he did not remember that out of that area more than 10 per cent. consists of high and rocky mountain ranges, useless for agriculture, but hiding in their depths wonderful mineral wealth assuring Spain's existence now and for the future. What does the author mean by "useful things"? Does he intend to say that only five millions of Spain's twenty millions work at all? Or is he referring to the industrial population alone? If so, what does he do with the agricultural workers? Perhaps in no other country of Europe is there so large a population of persons engaged in agricultural labour as in Spain. In fact, according to the last statistics (1919), only 3½ per cent. of the working population are engaged in manufacture, while agriculture occupies 70 per cent. This extreme preponderance of people devoted to agriculture over those occupied in industry is what renders the social problem in Spain above all an agrarian one.

It is not fair to speak of queues waiting for olive oil in Malaga—which is not the centre of the greatest olive-growing area in Europe—without adding that the scarcity of late years has not only been caused by the bad crops, but by the Government measures against ruthless exportation.

The Spanish workers are under no despotism, nor is there any *automatic* suspension of the jury system and the constitutional guarantees, although it has been found necessary to apply such *emergency* measures of recent years in Spain as in other European countries where the agitators have succeeded in making murder "automatic" and the shooting of individual employers, municipal

and Government officials so frequent as to provoke general protest and make repression imperative. The quotation of Zaragoza as the place where "intellectual syndicalists call not for pistols but only for books" is, to say the least, unlucky. Was it not here that the municipal workmen, having gone on strike for a new rise in their already improved wages, and the electric light having given out in consequence, the Town Engineer and volunteers who had accompanied him to adjust the arc-lamps on the boulevard were shot down in full daylight by a cowardly syndicalist, who was afterwards found hiding under a staircase and taken by a man with a walking stick? Such crimes as these, and those committed in Barcelona and Valencia for several years past, cannot be tolerated in any civilised country. Your correspondent does not recount how the Barcelona Syndicate has ended by tyrannising the local workmen to such an extent that numbers of them have broken away, forming the so-called free Syndicate, the members of which have been obliged to have recourse to the same means as their opponents in sheer self-defence. When things come to such a pass there is but one course open to Government, and it will ever be to Señor Dato's glory and that of his successors that the syndicalist movement all over Spain is being extinguished without the execution of one capital sentence, and this in the country where the revolutionary attitude is supposed to be "more than justified." It is absurd to again bring up the accusation of torture and evoke the spectre of the Citadel of Montjuich, which have been refuted *usque ad satietatem* in the Spanish Press and Parliament. For there is a Parliament in Spain where free men sit and can raise their voice, where several dozen Socialist and Republican Deputies not only use, but abuse, this liberty.

There is no right to call the Spanish classes "a mass of neglected starvelings"; but is not the splendid social work carried out by King Alfonso XIII. and his Ministers for the last twenty years worth mentioning? This policy has built up a complete structure of social legislation, namely: ¹ Creation of the Institute of Social Reforms (1904), ditto of the National Institute of Old Age Insurance (1908), laws protecting women and children against casualties (1900), Sunday Closing Act (1904), Board of Social Reforms (1900), Board of Arbitration and Conciliation (1908), Industrial Tribunals (1908), Royal Decree for the inspection of labour (1906), law for pensions (1908), strikes (1908), law for agricultural syndicates (1906), Banks and Rural Savings Bank "Pósitos" (1906), protection to infancy (1904), maximum hours

(1) *Boletín del Instituto de Reformas Sociales*, Madrid. *Marvaud* (a) *La Question Sociale en Espagne*, Paris, 1910; *L'Espagne au XX^e siècle*, Paris, 1913.

of labour in the mines (1910), law for construction of houses for labourers (1911), creation of the Ministry of Labour (1920), and many others. These laws are inspired by a generous idea: the utmost well-being of the humble classes. It is not strange, therefore, that Socialists as well as ultra-Conservatives have equally contributed to their promulgation. It honours the originators of the "*Instituto de Reformas Sociales*," a body formed by prominent men of all political shades in 1903, with the object of studying and publishing all information concerning labour in Spain and in foreign countries, particularly in its relations with capital. All social classes and opinions are represented in the Institute, working together with the sole purpose of improving the social condition of the workmen. Is not this a splendid example of liberal policy which openly contradicts the statements quoted by the anonymous Madrid correspondent that Spain is "the only surviving despotism in Western Europe," that it "is a rotting carcass in the last stages of decomposition," etc.? What of the "*Instituto Nacional de Prevision*" (National Thrift Institute)? It was founded in 1908 for the popular old-age insurance and to encourage the organisation of institutes for the same object by granting them all the privileges of fiscal exemptions. At the head of the Institute, under the honorary presidency of King Alfonso XIII., is a governing council consisting of a President appointed by the King and fourteen councillors.

What of the *Committee for the Interior Colonisation*? It was founded by an Act of August 30th, 1907, as a means for solving the social question by introducing rules for subdividing private property where it is required for the benefit of agricultural progress and of the rural class. The Minister of Labour read a few days ago an important Bill adding some provisions in order to populate the agricultural regions by working the uncultivated soil and by transforming the dry cultivation into irrigated cultivation.

What of the *Board of Emigration and the Committee for Workmen's Scholarships in Foreign Countries*?

Is the author aware that the co-operative movement in Spain has produced forms of institutions with objects as various as useful?¹

We find *rural syndicate banks*, cattle insurance syndicate societies, co-operative wine societies, co-operative societies for the production of sugar, for sale, purchase, irrigation, and many others, all protecting the interests of the small landowner.

To understand their working, let us take the *Rural Catholic*

(1) *Bulletin of the Bureau of Economic and Social Intelligence*, 16th vol. third year (International Institute of Agriculture, Rome).

Bank (Syndicate of Cinco-Olivas, Zaragoza), which is also a *Mutual Cattle Insurance Society*. Its object is the moral and religious interest of the members, the formation of a rural loan and savings bank, the institution of a mutual cattle insurance society, the collective purchase of seeds, plants, machines, and other articles useful in agriculture; and the instruction of the members and their children, including instruction in agricultural progress given in lectures, by means of experiments and the help of circulating libraries. The central institutions for the encouragement of rural credit are the Bank of Spain, the Bank of Leo XIII. (principally for town workers), and the Mortgage Bank (*Banco Hipotecario*), the object of which is to defend small landowners against usury.

The review *Paz Social* estimated, as far back as 1916, the total number of *social institutions giving agricultural credit* as amounting to one thousand, without including the non-Catholic rural banks. The special object of the Bank Leo XIII. is to assist the agricultural and working classes in all their requirements for their work. It extends its action to the whole kingdom and controls the business and the individual working value of its members. It only grants loans to societies formed by workmen and the rural banks for a maximum period of one year at 4 per cent. and 5 per cent. interest.

The most characteristic institutions of credit in Spain are the "Positos," or communal granaries, founded in the sixteenth century. A law of 1900 provided for transforming these *pósitos* into rural banks and agricultural banks. It has given excellent results, and has put an end to the worst features of the so-called "caciquismo." According to this law, the Minister of Agriculture is charged with the duty of organising and establishing the "pósitos" in such a way that they shall be considered as such even if they do not restrict themselves to loans of seeds, their original function, but also advance sums of money, acting as rural loan and credit banks, or if they contribute to the purchase of implements, machinery, plants, manure, cattle breeding, stock, or any other thing useful to agriculture. In brief, there are *one hundred farmers' associations* to which are given the name of agricultural communities, and 1,275 agricultural syndicates. Moreover, the *agricultural chambers* amount to about 100, and about 1,000 associations regulated by the law of July 8th, 1898. Consequently, Spain has about 2,500 agricultural associations, including more than 500,000 small farmers.

There are many examples of institutions formed by the employers in behalf of the working class, such as the "*Marqués de Comillas*," the "*Compañía Asturiana*," and the "*Fomento*

"Nacional" founded an old age pension and public schools for boys and girls. In Madrid we find "*La Constructora Benéfica*," which builds houses for workmen in the suburb of "*El Pacifico*," and the "*Sociedad Benéfica Española de Casas Baratas para Obreros y Clases Modestas*." Parallel to these institutions are to be placed those founded by the clergy: "The Catholic Club of Workmen," "*Semana Social*" (Travelling University), etc.

Your Madrid correspondent harps upon the number of beggars he has discovered in Madrid. Were he an Irishman, and should I presume to judge certain conditions existing in the slums of Dublin, he would do doubt tell me that I did not understand and could not do so until I looked upon them with Irish eyes. One cannot draw conclusions without a long residence in Spain, a country more difficult to know than most. It is not extraordinary that in times of unemployment, felt to-day all over Europe, the unemployed and striker should come in their hundreds to implore a charity which is rarely denied them. For in Spain a poor man is treated as a brother, not as a being to be shunned and hidden away. This evil is not of to-day in Spain, and has been the object of careful study in books; both Government and private enterprises are working hard to fight mendicity. Madrid is already surrounded by a ring of beneficent institutions of every kind, from orphanages, ophthalmic hospitals, maternity houses, and homes for incurables and the aged, to night refuges and houses specially devoted to beggars and street arabs, such as "*El Asilo de Santa Cristina*," "*Los Asilos del Pardo*," and "*El Asilo del Pilar*." An interesting institution is our Queen's Working Guild, in which are associated thousands of ladies all over Spain, and which in Madrid alone gives yearly more than 50,000 articles of clothing, many distributed by her Majesty's own hands. And what we say of the capital of the kingdom in this respect holds good with regard to Barcelona, Seville, Valencia, Bilbao, San Sebastian, and all the large towns of Spain.

The case of *Las Hurdas* in the Extremadura region is an ethnographical phenomenon centuries old, not the product of modern misgovernment, but arising from topographical conditions resulting in a life, after all, not far removed from that of certain peasants we hear talk of in Galway and Connaught. It is a part of the peninsula where the agrarian problem is circumscribed and offers peculiar economic features. This is a case of voluntary segregation and an attempt to establish a community on different lines from those generally in vogue realised centuries ago. It is only possible in a country in which, like Spain, the different parts are divided one from the other by mountain ranges and contain large expanses of uninhabited and generally unfruitful land. However,

many of its inhabitants when emigrating have attested their great qualities and their objective spirit, making large fortunes and founding beneficent institutions.

Respecting taxation, Spain is one of the most lightly taxed countries in Europe. In fact, the *Economic Review* of December 31st, 1920, shows that Spain pays *per capita* in direct taxes \$5.5 and indirect taxes \$5.1, as against \$58.2 and \$29.7 paid in England *per head* of population. It is not surprising, therefore, that our Civil Service and even the judges are remunerated on a lower scale than in other countries. It is unjust, however, to speak of the country as ground down by taxation.

The excessive deficit in the Budget (no exception, by the way, in modern Europe) is already being solved by a complete scheme for the reconstruction of public finance, and the Government have taken measures to put into force custom legislation which, though of a provisional character, will allow Spain, on the expiration of commercial treaties, to stipulate conventions with other nations on an equal footing. Together with this financial scheme a vast one for public works and railway nationalisation, comprising an expenditure of £200,000,000, has been presented a few weeks ago to Parliament.

The commercial and industrial progress of Spain is considerable. *La Riqueza y el Progreso de España*, published last year by the "Banco Urquijo" of Madrid, a very valuable statistical work, shows the development of Spanish commerce, industry and agriculture.

Spain's mineral wealth rose from 267,000,000 pesetas in 1897 to 1,360,000,000 in 1917. The total revenue has increased from 1,014,000,000 pesetas in 1902 to 3,017,000,000 in 1919-20. The gold reserve in the Banco de España rose from 567,000,000 pesetas in 1914 to 2,415,000,000 pesetas in 1919. The Post Office Savings Bank, opened in 1916, has already deposits amounting to over 75,000,000 pesetas. The produce of agriculture has more than doubled in value in ten years (1906-16).

The hydro-electric horse-powers have developed in Spain in a proportion of 125 per cent. Actually about 300,000 electrical horse-powers are being developed by utilising waterfalls.

These facts, which prove the importance of Spain from the economic point of view, have been universally recognised. A report on the industry and commerce of Spain of the Commercial Secretary of the British Embassy in Madrid says:—

"The impetus received by Spanish industries during the war reached a climax in 1919. The nation has become increasingly self-dependent. The textile industry was so strongly established as to be in a position even to export to South America and compete with Manchester goods there. Elec-

trical goods of good quality were being made at Zaragoza. Much progress was achieved in the manufacture of glass and china ware. Shipbuilding improved. Motor essences were distilled in Spain from shales and lignites. The national coal and iron industries were developed to a notable degree. . . .

"In her own market, however, Spain is very much to be reckoned with in the textile and iron and steel industries. Almost all her requirements in cotton goods are locally produced, while if the iron and steel manufacturers succeed in their efforts to get increased protection, they will oust foreign competition almost completely. . . ."

Colonel Charles Thoroton, C.M.G. (Commissioner in Spain of the Federation of British Industries), wrote about Spain as follows :—

"There has been for many years in England considerable misconception as to the possibilities of Spain as a market. For some reason or another the average Englishman looks on Spain as being a country which exports only bull-fighters and dancers, or at the best a certain amount of wine and olive oil. Nothing, of course, could be farther from the truth than this view; as a business man the Spaniard compares favourably with any nation in the world. He is honest, hard working, and sticks to his bargain. In Spain, above all other countries, politics are the affair of the politician, and the ordinary business man goes about his business undisturbed by any political crisis, whether in Madrid or Barcelona."

The *Outlook* published recently Spanish notes, and quoted :—

"No one believed the prosperity due to war exports could be maintained to the full when peace conditions returned. Nevertheless, the important fact to be considered is that Spain is going ahead, both industrially and agriculturally. Things are manufactured in Spain now which would not have been dreamed of a few years ago. To give but one instance, visitors to the London motor show will have been able to note the excellence of the cars (also aeroplanes) turned out by the Hispano-Suiza Company. There can be no doubt that Spain, as soon as she is able to put an end to industrial unrest and internal dissensions, will have the power to maintain her position as one of the richest countries in the world."

Spain is no doubt struggling against many difficulties caused by the present crisis, and even perhaps by her own faults, but it is evident that she is one of the strongest countries of the world through the vitality of her people, national wealth, and the racial point of view. The spiritual home of 60,000,000 of Spanish-speaking people, a country in which all branches of science are highly represented under the guidance of King Alfonso XIII., it cannot fail to affirm the exceptional qualities of its race.

TOMÁS BALDASANO

THE TRANSITION IN MODERN BRITISH ART.

THERE have been, for some time past, unmistakable indications that Art, like all industry in England, is in a state of unrest, and that tradition and all the academic *formulae* which have for so long held unchallenged dominance are being gradually set at defiance. Slowly, but surely, a rejuvenating *bouleversement* is being brought about that cannot fail eventually to exercise a cogent influence on the æsthetics of the nation. Modernity in every sense of the word is the order of the day.

That the *régénération* was long needed and is therefore a very welcome sign will be freely admitted by all but the most prejudiced zealots of old-fashioned ideas. But whether the objective can be obtained by ruthless and sweeping methods or by allowing peaceful penetration to take its course must be left to conjecture. It is, however, almost certain that a strong reaction will come about sooner or later, and the most enthusiastic supporters of the new *régime* must view with apprehension the remarkable developments which are taking place. The disciples of the reactionary school are already manifesting a tendency to work entirely on unconventional lines—modern, admittedly, but nevertheless unconventional.

• Not the least convincing proof of this is to be noted in—what may be termed—the cosmopolitan character modern British Art is surely developing. Never before, for instance, has the influence, or rather example, of the French impressionist school been more manifest than it is to-day.

Although it is indisputable that modern Anglo-Saxon Art owes the great measure of its success to French training, since so many of our leading painters completed their studies in the ateliers of Paris, it is equally certain that this training has really not inculcated much more than *l'Art des Musées*. And the reason is not far to seek.

There has always been among our modern painters a distinct lack of what can be designated the spirit of indoctrination or initiative. They have succeeded in achieving a very high level of skill in conventional work which cannot fail to compel admiration; but it is only in a few rare instances that one perceives any glimmer of the soulful depth of purpose which makes the works of the grand old masters symbolic for all time. The tendency of the age is towards the cult of the superficial and the *reactionary*.

The transition which is gradually undermining all our insular

artistic preconceptions is but an ultra-modern British transcript of what has been slowly developing for some years past on the Continent. It is well known that in fashion England has always been at least two years behind France, and it is notorious that when new vogues or crazes reach us from across the Channel they become more often than not so anglicised and toned down to suit home consumption as to be barely recognisable.

In painting much the same state of affairs has always been noticeable. Impressionism, for example, was practically not seen over here for several years after it had become the talk of Paris. The reaction in British Art manifesting itself to-day is a subtle revolt against the tyranny of classic convention, and is therefore but a *réchauffé* of the doctrines of the earliest impressionists, somewhat anglicised, as might be expected. In its train, however, are certain disturbing features.

The most casual *aperçu* of the pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy demonstrates a fact little, if at all, appreciated by the bulk of the Art-loving public of Great Britain—namely, that most of the best and most original characteristics of the old English school are gradually disappearing, and the distinction between English and Continental Art, not only in respect of the work of our leading painters, but also of that of the rank and file, is almost inappreciable—and this identity of method was never more striking than at the present day.

Whether this loss of individuality, although to a great extent compensated for by the undoubted amelioration in the technique of the works of our younger group of painters, is to be regarded as a subject for congratulation, or as a sign of national decadence, will be for posterity to decide. The indisputable fact, however, remains, as will be recognised by everyone who walks around the Royal Academy with intelligent scrutiny, that Art in England, as exemplified by the new generation, has lost nearly all its original characteristics, and is resolving itself into the Art of the Continent—of France more particularly—as seen through British eyes. Worse, it is to a great extent the replica of that second-rate work which one sees in ever-increasing volume in the two Paris salons of late years.

It will, I feel sure, be admitted that it is a pity that a country which could produce such world-renowned masters as Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hogarth, Gainsborough, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Romney, Hoppner, Constable and Turner, amongst others too numerous to mention haphazard, should require to go to the Continent for its inspiration. It is remarkable that with but very few exceptions there is no indication of any real originality or concentration of purpose, or of that virile ardour which is so

noticeable in the work of the great French painters, and which is as second nature with them and the *primum mobile* of all their efforts—no matter to what school they may have given allegiance.

National temperament has, of course, a great deal to do with this, while there is also the incontestable fact that England is not an instinctively artistic nation like the French. Still we are undoubtedly doing our best to make up for the deficiency, even though it be by attempting to educate the masses by up-to-date methods to a right appreciation of modern Art, as it exists across the Channel. One hears on all sides of reactionary tendencies, modernity and futurism, the age of youth and the decline of tradition; but one has yet to learn whether all this is going to have an ameliorating effect on the nation in general and the nation's Art in particular.

Meanwhile it has become a sort of obsession to attack everything that savours of the conventional or old-fashioned, so it is not at all surprising that Art should come in for its turn in the general unrest.

The controversy with regard to the Royal Academy this year is aptly summed up in the reported retort of the member of the Hanging Committee when reproached for rejecting the work of a well-known but elderly artist. "Every dog has its day—he has had his." The "explanation" is symptomatic of the times, and is indicative of the feeling which is gradually permeating England. It remains to be seen whether all this reactionary movement will still further develop, or whether a revised, modernised form of tradition will sweep it away.

Although it is certainly to be regretted that the evolution which is being brought about in English Art is a direct result of a too ready assimilation of the methods and mannerisms of certain ultra-modern groups of French painters, and not to any development of an original school, there is indisputably a healthier tendency in what is being produced by the new generation.

That official, or rather classic, Art in England has been on the decline for some years past must be fairly obvious to everyone who follows Art controversies. At its best it was but an improved survival of the traditions of what was known as the Fitzroy Square school of *genre* painting, which was in its heyday of popularity and prosperity in the fifties and sixties of the last century.

No one would wish for a revival of the characteristics of the time when British Art was under the dire influence of what has been described as the lay-figure period of the Mid-Victorian Age. A sort of dry rot had been creeping over Art in England for many years. It was as though a hiatus had been reached after the

glorious work of the great masters of Sir Joshua Reynolds' time, and mediocrity was to reign supreme for several generations."

The conventional finding a ready market, it is small wonder it was persisted in; there was no incentive to strike away from the beaten track—"when you hit upon a good selling line—stick to it," was the usual advice given and generally carried out to the letter.

On all sides this degeneration was manifest, and was only arrested by the advent of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Fred Walker, Ford Madox Brown, Pinwell and Millais, a group of young painters whose genius went far towards retrieving the waning laurels of British Art at that period.

The formation in 1848 of the so-called pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, in which Rossetti took an active part, is undoubtedly one of the important landmarks in the history of modern Anglo-Saxon Art. The object of the pre-Raphaelites, Mr. Ruskin tells us, was to "paint nature as it is around them with the help of modern science." It aimed, in fact, at a complete break-away from threadbare tradition, and was the incarnation of the spirit of youthful revolt against the tyranny of antiquated academic canons. Unfortunately, as a reactionary movement, the Brotherhood died out, though its influence was unquestionably felt for some considerable period afterwards. Our hereditary insular prejudice against innovation had effectually reasserted itself, and we reverted to the conventional and academic.

It is indisputable that innovation of any sort has always taken a considerable time to "catch on" in England, and this is especially applicable to all pertaining to the Fine Arts. The spirit of conservatism, which is so marked a characteristic of the British temperament, has invariably been the predominating drawback to the introduction of anything that savours of a departure from hidebound principles or hereditary dogma.

The fetish of *status quo* has been the stumbling block which, up to comparatively recent years, retarded advancement in almost every direction of Art in England. Lack of encouragement, together with the ever-present commercial instinct of the Anglo-Saxon, had always cramped youthful initiative, and nipped in the bud any half-hearted attempt at divergence from the traditional. So much so, in fact, that one is almost forced to the conclusion that Art is not indigenous in England, and that it only owes its gradual recognition, as an indispensable factor in the well-being of the nation, to extraneous conditions perhaps not unconnected with a tardy realisation of its possible market value.

Fortunately, *tempora mutantur*, and although nothing can alter

the fact that England is not an instinctively artistic nation like the French, and therefore has to be actually and gradually taught what to appreciate, there has been a notable development in every direction in Art in this country during the past twenty-five years. The sickly tendencies of the latter half of the Victorian period are, step by step, giving place to a more vigorous juvenility which portends a veritable transformation in everything to which tradition has hitherto attached.

There is, however, a reverse to the medal, which inspires a certain misgiving for the future. Encouraged by the success of the pioneers' efforts to bring about a radical change from the old régime, there would appear a danger of a too violent swing of the pendulum in the direction of a dead set against everything with the very slightest suspicion of the conventional.

Beauty and conception of design are in future to be taboo, according to the tenets of the ultra-modernists, whose doctrines appear to be summed up thus: "Try and go one better than the other man, no matter how grotesque or bizarre may be the result of your effort—don't let any want of knowledge of drawing or painting trouble you—such ridiculous details as serious study are only for the fogies of the bygone days who are so misguided as to regard the works of the old masters as real Art."

Happily there is still some common sense left in England.

Many of us will recollect that absurd craze called "æstheticism" which took London, and more especially the suburbs, by storm some thirty-five years ago, and which died out almost as rapidly as it was born. Ridiculous in many ways as was this so-called "cult," it proved, as is now admitted, one important fact, namely, that, while *bourgeois* England was ripe for artistic innovations, the mass of the people would have to be gradually educated to comprehend, to adopt—or to discard them. And so, in the opinion of many, will be the case with all this ultra-modern craze.

It will be admitted, without controversy, I fancy, that the "Kiss-mammy," false *genre* art has had its day—but between that and a wholesale slaughter of tradition in any form is too wide and sudden a gulf to be bridged lightly by new-fangled "movements," the invention of reactionary groups of youngsters.

Meanwhile it is of interest to examine the causes that have contributed to these reactionary tendencies.

The gradual advent of the era of foreign influence which has culminated in the present vogue was undoubtedly a direct result of many English Art students going to Paris to finish their studies. The attractiveness of the untrammelled life in the Quartier, added to the delightful *camaraderie* of the *ateliers*,

combined to pave the way, as it were, for an assimilation of French ideas and methods—so much, in fact, that it would almost naturally follow that no one who studied Art for an appreciable time in Paris would be otherwise than French in his work.

The result of this French training is that a new school of painters, architects and designers has gradually come into existence in England which has completely revolutionised every branch of Art, utilitarian and otherwise. That all this has been beneficial is indisputable—the only question that arises is, whether or not in the admiration for French Art it has gone too far. It must, however, be admitted that it is welcome, if only on the score of proving that there is a vast amount of talent in England which only required to be put on the right track to do work to equal anything, so far as technique is concerned, that is produced on the Continent.

But, after all, technique is only a matter of skill—the true aim of Art, as Ruskin said, is “mystery and spiritual beauty.” The more the pity, therefore, that all this development of technical ability should have led to the present conditions where individuality, except in a very few instances, can scarcely be considered to exist, or when it takes the form of outrageous self-advertisement or unabashed copying of early Italian masters.

The Art of the Continent, not British Art, is discernible in quite three-fourths of the pictures of to-day—although it is certain that only a small percentage of the artists have studied abroad—with the result that one sees the most glaring incongruities in the various exhibitions, such as English landscapes looking like the South of France, and so on. The reason for all this is not far to seek, and explains a good deal of this slavish assimilation.

Fashion exercises an enormous influence on Art as in costume—hence the craze over here for Bohemianism *à la* Quartier Latin or Montmartre. Foreign manners and customs that would never have been countenanced for an instant by our old-fashioned forefathers, and which are quite alien to our national temperament, are openly flaunted by the present-day so-called artistic set, and are *cela va sans dire* faithfully copied by Suburbia, which in most cases knows as much about these matters as an Eskimo does about juggled hare.

It is a remarkable fact in connection with Art that, whenever any freakish mannerism becomes a vogue of the moment, it has generally numbers of followers, and individuality inevitably goes by the board. Oscar Wilde's dictum of over thirty years ago is singularly apposite to-day. “Fashion,” he said in one of his

lectures, "is the greatest enemy of Art in this, as in all centuries. It is a giant that puts men in chains. Art seeks to give expression to individuality; fashion insists upon every man doing as every other man."

In all fairness, however, one is forced to admit that, fashion or not fashion, many good results have resulted from what may be termed this artistic intimacy with the Continent. Life is assuredly far less drab than it was some five-and-twenty years ago, and, after all, if the productions of the ultra-modern school of painters do at times excite our wonderment and mirth, it is indisputable that they have considerably helped to liven up our ideas of colour schemes.

Still one cannot help feeling that the fellowship between English and French Art is going too far, and that it is time something were done to discourage the plagiarism—there is no other word for it—which is so marked a feature in all our annual exhibitions, and so save the Modern English School of Painting from degenerating still further into a sort of bastard replica of the extremist sections of foreign schools.

In this connection it is of interest to recall the work of the pioneers of the impressionist movement, the more especially as it was completely divergent from the extraordinary productions of the so-called "post-impressionists" of to-day, who, nevertheless, claim direct kinship with those early expositors of what was really a great and earnest school of thought—a school destined to live when the futurists, vorticists, cubists, and other *balourdises* will have disappeared as a passing fashion to give place to newer and, perchance, still more fatuous vogues.

Impressionism, realism and naturalism, as it was variously nicknamed till it finally became known as "impressionism," dates back as far as 1866, when Paul Cézanne excited the derision of his brother artists by what they looked upon as his ridiculous efforts at challenging the conventional in Art, which had so long been accepted as the standard of excellence by the juries of the Paris Official Salon.

But Cézanne was not of the type to be "sat upon." He was a rough fellow who could take care of himself, and had the courage of his convictions, as well as a thorough command of Parisian vernacular which made him an unpleasant person to enter into argument with. Gradually his enthusiasm attracted adherents to his revolutionary ideas and methods. A little *coterie* of young painters, amongst whom were Manet, Caillebote, Claude Monet, Renoir, Pissaro, Whistler and Guillemet, with, of course, Cézanne as the ruling spirit, used to foregather at the old Café Guerbois in the Quartier Latin, and the new school, which was destined

to become the *Alma Mater* of modern painting, came into existence. It has been advanced that since the *Quattrocenti* nothing more momentous has occurred in the history of Art.

It is, I believe, an accepted fact that the definite characteristics of any great evolution are seldom to be found in the period in which it has been evolved, and this is clearly borne out when one comes to examine the work of the early impressionists. In most instances—even in the paintings of Cézanne himself—their reactionary principles would to-day be regarded as very unobtrusive. But there is no gainsaying their lofty idealism and sincerity of purpose.

When one realises the courage and dogged perseverance that were required to enable them to continue plodding on for years in the face of continued rebuffs and derision—more often than not in dire poverty—it gives some idea of the mettle of those young pioneers in the early days of impressionism. Cézanne, for instance, was forty-three years of age before he had a picture "accepted" at the Salon—and then, so it is said, it was only through the benevolent offices of a friend who happened to be on the Selection Jury that year.

The experience of Cézanne was, however, but that of all the reactionaries at that time, though in his case there was an added touch of the irony of fate; for he, the acknowledged leader of the movement, was the only one destined in his lifetime to fail of any success, whereas Manet, Renoir, Claude Monet, Whistler, Degas, and others, ended by being regularly "hung" at the Salon and achieving fame. It may have been that his painting lacked the qualities which are demanded of exhibition work, for so impetuous and impatient was his nature that most of his canvases were in an unfinished state, and frequently but sketches. His influence on modern Art was therefore only gradually recognised outside his particular *coterie*.

As an almost inevitable result of the revolution he was bringing about, and which was beginning to attract adherents in all quarters, there arose rival factions, without his genius to guide them, who attempted to go one better, and to fabricate theories of their own, whilst assimilating his methods.

For some time there was a veritable succession of new "movements," such as the Pointillistes, the Décadents and the Symbolistes, the only aim of each, apparently, being to outdo its predecessor; all, however, have had their day and have died out. But all these side issues of the true impressionist school were academic as compared with what has followed, as exemplified by the so-called Post-impressionists, Cubists, Futurists, Vorticists and others.

When one gazes on the grotesque abortions, without a trace of Art or of beauty, or any recognisable attempt at a semblance to drawing, which are exhibited in public by their votaries, verily one is tempted to paraphrase the historic saying, and to exclaim : "O, Impressionism, Impressionism, what crimes are committed in thy name !" and to add : "Heaven forbid that this should be the Art of the future !"

An amusing feature of all these groups of "ists" is the fact that they invariably claim to be imbued by the ideals of Cézanne. One cannot help wondering what that honest, hard-working old fellow would have to say about the connection were he still alive, for it is well known he had the greatest contempt for anything that savoured of the *baroque*. The work of Vincent Van Gogh and Gauguin, for instance, which was exciting much controversy at that time, always aroused his derision.

Emile Bernard, his faithful chronicler, relates how, on one occasion, Van Gogh took several of his most important compositions to Cézanne's studio, and asked him for his advice on them. After a very brief glance at each canvas the *maître* turned to his visitor and said bluntly : "Sincèrement, vous faites une peinture de fou."

In the light of Van Gogh's subsequent confinement in a lunatic asylum and his eventual suicide, there was a prophetic grimness in Cézanne's outspoken criticism.

On the other hand, Cézanne himself did not escape criticism, and one of his bitterest opponents was Whistler, one of the staunchest of the impressionist group. The author of *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* never missed an opportunity of expressing his opinion of Cézanne and his work—no matter who was present.

On one occasion, on being shown a portrait Cézanne had just completed, Whistler remarked seriously : "If a ten-year-old child had drawn a thing like that on its slate, its mother, if she were really a good mother, would have soundly whipped it."

Not the least interesting fact in connection with many of the impressionists of that time was that, in spite of their reactionary ideas, they seldom disguised their admiration of the work by the masters of the academic school they affected to despise—for instance, Van Gogh is said to have revered the pictures of Meissonier, Israels, Ziem and Fantin Latour, whilst Cézanne made no secret of his delight in the Art of Bouguereau, or, as he jocularly termed it, "*Le Salon de Bouguereau*." He frankly admitted that its craftsmanship amazed him. And so was it with many other painters of the new school at that period. Very different, indeed, to the narrow-minded feeling existing to-day

among the so-called "modernists," who will not admit anything is worthy of notice but their own works.

The tenets of the original group of impressionists were realism, confronting Nature herself and sweeping away all classic convention—unlearning, in fact, rather than learning. The majority of the new "movements" of to-day, no matter by what name they choose to designate themselves, have, in most instances, so far as one can interpret their productions, but deliberate eccentricity as their *raison d'être*—claiming, apparently, as their prototypes the rudimentary efforts of the cave-dweller of the palæolithic age, and thus avoiding the irksome apprenticeship which has always been regarded as indispensable in all professions.

Let us have modernity in Art by all means, but let it be modernity that is intelligible, and with originality and brain to back it up. The transition in British Art generally is, however, not in the direction of eccentricity, and for a very good reason, to my mind, which was summed up to me very tersely by one of our leading dealers in modern Art: "There's no money in it. And this is its safeguard."

There will, of course, always be a certain number of extremists among us who can afford to paint unsaleable pictures and exhibit them to their admiring friends. But in these difficult times it is the £ s. d. that is the main factor in everything, including Art; and, after all, we are still, instinctively, as Napoleon described us, a nation of shopkeepers.

The really disquieting feature of the present transient state of affairs appears to me to be the too ready assimilation of foreign ideas and methods by the new generation, which is surely undermining all our national characteristics, and which, unless discouraged, is calculated to lead to decadency rather than to advancement in British Art.

JULIUS M. PRICE.

COAL AND REVOLUTION.

THE details of the coal dispute have been canvassed in great detail in the daily press. What I propose to do here is to disentangle from the details the economic issue, which is in reality extremely simple, and to ask whether that issue can be tackled and solved within the existing capitalist order, even granted, on both sides, the extremest willingness to compromise. That something capable of being called a compromise could have been patched up at any stage during the dispute is, of course, not deniable. And there is a very large school of politicians and public men who pride themselves on being what they consider practical in virtue of their readiness on all such occasions to patch up any compromise rather than none. It is my purpose to suggest that, in fact, compromise of this hand-to-mouth character is the very reverse of practical politics, because it leaves the essential unsettled.

The coal dispute has shown in concrete events what the theorists of the Labour movement had long put forward in the abstract as inevitable. The theory, in brief, was this: "So long as the present system for good or ill exists, so long will industrial disputes recur with ever-increasing violence, and so long will the settlement by compromise of this or that dispute leave unchanged the one grievance which to the workers is fundamental. The workers, that is to say, will remain at or about the bare level of subsistence, and everything that is produced over and above the amount of wealth necessary to provide them with that subsistence will be drawn off into the pockets of private capitalists in the form of rent and interest."

Measured by the figures of impartial statisticians and the official returns of Government Departments as to wages and the cost of living, the bare fact is that the standard of the manual working class, while considerably higher a quarter of a century ago than it was a quarter of a century before that, and considerably lower now than it was a quarter of a century ago, still, over the whole half-century under review, and indeed for a considerably longer period, has remained for practical purposes round about the one level, and that the level of bare subsistence. It is only fair to remember, even while facing this fact, that there are other factors in the standard of life besides wages and the cost of living. Thus free education, the feeding of necessitous school-children, and old-age pensions may, from one point of view, be regarded as grants in aid of wages; and it is obvious that exceptional employment,

such as was experienced during the war, or exceptional unemployment, such as we are experiencing now, is a larger factor in the workers' standard of life than even the nominal rate of wages. Moreover, the official figures have often enough been criticised. But, when all allowance is made for the fluctuating elements in the problem, the broad general fact remains proven by experience as well as by statistics.

The attempt to force down the wages of the mine-workers even below subsistence level is a peculiarly striking instance of the general case.

The owners said they could not afford to pay a living wage the miners said they must. That was the economic issue, pure and simple. And by its very nature it was political: it involved the whole question of revolution. These words are written while the dispute is still in progress. By the time they are read it may very probably have been "settled." But, unless the terms of the resumption of work are far more thorough and far-reaching than seems likely, they will not—if the argument I am attempting to explain is correct—prevent the issue from constantly re-aring with ever-increasing acuteness. For the issue is fundamental.

If we are going to get at the economic essential, we must strip the question, as far as possible, of all psychological complications and imputations of motive. While, for instance, nothing will ever induce the miners to believe that the sudden decontrol of the industry, five months before the date previously fixed by law, and at a time of unprecedented "slump" in the trade, was other than a political move concerted between Mr. Lloyd George and the representatives of "Big Business," and while the existence of such a conviction must always be a big factor in any fight, because of its effect on the mood and temper of the combatants—still, ultimately, any settlement which is to last must be based on the hard fact of economic reality.

The owners' case, as put forward for public consumption, not merely by themselves, but much more clearly and repeatedly by their allies and spokesmen in the Government, is simply that the industry cannot afford more than the low wages offered. I say "simply": and indeed nothing could sound simpler. But in point of fact there is a double ambiguity in the apparently innocent use of the word "industry."

In the first place, the owners' case in practice is based not on what the industry can afford, but on what each fortuitous area can afford. This is the first point on which the miners joined issue. It is a mistake to regard the pool suggested by their leaders as a vital principle. It is simply a device, and admittedly not the best, for preserving the unity of the industry and—what

is a vital principle—national agreements. At any stage during the dispute the miners would have abandoned the pool if they had been offered an alternative which would have secured the unity of the industry. For their own part the miners have always declared their preference for the method of nationalisation. There is a third method—Government control. Each of these three methods is capable of modification in detail; but the three together cover the three main possibilities of unity, and I believe it would pass the wit of man to suggest a fourth.

The second ambiguity involved in a loose use of the word industry, when we talk about industry paying its way, is the confusion between a particular industry and the whole industry of a country as such. Clearly the whole industry of a country must pay its way if the country is not to go bankrupt; but to argue from that that each industry must *separately* pay its way is to argue in opposition to all the known facts. The Army does not pay its way; the local upkeep of roads does not pay its way; during the war the railways did not, in the sense in which the Government uses the phrase (for in capitalist and Government parlance "paying your way" includes the provision of dividends), pay their way. There is, then, no reason in the nature of things why the coal industry should pay its way.

The clearing up of these ambiguities, however, merely presents us sharply with the central economic question, which is so large and obvious that it is scarcely ever seen, and on which, nevertheless, turns the whole case for or against revolution. (By revolution, of course, I do not mean barricades and bloodshed, but a change in the economic basis of society.) That question is: In what, if any, sense can it be said that an industry "cannot afford" a living wage? This and nothing else is the essential; and on this revolution turns. For if industry can pay a living wage but will not, revolution becomes an ethical desideratum; and if it genuinely cannot, revolution is only too likely to become a confused, chaotic, disastrous, but established fact.

Any given industry yields so much a year, and out of that has to pay costs of production (inclusive of depreciation, extension, taxation, etc., but exclusive of wages), wages, and profits (in the sense of net private profits). Clearly, in any one industry, or even in industry as a whole, the situation may be altered by increase or decrease of productive power; but this, except in such extreme cases as the possible failure of the world's food supply, does not affect the point at issue. The workers' case is that, of the three things which have to come out of the yield of industry, two are, or ought to be, constant. Costs are presumably a fixed quantity. (Everybody knows that in actual prac-

tice, in the coal industry especially, they are greater than they need be; but it has to be presumed that they have been reduced to the minimum before we can see the economic clash in its nakedness.) Wages, not at merely subsistence level, but at a level which will allow of a full human life, inclusive of art, literature, recreation and society, such as are enjoyed by the well-to-do—wages at that level ought, in the workers' view, to be the *second* irreducible charge upon industry. This leaves private profits as the sole variable factor, and frankly envisages a situation in which they will have to cease to exist.

• Not that in the specific case of the mines the men have proposed the abolition of profits: even their nationalisation scheme included compensation. The abolition of profits is the logical outcome of the *owners'* contention that the industry is not worth carrying on (*i.e.*, will not pay profits) if it furnishes a living wage. Nor, again, must it be supposed that in the present dispute such genuinely tolerable wages as I have indicated are demanded and expected by the men. Everybody knows that they have been willing to accept wage reductions sufficient to bring their standard of life down to the 1914 level. No; the amazing, the staggering thing in all wage disputes is the moderation of the men's demands, their apparent willingness to accept for themselves a standard of life which the ordinary business man, the doctor, or even the sweated university teacher, would literally rather die than submit to. Of course, there are exceptions. Some comparatively small and highly organised unions of skilled men have secured for their members wages greatly in excess of those earned by the poorer sections of the middle class, and, in very rare cases, even approximating to the earnings of moderately successful professional men. But of the vast bulk of manual workers it remains true that their demands are humiliatingly small, and that their reluctance to use their economic power in their own interests ought to earn the admiration and gratitude of their most convinced opponents. The miners refused the owners' terms because, in many districts, those terms would have meant, for adult men with families, doing laborious, dangerous, and often highly specialised work, a wage equivalent to a pre-war sum of from twenty to twenty-five shillings a week. The miners fought because, in the words of one of their own spokesmen, they thought "they might as well starve idling as starve working"; and such is the immediate cause of almost all industrial disputes. The real cause, as we have seen, lies deeper.

If production is enormously increased in the future, or costs enormously economised, the men (as is shown by the experience of the last fifty years, during which both these processes have

been going on) will reap no satisfying proportion of the benefit. Their standard of life will, granted the continuance of the prevailing system, be much what it was. If, on the other hand, production is much curtailed, the capitalist will naturally—granted, still, the continuance of the system—attempt more and more to beat down wages in order to retain his profits. In either case the industrial conflict will necessarily be embittered; in the former case because the contrast between wealth and poverty will become so much more obvious and odious; in the latter case because of sheer pressure of starvation. In any event, therefore, it is idle to trust to such cries as “more production” for the avoidance, or even the mitigation, of the class conflict. The present system *causes* that conflict, and therefore that conflict will go on for the duration of the system.

If an industry can afford only a starvation wage, it stands self-condemned. Of course, if the whole yield of the whole industry of the country, taking the good years with the bad, were inadequate to pay more than a starvation wage to any section of the population, then a starvation wage would have to be accepted. It would be no use striking against it. It would be no use making a revolution for the better distribution of wealth which was not there to distribute. But the workers do not believe that such is the case: they do not believe it because they see with their own eyes that it is not true. It does not need statistics to tell them that, even in the very worst periods of trade depression and unemployment, the expensive restaurants are still full, huge sums of money change hands on the Stock Exchange, gorgeous motor cars roll through the country, the luxury shops of the West End continue in business, and the newspapers daily record advertisements and sales of prodigiously costly furs, jewels, and country houses. In a word, the rich remain rich. They do not do this by miracle, or by some special providential dispensation from economic realities. They could not get the money if the money were not there to be got. According to the report of the Brussels Financial Conference, the British national income for last year worked out at £112 10s.¹ per head of the population. It is obvious that some are getting much less than this, and others very much more; and while that is so, it is idle to talk of any industry being unable to pay a living wage. All that is needed for a living wage is the redistribution of admittedly existing wealth. Will anyone suggest that that is impossible in fact, or possible within the existing system?

(1) Roughly £450, or £9 a week, per family. Of course it does not follow that the national income will keep up to that figure if the present policy of destroying our markets abroad and locking out British workers is continued.

It may be true in a given year that a given industry cannot afford to pay a living wage. What then? Unless it is an unnecessary and essentially bankrupt industry, which will in any case have to be abandoned, it has made money in the past, and will make money in the future: the living wage for the present can be paid by "averaging out." It is notorious that in the five years from 1913 to 1918 the coal-owners, apart from the royalty-owners, drew out of the coal industry a hundred and thirty millions, practically the equivalent of their whole pre-war capital. Do they suggest paying that back into the industry in order to save their fellow-creatures from starvation? Painfully rich as many of them are, they do not. Suppose, on the other hand, that the coal industry, though necessary, is financially and permanently bankrupt; then the living wage for the workers in it should, in Labour's view, be taken from the superabundance of the profits in other industries. The costs of the industry and a living wage for the workers in it are the constants: one an economic, the other a human, necessity. To keep these constant the variable factor, the unnecessary factor, the profit, must, on the revolutionary argument, go; not only in the particular industry, but, if necessary in other industries—and, indeed, in mere justice, it should go equally in all if it goes in any. Socialists do not believe that such redistribution is practicable without the national ownership of all the great industries. But I am not here discussing the detail of method: I suggest merely that a system which denies men a living wage must go; and the more cogently it argues that, if it continues, a living wage cannot be paid, the more definitely it pronounces its own doom.

If the above diagnosis is correct, the coal dispute cannot scientifically be regarded as an isolated phenomenon, best hurried over, buried and forgotten. If its causes are such as have been suggested; if industry in fact cannot, under capitalism, pay a wage acceptable to the workmen and at the same time a profit acceptable to the capitalist—then we are on the brink of a new era such as Socialists have been called unpractical for foretelling.

Is there, after all, a necessary antithesis between evolution and revolution? The revolutionary, at any rate, denies it. He maintains that revolution is a natural, necessary and inevitable stage in evolution. Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, in the January number of the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, insisted on the antithesis, but he was able to do so only by laying all the insistence on method, and ignoring the whole question of aim.

The revolutionary maintains that there are stages in history when the complete alteration of the economic basis of society is called for by the facts. He insists that the division of society

into those who own capital, thus controlling the lives of their fellow-creatures, and those who live by selling their labour power (their sole possession), has played its evolutionary part, and must be superseded by communal ownership. He demands complete economic emancipation, and he affirms that within the present system it is unattainable. It is not my purpose to argue the theory of this contention. The practical point is this—that when the “evolutionary” contradicts him, the revolutionary will retort with a challenge. He will say: “You deny my assertion that no economic improvement within the system is a step towards complete economic emancipation. Then it is ‘up to you’ to give an instance—a concrete, specific, practicable, immediate instance—of economic improvement which can be endorsed and carried out at once by the political party you support, and *will* lead us towards complete economic emancipation.”

It will be seen that I have assumed an identity of aim between the revolutionary and the “evolutionary.” Mr. Marriott, by implication, does the same. He quotes with appreciation Mrs. Snowden’s denunciation of Bolshevik Russia. And, with no less appreciation, he quotes her judgment on non-Bolshevik Britain: “The organised workers of Great Britain . . . are moving slowly but surely towards the achievement of that economic freedom without the achievement of which they cannot hope to make secure the rest. And this they are doing without the bloodshed and suffering to themselves and innocent people that violent change would inevitably produce.” After some further quotation Mr. Marriott adds: “Mrs. Snowden and I might not entirely agree as to the method and rate or even the direction of progress.” But we are, I gladly infer, at one in desiring that the path should be evolutionary and not revolutionary.”

Now, if the Coalitionist is going to imagine that he has found a basis of any sort of agreement with any sort of Socialist simply because they are both “evolutionaries” instead of revolutionaries, he is unconsciously deluding himself and his readers with a mere play upon words. Not to agree on method, or rate, or direction, but to rejoice in agreeing “that the path should be evolutionary and not revolutionary”—! It is as if Mr. Marriott were to set out on a political pilgrimage with a Socialist, declaring at the start: “We shall be walking at different levels, and at a different pace, to different destinations, but, thank Heaven, we shall both be taking the same sort of steps!”

The revolutionary is the man or woman who believes that the entire system must be changed, that social inequality must be wholly abolished, that capital must be removed from private control and vested in the whole community. *This is revolution.*

This implies a fundamental change. The opposite of this is not evolution; the opposite of this is simply anti-revolution—either standing still in economic and industrial matters, or progressing in a different direction. Those who believe in revolution are entitled to ask those who do not: "Do you approve of the present state of things? And, if you do not, how, and to what end, do you propose to alter it?"

And here we come to the crux of the whole matter. It is possible to maintain that the ideal of equality is an absurd one; or that the methods proposed for bringing it about are immoral, stupid, inefficacious and reactionary; but it is not possible to maintain that the ideal is *indefinite*. Those who embrace it do at least know where they want to get to. The problem they present to those on the other side of the controversy is: "Where do you want to get to? You invite us to fall into step with you—but on what road? You invite us to trust to evolution; but you cannot exclude the operations of the human will from the factors of evolution. The evolution of which you speak seems to us, from the way in which you speak of it, to involve acquiescence in the very conditions which we indict. It is for you to demonstrate that it does not; and this you can do only by offering an alternative to our proposals. Do you want to advance? And, if so, in what direction, to what end, how, and how fast?"

In the article to which I have already referred Mr. Marriott admits that Labour's claim to a larger share of the national income is "natural and possibly just": he thinks, however, that the Socialist way, endorsed by organised Labour's resolutions in favour of nationalised industry and workers' control, is not the way for Labour to get it. What is his practical, constructive, alternative proposal?

He writes: "Labour has undoubtedly obtained, and many of us rejoice in the fact, a much larger share of the aggregate produce; we would gladly see it getting a still larger share, always provided that the increase of Labour's share did not result in a diminution of the aggregate."

I do not agree with his "undoubtedly," and I think he would find it very hard to prove; but it would be irrelevant to challenge him on that point. Whether Labour has now "a larger share" than at some unspecified point in the past is a minor question; the fact is that Labour's share is insufficient: that vast portions of the manual working class and the "lower middle class" are living on wages which, on the showing of the employers' own representatives (as, for instance, at the Dockers' Inquiry), are inadequate to a decent standard of human life; and that the political party or parties with which Mr. Marriott is associated are not

making any practical proposals towards altering for the better this dangerous and intolerable state of things. They are, in fact, doing the precise opposite: they are telling us that the recovery of national prosperity depends on a still further reduction in wages.

What is "evolution" going to do for us—unless we evolve?

Mr. Marriott refers us to the poverty-stricken condition of Russia. This, he says, demonstrates "the essential fallacy in the argument of Karl Marx." But when did Marx ever maintain that revolution would bring economic prosperity to a country torn by six years of unbroken war (external or internal or both), ringed round by enemies, attacked by successive counter-revolutions, and blockaded by all the great trading countries of the world?

Ignoring all these facts, Mr. Marriott attributes Russia's plight to lack of "the two elements with which 'Labour' must co-operate if it is to produce wealth—skilled direction and abundant capital." But does Mr. Marriott know of any Socialist doctrine, Marxian or otherwise, which excludes skilled direction and abundant capital? Is not Mr. Marriott confusing *capital*, which is an indestructible economic fact, with private *ownership* of capital?

British Labour, on Mr. Marriott's own showing, is non-Bolshevik; but its official attitude, both as a political party and as an organised industrial body, towards national ownership cannot be in doubt. In *Labour and the New Social Order*, the Labour Party's Manifesto on Reconstruction, revised in accordance with the resolutions of the Party Conference in June, 1918, and published by the Party, occur such sentences as these: "The Labour Party stands not merely for the principle of the Common Ownership of the nation's land, to be applied as suitable opportunities occur, but also, specifically, for the immediate Nationalisation of Railways, Mines, and the production of Electrical Power. . . . But the sphere of immediate Nationalisation is not restricted to these great industries. . . ." The Trades Union Congress accepted, on September 19th, 1919, by the overwhelming vote of 4,478,000 to 77,000, a resolution put forward by the Miners, asking for the co-operation of the Congress "with a view to compelling the Government to adopt the scheme of national ownership and joint control recommended by the majority of the Coal Commission in their Report." It would be easy to multiply evidence; but I take it that the point is hardly in dispute. Nobody denies that Labour has a definite programme, and few deny that such a programme, if logically carried out, would necessarily involve the ultimate transfer of the holdings of private

capital to the ownership of the community in some form or other, and thus bring about a redistribution of the national income. Here, for good or ill, is an ideal. It is not unconstitutional, but it is revolutionary (as well as, in the opinion of its advocates, evolutionary). And more and more consciously the workers demand it. Anyone who fails to see in these days a rising tide of rank-and-file opinion in favour of essential change is living in a politician's paradise.

What is the reason for this rising of the tide? The simple fact that things, industrially and socially, get no better for the working man. Liberal Governments succeed Tory, and Tory Liberal, and Coalitions supersede both; and reforms are legislatively enacted; nominal prices and nominal wages vary, and still the vast mass of the working class remains at or about the poverty line. And, the more it reads and thinks, the less it likes that fact.

Also, it observes contrasts. Not every opponent of revolution is as gentle or as generous as Mr. Marriott. A famous employer, whom the educated workers perfectly realise to be a very rich man, wrote in the *Times* of January 26th, 1921, suggesting that public works, including housing schemes, should be carried out "by the use of unemployed labour remunerated on a substantially lower basis than the present standard rates," and urging that any increased unemployment benefit should be based on "the barest subsistence level." Bitter is the realisation that a representative member of the capitalist class, who would never dream of considering "bare subsistence level" as a tolerable condition for himself or for anyone he cared for, apparently thinks it quite good enough for a few millions of his fellow-creatures—many of whom fought in the war for "freedom."

I do not think, however, that an appreciable number of workers—or even of the workless—feel, as a result, any personal bitterness against such capitalist spokesmen. More and more it is realised that such spokesmen merely make explicit the inescapable facts of the system: that such proposals as his are the natural defences of capitalism. Granted the fundamental assumption of the capitalist system, it is argued, the capitalist contention is quite right: therefore the system is quite wrong.

It may seem hard not to believe, when one reads Mr. Marriott's suave arguments, that, with people of his way of thinking, even the most "advanced" sections of Labour could agree upon some *theoretical* ideal. He wants a better life for all; so do they. He wants it brought about by constitutional and peaceful means; so do they. But how?

He advocates higher wages; and he remains in the same camp

with those who insist upon lower wages. He advocates improvements; and he is content to leave them to an imaginary "evolution" which shows less than no signs of producing them.

If we are to be invited to go along with him, we must know where he wants to take us. He must tell us how we are to escape the conviction that private capitalism wastefully misdirects into the pockets of the rich the money that is needed for the poor, and leaves in the hands of the rich the power to see that that process shall continue. And this, according to the ever more clearly expressed convictions of the British Labour movement, no one can do.

GERALD GOULD.

THE CORRIDORS.

THE corridors are the most peculiar characteristic of Europe as remodelled by the Paris Conference. The word has been used officially only in connection with the strip of territory connecting Poland proper with the North Sea coast. But in reality the corridor has been placed at the base of the whole geographical and political readjustment of Europe to the east of the Rhine.

• Of all the Allied and Associated nations who took part in the war, France alone remains dominated by the idea of possible German reprisals in the future. Her partners in the battle, after having done their bit, are now perfectly ready to consider the chapter as closed. France, on the contrary, though victorious, continues to consider the Germanic menace a real and tangible thing. She may be right or wrong. Only the future can prove this. But the fact of the French attitude remains, and has to be taken into account.

A prominent politician in Paris, not unconnected with the Conference, phrased the situation for me in the following terse manner: "If we do not take care, before even this generation goes out we will have war. This we know. War to the knife. Now is our last chance to make Germany innocuous." Whilst, therefore, military men were busy devising ways and means for an effective disarmament of Germany, French statesmen and diplomats concentrated upon making it impossible for the vanquished country to become again the dominant factor in the economic and political life of Central and of Eastern Europe. For this end the idea of the corridors was evolved and practically applied.

Our usual conception of the word corridor is that it is an arrangement facilitating communications not only from one end to the other, but also permitting easy access to the apartments disposed along its length and opening into it. Now we discover that in political geography corridor does not mean only communication facilities. The word stands also for a barrier intended to prevent or to render difficult any intercourse across it from one side to the other. The treaties created in Paris have created such corridors, which are as much barriers to communication as means for facilitating intercourse. One will not be far from the truth in saying that all conflicts in Europe, at least so far as the near future is concerned, will have for object the reversion of the present system of corridors. This system is well worth studying.

The treaties elaborated at Paris have created two main groups

of corridors. As yet they have received no name. I will take the liberty of designating them as the Eastern and the Central European groups. Before analysing the situation it is necessary to emphasise the fact that these geographical adjustments owe their existence not so much to the real needs of the States they physically unite, as to the dominant idea of modern French statesmanship on foreign affairs. This idea is to neutralise Germany and to dominate it by encirclement.

The Eastern group of corridors has Poland for its centre. For a long time the re-establishment of Polish independence has been a historical necessity. So much so that at the very outset of the war the Russian Commander-in-Chief practically promised it. I mean the memorable manifesto of the Grand Duke Nicholas in 1914. The Government of the Tsar, with the ineptitude which generally characterised it, did not put this vital measure into execution. It was reserved for the victorious Allies to create independent Poland. In thus acting they were undoubtedly impelled by the desire for justice which after the Armistice swept over the whole world. But from the outset the French also saw in Polish independence the nucleus for the formation of a solid barrier between Germany and Russia.

It has always been an accepted axiom that Germany's salvation, and the road for the re-establishment of her power, lies in the free and untrammelled access to the markets of Russia. Across this road Poland is now placed. From it, like great-fixing cables, the corridors radiate in all directions, but principally to the north and southwards. Of these corridors, the best known leads from what was before the war Russian Poland along the River Vistula to the coast of the Baltic Sea. It is a corridor, in the sense that it unites the territory of the Republic with open highways of the world's commerce. At the same time it is also a barrier. This in a double sense. Germany is separated by it from its possessions in Eastern Prussia. But it is also an obstacle on the line of German communications by land with the Baltic Border States and with Russia. The Polish gendarme controls the communications east of the Vistula. There is no getting away from the fact. No convention for free passage across the corridor can diminish its reality. To go from Berlin to Königsberg, to Vilno, Kovno, Reval and Riga, a Polish *visa* is necessary.

Much less known, and as yet never officially so designated, is the corridor uniting Poland to Rumania. If in the North the argument could be put forward that the banks of the Vistula are inhabited by Poles, in the case of the southern arrangement no such argumentation is admissible. Eastern Galicia, the province beyond the River San, is inhabited by people of the Ukrainian

Sketch Map
CENTRAL EUROPE
The Corridors.

Labels on map: NORTH SEA, BALTIC SEA, RUSSIA, GALICIA, POLAND, CZECHO-SLOVAKIA, AUSTRIA, HUNGARY, ROMANIA, ITALY, FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, TYROL, SLOVAKIA, SILEZIA, EAST PRUSSIA, DANZIG, BERLIN, VIENNA, PRAGUE, MOSCOW, LITHUANIA, ESTONIA, FINLAND, SWEDEN, DENMARK, GERMANY, CZECH REPUBLIC, SLOVAK REPUBLIC, AUSTRIAN REPUBLIC, HUNGARIAN REPUBLIC, ROMANIAN REPUBLIC, ITALIAN REPUBLIC, SWISS CONFEDERATION, CROATIA, SLOVENIA, SLOVAKIA, CZECH REPUBLIC, AUSTRIAN REPUBLIC, HUNGARIAN REPUBLIC, ROMANIAN REPUBLIC, ITALIAN REPUBLIC, SWISS CONFEDERATION.

Prepared for the Forthnightly Review by V. POLIAKOFF FRBS.

"Ruthenian" characteristics and becomes distinctly more Great Russian, resembling in this the mountaineers of the Ugrian province in Czecho-Slovakia. Towards the Rumanian border

Eastern Galicia gradually narrows down, compressed as it is between the Karpathian mountains and the River Dniester.

Whilst uniting Poland to Rumania the Southern corridor creates a barrier straight across the main route of communications between the Russian plain and Hungary and to a certain degree also Czecho-Slovakia. Here the valley of the Pruth penetrates into the mountains in a due westerly direction. Since time immemorial a popular highway led along it towards the easiest passes and into Hungary. The railway follows at present the same direction. Here again we now find the Polish gendarme installed to guard East from West, so that they should not meet easily or freely.

Pursuing the same policy of corridor barriers the Poles, after their French-led victory over the Russians, have now acquired a passage eastwards towards the Dvina. This gives them direct access to Latvia. But the corridor segregates in the same time Lithuania from direct communication with Russia. The scheme is completed by the Teshen corridor, which, in the West and avoiding the difficult Karpathians, gives Poland good contact with Czecho-Slovakia and constitutes for her an outlet westwards without passing through German territory at all. The Teshen link belongs also to the Central European group, which we will now consider.

There are two ways of looking at the map of Central Europe as constituted at Paris. It all depends on the point of view. The Frenchman will naturally say that his efforts have constituted across the map a splendid corridor uniting France with Poland through Switzerland, the Tyrol, Austria proper and Czecho-Slovakia. The German finds himself faced by a barrier which cuts off his country from direct contact with Italy and places an obstacle in the way for communications with the Balkans and the Middle East. Here we have the corridor barrier fully expressed. To unite some, to separate others.

The French conception of a useful arrangement in Central Europe makes everything depend on the existence of this corridor. If it goes, or if the conditions governing its existence are reversed in the favour of Germany, the whole system, as imagined by the French mind, will be found to be in danger. The vulnerable point in the corridor is to be found undoubtedly in the Tyrol. This narrow strip of territory—perhaps one hundred miles long and on the average forty miles broad—is the key to the whole situation. Through it passes the only railway line which gives France direct communication eastwards without passing through German or Italian territory. If the Tyrol falls out of the Central European group of corridors, not only is the whole group

destroyed, but Germany at one blow breaks through the encircling barrier which has been created with such difficulty and is maintained with such care.

And the danger is much greater than some of us seem to think. In the noise of the Silesian affair and in the worries of domestic troubles the happenings in the Tyrol have somehow passed unperceived. What has occurred there is shortly this: In spite of the veto expressed by the Great Powers, and the prohibition by the impotent, shadowy Ministers in Vienna, the population of the Tyrol has held a plebiscite on the question of union with Germany. The results of this popular referendum were that more than 90 per cent. of the entire population declared themselves for the German allegiance.

If the principle of self-determination so dear to President Wilson was applied in this case, there is no doubt what the verdict should have been. But Tyrol going to form a part of Germany means the downfall of the Central European barrier, and therefore cannot be permitted. If necessary, the whole force of France will be thrown into the balance to maintain the *status quo*.

This seems to prove that the present situation in Europe can be maintained only by force. That is, by other means than by following the rule of absolute justice.

Sometimes one begins to think that the whole trouble prevailing at present in the relations of nations with each other is to be attributed to the fallacious idea of justice. Perhaps the insincerity pervading all international relations at present and poisoning the most noble plans at their source is the consequence of our hypocritical, canting declamations on justice.

• What is justice after all? Only the degree of injustice which at the present time or for our generation seems to be the ideal because usually unattained.

But all this takes us far away from the corridors, to which we will now return. The corridors are the consequence of the desire of one nation or a group of nations to improve its or their position at the expense of others. Without pronouncing on the merits of such aspirations, one can say that the system thus created does not seem well balanced. In fact, unless supported from outside, it is bound to crumble. The existence of the corridors is not only dependent on foreign intervention, it demands that this intervention should be a permanent kinetic possibility. This creates a state of tension which can be only dominated by the display of force. Therefore the European situation calls for the permanent existence of policing elements in its midst. From the point of view of wise statesmanship, does this contain a promise of a lasting peace? This is very doubtful.

VLADIMIR POLIAKOFF.

MR. WELLS AS CONTROVERSIALIST.

WHEN publishing *The Outline of History* Mr. Wells expressly invited criticism; writing and issuing it "in such a fashion that it can benefit by every critical comment" I wrote a criticism of it,¹ and Mr. Wells has replied.² It is worth while examining that reply, as it throws light on his methods of dealing with matters which are the subject of controversy, and therefore indirectly on his methods of writing history.

I am "unteachable," I look for "things I do not understand or opinions I do not share," I display "vanity and peevishness" and now "invincible," now "remarkably complete ignorance," my "type is incapable of novel ideas." I repeat vulgar errors; but he dispels such errors and writes "clear and simple chapters." Phrases like these at once expose my methods of criticism and witness to his own; there is an air of detachment about them, of a careful and impartial regard for truth, which is particularly encouraging after so much fault-finding which is at once pedantic, hurried and insincere.

To come to details. Mr. Wells attacks me for criticising the extra illustrations which appeared in the Newnes edition: he says I make great play with them (for do they not take up two pages of the forty-five in my pamphlet?). It appears that these were all chosen, and the legends attached to them written, by a member of Messrs. Newnes' staff, and that Mr. Wells is no more responsible for them than for the advertisements that brightened the cover-backs. I am sorry. I had supposed that when a man puts his name as author on the title-page of a book, he admits his responsibility for the contents, more especially when he says nothing to the contrary in his preface. Similarly, an inaccurate historical generalisation about the opposite shores of the Mediterranean was not made by him; "it was written on his galley proofs by a friend, and he let it pass; he did not properly examine its implications." He let it pass into the second and third editions as well, and it was presumably being translated into several foreign languages when the opportune appearance of a pamphlet discovered so obvious an error. I suppose the same friend is responsible for the statement that Rome destroyed Carthage "and so had no foothold for extension into Africa," and for the omission of any account of the civilising work which Rome did there. In

(1) *Mr. Wells as Historian*. (Maclehose, Jackson & Co., 1921.)

(2) "History for Everybody." (*FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, June, 1921.)

future, in reading a book by Mr. Wells, must I remember that any statement in it may belong either to a friend or to a member of the publisher's staff? Still, I withdraw so much of my criticism of Mr. Wells as historian and preserve it as a criticism of Mr. Wells as an issuer of books.

He then attacks me for taking "the first unrevised part issue as if it were the latest text and avoiding any comparison with the later book edition." This enables me "to swell out my list of charges with perhaps a dozen little things that stand corrected in the current edition." For "after these three sorts of objections have been cleaned up"—namely, the mistakes put right in the book edition, the "discarded illustrations" and "petty quibbles, like the one I have just quoted" (Mr. Wells' answer to this is beyond comment)—"very little remains of the list of errors Mr. Gomme so valiantly pretends to detect." In the first place, the part issue was a published book, bought by thousands, very few of whom would also buy the second edition, and so was properly subject to criticism. My references were to the pages of that issue, because I thought it was probably the most widely sold of the three. Of course, if Mr. Wells treats his several editions as the makers of the Telephone Directory do theirs, and gives a copy of a new edition to everyone who surrenders a copy of the old, then this answer fails; but I had not heard that he did this.¹ Secondly, if I remember rightly, the purchasers of the part issue were assured that all corrections made for the book edition would appear in the notes to the former, so that the two would be of the same value. Thirdly, I have been at the pains of comparing my quotations and references in the two editions. There are over a hundred of them (excluding the references to illustrations); in one, Mr. Wells has apparently changed a comparison of Lucretius with Pasteur to one with Leonardo da Vinci. In some half-dozen others there are small verbal changes. All the rest are exactly as they appeared in the part issue. There are not "a dozen little things corrected," and as far as any difference between the two editions is concerned, my criticisms are untouched. It is hardly credible, is it? But so it is; and Mr. Wells knew it very well; but, had he admitted it, he could not have charged me with laziness or mental slovenliness; and he wanted to do this. Otherwise he must have answered my criticism by argument, which would have been more difficult.

(1) The facts concerning the various editions seem to be the following:—The two-volume edition was published by Newnes in June and November, 1920, and is, as far as I can make out, identical with the part issue, illustrations, pagination and all; the cheaper one-volume edition, published by Cassell in September, 1920 (note the dates), is revised by the correction of a few details and the omission of most of the illustrations. I do not know of any public warning by Mr. Wells against buying the former.

Mr. Wells also admits an error in that he laid too much stress on the importance of Athens and omitted all mention of (he calls it "did not do justice to") the philosophical and artistic work of the Greeks of Asia and in Italy and Sicily; he says this was due to carelessness of phrasing, "it is little more than a laxity of wording." Well, there are five or six different passages on pages 169, 170 and 173 of the one-volume edition in which he asserts or implies that Greek art, literature and science were confined to a small group of men in Athens. I quoted them all, in order to make clear that this error was not due to casual phrasing, but was a conviction. It is not a matter of detail; its importance lies in the fact that largely on it Mr. Wells bases his view that "there was no general movement, but only a movement of a few people exceptionally placed and gifted"; and it is a false assumption, like so much on which his history is based.

He is very severe because I say, in a passage where I suggested that one would expect him to admire Rome, that "Rome united most of the known world." It is worth quoting his thunder:—

"I have been at particular pains in the 'Outline' to dispel this preposterous idea, so misleading and now so dangerous to Europeans. I have not merely stated the facts, but given a special map which I had imagined would bring home to the weakest intelligence the fact that, contemporary with this Roman Empire, there was in Asia an empire greater in extent, better organised, and in many respects more civilised."

And further on he refers to my "utter unteachableness about the universality of the Roman Empire." This is what comes of "placing myself, a sample of the scholastic classic, in Mr. Wells' hands." Of course, I ought not to have said "the known world." I ought to have said "the world then known to Europeans," or the like. It is an enormous error. But at least I err in company with one who is not only an eminent writer of English, but also a teacher of history. Compare "the world, it is evident, was not progressing during these two centuries of Roman prosperity" (H. G. Wells, *The Outline of History*, one-volume edition, page 262), "at its best the Roman Imperial system had a bureaucratic administration which kept the peace of the world for a time" (*ibid.*, page 264). I presume that "the world" includes "the known world" as the whole the part; or, if not, then compare "a map of the known world is needed to show the course of Alexander's life" (*ibid.*, page 186—the map is one of the world then known to Europeans, excluding China for example), or "the career of Alexander drew together all the known world, excepting only the Western Mediterranean, into one drama" (*ibid.*, page 195). But who is the pedant, Mr. Wells or I? Who is it who

tries to "catch people out on utterly trivial points," who is so "strangely fierce upon trivialities of literary detail"?

I also "make much play" with my remarkably complete ignorance of ethnology. "Nordic," I am told, is a race name, "Germanic" a national adjective (which is why Mr. Wells thinks "Indo-Germanic" no worse than "Indo-European" as a substitute for "Aryan" in speaking of this language group), and "Aryan" a language name (so that Mr. Wells can write on page 83 "it is even doubtful if the North of England is more Aryan than pre-Keltic in blood"). Fortunately, I learnt a little ethnology before reading the *Outline*, or I might have been confused. I say that the equations "original Aryan-speaking peoples=tall fair northerners=(in Greece) invaders from the north who overthrew the Ægean civilisation" and "Mediterranean race=a non-Aryan speaking people=(in Greece) the makers of the Ægean civilisation" are very uncertain propositions. So they are. I would ask any reader who thinks I am incorrect in thus representing Mr. Wells' views to read what he says about Aryans, Northerners and Mediterranean peoples on pages 83, 87, 105, 147, 156, 175, 202 and 219-20 of *The Outline of History* (always of the one-volume edition). I said that the idea that these Nordic peoples had a fine and restrained religion as opposed to the dark Mediterranean peoples who had no great courage of the mind and who were much given to dark cults, self-mutilation, secret initiations, orgiastic celebrations, and the like, is a foolish one. So it is. It is also, in fact, a German patriotic invention, and therefore, like all patriotic inventions, suspect. It is uncertain whether the Ægean civilisation was the work of men who spoke an Aryan language or not, and, if they did, whether it was or was not a language closely allied to Greek. It is uncertain that there was any invasion of Greece from the North (in civilised times) before that of the Dorians—there being no evidence that the Achæans of Homer were the invaders who overthrew the Ægean civilisation. It is therefore wrong to assume that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, which are not Dorian, belong to a fair northern people. It is quite uncertain that the Dorians, though they came from the countries north of Greece, were a fair-haired "Nordic" people. They may have come from no further north than Macedonia, and be no more a "Nordic" people than the Albanians of to-day (to whom they have often been likened)—unless, of course, you start with the assumption that all Aryan-speaking peoples are "Nordic." As for the orgiastic celebrations and the rest, they were commoner among the "hardy barbarians" of Thrace and Macedonia than in Greece (either classical or Ægean Greece, as far as we know), and very likely came south from there.

Upon the matter of Homer Mr. Wells "has followed Mr. Murray in disbelieving that he was one single individual. But Mr. Gomme knows that he was one, . . . He just knows it, he proclaims it, and the opposite view is 'nonsense.'" Not at all. Every word of my criticism of Mr. Wells in this passage is compatible with my holding the opinion that Homer was not one single individual, as anyone who reads it will see. Mr. Wells calls the *Iliad* a prehistoric Aryan composition, and treats of it in a section entitled "Primitive Aryan Life" dealing with those supposed fair-haired peoples who were the ancestors of most Europeans; he adds that an early version was probably recited about 1000 B.C., but it was not written down till 700 or 600 B.C.; that many authors and improvers must have had to do with it; that the Greeks called the poet blind because to be a bard was a blind man's occupation; that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were written over and re-written by a poet of later date, as Tennyson in the *Idylls* wrote over the *Morte d'Arthur*, and as Virgil wrote over the Trojan-Latin stories; while he says nothing about the poems as literature and their place in the development of Greek thought. That collection of statements, as an account of the Greek epic, I described as nonsense, and so it is. It is, however, heartening to find Mr. Wells taking shelter behind one who is not only a distinguished scholar and defender of classical studies, but is a professor at one of our elite universities, and, moreover, for some years "taught Greek in the University of Glasgow."

* In a section in which I tried to make clear the distinctive quality of Greek thought (misunderstood, as I think, in the *Outline*) I quoted a passage from Aristotle on style, because it was an excellent illustration of that quality, and two from the *Outline*, because they showed how different was Mr. Wells' own writing. He calls this a "disquisition on style" on my part, and says I object to an element in his own writing because it is "not in Aristotle." Of course, I don't. I may even believe that Mr. Wells' idea of style is better than Aristotle's. All I pointed out was that the two are different and incompatible.

There is one other particular matter which is worth referring to. I said in my pamphlet (I apologise for repeating these elementary things) that Alexander's conquest of Western Asia had one result of overwhelming importance, namely, that Christianity, though it began in an Asiatic country and among a Semitic people, was nevertheless from the first a European, not an Asiatic, religion, despite its origin. By which I meant, as every reader knows, that, practically, none but Europeans became Christians, and soon all Europeans were Christian, and the Church was European. And I pointed out that the *Outline*, though having

much about Alexander's Conquest, omitted this important fact. Mr. Wells (need I say he misquotes—"Mr. Gomme's new theory of the origin of Christianity as a purely European religion"?) calls this an original view of my own, returns me my "nonsense!" (which is not mine), and lets the stuff go with that. I am sorry I cannot claim the view as my own. It is a commonplace, familiar to everyone who knows the history of the period and has given an hour's thought to the subject.¹

Mr. Wells believes (so he says) that I have not read either the beginning or the end of his book, nor tried to comprehend its aim and scope; that "I have just nosed through the few parts that matter to me," getting together a little heap of mistakes and pseudo-mistakes trivial matters—"a mis-spelling, a wrong date or a misplaced title." But he knows I have done nothing of the sort. I have criticised his whole historical method; that is why he is angry, and shows, I had almost said, such vanity and peevishness in his reply. The only criticism he really likes is the discovery of minor errors, mis-spellings or wrong dates; and he has had plenty of this from kind friends, which is why there are so few such errors in the book. Anything different from that he resents. I mentioned a few points, unimportant in themselves, because (I thought) they showed carelessness or confusion in the mind of the writer, and these are serious faults; others because Mr. Wells used them as the basis for much fanciful writing, because he does not ask himself questions or make inquiry, even when his conclusions run counter to the views "that have passed muster with the majority of sound scholars." This I thought a cardinal error in a historian. For the rest I criticised his account of the nature of Greek thought and of its relation to contemporary life, his omission to mention the most important result of the career of Alexander the Great, and his rhetorical and unscientific account of the Roman Empire. These seemed to me to be more than trivial details. I made this criticism of Mr. Wells' historical method in the only way possible to intelligent criticism, namely, by taking that period of history which I have studied most closely (a not unimportant period, and taking up nearly a third of Mr. Wells' *History*), examining that, and suggesting that if his methods in writing the rest of the book are similar to those exhibited in this section, then not much trust can be placed in the book as a whole. Mr. Wells holds,

(1) Mr. Wells might consult Angus, *The Environment of Early Christianity* (London, 1914), pp. 164, 173, 207-8 and chap. viii; and in particular the account of the Greek cities round the Sea of Galilee in Sir George Adam Smith's *Historical Geography of the Holy Land*, pp. 594-608 (4th edition, 1897), references which I owe to Professor Milligan.

for example, that art, literature and science flourish in peaceful rather than in warlike times. That is doubtless a tenable and possibly a true proposition. But Greece, and in particular Athens, cannot be cited in support of it, and facts should not be distorted to prove that it can. It is not the method of science. I quoted a passage from Milhaud which is a clear statement of scientific method in a historian. Will Mr. Wells himself assert either that that statement is not true or that he has not neglected all its principles (with perhaps one exception) in his account of Rome? If not, why complain when I say that his work is unscientific? He insists so much, in his well-mannered way, that I am a "teacher of Greek," he objects so strongly to my "taking up the part dealing with my classical knowledge," that had I been a lecturer in botany or social science or engineering, or, being a classic, had I criticised his biology or his account of the mediæval church, I suppose he would have read my pamphlet with more attention.

Mr. Wells says he fully expected to meet with sneers at the novelist turned historian. Well, he got nothing of that from me, but, on the contrary, a serious criticism of a serious and important book. I fully expected to meet with sneers from Mr. Wells about classical teaching (though I confess I had not foreseen his fine distinction between "Greek teachers" and "Greek scholars," especially after reading his vivid description of the "bent scholarly man" and his plea for recognising the importance of the teacher of history as teacher, not as specialist historian). I do find them, plentifully sprinkled over his article and in the well-remembered form. Here they all are: "the classical master with his devious and wonderful exercises," "generally a very poor Grecian himself," "futilities," "minds that have Greek grammar for their sustenance," and the rest; together with a picturesque account of my classes at Glasgow (I said that Mr. Wells' genius was creative and imaginative rather than scientific). It is not surprising. Did not Mr. Wells expose the imposture of the Greek teaching in our public schools thirty years and more ago? Does he not point out to-day that the British universities have no philosophy of education and that they are meanly and timidly aristocratic in spirit? His opinions on the teaching of Greek and on university education, based, as they doubtless are, on a long and intimate experience and unalloyed by prejudice, are as such deserving of attention. But, as a substitute for a reasoned answer to a criticism of his *History*, they are worthless.

A. W. GOMME.

PALESTINE.

LET us go down from the tableland of Judea, still by the way of many armies, down by steep stony slopes and desolate gullies, where brown-robed shepherds disappear altogether with their umber sheep. One easily understands the ambushes, the hidden spies, the sudden news, mentioned in the Bible, for one looks across a narrow defile and it is deserted except for great white cranes—one calls and, while the cranes flap lazily away, figures spring from rock or cave. The green of the highlands disappears as one descends and the only relief from the amber wastes is the translucent blue of Moab's hills of which one catches glimpses at intervals. Up this steep winding road came the litters of Cleopatra after she had concluded her pact with Herod, for Anthony had given her, at the time of the reconciliation, the whole of Syria and Palestine, with the exception of Judea. Here, in one of these bare ravines, Herod planned to hide a party of desperadoes who would murder the Egyptian Queen, having decided that, for a woman, she exercised altogether too much power and that even Anthony himself would in time be grateful for his vassal's intervention. Luckily his Ministers frantically opposed the scheme and the Dead Sea country was robbed of additional tragedy. It is a realm of horrors, for *there* some great internal irruption burst into flame the petrol springs among the salt hills and swept the five cities of Sodom and Gomorrah out of existence. South of these exquisite iridescent waters of strange cold blue lies Massada where Herod fled with Mariamme (whom he loved and killed) while Parthians ravaged his capital. There also (A.D. 70) Eleazer and his thousand followers immolated themselves, men, women and children, after a gallant defence, rather than surrender to Roman Titus, who had captured Jerusalem. Across blue water and white salt hills, beyond the great green cliff of Moab, which rises 3,000 feet towards the clouds, whose shadows paint every wistful shade of mauve and pink upon the hills below, another tragedy took place. At Machaerus Herod camped with Salome and her mother on his way to fight the Nabatean (Arabian) King Aretas, whose daughter he had divorced for Herodias and there John the Baptist preached and suffered and is venerated by Aretas' descendants to-day, for his head lies in state under marble and gold in the great mosque at Damascus. Yet, in spite of all these terrors, Arab tribes come every summer from the far Euphrates and pasture enormous herds of camels,

numbering many thousands, on the hills of Moab. They are the Ishmaelites and Midianites with whom the Israelites fought.

Other dwellers on those hills for many months were the Turks. After they had evacuated Jerusalem they entrenched themselves, extending from the sea about twelve miles north of Jaffa to a point some fifteen miles north of Jerusalem, their left bending back to the Dead Sea, but they were driven across the Jordan in May, 1918, and British troops established bridge-heads across the river. Thereafter the wily Ottoman, believing that no white man could exist through a summer of tropical heat amidst the blinding salt hills and the foetid swamps of the Ghor, sat down to wait on his wind-cooled heights till the deadly malaria should have done its work. Yet all through that burning summer the English troops hung on to the river bank. Southwards rose the huts of the "Dead Sea fleet," consisting of one small motor-boat which took our Arab spies from one side of the vivid lake to the other. Northwards lay Jericho, whose palms have given way to vines, under the shadow of the mighty mountain of Temptation, half-way up whose precipitous cliffs clings a Greek monastery with cells running back deep into the rock itself. Remnants of the old city form an isolated mound. The walls that never offered a stubborn resistance are raised once for all. Perhaps the vices and the slackness of her near neighbours, Sodom and Gomorrah, had permeated the dwellers among the palm groves in a temperature of 107 in the shade, for their town fell, not only to Joshua, but to every host that attacked her, often without any defence. Syrians and Romans alike took Jericho, sweet with spices and balsam, before they attempted the steep defile to Jerusalem. The Greek monastery, on the edge of the green ribbon of vegetation which marks the river's presence among the awful desolation of salt, became the headquarters of the Imperial Service Cavalry Brigade, who used to amuse themselves by executing amazing charges, generally in shirt sleeves, from the bridge-heads inland. In olden days lions used to haunt the undergrowth, but they gave place to boar, wolf and leopard, just as all the rich products of Jordan—flax, corn, dates, sugar, herbs, spices, olives—have passed away, leaving only the long camel, or clumsier dromedary, caravans bearing sacks of salt. Further still up the river, beyond Jericho, beyond the wilderness of desolation, is the famous bridge fought for and destroyed so often. Now the new iron structure is guarded on one side by Sikhs and on the other by smiling Hedjaz soldiers, white Kufiya flowing over their khaki uniforms, who, in broken but delighted English, invite one over the threshold of Arabia.

From the heat of this sunken valley to sea-washed Jaffa, amidst

scent of oranges, is a far cry, yet, in forty-eight hours, two cavalry divisions, riding by night, swept right across the country in September. Behind them by the sweltering river they left elaborate camps, exact in detail even to rows of dummy horses, leading the Turk to believe that all the enemy's strength lay below him. They hid among the orange groves of Saron by day, till they heard that an infantry division, also transported secretly to the coast, had broken the enemy's unsuspecting right, turning his flank inwards. Then the cavalry poured through and, in one stupendous ride, went tempestuously north through a broken army, rolling ever inwards the Turkish wing. So fast and far they went that they got right behind the enemy and met only fleeing bands of fugitives, footsore and defenceless. Then one division halted at El Afuli, sending a brigade to Acre and the other went on to guard the fords of Jordan.

Jaffa, of the convenient orange groves, was the first port of the Jews, built by Simon Maccabees, yet to-day ships anchor in the open sea and small boats creep through the circle of sharp rocks to calm water and the shore. Truly it is an inhospitable coast and one understands why Philistia bred no mariners. From the old quay where the black camels lie, their skins rubbed dark with oil to protect them from the pestilential fly, one looks up at a conglomeration of old houses apparently built one on top of another. A few palms sprout out of roofless shells. Whole front walls have fallen away so that one looks into broken rooms, blue-painted, where families still live. In places the rock face is built up with old, mellow bricks half-covered with mint and thyme. One penetrates into twisting, narrow streets with here and there an open space, with perchance a mud dome and a white minaret and certainly a café, before which chairs are scattered broadcast and the whole population, in fez, or turban, or Kufiya, smokes its picturesque nargileh. There are dim shops full of colossal dried tobacco leaves from Salonica. There is an orange market, where the flaming fruit runs riot in barrow and basket and sack, overflowing from donkey panniers and camel boxes till even the earth is golden. There are strange Bedouin women selling fowls and eggs, wearing great necklaces of amber over their black robes, keen eyes peering forth above veils sewn with swaying strings of coins. There are rows of broken houses in the market square, from which the Ottomans tore the stones to build their mosque and there is the new mosque itself where the Arabs never pray. They call it the Mosque of Blood, for it was built with forced labour.

In times gone by Jaffa was a stronghold of Judaism. Twice Syria captured her to lose her again to Judah. She shared

Pompey's gift of freedom to the coastal towns, but Cæsar presented her to the favoured Herod. Bigoted, she clung to the dogmas of Israel, so from one of her roofs Peter saw the vision of the sheet full of forbidden foods—"Call thou nothing unclean." Almost from that roof he might have seen the rival Cæsarea, which stood for the things of Rome in her military strength, in the dignity of her laws, and for Greece in her culture. Solomon landed all the materials for the Temple at Jaffa, but she was always second to Cæsarea, where Herod built the only great harbour of the coast with mighty breakwaters and watch-towers.

North through the plain of Sharon, in the path of British cavalry, one crosses rolling downs starred with myriad white marguerites and long stretches of rich corn land. Always the central tableland rises blue and shadow-swept to the right. A few grey villages crown distant mounts among the olive trees, and large black goats surround the low-pitched tents which break every view in Palestine. Over this wide country Jezebel must have looked down from her Samarian terrace to her Phœnician father's ships sailing south from Tyre. Samaria is the scene of Herod's wild love for Mariamme, whom he first imprisoned in Alexandretta and then murdered with his two sons. There Jezebel killed the Hebrew priests and Jehu the priests of Baal. There a Turkish force at Kakan tried to hold up the northward advance of Napoleon after he had taken Gaza and Jaffa. Back through this same country the latter came after his failure to take Acre in the great summer heat, burning and slaughtering as he came. His army had caught the plague in the delta just as Sennacherib's had done.

Corn, olives, cactus, bring one to Haifa, where the future will possibly, for once, outweigh the past, for a great harbour is contemplated within the circling bay, with a mole springing forth from the old Roman one and it should be the terminus of the Baghdad railway. Already streets and avenues are planned far beyond the present town huddled between the great bulk of Carmel and the sea. The mountain itself provides terraces for the houses of the future, and all the wide Valley of Esdraelon offers foothold if the marshes of the Brook Kishon be drained. If the future is centred in Haifa, surely the past encircles Carmel. To-day, over a carpet of flowers, Rose of Sharon, white and red anemones like a sheet of flame, hollyhocks, pale cyclamen, crimson poppies, and a sea of golden daisies, one climbs to the original Carmelite monastery, before which is a tall statue of the Virgin sent by Chili and up again to the broken pedestal which held the Kaiser's statue. Behind is the German gun which shelled our cavalry before Haifa and which was finally captured

by a splendid charge of the Indian Lancers. Carmel is really the last stage of this journey through Palestine, for from its long ridge the land and its history are spread out before one. The red-roofed town and the blue bay, with its white, encircling sands and waving palms, lie immediately below. Across the stirring waters rises mediæval Acre, rich in war and legend. There the Phœnicians made their fairy-like glass and their small craft found rare shelter in its harbour. Omar brought the faith of Islam to this city of many eras. The Turks (originally a fierce Nomad tribe from Western China) established themselves there some 400 years later. When the First Crusade took Jerusalem Acre paid tribute, but a few years later, when the Latin Kingdom was established, Baldwin took her, to lose her to Saladin after the great battle of Hattin. Richard's siege must have been peculiar, for while the miserable Turks were coping with high prices of wheat and eggs in their beleaguered fortress, their opponents, under Guy de Lusignan, in a close circle, were themselves besieged by Saladin. Richard, however, took the town and, during a hundred years of prosperity, the mighty castles of the Templars and the Hospitallers arose. The flower of chivalry concentrated there because there was good hunting and the rule was less austere than in Jerusalem. Then came the tragedy whose spirit broods amidst the broken arches and sunken vaults, which are the only remains to-day of the knightly civilisation of the Cross. In 1291, after a stupendous siege in which the old chroniclers record prodigious acts of valour, the walls were breached, the Moslem hordes poured in, the King of Crete escaped by sea, the gallant patriarch, having been forcibly put in a boat, was drowned trying to swim back to his flock, and the whole of the great Orders of Knights Templars, Knights of Malta, Pisans and Germans were literally obliterated. The Marshal of the Templars held out an extra fortnight till the walls of his castle fell in upon him. Seven knights survived and it is related that the Sultan released a wounded Templar in appreciation of the valour of his order. Sixty thousand Christians were sold as slaves. Acre's glory vanished till, in 1780, a rebel Sheikh defied the power of Turkey and made the Crusaders' city his headquarters, till an Ottoman fleet drove him out to be beheaded by his own slaves and left Ahmed El Jezzar (the butcher) in command. His is the great Turkish castle, with mighty square keep surrounded by a vast moat, which defied Napoleon so well that, after murdering his prisoners, he was obliged to raise the siege and march south. The defence was directed by a Colonel Phillipeaux, who had been a student with Napoleon at the French Academy, and who had left France during the Revolution, while Sir Sydney

Smith landed his English marines and was severely criticised by his adversary for his military tactics. A relic of these latter remains in the stalwart English bastion where they were quartered, which still defies the Mediterranean storms. Ibrahim Pasha captured the town and threatened Constantinople, so England, Austria and Turkey bombarded in 1831 the veteran of many wars, but she surrendered to Lord Allenby's advance without a blow. An old, old prophecy declared that when the waters of Belus washed the lichen-stained walls of Acre the British would take the town. Ten years ago the waters approached so close that sheep were sacrificed between the river and the ancient gate. The current swept away again, but the faithful doubted. Acre has another interest, for she was the prison for twenty-four years of the Persian prophet Baha'u'llah, who dared to preach his doctrine of union and obedience and brotherly love among the political, social and religious strife of Teheran. Here, too, his son, Abdul Baha, present head of the Bahais, spent forty years of imprisoned life before the proclamation of the Turkish constitution set him free. He must have looked down from the fortifications on a moat overgrown with ragged robin and marigold, or across the old white mosque, with its cluster of a hundred tiny domes and the tall cypress in the court vying with the aspiring minaret, to fig trees and palms and the hills of Ras-Nakura, which form the boundary-line agreed on between England and France by the Sykes-Picot Agreement, regardless of the fact that they command (and therefore render useless) the bay of Haifa, so the treasured project of a great naval base there presumably will need amendment.

From Carmel one can see still further, over a wall of Lebanon, to the far distant snows of Hermon. Below lies the plain of Esdraelon and the famous Kishon, where Elisha slew the 400 heathen prophets, who had called in vain on Baal to light the sacrificial fires. Two passages for invading armies sweep right and left of Carmel, but the sea-road was only used by Richard I. and by Napoleon on his retreat. East to Bethshan (Beisan) was the battle-ground of Israel and of Canaan when the latter camped at Harosheth and Barak with his hillmen, flung himself impetuously down from Tabor. Sisera, flying to his doom on Lake Galilee, was followed by the Turks along the same path in 1799, when Kleber defeated them among the wheat that was six feet high that year. Still at Bethshan, Gideon fought the Arabs (Midianites) and by Ain Yalud imposed his well-planned drinking test. So little further east lies modern Deraa, an important and a very weak point in Turkey's communication line, where in forty-eight crowded hours, in September, 1918, the Hedjaz's

regular force succeeded in cutting enemy communication with Damascus to the north, Palestine to the west and Amman to the south, beyond which, far away beyond hope of succour, beleaguered Medina still held out. When the successful Arab camel corps was bombarded by vindictive aeroplanes they repeated Biblical tactics, and, retiring into one of the oft-mentioned stony gullies, sat motionless upon their camels and looked like rocks!

Deraa is out of sight from Carmel, but very near are Mount Gilboa (where Jonathan and Saul were killed by the Philistines) and Megiddon (Armageddon—the Hill of Destruction) where Joshua was killed by the advancing Pharaoh, predicted by Jeremiah. The ebb and flow of empire, of Jew and Roman, Egyptian and Greek, has left no mark on the peaceful valley. The Bedouins of Midian were swept away for a time, but they came back with Omar after his victory on the Yarmuk. In 1100 the Templars raised their black and white banner on Mount Tabor, but, after Saladin's triumph at Hattin, where, in summer heat, the Crusaders fought after thirteen waterless hours, the Cross only flew again on Tabor when Andrew of Hungary made a swift desperate sortie, though Louis of France brought it as far as Jerusalem. Now Crescent and Cross are united and, while Allenby's cavalry rode north from El Afuli, Sheikh Tallal of the Hauran was revenging the Turkish atrocities at Tafas, gallantly charging the retreating column from Deraa again and again, till he fell riddled with bullets.

Aloof in its hollow lies Nazareth, yet, from Carmel, a few of its white houses are visible climbing up its sheltering ridge. From that ridge Christ must have looked on the fertile and well-wooded Galilee—hot-blooded land of chivalry, passion and high romance, so different to austere Judea with her grim endurance and her love of money and to Samaria, slothful and luxurious. One can imagine that the new, clean doctrine of love and hope would find root among this imaginative race, easily stirred to emotion and self-sacrifice. Galilee must have been the most enlightened province. On one side lay Hauran and the Greek cities of the Decapolis, where the old pagan gods were worshipped amidst Greek art and knowledge and, on the other, Phœnicia, whose mariners spread tales of Western marvel throughout the land. The most famous road in the world, the pilgrim Hadj from Damascus to Mecca, runs east of the lake of Tiberias and another, scarcely less important, brought India's riches *via* Baghdad and Damascus to the sea. The Romans took custom on it and Matthew sat at one of its tolls in Capernaum. From Galilee a branch went south to Egypt and, since the days of Abraham, the same scenes have been visible—always the slow-padding camel

caravans, with a bit of faded, woven carpet tied over the bales of merchandise, dark-skinned men from the deserts, burned and bearded, tasselled Kufiya wound across their mouths and chins, weapons stuck in embroidered belts, dark abbas flying open over trailing white robes. Galilee alone has changed and time has wiped out every remnant of the Jewish kingdom there. Josephus, who ruled thirty-four years after Christ, describes it as a land of commerce and of great cities, of gardens of oleanders, with many sails dotting the lake and a great trade of dried fish. Magdala, Capernaum, Hippas, Tarech, Chorazin, all have vanished. A few peasant women in brilliantly striped dresses, orange-red and yellow, with royal purple veils floating back over flaming headbands, wound tiara-wise, carry oranges or cucumbers to refresh expectant travellers. Tiberias, shrunk and unimportant, lies hidden in a fold of the hills. Otherwise the lake's deep blue is unruffled save by the shadow of the green hills, which cling so close to her shore that one cannot imagine how the great cities existed at all.

This is Palestine of to-day. War and famine and plague lie behind her, but through them all one catches glimpses of the shepherd and the husbandman. To-day her whole future lies in the hands of those two and the Jew loves not the country but the town. In colonies he does good work, such as wine-making near Jaffa, but Palestine cries out for the peasant who will live alone in his small grey cabin among the hills, the man who fears neither the silence of the open country nor the storms that rage over it. Wheat and barley can be grown on the high land; fruit trees can be planted on the plains, cotton can be developed in the Jordan valley. Flocks and herds must still follow their Bedouin shepherd from pasture to pasture, but Syria is *one* land and she is an *Arab* land. From time immemorial she has only been strong when her two provinces have been united and the capital of her glory was Damascus. Science, literature, philosophy, spread from that city of seven rivers. All the great caravan routes lead to her. She is the centre of the great web of commerce which brought her goods from Egypt, the Euphrates and the sea. To-day oil from Persia and the railway from Baghdad must pass her way. She holds the lines that connect the produce of Mesopotamia and Arabia with Tripoli, Haifa and Beyrout and, through them, with Europe. She is in the midst of the most fertile country in the world. A sea of vivid emerald, her miles and miles of fruit gardens divide the granary of Hauran from the desert beyond. Seven rivers lavish their prodigal water on her favoured plain, so that on every side a new city may spread forth, with wide, new streets and modern buildings in open

squares, yet never can she reach beyond the shade of her apricots and peaches, figs, olives and vines. The Caliphate moved between Mecca, Damascus and Baghdad, but never did it rest at Jerusalem, though the blue Mosque of Omar is the second holiest in the realm of Islam.

Jerusalem never could be a modern capital by her own natural position. Aloof on her steep mountain top, connected with the outer world only by two narrow passes, she is crushed within her old walls by the deep ravines that encompass her. She cannot spread in any direction. Already her houses are wandering up and down impracticable hills and who tries to drive, bumps perilously from sudden climb to steep descent. No ancient caravan route went near her and no modern main line touches her. With her winter snow and her terrible summer drought, which of old drove every invading army back to the wells of the plains, she is infinitely remote from commerce and from politics and she is neither Moslem nor Christian nor Jewish. She has neither race nor creed nor prospect of power. Outside the whirl of progress' wheel, with her narrow streets untouched and her old walls kissed by time, she will remain a pilgrim city whose only great buildings are convents and monasteries, churches and hospices—the goal of worship from East and West alike. To Damascus belong the palace and the parliament! To Jerusalem the altar and the kibra!

J. ROSITA FORBES.

DAMASCUS, April 26th, 1920.

A LITERARY ENTENTE.

INTERNATIONALISM in literature has always existed. Fairy-stories began it. They were carried over sea and land as widely and mysteriously as seeds or the influenza. In historic times now one country, now the other, has been the distributing-centre, but France more often than the rest. It was by way of France that the Arthurian legend entered the literature of Europe, wherever it may have started. Chaucer, so tremendously English, not only the Father of English Poetry, but the ancestor of Fielding and Dickens, began as a scholar in a French school. French romances were the favourite reading of seventeenth-century ladies, and everyone knows how English literature in the eighteenth century was dominated by French Classicism. Nevertheless, the English stage clung obstinately to its Shakespeare; whereby it happened that Voltaire in a moment of acute Anglomania, discovered this curious writer, borrowed from him generously, and introduced him to Parisian literary salons as a kind of dancing bear. But certain circles, having received the odd creature with more enthusiasm than his discoverer expected, M. de Voltaire turned peevish and called his own *protégé* names, such as "drunken savage." French translators then introduced Shakespeare to the Germans, who now piously believe themselves to have discovered him and introduced him to the whole world, including ourselves.

Exactly what quality it is that makes a book International it is not easy to say. *Clarissa Harlowe* and *The Vicar of Wakefield* became classics across the Channel; *Tom Jones* did not. Anyone familiar with one of those delightful eighteenth-century libraries supplied by his bookseller to every gentleman who *was* a gentleman, will have found in it *Gil Blas*--in two very small volumes, with steel engravings--but not *Manon Lescaut*. Perhaps *Tom Jones*, for all its comic genius, reflected too much for French taste that amazing, almost savage, brutality which, strangely mingled with veins and veneers of wit, culture, elegance, disfigured English life under George II. It tells in the comic spirit the same tale of unashamed animalism as Hogarth's bitterly satiric picture of the election dinner. It was probably this strong taste of the soil which made Fielding's work unfit for exportation. And the same kind of reason may have kept *Manon*

Lescaut from popularity on this side of the Channel. For all its art and beauty, it breathes an air of corruption; the profound corruption with which the Regency had inoculated the society of mid-eighteenth-century France.

One might say—not without truth—that love, sorrow, passion, are much the same and speak the same language all over the world, whereas the comic spirit appeals differently to different nationalities, ages, classes; so that a comedy has less chance of becoming internationally popular than a love-story or a tragedy. Yet no British novelist, except Walter Scott, has been so popular abroad as Dickens, and Rhoda Broughton, to adapt her own witty saying, was already the Miss Charlotte Yonge of France while still the Zola of England.

Chateaubriand accused Byron of owing him a debt which he would not acknowledge, but here Byron was probably right. The Byronic hero existed before Byron, and if he did not “just grow,” it was Mrs. Radcliffe who invented him. The influence of Byron on poetry and poets in France was more marked, lasted longer than in England, because he appeared at a moment when there was a dearth of French poets. This was the one “International episode,” the one vital connection between French and English literature during the first seventy years of the nineteenth century. Literary alliances were swallowed up in the great gulf which events had opened between the two countries. In the eighteenth century the points of touch had been so many. Their aristocracies were socially acquainted, sometimes related to each other, and their philosophers, too, from the days of Voltaire’s discovery of London, were not without personal intercourse. I remember somewhere a little picture of the Louis XVI. date, elegantly, not with Hogarthian bitterness, illustrating the Anglomania of the period: slim, graceful gentlemen and charming ladies, all in white, drinking tea in an exquisite salon. But the Anglomania perished in the great convulsion which put an end to that particular phase, the Louis XIV. phase of civilisation. One which was surely only saved from being excessively boring by the dauntless spirit, the wit and intelligence of the French race; since neither man nor woman in that wonderful little world appears ever to have had anything to do, except to respectfully watch royalties dressing, feeding, gambling, and to talk, and talk, and talk. Yet it was credibly affirmed by survivors of the catastrophe that no one who had not frequented that world knew what really agreeable society meant; just as those who lived their lives before the war can truthfully tell their descendants that no one who has only lived after it can ever know what real comfort means.

This literary alienation lasted right into, and even right through,

the mid-Victorian era. A superman of letters, like Thackeray, knew his Balzac and even, as his delightful daughter has shown us, was well acquainted with French people of the best type. Yet in his writings his attitude towards the French is that of the most ignorant inhabitant of Victorian Bloomsbury. Translations of Eugène Sue were common, though kept on the top shelf; whether deservedly or not I do not know. In the 'sixties a cultivated woman would read George Sand, *Consuelo*, *La Mare au diable*, and *La petite Fadette*, also the novels of Victor Hugo, the *Confessions* of Lamartine, and perhaps some of the poetry of both. But the true British matron—one visualises her as impressively large and swelling of bosom and crinoline—still belonged to a generation which knew not France and considered all French novels naughty reading. Things, indeed, moved quickly after that, and I imagine the Dean of my later acquaintance, who used to climb to the top of his cathedral tower to read them, did so not so much to avoid shocking his canons as to get away from them.

Just so long as the Second Empire lasted, the tide of English political sentiment ran against France. Napoleon III. was disliked by our Conservatives as an adventurer, by our Liberals as an autocrat. It was in the 'seventies that the great French movement came. What caused it? 'The mass-movements of the human mind are as mysterious as those of deep-sea currents or shoals of fish.' Like the fish, it becomes hungry and goes in search of fresh food. At such moments it is quick to note any hand that seems beckoning it to new ground. Matthew Arnold's wittily serious attacks on British Philistinism had already done something to turn our intellectual front in the direction of France, and Swinburne, with his scarlet enthusiasms for Villon and Victor Hugo, was gathering all the young poets under his banner. Rome as a training-place for artists had long been absurd, and by the end of the 'seventies Paris was established as the art school of Europe. Whole regiments of our young art-students had deserted to it, in spite of the Ruskinian bell, book and candle.

Whether these outward and ponderable things were or were not at the bottom of the great French movement, there it was early in the 'eighties going very strong indeed. It did not overpower, but, a little paradoxically, formed part of the æsthetic movement. The title of a graceful book of verse by Andrew Lang, *Ballades in Blue China*, illustrates the happy marriage of the two cults. Villon, Ronsard, the *Pléiade*, the mediæval Romance of *Aucassin et Nicolette*, were almost as commonly read as Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset and Théophile Gautier. The novels of Octave Feuillet, Zola, Alphonse Daudet, Bourget, and the rest,

were as promptly devoured and as much discussed in London as in Paris. Everyone with the least pretence to literary culture—and such culture was actually fashionable—must read the French novel, banned by their mothers, know something of French art and the French theatre, and speak French with tolerable fluency—or at any rate English with a French accent. There followed on this eager interest in France personal relations between London and Paris such as had not existed for a hundred years; only it was no longer the aristocrats and the philosophers of the two countries who were in touch, but the artists and the men and women of letters. The English interest in France came to be reciprocated, though by a smaller circle. Paul Bourget discovered Oxford, pieces of William Morris furniture went across the Channel, and an exhibition of eighteenth-century English painters caused a sensation in the French art world. Among the most touching and interesting letters received by Mrs. Humphry Ward's family at the time of her death was one from M. André Chevrillon, of the French Academy, recalling his first visit to England as a young man and the difference in his feelings towards this country made by the friendly hospitality he had found at her house. More than one of his friends, he added, had experienced the same friendship, the same change of heart. Such hospitality was characteristic of the literary circles of the later nineteenth century. It might be thought—and wondered at—that this French movement, lasting as it did for some thirty years, had yet left no perceptible mark on English literature. Neither George Meredith, Henry James nor Stevenson appear as followers of a French school, though the two latter evidently move familiarly on French soil and in a French atmosphere. Nevertheless, it did very profoundly affect English style and still more the English novelists' point of view. From the days of Gibbon and Dr. Johnson style in English was apt to connote something grave, a little ponderous, which found its nineteenth-century expression in that of the *Times* leading article. The earlier Victorian novelists seem hardly to have thought of style. They wrote ill or well by nature, seldom supremely well. Charlotte Brontë wrote beautiful pages when the moorland wind awoke the poet within her, and vigorous, stinging passages when boiling indignation drove the wheels of her imagination. Thackeray had an excellent and individual style, though it could lapse into mannerism, and suffers when compared with that of his eighteenth-century master, Fielding. The mass of novel-writers were diffuse, and the writing of "good English" was generally supposed to mean a strict observance of the sometimes absurd rules of English grammar and a free use of the more elaborate stereotyped phrases. It was

from their study of French literature that the later Victorians learned the art of style, clearness with concentration, the value of the exactly right word, of the sentence which moves smoothly yet springily, like a well-hung vehicle. They also learned that the novel is a work of art. I have never been sure whether it was this overwhelming discovery or merely the passing of the three-volumer which made the short novel, which it is so much easier to build symmetrically, the fashion up to comparatively recent times. If in style, in general form, and, it may be added, in its psychology, the average novel of to-day is unquestionably superior to that of forty years ago, this is largely the result of the late Victorian thirty-years' course of French literature.

This course also broke down the British convention, hardly after all a century old, which decreed that all authors must join a Trade Union of Humbug and pretend there was nothing irredeemably ugly in the world, nothing which ill-disposed persons might regard as a disgrace to a benevolent Providence. Above all must they pretend that the relation between the sexes is a purely sentimental affair and that babies are found under gooseberry-bushes—except in a few very deplorable cases. In deference to this convention Walter Scott was compelled by his publisher to ruin what would otherwise have been the fine novel of *St. Rovan's Well*, and it was the haunting fear of offending against the rules of this anonymous but powerful Humbug Society which hampered the genius of Thackeray and prevented him from ever producing a rival to his masterpiece, *Vanity Fair*.

The French movement had yet another result: it prepared the way for the *Entente*. In Victorian times journalists were university men, naturally in touch with people of letters and following the current of educated taste and opinion. Andrew Lang, scholar and poet, was also the most popular leader-writer of his day. Steeped as he was in French literature and sympathies, he could not fail to influence his public; and the same might be said of many less-known journalists in their degree. The *Entente* came at the moment when a new generation was stepping to the front, its face turned rather towards the material and mechanical civilisation of America than that of the Old World. But it may safely be said that a whole generation of lovers of things French had not passed away without making any impression, without creating an atmosphere favourable to an alliance with France. A practical necessity, but one to which our famous "political sense" alone did not seem much alive. Since then the crosses of our English dead are thick upon French ground. Yet, strange and sad as it is, one must recognise the truth that common efforts and sufferings which should constitute an eternal bond, are in fact

liable to be forgotten, and that soon. Each party is apt to recollect only his own share.

It occurred to a small body of Frenchwomen during the war—to be exact, in 1918—that they might build certain literary bridges, such as often outlast more solid structures, between France and the Allied countries. This body was a Committee formed about 1900, in consequence of the Goncourt Academy refusing to admit women, and was connected with the *Fémina* and *Vie Heureuse* magazines. It had been formed for the purpose of giving an annual prize, amounting to £40, to a French work of imagination. It now proposed to offer a similar prize in each of the Allied countries. It was, however, only in respect to England that the plan materialised. The prize is offered for the best work of imagination published within the period of a year, preference to be given to a young or comparatively new writer. It is also understood that the book must be suitable for translation and deal with English life. In June, 1919, an English committee of women was constituted whose business it was to choose three books, all published since June, 1918, for the French committee; from among these three the French committee has to select the prize-winner. They are sent over in order of merit, as determined by votes of the English committee, but it is open to the French committee to make its own choice. It is evident that the selection made by the English committee must be determined by some considerations beside those of abstract literary merit. I think I do not err in saying that the Goncourt prize and that given by the *Fémina* and *Vie Heureuse* committee are never given to authors already established in fame and favour with the public. That is the big prize of all, and they have already received it. If their books have the international quality, it is probable that they have crossed, or will cross, the Channel unassisted. The works of Mr. Wells appear in French almost as soon as in English. The books chosen by the committee must be those either of new writers or of those not already widely known. They should be such as give a tolerably faithful picture of English life; unless, indeed, they should happen to be by one of those wizards who can create worlds of their own which are yet real worlds. But John Miltons and Emily Brontës do not often occur. At the same time they must be books of a kind to be comprehensible and sympathetic to a French public. This is important. There are, for example, some excellent novels dealing with the life of English Jews which would yet be quite unsuitable candidates for the prize. Again, the entertaining satires of Miss Rose Macaulay would be ineligible, since no foreigner could possibly be expected to see their points. The

translation rights of the prize book are, by arrangement, bought from the author by a good Paris publisher, and it will be brought out in French; but the books are meant to be read in the original as much as in translation, and it is therefore useless to consider a story in which the conversations are written in a difficult dialect. The brilliant work of Miss Dorothy Richardson, who for all her reputation is yet a young writer, might well be introduced to the French public by means of the prize, but that each new novel of hers which has hitherto appeared has in fact been a new volume of the same novel and difficult to "catch on to" without a knowledge of its predecessors. This is the way in which many young writers have reacted against the tyranny of the one volume, producing novels almost as long as *Sir Charles Grandison*; but, generally speaking, each volume can be read and enjoyed without a knowledge of its predecessors. I will not further labour the point, but it will be seen by anyone possessed of the least imaginative tact—a quality no one expects of newspaper paragraphists—that the statement that the *Fémina* and *Vie Heureuse* prize is awarded for the absolutely best work of imagination published in the course of a year, needs qualification. The "best" work may have been published by Mr. Conrad or Miss Sinclair; but they are hardly within the scope of the prize. It should also be added that there are upon the committee young writers, whose work is by that fact put out of the competition.

There have been so far only two awards. In the first year, 1919, three or four prizes might easily have been awarded. There was a plethora of good novels. Among them was one which was not only excellent as a work of art, but exactly what was wanted: Miss Cicely Hamilton's *William, an Englishman*. It was an admirable study of the "crank"—a type which only exists here and in America—and a poignant picture of the German invasion of Belgium. Two others were sent in to the French committee, in the order mentioned: Richard Pryce's *Statue in the Wood* and Mrs. Scott Dawson's *Wastrels*. Had a longer list been permitted, several others might have been added.

The following year a story of the Westmorland country, *The Splendid Fairing*, by Mrs. Constance Holme, won the award. It may be noted that the Goncourt prize this year was also awarded to a story of peasant life. The two other books selected were *Shuttered Doors*, by Mrs. Hicks Beach, and *The Imperfect Mother*, by J. D. Beresford, although Mr. Beresford, like Mr. Pryce, is perhaps too well established an author to be properly "in the running." The line is obviously difficult to draw, and it may sometimes be desirable to call the attention of the French

public to authors they have not discovered for themselves. Lady Northcliffe, who, as President for the past year, has so admirably "chaired" the committee, was inspired with the happy and generous idea of founding a prize on this side, as a *pendant* to that given by the French committee. The conditions of the Northcliffe Prize are similar. The French committee chooses and sends over three books from which the English committee selects the prize-winner. The three books sent for consideration by the French committee were *Dansons la Trompeuse*, by Raymond Escholier (the winner of the prize); *L'Héroïque Pastorale*, by Louis Vuillemin; and *Le Retour d'Ariel*, by Léon Thévenin. The last book on the list is, from a literary point of view, much less interesting than the two others. It is, however, very characteristic of a French movement which has been dominant for a number of years. In spite of the incongruous title—for the original Ariel was, it is to be feared, a quite pagan spirit—*Le Retour d'Ariel* is a conversion novel on the model of Bourget's later works. In the days when *Robert Elsmere* was the vogue in sub-literary, and Paul Bourget the last cry in super-literary, circles, it was commonly said that the French would never stand a *roman à thèse*. To say this was to forget Rousseau. All depends on the *thèse*. The religious orientation of the two nations is so different that no story founded upon that is likely to find a sympathetic audience in both countries. But the Conversion Novel does represent an important side of French life; a religious revival, allied with a political conservative reaction, dating back further than the present century.

- Apart from this particular movement, the twentieth century has seen in France a general reaction against the *crescendo* of indecency, the endless repetition of the same story, which marked the *fin de siècle* novel in France. French taste revolted against them, French self-respect was wounded by the libellous pictures of national life and character which her novelists presented to France and the world. It is not too much to say that the average French novel of to-day is both more moral and more decent than a large number of our own. In the three books recommended there is only one scene which could possibly be called "improper." It is for obvious reasons in the Conversion Novel, and was greeted by this hardened reader with a weary smile of recognition; for it is the undressing-out-of-doors scene which has already become such a bore in our new-style English novels. Luckily the habit described has not yet forced its way into real life, for it would make mixed walking in the country impossible. Anyone who supposes that the rural policeman would protect us from it does not know the man. He is a coward.

Far be it from me to deplore the change of tone in the French novel, but the flood of reactionary opinion has unfortunately brought into prominence and popularity a number of writers who are frankly dull. They want the wit, the brilliancy, the psychological acumen we have been accustomed to look for in the novelists of their country, and it is probable that this fashion of dullness partly accounts for the diminished interest of our twentieth-century generation in French novels. Even the faithfully habitual French reader has long complained he could find nobody new to read, except Anatole France—and he is old. The Northcliffe Prize should call our attention to two books which bear witness that in the tremendous ordeal through which it has passed, out of which it comes still faint, staggering, bleeding from a thousand wounds, the French race has not lost a particle of its wit, its charm, its wonderful literary quality.

Dansons la Trompeuse is one of those satisfyingly perfect little works of art about which, when one has read it, one feels no desire to say anything except that it is a beautiful little book. "Story? God bless you!" it has "none to tell, Sir." It is a picture of a little patch of this peopled earth, a little set of human beings, all vividly alive because painted with that intuition, that warmth of imaginative sympathy, which alone can give the artist power to create life. Every human being, so full of the common Informing Spirit yet so differentiated, so isolated from every other, is a mystery, and can no more be "scientifically" mapped out and reproduced than the origin of the universe can be explained by arithmetic. Old books of anatomy are dead and done with. The painting on a Greek vase lives, because the artist was intimately moved by the beauty of human life and so captured its secret. Ugliness, horror, absurdity, so long as they are felt, are, by a paradox, part of the beauty. But the artist who sets forth to create human character without using or appealing to any sort of human feeling, sympathy, admiration, compassion, terror, or whatever it may be, creates at the best Frankenstein's monster; usually nothing. It is not, however, among French writers that this effort to be "scientific" is to be observed. Perhaps the rapid collapse of Zola's once great reputation has shown them that the artist who founds his work on the scientific hobby of his generation builds on a foundation of sand. The character of Madame Lestelle, the central figure in *Dansons la Trompeuse*, drawn "scientifically," would be that of a silly, made-up, elderly lady who would not consent to grow old; and it could not possibly hold our interest through the book. Drawn with the eye and the sympathy of the artist, it does. She is absolutely individual, not a type; yet in her tiny person is presented the whole tragedy

of human vitality as a power too strong, too ample, for the machine it has to work; for that body which continually breaks beneath the soaring spirit like a defective aeroplane under a cloud-exploring pilot. If Madame Lestelle bestows an artificial freshness upon her cheek and crowns her brow with too too beautiful curls, it is because she is conscious of the discord between the withered and faded outward woman and the exuberant youth of the inner spirit. She is still hungry and thirsty for life. Not that she has been starved of it. To one with her imagination—a special sort of imagination, different from the artist's—such few loaves and small fishes as Heaven may have assigned her are easily and inevitably transformed into a banquet. She has lived in Paris, she has known some people of title, some artists, she has copied pictures at the Louvre. It is enough. She conceives of herself as having tasted all that Paris can give of the gay, the glorious, the interesting, as having glittered in the sparkling whirl. She has had a bad husband, one who has been not only unfaithful, but rude to her. It has perhaps put the top on his ill-temper that she has nevertheless always posed to herself and the world as an adored and happy wife. He has died, leaving her nothing but debts and the old country house of Fleurizel, where she acts as her own Caleb Balderstone, while materially served by the tenant of the home farm and his wife. She crams the house with "antiquities," odds and ends of little or no value, collected from cottages whose inhabitants inappreciatively call her "the rag-and-bone woman." Her love for the nobility springs from the same source as her passion for collecting. It is not snobbery; it is a romantic interest in the splendid past which they represent to her. This is a true and subtle touch. In spite of her resolute performance of the rôle of the happy wife, when she appears as a widow at Fleurizel she wears no more mourning than her husband has merited—a scarf of black crape, twined about toilettes all colours of the rainbow. And this in France, where the most distant relatives are mourned with a millinery gloom which appears to us exaggerated. No wonder that Thérèse Lestelle is a mock and a scandal to the good matrons of the neighbouring town, especially to her sister-in-law Ambrosine, Madame Charles Lestelle, who has so much common sense that she is perfectly stupid with it. But Thérèse has more than enough wit to punish any of these provincial dames, if they really try putting their teeth into her. For though she has plenty of follies, she is no fool. The story and the tragedy of the book is that of her plucky fight against a remorseless and unconquerable enemy—Time. The party at Madame Doumenc's which gives a title to the book—for it is there that *La Trompeuse* is

danced—shows her in victory and in defeat. Whirling in the waltz, a half-insolent, half-friendly, wholly admired Marquis for partner, she is gay, supple, light, untirable as a girl of twenty. As she spins, her enchanted eyes take in the gay crowd, the dancers, the card-players, the rows of heavy women of her own age sitting along the wall, and mirrored glimpses of a little Madame Lestelle, floating round as lightly as a bright-coloured moth, with her rosy cheeks, her golden head and a bold *décolletage* of shoulders still young and white. It is a small social triumph which culminates in her performance in the local country dance called *La Trompeuse*. The locality is in the South of France, and the exuberant imaginative life of Thérèse Lestelle, different as it is from that of Tartarin de Tarascon, seems to mark her as of his cousinship. In this dance there is infinite scope for gaiety and coquetry, and among all the dancers the gayest, the most graceful and amusing, is Thérèse Lestelle. The young, the noble Chevalier is enchanted with her dancing, and she teaches him *Le Flot*. I do not know whether *Le Flot* is a waltz or a tango, but it is evidently a dance which races as swiftly and as smoothly as a strong tide. Madame Lestelle swims victorious on it, carrying the Chevalier in her wake; but suddenly the implacable foe plunges a dagger in her side, and she sinks half fainting on a seat. Instantly Madame Sicre, the sly white cat, bears off the Chevalier. Then Charles, the good-natured, affectionate brother-in-law, takes her into the garden. They hear steps under the pergola. "Who's that, I should like to know?" whispers Charles. "It is—it is Youth, my poor friend," she replies, a sudden bitterness taking her by the throat. "It is over, all over," she murmurs. He thinks she refers to her attack of faintness. "Then we may as well go in," he says. They turn towards the house, and see the Chevalier and her enemy, the White Cat, kissing in a bay-window. She takes a witty revenge on the White Cat, and once more joins in the dance, apparently as spirited and gay as before. But to her the lights appear to have gone dim, the little Madame Lestelle floating round in the mirrors looks astonishingly small, and no longer clear and fresh of hue, but dim like the lights, almost tarnished. So she returns to her hermitage, her hermit's fare at Fleurizel.

She has one comfort there: her friendship with M. Roumens, the Curé of Couret, who has been for long Chaplain to a regiment of Zouaves and retains his military manners. The neatness of his dress, his driving gloves, smart pony and English cart shock his parishioners even more than his occasional bursts of rage. M. Roumens, with all his faults, is as real and as lovable as Madame Lestelle, his friendship with whom the parishioners be-

smirch, although, as she complains, they habitually call her "the Old Lady." When he is finally worsted by the Parish, as she by Time, one positively sympathises with her fiercely aristocratic exclamation: "These villeins! They were quite right in old days to hang and break them on the wheel. It is all they are good for." It may be noted that the ordinary writer would have made Madame Lestelle the last descendant of an ancient race, but she does not pretend to be of anything but *bourgeois* origin.

After Madame Roumenc's party the lights of Fleurizel rapidly go out. But there is one last flare. The Bishop, the Vicar-General and a party of priests are brought to lunch there by M. Roumens. Madame Ambrosine approves the entertainment and sends her own book to ensure its success; though she fears "that poor Thérèse" will never behave with the solemnity proper to the occasion. She is right. The gaiety inspired in Madame Lestelle by the discovery that the Bishop's sash harmonises with her dress spreads to the whole table. Vainly does M. Roumens attempt to prevent her from imparting to her dignified guests a precious recipe for whitening the skin. "Turning now to the right, now to the left, she distributed her secret impartially between the Bishop and the Vicar-General, both gravely attentive." In short, everyone enjoys himself immensely.

When M. Roumens is gone Madame Lestelle dies slowly of actual cold and starvation, as well as of loneliness and the fear of Age. And just here in the book there is a false touch; for it is difficult to believe that a man of M. Charles Lestelle's edgy character and circumstances would refuse a woman to whom he was attached a loan of eight pounds. Her gay spirit seems to preside even at her funeral, for the mourners can hardly help laughing at the new Curé of Couret's way of saying the Mass, so clearly does it recall the image of Thérèse strutting in their garden, mimicking the idiosyncrasies of M. Roumens' successor. So she passes, like a leaf the wind lifts and blows away, fluttering in a semblance of gaiety, out of sight, far away from its place which will know it no more.

L'Héroïque Pastorale, by Louis Vuillemin, is the second book on the list of the French committee. It is an excellent book, well written, full of humour, imagination and the artistic sense. But it is a work of *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, or rather of *Wahrheit* sometimes undisguised, elsewhere camouflaged, and the whole, as we are told, reproduced unaltered from a *carnet de soldat*. Such a book is difficult to compare with a work completely of art and imagination, such as *Dansons la Trompeuse*. M. Vuillemin is a young composer "who counts" and a lecturer on music. He joined the Army as a Territorial in 1914, was

first a *liaison* officer, and then passed on from one branch of the Service to another, in the Argonne, on the Marne, the Meuse, for five long years. All this time he wrote no music, but what he put down in his *carnet* is sometimes true poetry, sometimes beautiful word-painting, sometimes delightful comedy. In very few places does *L'Héroïque Pastorale* resemble other war books. It is, as its sub-title tells, "*Variations au Grand Air*," a succession of vivid and varied impressions, scenes from the background of the war, the villages, towns, churches of provincial France, as they showed roused from their slumber by the hurricane of armies, yet retaining the ineffaceable stamp of long centuries of prosperous placidity. It is a *Pastorale* because, whether the pictures it paints are military or merely human, they are pictures of figures in a landscape, the wide and rich landscape of France. There is more of charm than of terror in them, and yet the terror, the pity, are not left out, for without them the pictures would not be true. The *ballade* of the motor-drive with the officer *en mission* takes us zig-zagging through the traffic of the congested, shell-holed main road, through the shady forest where birds sing and falling shells sometimes disturb their loneliness, through the village, blond among its vine leaves, where the white wine and cheese are so good under the trellis, and on again by the road till it becomes sinister in its emptiness, and queer, theatrical hedges overhang the car and its occupants. They are hidden, but alas! they know, the tell-tale dust is rising up to betray them. They are on the top of the hill and below them the road runs bare. A moment's pause to put on helmets, then: "You're off?" "All right." Bounding like a mettled steed, the car rushes down the slope, the road flies behind it, and behind also bang and crack and roar the enemy explosions. Charming, too, is the *ballade* of the beautiful mediæval chapel in the small hamlet and the curing of its sick organ. When after Mass the grateful curé takes his soldier-musician friends to the churchyard, they fear it is to tell them the story of every tombstone in it; but he is content to point out one, on which is inscribed: "By my own wish I lie here, beside my old enemy." "Here, gentlemen," says the curé, "lies a former parishioner of mine, who, alas! was not a good Christian. He spent his time quarrelling with his wife, and one day she left him. To punish her he resolved to lie next her for all eternity. But you see those words, 'my old enemy,' are not so clear as the rest? The fact is that every Sunday his heirs, who do not like this scandal in their family, come here to pray for his soul and bring a file with them." The curé could not resist kneeling down to show how

it was done. "*Requiem æternam*—and they scratch—*Dona eis*—and they scratch—*Domine Amen*—they have scratched."

L'Héroïque Pastorale is a far better and more interesting book than the majority of novels which have come across the Channel of late years. It is, however, to be feared that the dislike of our people to remembering the war may prevent it from being read here. The French do not suffer from this hysterical retrospective horror. They wish to remember the heroism and endurance shown by their countrymen; they wish to remember the lessons taught by sufferings even greater than our own.

MARGARET L. WOODS.

HÉLOÏSE AND ABÉLARD.

It is a fact, charged with the veritable irony of history, that the lives of innumerable worthies pass into obscurity, while the love-stories of the frail are thrust into immortality. The consuls are forgotten, but Horace's slave girls linger in the memory. Phryne, who offered to rebuild Thebes, is not overshadowed by him who destroyed it. Intensity, it would seem, whether of good or of evil, has the right of survival, but censure is poisoned by its own scorn. For in the history of all races the great passions stand out in clear perspective, and their heroines, if not their heroes, pursue the memory of mankind.

Assailed by one century, their fame is recaptured by another, as is perhaps best illustrated by the fate of Helen of Troy. She, the mutilator of homes and heroes, is not denied the right of speaking before the corpse of Hector, even in the presence of his wife and mother. To her he had been the symbol of nobility, and the daughter of Leda had never met with reproach from his lips. And so, simply and sincerely, she mourns for him under the eyes of those to whom she had brought humiliation, ruin and defeat. That is the manner of Homer towards this Greek Undine whose Nepenthe was to bring her forgetfulness of all human woe. But for Euripides she was no longer the beautiful, smiling woman, but rather Até, the bearer of the curse of sin. Euripides was to allow her to be lashed by the bitter tongue of Hecuba. Already philosophers had turned from the calm, non-moralising dreams of Homer to rationalise both the gods and their human puppets. It was, then, in the modern manner that Euripides claimed that what Helen had named Aphrodite was in reality the Eros of her own heart.

But in the fourth century of our own era Helen emerges again as the very symbol of beauty, unassailable and unsullied. It was a phantom that had lured the Greeks to bring death upon themselves and upon Troy. The blood-madness had been the work of a phantom. Heroes had died for a phantom, and Helen herself was without guilt and without stain.

For the English Marlowe, Helen of Troy is unquestioned in her ineffable beauty. The censure of Greek dramatists had been wholly forgotten, and until this day the love-story persists, utterly undimmed by the centuries. In precisely the same way time has dealt with the legend of Sappho and the Leucadian Leap. Neither the Middle Comedy, nor the bitter satire of Ovid, neither pagan buffoonery, nor Christian virulence, could sully the fame

of her who had been hailed by Plato himself as the tenth muse. Sappho emerged just as Helen emerged, shaking off the dust of the centuries like some lost statue rescued from contaminating soil. Time, indeed, plays mercifully over old passions just as it does over all other ruins.

Puritanism itself has been powerless against the glamour of these old stories precisely as philosophy had been powerless in their condemnation centuries before. Helen was to have many followers on that *via dolorosa* of passion. And they, like herself, were to persist. Euripides was to present Phædra lashed by the torment of desire, and she, too, was to emerge again in the Christian centuries. Virgil was to create Dido who was to survive when the pale piety of Æneas had become dim with the centuries. Cleopatra was to woo Antony to Actium and to survive its shame. Messalina, Poppæa, Faustina, were to claim immortality for their monstrous annals. Dante was to pursue his dream of Beatrice through the sombre realms that Virgil himself had pierced. Petrarch was to swoon before his dream of Laura. Paolo and Francesca were to follow the road of fatality that had been illumined and consecrated by so many holocausts. Yes, there were to be many followers on the long, grim road, but among them all there stands out indestructibly the figure of Héloïse. For her love-story with Abélard has that stamp of intensity which survives of itself and in the face of which all censure is abashed.

And now, in the twentieth century, an English writer approaches this old-world love-story. Let us admit at once that he is singularly unfettered by English prejudices. Let us admit that he writes with a full consciousness of European as opposed to English traditions, and that he views European traditions in their relation to the standard of antiquity. For such a writer puritanism is without meaning, is at the best a mere damper on passion, while without passion the great love-stories of the world would never have been lived, far less immortalised as works of art. Instinctively such a writer responds to such a theme, claiming that passion itself is the touchstone of the greatest books in all languages.

And, indeed, when one opposes to passion mere sensuality, however embellished, the claim seems just. To take a few comparatively modern examples almost at random, what is it that *Manon Lescaut* has that *Mademoiselle de Maupin* lacks? What is there in *Sappho* that is denied to *Nana*? How is it that neither Maupassant nor even Flaubert have ever kindled the white fire of *Le Lys Rouge*? Why does the reddish dust in *La Città Morta* haunt one when the musk of so many Parisian dramas has faded?

What is it that *Smoke* possesses which is so conspicuously absent from the whole literature of *Samin*? It is precisely this one attribute, and because of this, Nature, *la grande indifférente* in all other respects, seems to show favouritism in this one direction, explaining ironically why Mary Queen of Scots outlives Elizabeth and why Anne Boleyn has a place in the memory denied to Catherine of Arragon. One could multiply the examples indefinitely, but it is enough to plead that whatever else intensity is, or is not, it is not ridiculous. Even when passion assumes forms almost grotesque its victims are not ludicrous. Harpagon is not ludicrous; Shylock is admittedly tragic. Cyrano de Bergerac himself uncovers at the name of Don Quixote. But the simple love-passion is inevitably the absorbing one of literature as of life, and it is inevitable that it should be the very core of *Héloïse and Abélard*.

It is inevitable, too, that in an English rendering the question of treatment should insinuate itself obtrusively. The author of *Esther Waters* is admittedly a realist in the Continental sense, and it is not difficult to picture him in some large emporium or other of English ink confronting a really great advertising magnate and his editorial subordinate in a discussion on the subject of Héloïse. The magnate would be perfectly familiar with the bare outline of the world-famed story. But how was it to be made palatable for the British public? What was its precise value for the British public? What was there in it? To all of which questions the bored author might reply in a single word—passion. "Ah," one can hear the magnate exclaim, "we must go slow about passion in this office. But we have several excellent substitutes. A brisk love interest, for example. . . ." And then, turning to his subordinate: "What's that about the blush? Tell him about the blush." Then the subordinate would remind Mr. George Moore that in the nineteenth century a great creative writer had alluded to a dead rival, in a crescendo of eulogy, as one who had never brought a blush to a young girl's cheek. He would probably enlarge on this thesis pompously enough to wring from Mr. Moore the reminder that Renan might have said exactly the same of the dead Turgenev, but that he had preferred to lay stress on the quality of *sère*. His opponent, however, would probably wave Renan aside and perhaps pointedly remind Mr. Moore that he was one of the very few Englishmen who permitted himself *le bon rire gaulois* and that it was an uncommonly dangerous laugh in English ears. Disconcerted by a dispute that might, by this time, be getting a little out of hand, the satrap would probably sum up the situation by the remark that to bring a blush to a young girl's cheek nowadays

required a "bit of doing," but that, if it had to be done, Mr. George Moore was undoubtedly "the man for the job—only not in our office," after which all three would leave the question of Héloïse for the great British public very prudently alone.

But in the privately printed pages of this tragic narrative the glamour of Héloïse preserves its pristine force. Let us glance at her as she emerges from it into the glare of the twentieth century. In bare outline the story retains its old simplicity. Fulbert, the Canon, is left with his dead brother's child on his hands. The orphan is educated in a convent at Argenteuil, where she is visited from time to time by his servant, Madelon. The years pass, and at last Héloïse is allowed to pay her uncle a visit at his house in the Rue des Chantres. Immediately he is captivated by her amazing mastery of the Latin language, though he had had but a poor opinion of the latinity of nuns. Héloïse, it seems, is a scholar, and the Canon hopes that some day she may become a great abbesse, though he has considered it his duty to give her a free choice between the world and the convent. Standing on the threshold of her destiny, Héloïse is in no hurry to choose. But she is interested in her uncle's library, and, above all, she is fascinated by Virgil, the pagan who had anticipated the promise of Christianity. She is fascinated, too, by external life, by the street life of Paris, that veritable continuation of antiquity which century after century has reproduced the pagan vivacity of the Mimes of Herondas. As she shops with Madelon one bridges easily the gap of nearly a thousand years:—

"An hour later they were in and out of the shop like bees among flowers, talking of the price of provisions, which had gone up alarmingly, a fine chicken costing as much as three pence—as much as a sheep in the days gone by in Brittany, Madelon was saying, as they returned home through the thronging streets, excited by the pleasant air full of sunshine and thrills. . . . Now the nuns are walking in their convent garden finding young spiders weaving glittering thread from spray to spray, Héloïse said. And I'll warrant startling the ring-doves out of the winter wheat—terrible ravagers of crops, Madelon replied. Why, there's the Canon, looking up at the peaked gables as usual. So it is, Héloïse replied, and raising her eyes she admired the gables showing aloft against the autumn sky."

And so the days drift on into months and Héloïse becomes in her manner a *salonnière* in the old Canon's household. The life in this mediæval Paris is quietude itself, broken for Héloïse by the excitement of a wolf hunt:—

"Again and again the wolves escaped the spearmen in the street, but all the doors were closed against them, and large dogs tracked them and drove them out of their hiding-places, and they were done to death in couples and singly, with spears and great beams of wood sharpened and hardened by fire, not dying, however, without a fight. But the wolf that stayed to bite was

hewed down or pierced with a sword, till at last the remnant began to see that only by swimming the stream could they escape. Some five or six plunged in and swam valiantly, but archers were placed along the left and the right banks behind the poplar and the willow trees, and when a wolf reached the middle of the stream an arrow struck him; he went under, the current swilled him away, and from their high balcony Héloïse, the Canon and Madelon watched the shooting from the right bank, seeing one grey, courageous animal reach the bank despite the mortal arrow. He is the last one, Héloïse said, but at these words a beautiful young wolf galloped down their street and, catching sight of Héloïse on the balcony, he laid himself down against the door, and howled for it to be opened to him; and she might have risked being bitten, but before there was time to ask for the Canon's consent some hunters appeared in the street and the young wolf was slain in a corner, a big beam being driven through him."

But Héloïse is soon to forget such excitements as mere wolves in the streets of Paris. Already the fame of Abélard, "the equal of Plato and Aristotle," is passing from lip to lip. Inevitably she is drawn towards him, less perhaps as Juliet to Romeo than as Aspasia to Pericles. Only in no sense is she an Hetaïra, but rather a Juliet of the intelligence who swoons before the herald of the Renaissance, a lonely enough herald in the dawn of the twelfth century. Héloïse is intrigued by his personality and listens to the conversations of the students about the Master. And then she looks upon him for the first time, still with clear, searching eyes:—

"Héloïse saw a short man, of square build, who, although well advanced in the thirties, still conveyed an impression of youthfulness; for though squarely built his figure was well knit, his eyes were bright, and his skin fresh and not of an unpleasing hue, brown and ruddy. The day being warm, he walked carrying his hat in his hand, looking round him pleased at the attendance, and it was this look of self-satisfaction that stirred a feeling of dislike in Héloïse. He seemed to her complacent and vain; and she did not like his round head, his black hair, his slightly prominent eyes: solemn eyes, she said to herself, and I like merry eyes; the only feature that forced an acknowledgment from her was his forehead, which was large and finely turned. But her admiration of it passed away quickly in her dislike of his blunt, fleshy nose."

But as soon as he began to speak Héloïse lost her critical attitude. Hungrily she listened to him as he pleaded for reason in an age of faith, and very soon it was impossible for her to separate the intellectual from the physical in the new Master: "So deep was the spell put upon her that if he had told her to mount the tower of the Cathedral and cast herself over she would have done it."

From that instant the action becomes swift and direct in this opening phase of a romance to which realism adds a deeper poignancy. Abélard writes to her and she goes to him as to a lover. Already she had thrown herself at his feet and kissed his hands, and now, picking their way through the groups of peni-

tents, they enter a cloister together hand in hand. Abélard in his turn looks critically at her. At once he is pleased to see that she is something more than a disciple in the new school of reason :—

"For though by no means beautiful, he said to himself, she is better, for she is to my taste, and forgetful of Faith and Reason, he thought how her figure might be : delicate and subtly made, he said to himself, without harsh angles ; and he was near to taking her in his arms, so ardently did her ruddy complexion and her brown silky hair appeal to his senses ; and he admired the thick braids wound above the nape. A neck, he said, that carries the head as a stem carries its flower. And she too was satisfied with what her gaze gave back to her, for she read a fixity of purpose and an idea in his brow, and she could not doubt but that he bore the mark of high destiny."

There is as little assistance on one side as the other. The fatuous confidence of the Canon hurries the lovers, who need no urging, into each other's arms. Abélard arranges to become the private tutor of Héloïse and to live as a tenant in the Canon's house. Fulbert loves wine as well as Latin, and Abélard himself wavers between the lute and philosophy. There are drunken scenes in the quiet house in the Rue des Chantres. Fulbert blunders occasionally when least expected upon the stage, but the lovers have their will, and the philosopher Abélard puts into his lute, in a dawn song of Provence, the distilled perfume of the story he was to hand on, heedless of praise or blame, to all the centuries :—

- "In the orchard and beneath a hawthorn tree.
The twain lie hand on hand and knee to knee
Until the watchman cries, the planets flee,
Ah God! ah God! the dawn! it comes so soon."

But there is an awakening from the dawn songs of Provence and from the absorption of the Latin poets. There comes a moment when Abélard realises that concealment will be no longer possible, and he determines to fly to Brittany with Héloïse and Madelon as her attendant. And, disguised as a party of two nuns escorted by a friar, they make their escape from Paris on horseback.

Picture after picture of mediæval France lives again in their wanderings. The life of gleamen, trouvères, hunters, woodmen, peasants, the life of birds, bees, wolves, the teaming secrets of the forest blend with the life of the lovers. At first it all seems to one too refined, too delicate, for the dawn of the twelfth century, and then, abruptly, the old brute savagery gleams through this fastidious prose. Abélard is warned of robbers on his journey, but an innkeeper tells him that the religious need have no fear :—

"A friar like yourself, reverend sir, was murdered and robbed on a lonely bit of the road between here and Saint-Jean-de-Braie, a large village or town

within the skirts of the forest, two leagues, two and a half maybe, from Orleans. The robber fled, but the religious have power with the king, and a price was put on his head, and money, as you will know, reverend sir, produces every virtue as well as every vice. The robber was betrayed at last, and as he had been a terror in the district for some time, a curious death was devised for him, one that would bring the people far and wide to see; and they came in thick crowds, for the robber was to be laid at length on the floor of the scaffold to have his belly eaten out by a dog trained for the job. The condemned was told what the punishment was to be, and he must have suffered in thought as much as he did upon the scaffold. The agony his eyes bespoke when he saw the dog straining at the chain will never be forgotten by those who saw it. He was shriven by a friar of the Order of the man he had killed, and allowed to kiss the Cross before the dog was let loose upon him, an animal well trained, who in less than ten minutes was pulling out the entrails, casting them to and fro while the man was yet alive."

Héloïse thinks nothing of the terrors of the journey, nothing of her own doubtful fate at the journey's end. She thinks solely of Abélard and of his fame, which is greater than the man. She wishes him to enter the Church, and when he tells her that as a priest he could not remain himself, she reminds him that as a priest he could become a bishop and then a cardinal, "for the Church cannot pass over men of genius." And again and again she makes him realise what already he knows full well, that outside the Church there can be no advancement for such as he. But of herself she says only: "We are always changing, it seems to me. We are always changing, but we do not know in what direction we are changing. If we did . . . I would believe that thou lovest me, Abélard, but thy mind is the dearest thing in the world to thee, dearer than life; dearer than I can ever be."

And to her also the mind of Abélard is the dearest thing, dearer than life, and, if not dearer than love, at least a thing to which love itself must be unhesitatingly sacrificed. Héloïse never hesitates for a moment as to the sacrifice. She is unwilling to marry him, though she is to become the mother of his child. He must enter the Church, triumph over his enemies, and spread his fame through all the world for all the centuries. It is with this counsel ringing in his ears that Abélard leaves her with his sister, Denise, and her husband in Brittany and returns to Paris to confront his enemies. He sees the Canon and pacifies him with the promise to marry his niece at a church in Paris as soon as she is able to make the arduous journey from Brittany. After a long delay he returns to Héloïse, who has borne him a son: "A good baby, the best of babies, Héloïse said; I believe that there was never so good a child, and would that thou couldst see his eyes, Abélard, for he has thine own." The child wakes, a smiling child who, heedless of the tragedy of his birth, looks

on a pilgrimage from which there can be no return. The nuns are expelled from the convent and are forced to beg for charity :—

" They brought back some small coins every day, and these Héloïse was counting when the door of the kitchen opened and a monk crossed the threshold and stood, his eyes fixed upon her. On seeing that she did not recognise him, for he stood against the light, he raised his hood, and the surprise was so great that for a moment she felt like dying, and leaned against the wall gasping, to fall into Abélard's arms at last. Neither could speak, nor were words needed; it was enough for each to know that each was with the other. So thou hast come at last, broke from her sighing lips. So thou hast come, she repeated, and checked the words on her lips: after nine years, for she was now awaking from her almost swoon and would not have the sweetness of this meeting jarred by any untoward word, any word that he might apprehend as a reproach. Is it thou, Abélard? Is it thou? she repeated, clinging to him as if afraid that her senses deceived her and that the illusion might pass, leaving her alone, in the nothingness that she dreaded. Yes, it is Abélard, and thou art Héloïse. The words came again to her lips: why didst thou stay away so long? but she checked them instinctively, almost without being aware of them, so great was her ravishment; and still speaking out of it she passed her hands through his hair, drawing tresses from his face. Grey hair! she said, and this time the words broke from her: why didst thou stay away?"

Life had dealt cruelly with Héloïse, but hideously with Abélard. The brutality of the Middle Ages had worked its full fury on him who pleaded too early for reason, who clung to truth as he conceived it, who proclaimed the awakening before the dawn of the Renaissance. It is not the Abélard of those wanderings who has returned to his lover. But, broken as he is, something of the old fire lingers in him as though to illumine the wreck of the man: "Though they had nothing else in common, they were united in hatred of me and of learning, Abélard said. It would seem to them that Christianity rested not upon a rock of learning, but upon the mud-banks of ignorance; and ever since they met they have not ceased to speak against me and impune my teaching, and wherever they go their aim is to discover some act of mine which would justify them in bringing a charge of heresy against me." But Héloïse, with her "grey, earnest, idealistic eyes," listens to the beloved voice as he tells her how his enemies have robbed him of love and of glory. And now, knowing everything, Héloïse exclaims: "Abélard, let us be faithful to one another." But he is to be torn from her again, and when the Sisters enter the room the renunciation is complete: "My husband, Héloïse said, rising, and Abélard answered: my sister in Jesus Christ."

But this final renunciation is too much even for the stoicism of Héloïse, and she is in the act of poisoning herself when Abélard bursts in upon her and once more enforces his will: "Obey me

for thy sake and mine, and accept the Paraclete—be its Abbess—and we will go thither with the sisters who have remained faithful. I have no heart but to do thy bidding, Héloïse answered; and in the midst of remembrances that he had never heard her sob like this before, Abélard too felt tears trembling on his eyelids ready to overflow them, but he forced them back, saying: I will leave thee now, Héloïse, and go out in search of the hackneys to carry us over the first stage of our journey."

There are in this book *longueurs*, inconsequent digressions, too frequent excursions not only into the charmed groves of the poets of antiquity, but into the dusty byways of mediæval dialectic, but for all that its imaginative force is undeniable. This powerful writer has already challenged comparison with Renan, but in this poignant narrative he has kept far from Rousseau. It is the old and not the *nouvelle* Héloïse that he has given us, in spite of his realism, or rather because of it. For it is just this that has deepened and illumined the tragedy of Héloïse. She is no longer a dream figure of the centuries, but an actual woman of flesh and blood, and one understands why it is that she has given an immortality to her lover which he could never have won either by his learning or by his passionate sacrifice to truth. For the utterance of Héloïse is unforgettable after its fashion, akin to the great love poetry of the world, akin to the deathless cry to Athis itself:—

Ἡράμαν μὲν ἔγω σέθεν, Ἀτθι, πάλαι πότα.

Hers, too, is that sombre union of fidelity with passion which always pervades the memory of man. In that memory her love-story will endure, and this privately printed book of Mr. George Moore will assuredly hold its niche when many a too complacently labelled masterpiece of to-day has crumbled tranquilly back into the dust of its origin.

J. A. T. LLOYD.

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY.—(VI.)

THE last month has seen certain very grave financial and industrial developments of which it is essential that the public should take notice. First and foremost we have to remark the alarming situation of the country's revenue. Up to June 5th, 1920, our revenue was £256,000,000; up to June 4th, 1921, it was only £155,000,000. Expenditure for the same periods had fallen only by £17,500,000. Sir Robert Horne, in his Budget speech, calculated that there would be a small falling off in the total revenue for the year. He put it at £309,000,000, from £1,125 millions to £1,216 millions. In the first two months of the financial year half of that expected fall had been realised, whereas the decline in expenditure is at a rate less rapid than is needed if the total expected economy is to be realised. In short, the calculations on which the Budget is based have been exposed as utterly fallacious even before the Budget has been passed into law. Our floating debt is increasing, for we have had to borrow to pay the interest on the War Loan. There appears to be little doubt that our finances for the year will not balance, and that not only will there be no redemption of debt, but we shall end the year with a greater burden than we began it.

Simultaneously with the realisation of this alarming state of things came the result of the election in St. George's, Westminster, where the banner of official Conservatism was torn down by an anti-waste candidate from a citadel which had been deemed of all the most secure. The Conservative Press made no bones about the reasons for this catastrophe; it was bluntly admitted that Sir Herbert Jessel had the insuperable disadvantage of standing as a supporter of the Government. The consequence of this election was that it had to be admitted that no seat whatever was safe for the Coalition. Industrial constituencies may go Labour or Liberal; only a victory snatched out of a split vote can save them. Worse than that by far, however, is the fact that the very safeness of a Tory seat renders it an easy prey for the Anti-Waste party. Serenely undisturbed by any fear that they are endorsing the "Protocols of Zion," or encouraging the troublesome Irish, the well-to-do can vote, in "safe" constituencies, as they wish to vote, and that is against the Government that so heavily taxes them and yet does not succeed in balancing its accounts with the money.

No surprise, therefore, can be felt that the immediate consequence of this election, and of the revenue situation, was the panic-stricken jettisoning of some of the Government's most recent legislation. The Unemployment Insurance scheme, admittedly hopelessly insolvent,

was hastily made the subject of an amending Bill. It is impossible not to sympathise with the sincere anger of Mr. Clynes in face of this blow. His speech on this occasion was inspired by no mere perfunctory opposition, for the record of the Government in the matter of unemployment insurance is quite indefensible. The moment the Armistice was over and Labour trouble began, it was brought to their notice that the root of industrial unrest was the fear of unemployment, and that the most fundamental of the needs of the moment was the quick introduction of a scientific insurance scheme for its relief, to be followed up, of course, by a general industrial policy aimed at its prevention as far as possible. Through months of prosperity, when unemployment was practically non-existent and contributions might have been pouring into a fund for harder times, the Government temporised and delayed. When its scheme was at last introduced, it came so late that thousands of workers had not paid even the minimum quota of contributions necessary to qualify for the benefit when the storm broke and they found themselves out of work. The Act had to be amended so that they could be relieved. The whole procedure was really analogous to the launching of an insurance company while the Great Fire of London was raging, which allowed the sufferers to take out policies after the event. Needless to say, after a very few months of appalling depression, the scheme was hopelessly insolvent, a Government thoroughly alarmed by the outcry against its expenditure dare not carry the loss, and Dr. Macnamara asked that the contributions should be raised—at a time when wages are falling—and that the benefits should be reduced to a pittance on which no man or woman can keep body and soul together.

On the same day that Dr. Macnamara made this announcement, the House of Commons was informed that there was to be yet another victim, in the shape of the Agriculture Act. The price of wheat is not to be guaranteed, nor the wages of the labourer fixed by the Agricultural Wages Board, after the sale of the coming harvest. The legislation that is so unceremoniously to be repealed provided that Parliament should give four years' notice of the withdrawal of these guarantees; that is apparently a small matter, and four months' notice will have to suffice. For my own part I was opposed to the subsidising of agriculture from the outset, for, being a Free Trader, I do not believe in paying more than the world price for anything, but rather that it is better for us to exchange our industrial products for wheat if it can be supplied to us more cheaply from elsewhere. The merits of the Agriculture Act, however, are almost irrelevant to the present discussion. They were sufficiently discussed when the Act was passing through Parliament, and at that time the Government maintained against all comers that its Bill was essential to the safety of the nation and the prosperity of its agricultural population. We are now told that it was not really expected

that the scheme would cost anything to speak of, that the price of wheat was so high that it was not thought likely that it would fall so far as the guaranteed price. Unfortunately, these expectations have been grotesquely falsified by events, and the Act, if allowed to remain in operation, is expected to cost us some 20 millions a year. It must therefore go, even if the farmers do say, in their rural simplicity, that a guarantee which is only to last so long as it is not needed is a political joke they do not fully appreciate.

This policy of scuttling is exactly the same as that applied to the coal mines on March 31st with such fatal results to the industrial life of the nation. It will be noted, moreover, that just as the sudden decontrol of the mines was timed to take place at the most unfavourable period of the year for the miners, the equally sudden decontrol of agriculture is to take place at the earliest possible date after the next harvest; in other words, it will put the agricultural labourers in an equally unfavourable position to defend their standard of life. It is not in the least clear that there is any essential connection between guaranteed prices and a Wages Board to maintain the labourers' wages at a subsistence level. We do not guarantee the prices of goods made by labour which was previously sweated, but is now protected by the operation of the Trade Boards Act. However that may be, it is clear that the choice of the date of decontrol puts the farmers in an impregnable position. They will just have reaped and sold their harvest, and employment on the land will be slack. This sudden change in policy should at least have been timed so that the parties could meet on more equal terms. I do not really believe that this Government would be guilty of such folly as definitely to plot to drive wages down; but if it does this sort of thing so repeatedly it is useless to expect Labour not to make that charge, and to make it quite sincerely. Finally, it is not of the slightest use to hope for the prosperity of British agriculture unless wages are maintained at a reasonable level. If they are not, the old drift to the towns and to the colonies will begin again, and it will be all the more rapid because of the shortage of houses and of the all-important fact that the labourers have for a period of years known better times.

In view of these happenings it is scarcely surprising that business men are everywhere saying that if the Government gets a finger into any industrial pie, there is bound at some time or other to be a disaster, probably a disaster that is sudden and unexpected. Its action is seen in a whole series of cases to have been hurried, ill-considered, and finally inconsistent. One of the essentials of proper business is foresight. In these times it is difficult enough to look ahead into the future of any enterprise, so shifting and incalculable are all the circumstances. If the Government is in the field it becomes quite impossible. Policies of nationalisation, trustification, control, sudden and antedated decontrol, follow one another with kaleidoscopic

uncertainty. Nor has the lesson of the Reparations Act been forgotten. The 50 per cent. of the purchase price which was to be paid by Germany was not so paid; the scheme therefore imposed a 100 per cent. import duty on all German goods. Its yield was a few paltry thousands of pounds at the expense of a rise in prices against the British consumer. It was amended so that the amount payable is now only half. The fiscal results of the Government's policy seem as uncertain as the industrial results, and the one desire of most English manufacturers and merchants is to be let alone.

Yet at this moment, and with this record behind it, the Government is forcing through a jaded and distrustful Parliament, by means of an extensive use of the guillotine, a measure which will place the whole of British trade and industry under the thumb of one of its departments. That must be the effect of the Bill to safeguard key industries and to prevent dumping. This measure imposes an import duty of 33½ per cent. on the products of certain industries considered to be essential to the safety of the country. These industries are specified with some definiteness in the Bill itself, but the other provisions are almost infinitely elastic. A 33½ per cent. tariff may be levied, by a committee operating under the Board of Trade, upon all goods sold in this country at less than the cost of production in the country of origin, or upon goods that come from a country whose exchange has collapsed in our favour if they are offered at a price less than that at which our own manufacturers can profitably make and sell them. The "cost of production" in the country of origin is defined at the wholesale price, so it is not really the "cost of production" at all; that phrase is merely used to pacify those free traders who stick to the old and original definition of dumping. If an American trust which is able to raise its prices, behind the American tariff, to the American people, chooses or is compelled to sell its goods more cheaply in this country, those goods will come within the scope of the Bill. We are to have cheap goods from neither rich countries nor poor countries.

This measure is popular with no one. Mr. Fisher has described it as strychnine in safe doses; Mr. Baldwin as an umbrella that may be blown inside out. If its official sponsors speak of it like this, private members have been even more decided in their expression of uneasiness. It has been aptly described as a Bill to do something at all costs for the purely political purpose of reconciling the conflicting claims of Unionist Tariff Reformers and Liberal Free Traders within the Coalition and without much regard to industry itself. It will be noted that the actual levying of the tax is left to a departmental committee. Even Sir Frederick Banbury, ardent Protectionist though he is, cannot assent to this surrender of the right of the House of Commons to control taxation. It is assumed in some

quarters that it will be put into operation in only a small number of cases. No assumption could be more dangerous. Once its benefits are given to a few industries, all will be clamouring at the door of the Board of Trade, and there will be few classes of goods which, in the existing state of the currency system of the world, cannot be shown either to be sold more cheaply here than they are in protected countries where the exchange is against us, or to be too cheap because they come from a country where the exchange is in our favour. It will be interesting to see the attitude taken up by agriculture, the greatest key industry of all, when it sees itself deprived of the protection of the Agricultural Act, the prices of all industrial commodities raised against it by the operation of this measure, and wheat pouring in at a price which the Government admit is going to be much lower than it expected. No Tariff Reformer yet in any country, I believe, has found it possible to exclude food taxes from his schemes; but I scarcely think that this country, with its gaze fixed grimly on the figures of the cost of living, will tolerate their imposition.

No one professes to know what the effect of this scheme will be. In some cases the exchange gives other countries an advantage of about 200 per cent., and the tariff imposed will be nugatory as a protective measure, though it may well raise prices to the home purchaser. Many Free Traders regard and welcome the Bill as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Tariff theory, and expect its early repeal, pointing gleefully to the abandonment of other items of the Government's economic policy which it has defended with equal vigour. I cannot myself see how it can operate otherwise than as a Tariff system on a big scale unless there is a definite intention to stifle it by administrative means. The moment it is in operation it is bound to raise furious protests from the interests that have always stood for Free Trade, namely, from the manufacturers in our staple industries, and eager clamours for its benefits from the industries subject to any sort of competition, healthy or otherwise. Shipping must suffer from any policy such as this, for it is definitely intended to restrict the flow of goods to and from the country. It is, in fact, the last and greatest of the Government's gambles in economic policy, and it will create every kind of uneasiness and uncertainty, making it impossible for manufacturers to fix prices and balance costs against them, in short, to make those calculations as to the future which are essential to the prosperity of their endeavours. It ignores completely the fundamental disease which affects our industries to-day, namely, that our old customers are too poor to buy our goods. The only remedies are a reduction in our own prices, and therefore of our costs of production, and an increase in the purchasing power of foreign countries. Yet this measure is intended to keep prices up, and to prevent foreigners from selling to us and thus from acquiring the wherewithal to purchase from us.

All this upset to industry comes at a time when it is more than ever important that business should be able to look ahead to a period of quiet unspeculative work, for it comes just as the coal stoppage is dragging to an end, delayed so much longer than was anticipated in any quarter. Other industries are faced with the same acute difficulty of balancing costs and earnings, and the whole position is dangerous and distressing. During this period Labour has learned one important lesson: that its great idol, the Triple Alliance, has feet of very yielding clay. It not only failed at the moment of extreme crisis, but it failed again when the inevitable issue of "tainted goods" was raised by the importation of foreign coal. There were sporadic strikes which at no moment seriously hindered the movement of coal. The leaders were non-committal and hesitating, the men clearly not united, and eventually the policy of the embargo was abandoned as a failure. This collapse, in spite of the tragedy of blighted hopes and shattered ideals which it necessarily appeared to many thousands of people, was in my opinion a good thing both for Labour and the community. Though personal influences and divided counsels were no doubt to a great extent responsible for it, they were not in the main so responsible. The Alliance was misconceived and misapplied.

The original idea of its founders was not to make of it a sort of grand arbiter of all industrial questions, not even to ensure its sympathetic action on behalf of any one of its members when in trouble, but something far more modest. Before the war all three great unions had been plunged into strikes within a comparatively short space of time. The strikes of each threw many members of the others out of work, depleted their funds, and seriously weakened their position when their own time of conflict came. The original idea, therefore, was so to arrange the periods of the three unions' agreements with their respective employers that, if controversies had to come, they should come as nearly as possible at the same moment for all three. Thus strikes would be simultaneous, and there would be no frittering away of money and moral energy in enforced but useless unemployment. It was also no doubt hoped that the prospect of a general strike on the part of all three unions, although over quite distinct issues, would impress the public mind with the necessity of a peaceful settlement in each case. To do the Alliance full justice, it cannot be denied that it has prevented several strikes, while it has been the cause of none.

It soon became apparent that the new Aladdins were afraid of their own lamp and of the portentous power of the Genie they were supposed to be able to control with it. Whatever they might say, and however unpolitical and justifiable the issue over which it was used, it could not be denied that a strike so general was a direct blow at the life of the community. Every strike is in reality an

appeal to public opinion, as well as a method of putting pressure on employers, and a strike affecting a big public service is almost entirely the former, for the immediate inconvenience to the public is far more real and more quickly felt than the loss caused to the employing companies. A Triple Alliance strike is almost entirely a public as distinct from a private matter. The State has at once to take action to save itself, necessarily to some extent organising itself to break the strike while so doing. If at all prolonged it must lead towards social disturbances, which would make the issue political, whatever it had been at the beginning. Moreover, the fact that the State has, in fact, been in control both of mines and railways ever since the Alliance came into existence has made the declaration of a strike by it look even more political and revolutionary in its nature than it would have done if such a threat had first been made against a group of private employers. In reality, however, the argument whether such action is political or industrial is the merest hair-splitting when the strike threatened is of such magnitude. The effect is necessarily to force the employers right into the background and to compel the State to intervene and either to induce a settlement or to impose one on one side or the other.

This fact was realised as quickly in Labour circles as it was by the general public, and the effect was naturally to place in sharp contrast the moderate and extreme wings of Labour. The moderates, who include almost all the leaders, have shown quite clearly that they had no sort of wish to use the Alliance at all. There have been railway strikes and coal strikes, and it has not been used, and, owing to the nature of its origin, no question of desertion was raised by its not being used. The extremists, on the other hand, have wanted to use it for all sorts of purposes, many of them with no connection whatever with industrial disputes. In fact it was the existence of this ever-loaded pistol of the Triple Alliance which raised the whole issue of direct action, for so long a bone of contention in Labour circles. To the extremists a general strike became a thing desired for its own sake, to be worked for on any and every occasion. To the moderates it was a thing so studiously to be avoided that their whole position was falsified and weakened, even where they were dealing with quite a legitimate wage question of great moment to their own immediate followers. Finally, the fear of war with Russia stampeded the whole Labour movement into apparent acceptance of the theory that direct action could be justified in certain cases. No one seems, however, to have changed his real views, and the internecine struggle became more and more acute.

The whole business was the gravest possible source of weakness to the Labour movement. Not only was it divided against itself, which was fatal enough, but it became possible to create infinite prejudice against it in the public mind. The British people can be as muddle-

headed as most, and they can easily be misled by catchwords. This time, however, there was a great deal of truth in the catchword. To a number of people, who were in general sympathy with the fundamental aims of the Labour Party, the issue was clear. The doctrine of direct action meant that a definite but well-organised minority could impose its will on the Government and therefore on the nation. It meant that or nothing. To the Labour extremists it meant very decidedly that, and they regarded it as a short cut which would save them the time and labour of converting what they call "the apathetic majority" to their point of view. Now those who believe in democracy, not necessarily as a semi-divine institution, but as the only stable and peaceable way in which a civilised modern community can be governed, hold as a first principle of their political theory that no minority can be allowed to be in a position to coerce the majority. Whether that power be exercised rightly or wrongly is irrelevant; it is even irrelevant whether it be exercised at all. If it is there in the background democracy is unreal. I for my part would far rather see a wrong cause momentarily triumph, as I constantly do at elections, than see that fundamental principle destroyed. For if that goes we are back at our beginnings, with centuries of work undone. The Labour Party is coming to realise it too. The dropping of nationalisation as a possible strike issue was one stage in its realisation, the failure of the Triple Alliance will, I hope, be another.

H. B. USHER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

HISTORY FOR EVERYBODY.

SIR,—Whether Mr. Wells writes history or replies to his critics, the psychologist has little difficulty in discerning that Mr. Wells's real line of business is romance. This predominant affect breaks through in trivial little ways, which are regarded as motivations of the unconscious in "the psycho-analytic work of Jung," to which Mr. Wells says, very kindly, that he would like to lead me. [He may, however, spare himself the trouble, as I happen to be a professional psychologist, and in this matter, at least, can dispense with his kindly leading.] Thus, in his spirited reply to my pamphlet, he says:

"On several occasions in his criticism of the *Outline* Dr. Downey uses the dramatic phrase 'one rubs one's eyes.' "

Mr. Wells then recommends me to rub them again, tells us that he rarely rubs his, and altogether gets great fun out of the idea. Naturally I turn to the pamphlet to see just how often I did rub my eyes—and I find that I have used the expression once, and once only—on page 20.

Now I would not have mentioned this trifling inaccuracy of Mr. Wells if he had not offered to lead me to Jung. But that being so, he will doubtless understand what I mean when I say that this little inaccuracy of his is *symptomatic*. After reading my pamphlet, Mr. Wells had an impression that I had overworked a particular phrase. He doesn't take the trouble to turn over my few pages and see if his impression be correct. Instead, the impression is set down as a fact, and the "fact" is made the basis of an engaging display of humour. Well, frankly, I appreciate the humour, and I wish that I had rubbed my eyes more than once if only to justify the facetiousness of Mr. Wells. But, unfortunately, the outcome of Mr. Wells's unconscious registering of impressions as facts is not always so happy. In the *Outline* it is occasionally tragic, as, for instance, in his account of the origins of Christianity. With this matter I have dealt very fully in my pamphlet, and to my strictures Mr. Wells has answered never a word.

I am, I think, as little interested in scoring dialectical points as Mr. Wells. I agree with him that it is the view of history as a whole that matters, and I have been at some pains to make it clear that it is against Mr. Wells's theory and method that I protest. In his new book, *The Salvaging of Civilisation*, Mr. Wells, all too modestly, writes of the *Outline* as "a corrupting mass of faults and minor inaccuracies." To my mind, the marvel is, not that Mr. Wells has made so many errors, but that he has made so few. Bossuet made far more in his *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle*. But, as a writer in the *Times Literary Supplement* (May 26th) remarks:

"It is a salient feature of Bossuet's thought, and the most valid proof of his healthy, perfectly-poised mind, that, however faulty or untrustworthy his hypotheses, the inferences he draws are nearly

always accurate and profound. Reasoning from his Catholicism, building on foundations which are completely rejected by science and modern thought, he arrives at conclusions which are still valid, still most useful to the historian."

It is just this peculiar merit of Bossuet that seems to me to be lacking in Mr. Wells. I find it quite impossible to imagine Bossuet saying with Mr. Wells: "If a thing is convincing to me, I do not care when it was first believed nor who has given it up." That's just it. Mr. Wells ought to care. I might, we will suppose, convince Mr. Wells that there is quaternity in the Trinity. But, in view of the fact that all experts in speculative theology have abandoned the notion of quaternity on account of its intrinsic absurdity, Mr. Wells would be well advised to pause and weigh the value of his conviction as against the judgment of experts. At least, it seems so to me; and when, if ever, as Mr. Wells suggests, my turn comes to write an *Outline of History*, I promise Mr. Wells that I shall not be found purveying exploded theories, without even a hint that they have long ago been abandoned by experts.

But if Mr. Wells really doesn't care about expert opinion, why all this bother as to what Professor Bourne holds with regard to the Survival of the Fittest? ["Mr. Bourne," by the by, is not "Dr. Downey's way of speaking of Professor Bourne." In my MS., I wrote simply "Bourne," and the acting-editor of the *Month*, in which my pamphlet first appeared as a series of articles, inserted the "Mr.," which somehow escaped me in revising the articles.] Mr. Wells's attempt to convict me of "misquotation" is simply ridiculous. He says that at once he suspected that the quotation was "clipped." It is obviously "clipped." Not having unlimited space at my disposal, I merely quoted those words of Professor Bourne which seemed to me relevant to the point at issue between Mr. Wells and myself. I have re-read Professor Bourne very carefully, and I understand him to mean that "*the current doctrine*" (my italics) of the Struggle for Existence, with extinction of the less fit and Survival of the Fittest, no longer commands the universal assent of zoologists. If Mr. Wells is not preaching "*the current doctrine*" of which Professor Bourne writes, what in the name of all that is mysterious is he preaching? Except that in a footnote Mr. Wells tells us that "It might be called with more exactness the Survival of the Fitter," "It" is in every respect the hypothesis to which Professor Bourne takes exception. My point is that Mr. Wells is putting forward a theory which is not endorsed by contemporary expert opinion. Mr. Wells doesn't care who has abandoned the theory as long as he is convinced of it. But is that attitude quite fair to the thousands who have looked to him for light and leading? I am no expert in zoology (though let me assure Mr. Wells that I have studied the subject seriously), so perhaps he will pardon me if I prefer to follow the judgment of recognised experts rather than his own perfectly honest, but uninstructed convictions. In the subjects in which I happen to have specialized, I find that Mr. Wells has made many ludicrous mistakes, and this makes me a little chary of sitting at his feet even in biology. That little Sabellian affair rather shook my confidence in Mr. Wells. It is, of course, no disgrace not to know what Sabellianism was, but I submit that a man who does not know ought not to write about it; and I cannot help wondering of how many other affairs Mr. Wells has

written in the same state of blissful ignorance. He says that I make him out to be a follower of Herbert Spencer. Very far from it—I accuse him of being ignorant of the fact that Herbert Spencer was the recognised exponent of a theory which Mr. Wells ascribes to Grant Allen. It is not to Mr. Wells's knowledge, but to his ignorance of Herbert Spencer that I ventured to call attention.

Mr. Wells says that I have come a "controversial cropper," because his diagrammatic picture of the foot of man and gorilla "is given to show the *difference*, not the resemblance of the two feet." If Mr. Wells will kindly glance at the text which accompanies the picture, he will find that he (or the artist, or somebody) has written: "Foot of man and gorilla with dark line to show the entire difference of tread" (Mr. Wells's italics). Notice—it is not the picture, but the *dark line* that shows the difference, and the difference is merely in the manner of walking! The picture, *pace* Mr. Wells, illustrates the morphological similarity of the two feet, and the similarity is merely emphasized by pointing out a very minor difference. However, the picture has been deleted from "the current version," and I take it that it was not removed on account of its excellence or utility. The current version (which we may call Codex C) was not in existence when I wrote my criticism.

This brings me to another point. Mr. Wells complains that I have not looked up his errata to the Newnes edition (Codex B), or waded through the current version (Codex C). The fact is that my *Month* articles were written as the fortnightly parts of the *Outline* (Codex A) appeared. If Mr. Wells will issue different versions of his history simultaneously (as he did) he ought not to complain if his critics, having paid their money, take their choice. Errata, like appendices, are destined to remain unread. Hundreds who devoured the fortnightly parts will never look at the errata, and know nothing of the current version. Some of them, I hope, will see and read my pamphlet.

There are many other things that I would like to say to Mr. Wells, did space permit. But one thing I must say. I must thank him for the pleasure that the reading of his history has afforded me. In his reply to me, he conveys the impression that I have said nice things of him only when I happened to agree with him. May I ask him to look at my pamphlet again in some idle moment, and say if this is quite fair? My admiration for Mr. Wells is genuine and sincere, and it would be greater if he did not make mere smartness take the place of reasoned reply.

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant.

RICHARD DOWNEY.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

THE WHYTE-MELVILLE CENTENARY.

June 6th, 1921.

SIR,—The very kindly appreciation of my great-uncle, Major G. J. Whyte-Melville, made by Mr. Lewis Melville in your last issue, is a welcome tribute to his literary worth. May I crave the hospitality of your columns to correct from family sources some biographical errors contained in the article?

In his opening sentence your contributor, following Sir Herbert Maxwell, states that George Whyte-Melville was born on June 19th, 1821. This is a mistake for July. As I write, I have before me the diary of his father, which under the latter date has the entry: "Coronation of King George IV. George born." Mr. Whyte-Melville was present at the King's coronation banquet, and it was in honour of this occasion that he gave his son the name of George, not previously found in the family.

At line 11, the family estate is called "Mount Fife in Fifeshire." This should read, "Mount Melville in Fifeshire."

Again in the twelfth line, the writer says that Whyte-Melville's mother was "Catherine Anne Sarah, youngest daughter of Francis Godolphin Osborne, daughter of the fifth Duke of Leeds," thus interposing a generation between his mother and his grandfather, the Duke. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the inherent improbability of a daughter having the name of Francis; it is sufficient merely to state that in point of fact Lady Catherine was herself the younger daughter of Francis, 5th Duke of Leeds, who was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs under William Pitt from 1783 to 1791, and who has been credited with the best manners and the fewest brains among the Cabinet Ministers of the day.

I am, Dear Sir, Your obedient servant,

E. W. M. BALFOUR-MELVILLE.

University of Edinburgh.

**.*The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage. It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be type-written.*

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THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

No. DCLVI. NEW SERIES. AUGUST 1, 1921.

PRESENT CONDITIONS IN INDIA

IN the February number of this REVIEW the writer attempted to explain the growing anarchy in India, and to suggest the measures necessary to cope with it. These were simple enough, viz., the impartial enforcement of the law against the small but dangerous revolutionary section, and the support by Government of its officers and loyal adherents. Those measures are still far from realisation.

The last half-year has witnessed remarkable developments. The foundations of a system of responsible government within the Empire have been laid for the first time in India's long history. Side by side, the anarchic or revolutionary movement, which the reforms were expected to eradicate, has grown in volume and violence, whether in the form of a direct attempt to oust British authority by force with foreign aid, or of its gradual subversion by the more insidious methods of non-co-operation. The Ali brothers are, or were till recently, the chief movers in the former scheme. Gandhi is the high priest of the latter; but he also commands the services of the Ali brothers. The constitutional and revolutionary movements react on one another, and the present article is an attempt to throw some light upon them.

The materials for this purpose are becoming more ample; for we have now some information in regard to the elections to the new Councils, their composition, their attitude to the Executive, the Ministers selected by the Provincial Governors to represent the majority in the Councils, the policy of the new Provincial and Central Governments, and the influence of that policy on the various sections of the population and on the services.

I. ELECTIONS TO THE COUNCILS.

The provinces to which the reforms apply have a population of about 240 millions. The number of registered voters is roughly $5\frac{1}{2}$ millions, or one voter to every forty-five persons. The number

who came to the poll for the provincial elections was 1,365,000—One-fourth of the electorate, or about one in 175 of the population. This is but a slender basis on which to build a democratic representative system. If we take the figures for the Indian Legislative Assembly, which claims to speak for the 240,000,000 of British India, the results are much worse. The number of qualified voters is 910,000, or about one in 266 of the population. But only 180,000, or one-fifth of the electors, took the trouble to vote. These represent less than one in 1,300 of the total population. The significance of the figures will be more apparent if we apply the same proportions to the British Parliament. It would then represent only some 33,000 actual votes, about as many as are cast in a single large constituency, such as Shoreditch or Croydon.

The Council of State, or Senate of India, has thirty-four elected members; the total number of voters is about 18,000, but less than 8,000 cast their votes.

Those figures should be borne in mind when there is so much loose talk of the voice of the people of India, of the democratic basis of the new administration, etc. The *forms* may be democratic, but the substance is not; for the members of the Provincial Councils represent the voices of less than 1 per cent., and those of the Central Assembly less than one-tenth per cent. of the population. The great masses, who for many years to come will be debarred from the electoral franchise, will continue to look to the British Government to protect their interests; and, if that fails them, they will turn to false prophets or fall a prey to revolutionary or anarchist propaganda. Unfortunately, there are serious indications that they are doing so.

The situation cannot be remedied by a hasty extension of the franchise. The vast majority of those who already have the vote show no desire to take advantage of it, and while only 6 per cent. of the total population is literate, there must be a natural lack of interest in politics and of capacity to take part in them. Probably two-thirds of the existing five million voters are illiterate, and the reports of the recent elections show the difficulties the returning officers had to contend with.

Thus in Bombay, the most enlightened city of India, when it was found impossible to make the voters remember even the names of the candidates, the latter were represented by some familiar emblem, such as a motor-car, a plough, or a goat, and the voters were then asked to select the emblem of their choice!

One cannot expect a high standard of electoral intelligence at the start, but the papers presented to Parliament repeat the conventional official view that the results of the elections were highly

satisfactory, and it is essential that the true facts should not be disguised from those who agreed to the introduction of the reforms on the assurance that the peoples of India were eager for, and capable of working, an up-to-date democratic Government. Whatever the future may have in store, it is clear that so far the system has taken no root among the masses.

II. THE NEW COUNCILS.

The elected representatives now form 75 to 80 per cent. of the Provincial Councils and the Indian Legislative Assembly. Subject to certain safeguards, those bodies have complete control of legislation and finance, as well as of the transferred subjects, education, public health, public works, local government, excise, industries, agriculture, etc., in the provinces. These Departments are administered by Ministers selected by the Governor from the elected members, and supposed to hold office during his pleasure and while they enjoy the confidence of the Council. The new Councils contain no representatives of Gandhi's revolutionary or non-co-operation movement, as those held aloof from the elections, and that fact contributes *for the present* to smooth working. But the Councils are, to an extent which varies in the different provinces, influenced by the extremists outside.

The new members represent chiefly the politically minded classes trained to agitation. They are still tempted to adhere to the old Congress policy of embarrassing Government, and in particular of opposing as "repressive" measures for the maintenance of law and order, though that is a matter excluded from their control.

A few instances of this tendency may be quoted. The Punjab and Bengal Councils refused to pass the vote for the Publicity Department, which is endeavouring to counteract Bolshevist and revolutionary propaganda and unfounded attacks on Government and its officers. The Punjab Council, by a majority of 56 to 13 votes, remitted the fine of 17 lakhs imposed on the city of Amritsar to compensate the heirs of the five Europeans who were brutally murdered there in the rebellion of 1919, the lady doctor who was left for dead by the mob, and the banks, railways, and missionary institutions, whose properties were robbed and burned. The result is that an innocent province has been saddled with the indemnity very properly assessed on a guilty town. As aptly remarked by the Lahore English newspaper, the Council, terrorised by the extremists, signalised its accession to power by a discrimination in favour of lawlessness, and all communities hereafter guilty of disorder will believe that they can similarly

exempt themselves from the penalty of their misdeeds. It is significant of the attitude of the "popular" party towards freedom of the Press that, after the above comments appeared, a determined effort was made by a strong section in the Council to exclude from all official or aided institutions the newspaper which had been rash enough to speak the truth.

The Bengal Council reduced the grant for the maintenance and improvement of the badly paid police force by 23 lakhs, by what was characterised by the member in charge as "one of the most irresponsible resolutions ever heard in this Council." Subsequently, when it was made clear to them that the Governor would restore the vote by the exercise of his power of veto, the Council were wise enough to reconsider their action.

The Madras Council refused to sanction the grant for completing certain sawmills in course of erection by the Forest Department and intended to provide timber at reasonable rates, apparently on the ground that the enterprise was to be under European management. The Governor restored the provision, as forests are not a "transferred" subject; but some of the members have issued a protest against his action. The Council of the Central Provinces rejected the vote for police buildings.

Even in the Indian Legislative Assembly a similar tendency is visible. One of the first motions was that *all* those still imprisoned under decisions of the martial law tribunals for participation in the rebellion of 1919, including many acts of murder, arson, and robbery, should be pardoned (1,700 out of 1,786 having already been released). Another member proposed the release of the Hindus convicted of the murder and burning, in circumstances of atrocious cruelty, of some eighteen Mahomedans in the Katar-pur religious riot of 1919. Doubtless the eagerness shown by the authorities in the last two years to pardon and whitewash criminals inspired those motions; but the good sense of the majority of the Assembly led to their withdrawal.

The propaganda of Gandhi and the Ali brothers has within the last two years led to serious outbreaks of violence and even rebellion, which have only been suppressed by the police or troops having recourse to firearms. Under the existing law the officer in command must, if possible, obtain the sanction of the nearest magistrate before opening fire. One of the most able and respected members of the Council of State moved, *inter alia* :—

(1) That before resorting to firearms, the magistrate or civil or military officer responsible shall read or cause to be read a proclamation in English and vernacular similar to that contained in the English Riot Act.

(2) Firearms shall not be used for *one hour after* such pro-

clamation has been read, unless *in the meantime* the assembly or crowd actually causes serious damage to person or property.

The mover said his desire was to place the Indian law on a footing with the "magnificent English law." That might be desirable if an Indian mob, which, maddened with race-hatred or fanatical fury, burned alive its victims, British and Indian, at Amritsar and Viramgaon in 1919 and at Malegaon in 1921, were similar to an English mob, which rarely loses its tradition of respect for the law. The acceptance of the proposals would prevent disorder being nipped in the bud and, as recent experience shows, give the riot a chance of developing into an orgy of inhuman outrages and even into a rebellion. But it heeded all the arguments of Government and the solid vote of its followers in the Council, in which, fortunately, it possesses a majority, to secure the rejection of these dangerous proposals.

A similar lack of responsibility is shown in the resolutions of the Legislative Assembly, which were carried by a large majority against the Government, that one-fourth of the posts in the Superior Civil Service be *at once* reserved for members of the lower services, and that one-fourth of the commissions in the Army be set apart for Indians. It was vainly pointed out that in both cases sufficient men with the necessary qualifications would not for a long time be forthcoming. The resolutions of the Assembly conferring on members the title of "Honourable," and increasing the daily allowance fixed by Government, may be passed over with the comment that they savour rather of privilege than of the spirit of democracy, which we have been summoning from the vasty deeps of India, but which does not as yet exist. It would be invidious to dwell on these early efforts of the Councils, were it not that the premature panegyrics recently bestowed on them in India and England may blind the public to tendencies which need regulation and control. Our Government in India has not always realised in recent years that the administration of the affairs of 320 millions of people is of more importance than the skilful manipulation of these still immature and imperfectly representative bodies. Mr. Perceval Landon, one of the most acute and sympathetic of observers, concludes an article on the new Councils in the *Daily Telegraph* of July 16th with these very apt sentences: "The even balance has still to be maintained by us; of order and justice we must still be the servants and ministers. The work can as yet be entrusted to no other hand but ours."

III. THE NEW INDIAN MINISTERS.

There are many sound and loyal elements in the Councils, especially among the rural representatives. But these are at a

disadvantage in the political arena as compared with the town politician, who has control of the Press, the platform, and, in the opinion of the rural masses, of the Government as well. For some of the Provincial Governments, instead of supporting and encouraging those—and there are many such with a fine record of service to Government and the community—who stand for the interests of the rural population, have selected as Ministers not those best qualified to represent the great majority of the people, but those who were likely to give most trouble in opposition. This is a political device not unknown in advanced political communities, but it is an unworthy one; and its adoption in India, where Government has hitherto had the reputation of fair and honourable dealing, is a sign of the moral deterioration which party politics bring in their train. This new departure has lowered our good name and reduced our friends to despair. Indians, like all Orientals, are quick to read the minds of those in authority.

Lajpat Rai, the notorious extremist, speaking at Simla on May 15th in Gandhi's presence, after Gandhi's interviews with the new Viceroy, said that the country would not accept a Reading-Gandhi compromise unless it conceded the principle of non-co-operation, and would not follow even Gandhi if he did not stand for Swaraj. He warned his audience that the Government would try to buy over their leading opponents, and failing that would threaten them with their powers. There is something to support the first allegation; but Government had done little up to May 15th to suggest that it would have recourse to the alternative course.

An examination of the lists of Ministers selected shows that, though, in the words of the Montagu-Chelmsford report, "the rural masses (226 millions out of 244 millions) have the greatest stake in the country," and though these classes can claim almost exclusive credit for India's military support in the Great War, and elect the majority of representatives in the new Councils, hardly a single Minister in the northern provinces, where their predominance is most marked, is a genuine rural representative. Among the two dozen new Indian Ministers and Members of Council, there is hardly one who stands out for conspicuous war service. The lawyer, the journalist and the professional politician have been selected for the government of the Empire which the rural classes maintain by their labour, their loyalty and their life-blood. The inevitable result of thus neglecting the claims of the loyal majority is to embitter them and drive them into opposition to Government as the only means of obtaining due recognition. Surely we are paying too dear a price for

the policy of disarming our critics and conciliating our enemies when it involves the sacrifice of our friends. No wise Government should lay itself open to the charge of being the friend of its enemies and the enemy of its friends.

IV. WORKING OF THE NEW PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENTS.

It is too early as yet to offer any definite opinions on the working of the new system of administration. But whatever merits it may disclose, there can be no doubt that it is complicated, cumbrous, costly, slow to decide, still slower to act. A province such as the Punjab had hitherto been administered by a Lieutenant-Governor, with three Secretaries and the ordinary departmental staffs. It has now a Governor, two Executive Councillors (one British, one Indian, each on a salary of Rs.60,000 per annum) as his colleagues for the administration of the "reserved" subjects, and two Indian Ministers, each on a salary of Rs.60,000, to deal with the "transferred" subjects. This increase in the hierarchy entails a considerable increase in Secretaries to Government or to Ministers, secretarial establishments, and paid Council Secretaries, selected from the Council; in fact, an enormous addition to that "bureaucracy" which Indian politicians so freely condemn when it is British. In other provinces the increase in staff and expenditure is even greater; for the three Presidencies have each three Indian Ministers as well as three Members of the Executive Council. One of the Presidencies, which a few years ago had three Secretaries to Government and three Under-Secretaries, now rejoices in ten Secretaries and nine Deputy and Under-Secretaries! The best officers in the service are being withdrawn from useful work in the districts to assist the new Ministers and swell the enormous reams of writing which the new system entails. The administrative machine is not only cumbrous and complicated, but also top-heavy, and if it goes on growing as at present, its own weight will cause it to collapse. There is obvious scope for an "anti-waste" party in Indian politics; but so far it has only shown itself active in cutting down the Army in India, at a time when both the external and internal situations are most menacing. The rapid multiplication of highly paid civil posts is popular with Indian politicians, for whom it provides increased opportunities of power, place and patronage. Government, however, exists for the benefit, not of any single class, but of the community as a whole. Those obvious tests do not seem to have been adequately considered by those who were responsible for the Reform Scheme.

Their main thought was to satisfy the aspirations of the small

English-educated class (less than 1 per cent. of the population); they appear to have assumed that the concessions to this class would smooth the task of Government and conduce to the peace and contentment of all classes. If that was their expectation, it has been speedily falsified. All accounts from India agree that ordinary crime and official corruption—the two evils from which the masses suffer most and which the Administration has always to contend against—were never so rampant. The reasons are that everyday work is being overlooked by Government and its officers, who are preoccupied with politics. This is the result of the political unrest, which has never been more serious and widespread than since the introduction of the reforms. The new Councils have so far shown but little capacity to help the Government in dealing with a situation that is daily becoming more alarming and for which Government itself is mainly to blame. Many of those who, like the present writer, wished well to the reforms, though they objected to the Diarchy, urged the Government to give them a good start by steadily enforcing the law against sedition and thus restoring internal peace and tranquillity before devolving responsibility on new and inexperienced bodies. The Government of India deliberately took another course. In their "extraordinary" resolution of November 8th, 1920, they contented themselves with pious hopes that the efforts of "sane and moderate" men would check the growth of the non-co-operation movement. This was an amplification of the policy formulated by Lord Sinha in the Lords' debate of July 21st, 1920, on behalf of the India Office. "Do not interfere too hastily or too violently with an agitation of this nature; let it kill itself, as in time it does." It gave the Government of India an excuse for doing nothing, and they left the task, which no Government has a right to shirk, to the new Administrations. It is one which the Councils, with their tradition of opposition to all measures of law and order as savouring of "repression," and their fear of the extremists, are unwilling to face squarely. Instances of this spirit have already been quoted. Others may be cited from various provinces. The formation in the Punjab of a "popular" Government, including a Hindu Minister whose "popular" sympathies had led to his being convicted for a share in the rebellion of 1919, and a Sikh Executive Councillor in sympathy with the Sikh reform movement, might have been expected to strengthen the Government in dealing with the extremist movement of that province. The new Government was established in December, 1920. In February, 1921, a dispute between the orthodox and reforming Sikhs led to the slaughter of some 200 of the latter by the former at Nankana, and to a serious outbreak of disorder which was only

repressed by a prompt display of military force. All this took place under a "popular" Government; but the outrage was, at the suggestion of Gandhi and his followers, converted into another weapon for attacking the "satanic" British Government, another argument for flinging it out of India.

The measure introduced by the Punjab Government to deal with the Sikh shrines and their endowments has now apparently been dropped, and those who took forcible possession of Nankana and other shrines remain in possession—a return to the good old times when "they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can."

The riots and murder of police officers at Malegaon in Bombay in March, the fanatical outbreaks in the Madras Presidency as a result of the Khilafat agitation in March and April, the serious agrarian disturbances in the United Provinces and Bihar in January and February, the rioting and loss of life at Nagpore in February and March, the recent disturbances in the Bengal coalfields and Assam tea-gardens (both aimed against British enterprises), the sinister outbreak at Aligarh in July—all of these grave instances of lawlessness, in districts hitherto most law-abiding, have followed close upon the inauguration of the new and popular Governments.

The relaxation of authority which has been so notorious in the last four years, and to which the Central Government formally committed itself by its resolution of November last, is mainly responsible for this widespread lawlessness. It is now the direct result of the anti-British propaganda of Gandhi and the Ali brothers. The efforts of the "sane and moderate citizens" on which Government relied, as illustrated by the actions of the new Councils and Ministers, have so far been powerless to repress the outbreaks or to remove their causes. That can only be done by vigorously and impartially enforcing the law. There are recent indications that the Provincial Governments are now beginning to realise this; and the new Viceroy in his first public utterance at Bombay laid it down as a cardinal principle that justice in the widest sense "above all must be regardless of distinctions and rigorously impartial." But the serious disorders which have attended the enforcement of the law against the fomenters of sedition within the last few weeks at Aligarh and Calcutta show how difficult it is to recover lost ground.

V. WORKING OF THE DIARCHY.

The reports so far received from India indicate that in many cases the Provincial Governors are finding it difficult to maintain the "Diarchy," or artificial division of the functions of

Government between the official and popular Governments, and in practice are combining the two into a unitary Government dealing with both transferred and reserved subjects. This is, in fact, the scheme proposed in 1919 by the majority (seven out of nine) of local Governments; but it was overruled at the time by the Government of India and the politicians at home as inconsistent with the blessed theory of "responsibility." How slender is the foundation of that "responsibility" to which so much has been sacrificed has already been shown. But it is interesting to find that, on the first contact with reality, the theories of the politicians, and of the publicists with a "little knowledge" who inspired them, have had to give way to the experience of the administrators. The association of the Executive Council with the Ministers cannot but be beneficial to both. Indeed, the Joint Select Committee emphasised the need of such association. The local Governments, however, contemplated an *equal* number of British and Indian members in the Executive Councils and no separate Ministers, while the present system gives the Indian element a preponderance in the combined Administration of two or three to one according to the provinces. Many Indians, who regard "good" government as more important than government by their own people, think that the Indianising process has been too rapid.

Apparently the Ministers themselves incline to a system which assimilates them to the Executive Councillors and lessens their dependence on the Legislative Councils. Certainly they have shown no disposition to resign when those Councils passed resolutions or votes adverse to the Government. If challenged on this matter, they would doubtless quote in justification the cases of Ministers in "the Mother of Parliaments," including some of the strongest advocates of the theory of ministerial responsibility in India, who are slow to act on it nearer home. Probably a working system with appropriate conventions will be evolved in time. Meantime such measure of success as the new constitutional system has attained may be ascribed to the discarding in practice of the "diarchy," which was supposed to be the keystone of the arch, and the loyal co-operation, in circumstances of extraordinary strain, of the Services.

VI. GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

The Central Government under the new constitution has had its functions considerably curtailed owing to the transfer of powers to the Provincial Governments. All parties admit that this is a wise and necessary reform, provided that the Central Government

still retains the control of important questions of policy and ensures that the Provincial Governments shall conform to the same broad principles in their administration. In the government of India there is, therefore, no scope or logical reason for the division of subjects into "transferred" and "reserved," and it is clearly essential that the Governor-General and his colleagues in the Executive Council should deliberate and act as a single Government. The Governor-General has six colleagues in his Executive Council, excluding the Commander-in-Chief, who is an "extraordinary" member. The Government of India in 1919 had proposed that there should be two Indian members instead of one; but the Joint Committee, at the instance of the Secretary of State, raised the number to three. The alteration might have been justified if it was employed to make the Council more representative of the different shades of Indian opinion. But, to the amazement of all who desired to see a strong and representative Council, all three Indian members have been selected from the lawyer class. The Indian aristocracy, the great land-holders, the industrial magnates, the men who in their own sphere have been accustomed to deal with big issues and to administer great enterprises, such as the ex-Ministers of the great native States, have no representation in the Government of India. Here, too, one sees indications of the desire to conciliate the professional politicians, which are so largely recruited from the lawyer class, and to subordinate the best interests of the administration—the three lawyers administer the great Departments of Law and Justice, Education with Local Government, Revenue with Agriculture and Public Works—to political considerations. With Indians who are not afraid to speak their minds it has long been a reproach to our Government that it has imposed on India a "Vakil Raj" (lawyers' rule), and it is unfortunate that the first bold step towards so-called "popular" government should have further strengthened that criticism. Gandhi has not been slow to use it for his own purposes.

One would expect, however, from a Government in which the legal element is so predominant (five out of seven are lawyers), a strong determination to enforce the law and uphold the British principle of even-handed justice. That principle has been our greatest title to the respect and goodwill of an India that had been accustomed to see justice prostituted to power, place and privilege. Unfortunately, in recent years the Government of India have shown signs of weakening on that principle. The failure to prosecute the leaders of the present seditious movements—Gandhi, the Ali brothers, etc.—while prosecuting and punishing their followers for less

serious incitements to sedition and rebellion, may be dictated by that political opportunism which is used to cover such a multitude of things otherwise inexplicable. But it has done infinite harm to our good name and seriously impaired our authority. The secret of the influence of these revolutionary leaders among the multitude is the common, and not unjustifiable, belief that the great British Government, hitherto credited with almost super-human power, is afraid of them. When Gandhi openly stigmatises the Government as "Satanic," with which no true Indian should have any dealings; when he says that he prefers Bolshevism to British rule; that he contemplates with equanimity the growing anarchy which he is steadily creating; when he speaks of the projected visit of the Heir-Apparent to India as "an insult added to injury," and calls on his followers to show their disapproval of it in "an unmistakable manner"; and when the Ali brothers say they would do all they could to help the Afghans to invade India under the Jihad banner, the people of India look on in amazement at the inaction of a Government which is so openly challenged and defied. The prosecution and punishment of minor offenders, while the chief culprits are allowed to preach sedition broadcast, seems to them a weak and cowardly proceeding. In these circumstances the tardy decision of the Government of India to prosecute the Ali brothers was generally acclaimed. But, as a result of the conferences between the Viceroy and Gandhi, that decision has been suspended on the Ali brothers making a public apology for "the unnecessary heat of some of the passages of those speeches," which they have the hardihood to declare "were never intended to incite to violence."

In announcing that in view of this apology (which the Ali brothers are now wriggling out of) criminal proceedings have been suspended, the Government of India add that they "desire to make it plain that they will enforce the law relating to offences against the State, *as and when they think fit*, against persons who have committed breaches of it." The announcement would have carried more weight without the words italicised, for in the case of deliberate offences against the State, the law should be enforced against *all offenders* without exception or discrimination. The chief offenders are evidently still under the impression that Government is afraid to bring them to justice. Gandhi, in a letter to the Indian Press (*Morning Post*, June 27th), *after* the above apology, writes: "The Ali brothers, like me, continue wilfully to break the law of sedition, and therefore to court arrest. Sooner or later, and that during this year, if we can carry the country with us, we must bring about a situation when the Government must arrest us or grant the people's demands." That is a plain chal-

lenge, and, coupled with the recent declarations of the Ali brothers,, gives the impression that the object of the apology was only to gain time. In this way Gandhi has again and again evaded responsibility and baffled the authorities. Small wonder that the credulous masses credit him with superhuman powers! One realises the enormous difficulties of a situation which has arisen from the failure of Government in recent years to enforce the law and maintain the decisions of the Judiciary. But it can only be met by the simple policy of promptly enforcing the law. No Government can refuse Gandhi's repeated challenge without forfeiting its own authority and the confidence of the people.* It is time the people of India knew who governs them—Gandhi or His Majesty's Government.

VII. THE ATTITUDE OF THE PEOPLE.

The above quotations are eloquent of the arrogant and defiant spirit of the extremist leaders. Not only do they openly declare their intention to make British rule in India impossible, and, in the words of Muhamad Ali, to drive out (by non-co-operative methods) the "British thieves by the same aperture by which they entered India as thieves." They also seek to dictate the terms of the Turkish settlement. Various Khilafat Committees have recently passed resolutions inciting to mutiny. They advise every Indian, and particularly Indian soldiers, not to help the Imperial Government in the event of hostilities against Angora. Meantime the gospel of race-hatred is being steadily preached among all classes with disastrous results, of which the British public hears little. The officers of Government, from the highest down, are regularly obstructed and insulted in public; the masses, hitherto loyal and courteous, are being embittered against the hated foreigner, whether official or non-official; shops are shut in protest when they appear on tour, supplies refused, transport facilities withheld. In many parts of India the district officer, on whose vigilant watch over his subordinates, maintained by constant touring, the efficiency of the administration largely turns, is unable to move outside headquarters. Isolated Europeans in remote stations are living in constant fear of attack; their servants are intimidated into deserting them, their property is raided or burned. A few days ago the India Office announced that in the United Provinces 250,000 acres of valuable forest have been burnt by local incendiaries, incited by non-co-operation agents, as a direct challenge to Government to relax control of the forests.

Under the name of non-co-operation a determined effort is being made to reduce the European population to the position of a be-

leaguered garrison in an enemy country. A Calcutta telegram of June 27th shows that the European Association in India—a body slow to show signs of alarm or embarrass Government—has publicly drawn the attention of the Indian Government to “the feeling of insecurity existing among Europeans,” and asks that “steps be taken to protect the lives and property of law-abiding Europeans and Indians, and to establish law and order so that boycott by intimidation may become impossible.” Among Indians, “sane and reasonable citizens,” who are still a vast majority, deplore this mad policy, which can only end in driving out of India the two things still most necessary for its progress—British brains and British capital; but, in the absence of resolute action by Government against the leaders of the movement, they naturally hesitate to imperil their own safety and interests by openly opposing it. Oriental peoples always look to Government to assert its own authority; and in India they have seen that Government is more anxious to win over the extremist agitators than to support its loyal servants and friends. As the European Association points out, the position has arisen because the Government “considers that a reform scheme which holds anything savouring of repression must be avoided,” forgetting that the very basis of law is “repression”—of the law-breaker.

VIII. THE SERVICES AND THE MASSES.

An acute observer, who visits India yearly in the course of business, remarked to the writer, on his return a few months ago, that what impressed him most in India was the extreme loyalty shown by the British members of the Services to a Government which took that loyalty for granted and did so little in return. That was a tribute of which the Services may well be proud. But it is dangerous to strain men's loyalty too far, and it is clear to anyone in touch with India to-day, or who reads the letters now appearing daily in the Anglo-Indian Press, that the loyalty of the Services is being strained almost to breaking point. The persecution to which the officers who took an active though subordinate part in suppressing the Punjab rebellion (General Dyer's case is not referred to, for he secured a hearing in Parliament and the Press) have been and still are being subjected, in order to placate the extremists who brought about the rebellion but have since been pardoned, is a standing object-lesson to the Services and the people of India. The history of that affair, for which the India Office is mainly responsible, has still to be written. The disastrous results will more fully appear when Government again has to call on its officers to deal with a similar crisis, and perhaps

again gives them assurances of its "full countenance and support," as it did in April, 1919.

Apart from those individual cases, there is a general feeling of bitterness that the promises held out to the Services in the report of the Joint Committee on Indian Reforms are not being fulfilled by those in authority. The Joint Committee, in Clause 36 of their report, put it on record that those Services "have deserved the admiration and gratitude of the whole Empire," and that their position in working the new constitutions in the provinces will be difficult. They concluded with this distinct assurance: "If there are members of the Service whose doubts as to the changes to be made are so deeply rooted that *they feel* they cannot usefully endeavour to take part in them, then the Committee think it would only be fair to these officers that they should be offered an equivalent career elsewhere—or, in the last resort, that they should be allowed to retire on such pension as the Secretary of State in Council may consider suitable to their period of service." This proposal was the very minimum consistent with justice. It is not generous, by comparison with what has been sanctioned for officials similarly placed in the new Government of Ireland Act, and what is suggested in the Milner Report for British officers in the Egyptian Service. But officers who feel they cannot usefully take part in the new scheme and have asked for proportionate pensions, have been told that no general scale will be laid down, and that the application will not be considered unless and until it has been made clear to the Government and the Secretary of State by actual practice that the applicant cannot usefully serve the new *régime*. This compels men to render • unwilling service—a position intolerable for them, and bad for the administration—or to *prove* themselves unfit. It is cruel to treat loyal servants in this way, and it is hoped that Parliament, when the question is raised there, will see that its pledges are made good in the spirit as well as in the letter.

The British elements in the Indian Services who loyally accepted the new conditions are now equally dissatisfied. The authors of the Reform Scheme have been as successful in disturbing their "placid contentment" as that of the Indian masses; but can hardly claim that it is for their benefit. Their position is stated with precision and force in the accompanying extract from an article in the *Pioneer Mail* of May 20th, the leading journal in Northern India and one which has steadily supported the Reform Scheme:—

"As matters stand at present there seems grave risk lest this (British) *personnel* should leave the country at the earliest possible opportunity. Anxiety as to their future position, anxiety

as to the security of their pensions, anxiety as to the conditions amid which their work will be carried on, combine with the present campaign of abuse and misrepresentation to fill *all* thoughtful officers with the gravest misgivings. We are not speaking here of those officials, few in number as we believe them to be, who feel themselves unable to work in harmony with the new policy of His Majesty's Government. We have in mind that vast majority of officers who accept with *cheerful* loyalty the policy now being put into operation. Such men are filled with surprise and dismay at the hostility now being manifested towards them. The fact that this hostility emanates merely from an irresponsible section of the community is little consolation. At least it is never offset by the pronouncements of responsible Indian leaders. No conscientious public servant can expect to discharge his duties in a satisfactory manner if he is made to feel that his presence is a plague spot upon the locality where he happens to reside; if those brought into contact with him are accused by their fellows of treachery; if he is avoided and boycotted by those in whose interests he is working. What wonder, then, that many European officers are at present whole-heartedly desirous of leaving a country that seems to have so little use for them?

* * * * *

"There are plenty of wolves who are anxious to fill the vacancy. The old road from the North remains. While the (British) watchdog stands on guard, the wolves only snarl. But perhaps India will tame the wolves with the 'charkha' (Gandhi's spinning wheel)."

In moving the second reading of the Indian Reforms Bill in the House of Lords, Earl Curzon emphasised, *inter alia* :—

(1) That nothing should be done to weaken the protection given by the British Raj to the vast multitudes to whom the franchise and the vote mean nothing.

(2) That there should be no lowering of the standard of the Civil Services, whose work in the past has enabled India to take the place she now occupies in the Empire and the world.

These two principles are inter-dependent. The welfare of the masses must for generations to come depend on the efficiency of the Services. The present policy is to convert a body of first-rate administrators into third-rate politicians. Efficiency is rapidly deteriorating, and the welfare of the masses is consequently suffering. The deterioration will be more rapid if, as foreshadowed in the above quotation, men are being driven prematurely out of the Services, and British recruits of the same character and high ideals are not forthcoming—and it is already certain that they will not be—to take their place. It has long been the policy of

the Indian extremists to squeeze or starve the British members of the Services out of India. There is now a real danger of their being starved out of their own land. Officers who have returned home after a life spent in the service of India, in many cases find it impossible to live here on their very slender annuities (largely subscribed by themselves), and are therefore compelled to go into exile again in order to escape grinding taxation and poverty at home. They have for years been representing their case to the authorities here; but so far (not being miners or dockers) without result.

The Services are entitled to something more than oratorical tributes; the Indian masses are entitled to a continuance of the protection which only honest and efficient Services can guarantee them. Is it not time that the authorities gave thought to other matters than the conciliation of the politically minded classes, and bore in mind that they have also a duty to the hundreds of millions who know nothing and care less for politics?

Since the authors of the Montagu-Chelmsford Report publicly declared their policy of deliberately disturbing the "placid contentment of the masses"—a policy appalling for its callousness or its ignorance—India has been suffering from a surfeit of politics. All progress in other directions has received a serious set-back. The "underworld" of India has come to the surface, as in Russia; the most disorderly and disreputable elements are making a bold bid for mastery by open terrorism; the authorities are finding it more and more difficult to lay the monster they have created. But the task is not an impossible one. All that is necessary is that Government should enforce the law impartially and, in Lord Reading's words, "regardless of distinctions," even if that is called "repression," and give practical support and encouragement to its faithful servants and loyal adherents. Otherwise it will go on losing both one and the other.

All who wish well to the progress, constitutional and otherwise, of India are eager to see that the new Viceroy is beginning to face these questions in the spirit of his speech at Bombay, and hope that a display of vigour and initiative at the head will dispel the paralysis that, beginning from the head, has been steadily creeping over the body politic. But the ultimate responsibility for the welfare of the peoples of India and the just treatment of our agents there rests, both legally and morally, on the British public and Parliament, and it is for them to ensure that the political reforms in India are so worked as not to ruin the efficiency of the Services and thereby injure the welfare of the masses.

M. F. O'DWYER.

LEAGUES WITHIN THE LEAGUE: A NOTE.

" Nothing in this Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements, such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe doctrine, for securing the maintenance of peace."
—Article XXI. of the Covenant.

THERE has been distinct nervousness in some quarters lest the authority of the League might be weakened by the amendment to Article XXI. of the Covenant whereby Dr. Benes sought to gain not only the approval, but the active support of the Council and Assembly for "regional understandings," like the Monroe Doctrine, concluded between two or more members of the League. This criticism has been twofold. There were, in the first place, those who objected to Dr. Benes' proposed amendment on principle; and, secondly, there were others who have always viewed askance the "Small Entente," and, not being prepared to admit that its objects were in harmony with the League of Nations, were hostile to its *ex post-facto* canonisation. Not, indeed, that Dr. Benes' amendment specifically mentioned the "Small Entente" by name, but it was universally admitted that he had this political combination, which he had done so much to create, in his mind's eye, and it was generally referred to in the Press as a type of the regional understanding for which it was sought to obtain the active patronage of the League.

Of these two lines of criticism, the more important, because also the more fundamental and the more wide-reaching, was that directed against the principle of the proposed alteration. Dr. Benes' amendment, as originally submitted to Sir Eric Drummond, ran as follows:—

" All agreements between two or more members of the League, the object of which is to define or complete the engagements contained in this Covenant for the maintenance of peace or the promotion of international co-operation, may be not only approved by the Council or the Assembly, but also promoted by these bodies and negotiated under their auspices. These provisions may also be applied to international engagements such as treaties of arbitration, to supplementary conventions intended to extend the jurisdiction of the Court of Justice, to regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine, or to any engagements which, in the opinion of the Council or the Assembly, conform to the conditions of the first paragraph of this Article.

" For such purposes the Council or the Assembly may, provided that a sufficient number of members of the League submit a request to that effect, summon special conferences which may be attended by all members which consider that their interests are involved."

In support of his proposal, the Czecho-Slovak Foreign Minister argued that the provisions of Article XXI. of the Cove-

nant, as it stood, might with advantage be made more precise and complete. It is indisputable, he declared, that the object of the League of Nations is to maintain and multiply the bonds between all civilised nations and to make all collaborate in the general work of peace and international solidarity. But, as he pointed out, the only procedure which the Covenant has been able to provide for the maintenance of peace cannot be set in motion until the conflict, or at least the dispute, has already arisen. If, then, the League of Nations wishes really to fulfil its task, it must be ready not only to stop the conflict, but to anticipate the dispute and prevent its arising. It is already, within certain limits, taking steps in that direction by preparing the conclusion of agreements between States on the most diverse subjects wherever opposing interests may happen to exist. Up to the present, however, these are only universal agreements, which, consequently, by the very universality of their character, can only be formed upon very general principles and for limited purposes. This system unavoidably burks the most complex questions and the most acute difficulties, which, since they are local in character, affect only a certain number of countries. In the present state of the world it is quite impossible to ask all nations to interest themselves in these matters.

"It is not enough," Dr. Benes argued in his formal covering statement, "for the League of Nations merely to follow, as now provided by Article XXI., understandings to be arrived at between certain countries. It is essential that, for the maintenance of peace, the League itself shall, by the terms of the Covenant, be enabled to promote among certain groups of States agreements and conventions which may permit them to secure more completely either their national safety or their economic life, to exchange mutual guarantees, and to agree among themselves upon more definite methods of procedure for peaceful settlement. The formation of independent and even hostile groups would constitute a danger for the world. On the other hand, the peace of the world has everything to gain from the formation of groups which aim at fostering a closer and more real collaboration between the countries which have to face problems common to them all and which possess similar hopes and interests. It is, however, essential that these understandings should be arrived at only with the assured support of the League of Nations and in accordance with its principles. It is also essential that contact should be maintained as closely as possible between all States in order that co-operation may be established among all countries whenever a common interest is at stake."

In addition to this formal statement of reasons for his pro-

posed amendment, Dr. Benes gave one or two additional hints in newspaper interviews. He argued, for example, that the acceptance of his amendment would give to the various States a feeling that they had greater freedom within the League. On the other hand, the League would exert its influence, directly or indirectly, by the creation of such groups. Furthermore, Dr. Benes expressed his conviction that the authority of the League of Nations would be increased if the formation of these groups were carried out under its influence and with its participation, "because even without its participation the groups would be created" (*Times*, June 3rd). Again, it was pointed out in the *Manchester Guardian* that such regional understandings would act as a foundation for broader agreements between the nations; and the suggestion was made that a further application of the Czecho-Slovak principle would be, for example, a local transit conference between the different South American States, then between Asiatic States, then between European States, and that finally a roof could be built over the three out of the common principles invoked. These are speculations which may very well come to be realised in the near future. In the meantime this note in the *Manchester Guardian* is interesting as showing the new tendencies at work in the League of Nations. Hitherto the transition has been rather from the general to the particular. If Dr. Benes' policy is developed, the transition will be rather from the particular to the general. Both courses have their advantages and their advocates, but the advantage would, if anything, seem rather to lie with the second alternative.

The most direct opposition to this proposal of the brilliant Czecho-Slovak Minister for Foreign Affairs came from the Chinese delegate to the Amendments Commission of the League. Dr. Wang Chung Hui, Chief Justice of the Chinese Supreme Court, raised the serious point that regional understandings, with the exception of the Monroe Doctrine, were incompatible with the League, and he expressed the fear that understandings between two nations might infringe upon the rights of a third Power.

The importance of the point involved is self-evident. If two nations were to come to an understanding infringing upon the rights of a third, they would obviously be pursuing a policy directly incompatible with the Covenant and out of harmony with the fundamental pacific intentions of the League. Such a possibility was present to the framers of the Covenant, and was not only implicitly recognised in Article XXI. itself, but was also specifically guarded against by three other existing articles of the Covenant. So far as Article XXI. itself is concerned, the coupling by name of the Monroe Doctrine with treaties of arbitration or

regional understandings "for the maintenance of peace" prove, beyond any shadow of doubt, that such agreements, in order to be consistent with the principles of the Covenant, must either be from their very nature pacific instruments, or, if military conventions, framed on genuinely defensive lines. The Monroe Doctrine, it must be admitted, has stood this test, and has shown itself to be, not an instrument of national ambition, but, on the contrary, a guarantee of peace.

This implicit intention of Article XXI. has, however, been still further strengthened by the three other articles referred to above. In the first place, paragraph 2 of Article XI. declares it to be, "the friendly right of each Member of the League to bring to the attention of the Assembly or of the Council any circumstance whatever affecting international relations which threatens to disturb international peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends." In the second place, Article XVIII. does away with the danger of secret treaties or secret clauses to treaties by enacting that "every treaty or international engagement entered into hereafter by any Member of the League shall be forthwith registered with the Secretariat and shall as soon as possible be published by it. No such treaty or international agreement shall be binding until so registered." Thirdly, the necessary elasticity to meet the inevitable future developments in the political situation was provided in Article XIX.; whereby the Assembly was empowered from time to time to "advise the reconsideration by Members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable, and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world." Article XIX. should, of course, be read in conjunction with Article XI. These two articles, when taken together, make it clear that the Covenant is not intended to stereotype the new territorial settlement as an arrangement inviolable for all time, but, on the contrary, to furnish the means for the gradual and progressive regulation of international relations in accordance with future developments and their resultant requirements. These provisions are, therefore, of supreme importance, since it has been precisely the lack of such machinery and the consequent survival of treaties long obsolete which has occasioned many disputes and wars in the past, and the drafting of these articles not only marks a new stage in international politics, but should do much towards forestalling one of the main, and, at the same time, one of the most ridiculous causes of strife.

The existence of these three articles was held by the Amendments Commission to be sufficient fully to allay any apprehensions of the Chinese delegate. Nevertheless, slight modifications in

Dr. Benes' proposal were made, and in the end the following amendment, which was drafted as a combination of the Chinese and Czecho-Slovak points of view, was adopted as an addition to Article XXI. of the Covenant: "Agreements between Members of the League tending to define or to complete the engagements contained in the Covenant for the maintenance of peace or the promotion of international co-operation may not only be approved by the League, but also promoted and negotiated under its auspices, provided these agreements are not inconsistent with the terms of the Covenant. A special conference of the Members of the League concerned may be summoned for this purpose by the Council or the Assembly." This compromise amendment, which certainly favoured the Czecho-Slovak rather than the Chinese standpoint, was adopted on June 4th with a reserve on the part of the Chinese, and is finally to be voted upon by the Second Assembly on September 5th. There seems small reason to doubt that it will be passed. The Amendments Commission marked its own complete satisfaction with the amendment by a passage in its Report, in which it stated that, "By thus giving the League the task of encouraging and controlling agreements of a limited nature, as well as special conferences between groups of Members specially concerned, this amendment has made it possible for the League to contribute still more effectively to the betterment of international relations." With this verdict most people will probably agree.

If, then, there seems to be no reasonable objection possible in principle to the proposed amendment as finally drafted, there should be equally little substantial criticism to be levelled against the "Small Entente." If at the outset, now just a year ago, there was considerable anxiety as to this new political combination, it must be said, in all fairness to Dr. Benes and his collaborators, that the past twelve months have amply justified their courage and prescience. The most striking justification of the "Small Entente" was, of course, the wild Easter escapade on which the ex-Kaiser Karl allowed himself to embark in the hope of regaining the Crown of St. Stephen. As the writer, who was present in Steinamanger as a special correspondent, pointed out in the June number of this REVIEW, that imprudent adventure was not altogether the wild-cat scheme which it was popularly supposed to be, and it was an open secret that Karl was receiving encouragement *sub rosa* from influential, if unofficial, persons of the Entente. This favourable, or at any rate lackadaisical and disinterested, attitude towards the Habsburgs was perfectly well known to the leading politicians in the Succession States, and was one of the main reasons for the formation of the "Small

Entente." The resolute standpoint at once adopted by the Governments of Prague, Belgrade and Bukharest may, of course, have contributed to the comparative inactivity of the "Big Entente" during the ten days' crisis, but it is none the less an undeniable fact that it was the stern warnings of the "Small Entente," coupled with the level-headed sagacity and calm of Admiral Horthy and the Teleki Cabinet, that induced Karl to realise the fatally premature nature of his undertaking and the dangerous consequences which it would have both for himself and for Hungary. It was, indeed, a bitter pill for the Magyars to swallow, but the very bitterness of their speeches in Parliament and of their Press comments was largely due to the realisation that they had had to yield not so much to the "Big Entente" as to such people as the Czechs, Rumanians and Jugoslavs. What the consequences of Karl's persistence would have been it is impossible to know, but it is certain that, even if his example had not encouraged other dethroned monarchs to make similar attempts, his continued presence in Hungary would certainly have meant war, and, so far as this calamity was avoided, Europe has reason to be grateful to the stand made by the "Small Entente."

But—and this is a point frequently forgotten or deliberately glossed over by opponents of the "Small Entente"—the defensive military alliance against the Habsburgs is only one part of the objects sought by Dr. Benes and his friends. The equally, if not even more, valuable aspect of the agreement was the encouragement of commercial relations, and the attempt to restore trade as between the component States of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and their neighbours to something like what it had been in the days of the Dual Monarchy. From this standpoint the "Small Entente" has been the origin of a series of ever-increasing commercial agreements which already bind together many of the States of Central and South-Eastern Europe and which should be enormously strengthened and developed after the results of the long-delayed Conference of Porto Rosa have had time to take effect. It is to be noted that Hungary is participating in this Conference, and again that Dr. Benes has lost no time in renewing with Count Banffy in Marienbad those negotiations which he had begun with Count Teleki and Dr. Graz in Bruck-on-the-Leitha and which were temporarily suspended owing to the irruption of Karl and the supersession of the two Magyar negotiators by Counts Bethlen and Banffy. The fact of the matter is that Hungary, if she is dangerously surrounded, from the military point of view, by the "Small Entente," is economically in a very strong position, not only owing to the richness of her soil, but also owing to the geographical situation which enables

her, if she chooses, to hamper considerably the desire of the Czecho-Slovaks to find an outlet for their manufactures. The mere pressure, then, of economic circumstances should suffice to give a predominantly pacific tendency to the "Small Entente." There are welcome signs that this truth is becoming generally realised. When it has gained universal acceptance it is to be hoped that other kindred regional understandings will spring into existence, and that the different nations, instead of deliberately assuming the Brer Rabbit-like attitude of "Jungin' around an' sufferin'," will actively co-operate amongst themselves for the maintenance of peace and for the promotion of international collaboration.

MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY.

THE AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

A POLITICAL seismograph that registered the effects of the official upheaval when a new American President is inaugurated would record some tremors felt in the uttermost parts of the earth. For the earthquake dislodges not only the Heads of Departments and their assistants at Washington and a multitude of Federal agents throughout the United States, but the representatives of the National Government in Embassies and Legations all over the world. Because a majority of American citizens preferred last November to vote the Republican rather than the Democratic "ticket," there has been a change of Ambassadors at London and Paris and Rome, and a new Minister has been sent even as far afield as Peking—a native, by the way, of Prince Edward Island and a distinguished graduate of London University. All this is, of course, a natural corollary of the spoils system. If the plums of office are to fall to the supporters of the party in power, why should any exception be made of those that happen to grow on the trees planted in the diplomatic enclaves owned by the United States in foreign capitals?

The eviction of the appointees of the out-going President is not, it is true, carried out in quite so thorough-going a fashion abroad as at home. For instance, Mr. G. P. Marsh, the philologist-politician, was Minister to Italy from 1861 to 1882, serving under six Presidents. In more recent times Mr. Arthur S. Hardy was employed continuously as U.S. Minister from 1897 to 1905, during which period he was transferred from one post to another—Persia, Greece, Switzerland, Spain—just like any representative of our own Foreign Office. But, in spite of a few such exceptions, that University President was perfectly justified who, in answering inquiries from young men asking how they might enter a diplomatic career, was accustomed to warn them that, strictly speaking, there was no American diplomatic service; that there was no guarantee of employment for them, even if they fitted themselves admirably for it; that there was no security in their tenure of office, even if they were appointed; and that there was little, if any, probability of their promotion, however excellent their record.

The happy-go-lucky system followed by the State Department is not altogether to be condemned. It cannot be wholly to the disadvantage of any diplomatic service that it should be staffed in some measure by amateurs. They bring to their duties a freshness and independence of outlook not always found in men

who have been immersed for years in the routine of a profession. And, of all countries, the United States is likely to suffer least from throwing open its diplomatic posts to all comers. For one conspicuous feature of the national temperament is a readiness to confront an unfamiliar situation with a self-confidence that is half the battle. An American is prepared, at a moment's notice, not only to tackle any job, but to enter any society. He can talk to a crowned head *sans gêne*. If he is called to represent his country at a foreign Court, he may at first be lacking in the knowledge of what to do (and what not to do) at a royal drawing-room, but, whatever the emergency, he will never be deficient in aplomb. If he should blunder, he will blunder with an assurance that will go a long way to carry off his mistake. He possesses a quickness and flexibility of mind that enable him rapidly to adapt himself to strange conditions. When it comes to negotiations, he has some valuable assets. "Our very simplicity, directness, and lack of form," says Professor A. B. Hart, in commenting on this subject, "often make it easier to get at the kernel of the matter in controversy." The business experience which the American diplomat usually has at his back stands him in good stead when he has to make a bargain.

At the same time there is no career under the sun in which an amateur is not severely handicapped in competition with a professional, and in more than one crisis American diplomacy has considerably suffered from the irregular method of its appointments. By disregarding the importance of continuity of service, it surrenders one of the most valuable aids to efficiency. With their traditions, their *dossiers*, their knowledge of precedents, and their social training, the diplomatists of the Old World have become the masters of a technique which makes successful dealing with them a troublesome matter for an outsider. Even the best type of American diplomatist—the scholar and university professor—is not usually a man of the world, and to be a man of the world is commonly recognised as one of the first of the qualifications needed in an Ambassador.

Efforts have been made from time to time to introduce an element of permanence and continuity into the American practice. In the second series of his *Anglo-American Memories* Mr. G. W. Smalley has given some account of the attempts made in this direction by Mr. John Hay when Secretary of State. Mr. Elihu Root followed in large measure the example thus set him by his predecessor. In 1909 Secretary Knox secured the approval of President Taft for a definite scheme for the reorganisation of the diplomatic service. It included provisions for reform in such matters as the testing of candidates for admission, the keeping

of efficiency records, and the conditions of transfers and promotions. These reforms, however, applied almost entirely to minor posts. The principal benefit to be expected from them, as regards the Embassies and more important Legations, was the provision of a staff of trained and well-qualified subordinates. The selection of occupants of the most responsible positions was not affected thereby, as anyone may see who glances through the list of appointments made by Mr. Wilson and now by Mr. Harding.

Little real progress will be made until Congress addresses itself to the task of the revision of diplomatic salaries. If a carefully devised scheme of promotion were drawn up, by which a young man entering the service after examination might hope ultimately to be offered an appointment as Ambassador to one of the Great Powers, it would come to naught, for the reason that the diplomatist who had thus worked his way up would be compelled, for financial reasons, to decline such an appointment. "We boast ourselves a democratic country," said Mr. Taft in a speech delivered during his Presidency. "We say that there is no place within the gift of the people to which we may not select the most humble inhabitant, providing he be fit to discharge its duty, and yet we have an arrangement which makes it absolutely impossible for anybody but a millionaire to occupy the highest diplomatic post." That remains true to-day. While an American President is not limited in his selections to the members of a recognised profession or even to men who are pursuing a political career, but may offer diplomatic positions to business men, or university presidents, or editors—or even poets—his choice of occupants of the highest posts is practically restricted nowadays to men with large private incomes. Somehow or other the United States, with all her pride in her wealth, has shown herself most penurious in the provision she makes for the maintenance of her representatives abroad. The salaries she pays are a long way below European scales. For her Ambassadors there is a uniform rate of \$17,500 a year. Reference to *Whitaker* shows, on the other hand, that our Ambassador to the United States receives £20,000 a year, to France £11,500, to Brazil £9,250, to Italy £8,000, to Spain £6,000, to Belgium £5,500, and to Japan £5,000. Before the war our Ambassadors to Russia, Germany and Austria were severally receiving £8,000 a year. We are to-day paying our Minister to the Argentine Republic more than twice the salary, reckoned at pre-war rates of Anglo-American exchange, that is given to any American Ambassador of full rank. It is needless to say that the social and other calls upon an American Ambassador demand from him an expenditure far in excess of the sum allowed him by his Government. A

former Secretary of State is responsible for the statement that Mr. Whitelaw Reid, in maintaining the London Embassy, used to spend more than ten times his official salary.

Mr. Reid, indeed, is reported to have paid \$27,000 a year—that is to say, \$9,500 more than the whole of his salary—for the rent of Dorchester House, which he made his home while in London. Not only does the American Government pay its representatives abroad a salary much below the standard wage that a diplomatists' trade union would require, but it also omits to provide them with official residences. They have to find houses "as best they can"—housing shortage or no housing shortage—and pay the rent out of their own pockets. The inconvenience, as well as the burden, of this arrangement has often been severely felt. Some years ago a considerable time elapsed between the departure of the American Minister at Athens and the arrival of his successor. During this interim there was no office of any kind, the lease of the building having expired. All the records and dispatches had been thrown out into the street, but were recovered by the principal of the American School at Athens, who stored them away in the loft of his own premises until the next Minister arrived. In his autobiography the late Mr. Andrew D. White, who represented the United States Government for one period in Russia and for another in Germany, described the present condition of things as "frequently humiliating." "In the greater capitals of Europe," he said, "the general public know the British, French, Austrian, Italian, and all other important Embassies and Legations, except that of our country. The American Embassy or Legation has no settled home, is sometimes in one quarter of the town, sometimes in another, sometimes almost in an attic, sometimes almost in a cellar, generally inadequate in its accommodations, and frequently unfortunate in its surroundings." Mr. White referred particularly to the case of Turkey, with which country, at the time of writing, the relations of the American Government were somewhat strained, owing to a difficulty in obtaining an indemnity for the destruction of American property. "Each of the other great Powers," he pointed out, "provides its representative at Constantinople with a residence honourable, suitable, and within a proper enclosure for its protection; but the American Minister lives anywhere and everywhere—in such premises, over shops and warehouses, as can be secured—and he is liable, in case of trouble between the two nations, to suffer personal violence and to have his house sacked by a Turkish mob. No foreign people, and least of all an Oriental people, can highly respect a diplomatic representative who, by his surroundings, seems not to be respected by his own people." Mr. White him-

self, on his appointment to Berlin, had to spend during the first three months all the time he could spare—"and much," he says, "that I ought not to have spared"—in house-hunting. At last, after inspecting dozens of houses, he secured a flat, which he had to put in order and furnish at his own expense. The paper-hangers and carpet-layers were driven from the house just five minutes before the Chancellor of the Empire arrived to open the first of the American Ambassador's three official receptions. Two years later, without a word of warning, there came to Mr. White a notice from the owner of the building that it had been sold and he must leave it. It looked as though the Embassy might be turned into the street at the beginning of the social season, but eventually a compromise was arranged by which it was permitted to stay on. Mr. White made the humiliating discovery that the purchaser of the entire house—not only the floor he was occupying, but of two similar flats beneath it—was one of the smallest Governments in Europe, the Grand Duchy of Baden, which had thus made provision for its Legation in the capital of the German Empire.

As far as the London Embassy is concerned, private generosity has recently supplied what the American Government is apparently unable to afford. The gift of the Pierpont Morgan mansion at Prince's Gate as a permanent home for the Embassy will make it impossible for Mr. George Harvey ever to figure in such a story as that which Mr. Choate used to tell of one of his experiences. One stormy winter night he happened to be strolling aimlessly along an almost deserted London street. He was approached by a policeman, who called out to him: "I say, old chap, what are you doing walking about in this beastly weather? Better go home." "I have no home," sadly replied Mr. Choate, "I am the American Ambassador." A proposal was made in Congress last January for an appropriation for the purchase of an Embassy building in Paris, but presumably it has not been adopted, or there would have been some record of it in the American Press. Elsewhere things remain as they have been, in spite of the organisation, as long ago as 1909, of an American Embassy Association to carry on a propaganda for bringing about the necessary reform.

Enough has been said to explain why men of moderate means are usually reluctant to accept appointment to any of the more important Embassies. It is reported that President Harding received offers of service from about 250 candidates for the lesser Ministries to the new European States, but it is safe to say that nothing like so many applicants wished to be sent to the great capitals. After all, the number of American millionaires is limited; and many of them have business interests at home which

require their attention, so that they are not always willing to expatriate themselves for four years or more in return for the gratification of being addressed as "Your Excellency."

What of the duties of an American Ambassador or Minister? Some years ago a prominent American politician, Mr. Oscar W. Underwood, now leader of the Democratic Party in the Senate, advocated the abolition of the entire diplomatic service on the ground that it had been rendered obsolete by the quickened means of communication among all Governments. His argument evidently failed to take into account the value of an Embassy as a concrete representation of the greatness and power of a nation, or the great importance of the first-hand information and advice which it is the business of diplomatists to supply to their Governments. American representatives abroad have not been behindhand in fulfilling this function, as the "Diplomatic Relations," issued by the State Department, sufficiently attests. Is the delivery of speeches an essential duty of an American Ambassador? In this country we have almost come to think so, remembering the oratorical distinction of many of the occupants of the London Embassy. But the giving of addresses on public and semi-public occasions is, after all, a work of supererogation. "The brilliancy of the whole distinguished array," as Whitelaw Reid once reminded a New York audience, "has not dimmed the fame of the silent Benjamin Franklin, agent in London for the Colonies, or those earlier Ministers for the Republic, John Jay and Charles Francis Adams. . . . Can anyone recall a notable public speech either of them ever made in the whole course of his diplomatic career? Verily I say unto you, an Ambassador cannot live on speeches alone!"

An American Ambassador, like the representative of any other foreign Government, has a great deal of commonplace everyday work to do in the oversight of the consular service and other matters relating particularly to commercial relations. He has also to protect the interests of his own nationals in the country to which he is accredited. This task sometimes confronts him with unusually complicated problems. Not many years ago one of the chief bugbears of an American Ambassador in Berlin was the German-American who had left the Fatherland at the age for entering the Army, had remained in the United States just long enough to secure naturalisation, and then, without a thought of any responsibility to America, had gone back to claim exemption from any duties as a German and to flaunt his American citizenship papers in the face of the authorities of the province where he was born. Ambassadors to Russia have similarly been troubled again and again by the demands for assistance made upon them

by Russian-Americans of the same type. Emigrants from Ireland, who have used their American citizenship as a cover for their attempts to cause disaffection on returning to the land of their birth, have also been a frequent cause of worry to the American Ambassador in London. A recent reform in the American naturalisation laws has gone a long way to eliminate this source of trouble. But an American Ambassador has still a good deal to harass him in the applications of *bona fide* fellow-citizens to help them out of scrapes into which they have fallen through their ignorance or neglect of the legal requirements of the country in which they are residing or which they are visiting. Sometimes, for instance, an American, attempting to get married in Europe, finds himself entangled in a network of regulations, prescriptions, and prohibitions from which escape is not easy.

Indeed, the head of an American Embassy is exposed—much more, probably, than the representative of any other Power—to an infinity of minor troubles which must make no inconsiderable tax upon his resourcefulness and patience. The social ambitions of his compatriots—especially women—are always a prolific cause of annoyance. The Ambassador is constantly pestered with demands for invitations to Court functions, for instance, and if he declines to assist the applicants he runs the risk of being attacked in the American Press for his stuck-up airs. A few years ago an American lady complained in person at the White House because the Minister at Stockholm had refused to present her to the King of Sweden—for no other reason, she alleged, than that the Minister's wife was jealous of her dress. An American Ambassador's wife in London is entitled to present four persons at a Court, but it is not unusual for as many as 400 or 500 applications to be received at the Embassy. What disappointment and heartburning must ensue!

The contents of the Embassy post-bag are often of a bewildering variety. Americans are keenly interested in genealogies, and the Ambassador seems the obvious person to undertake researches for them in the parish registers. In connection with the Chicago Exposition there was held a convention on women's work, and the Ambassador to Russia was asked to request the Tsarina to write a book for it in the shape of a "Report on Women's Work in Russia," careful instructions being sent as to how and at what length she should write it. American authors will unload upon an Ambassador copies of their books, which they wish him to bring to the attention of crowned heads. Sometimes he will even become the involuntary recipient of medicines which he is to recommend in Court circles. One morning the mail brought to an American Ambassador at Berlin a large packet filled with

little squares of cheap cotton cloth. He was greatly puzzled to know what they meant until, a few days later, there arrived a letter from an American country town. It ran: "Sir: We are going to have a fancy fair for the benefit of the — Church in this town, and we are getting some autograph bed-quilts. I have sent you a package of small squares of cotton cloth, which please take to the Emperor William and his wife, also to Prince Bismarck and the other princes and leading persons of Germany, asking them to write their names on them, and send them to me as soon as possible." There was appended to the letter this postscript: "Tell them to be sure to write their names in the middle of the pieces, for fear that their autographs may get sewed in."

Diplomacy was once defined by Edmond About as "the art of tying one's cravat." The history of the American diplomatic service would abundantly justify this belief in the supreme importance of a correct dress, for both the State Department and Congress have devoted many anxious hours to the solution of the problem. All the early envoys of the United States wore a diplomatic or Court uniform. Americans often speak of the distinction gained at Versailles by Benjamin Franklin through the plain dress in which he was attired when presented to Louis XVI. His simplicity on that occasion, however, was a mere accident. He had been obliged to appear so soon after his arrival in Paris that there had not been time for a special suit to be made, and at later Courts he appeared in a conventional Court suit with brass buttons. In 1814 the American Commissioners sent to negotiate the Treaty of Ghent wore a blue coat, slightly embroidered with gold, with white breeches, white silk stockings, and gold knee buckles and shoe buckles, a sword, and a small cocked hat with a black cockade. This costume was so highly approved at Washington that a few years later John Quincy Adams, the Secretary of State, sent a description and engraved plate of it to American Ministers abroad with a recommendation that they should generally adopt it. A change was made in 1829, when Martin Van Buren, President Jackson's Secretary of State, issued a circular advising "a black coat, with a gold star on each side of the collar, near the termination; the underclothes to be black, blue, or white, at the option of the wearer; a three-cornered *chapeau-bras*; a black cockade and eagle; and a steel-mounted sword, with a white scabbard." This uniform, said the circular, was "recommended as well by its comparative cheapness as its adaptability to the simplicity of our institutions."

Ambassadors and Ministers who had been disporting themselves in these adornments received a sudden shock in 1853 when

another Secretary of State, William L. Marcy, scrapped the whole specification and instructed the diplomatic corps to wear at Court "the simple dress of an American citizen." Marcy's order to wear ordinary dress had contained, however, the proviso "when-ever it can be done without detriment to the public interests," and some Ministers availed themselves of the discretion thus given them to conform more or less to the European practice. An American statesman on a visit to Europe was so shocked at the spectacle of a representative of his country in Court dress that, on his return to the Senate, he secured in 1867 the passing of a law forbidding American diplomatic agents to wear "any uniform or official costume not previously authorised by Congress." In framing this statute, however, Congress overlooked the distinction between a diplomatic uniform and a Court dress, which is not distinctive of the diplomatic profession, and is, indeed, in no sense "official." Consequently, the representatives of the Washington Government have ever since felt themselves free to wear either "the simple dress of an American citizen" or whatever attire, not being a diplomatic or official uniform, may be prescribed by the regulations of the Court to which they are accredited.

This go-as-you-please-within-limits settlement is evidently far from a satisfactory solution of the problem. Americans who have had actual experience of the representation of their own country abroad have again and again put forward practical reasons why some form of diplomatic dress is desirable. "It is often inconvenient and sometimes mortifying," Mr. Arthur S. Hardy has pointed out, "not to be recognised when recognition is important. To be shut out by a policeman from the precinct set apart for the train occupied by the Royal party and diplomatic corps for the lack of some distinguishing sign is annoying, even though His Majesty laughs over the incident and jocosely recommends that in future you attach yourself to some gold-laced official and announce to the guard, 'This gentleman goes in with me.' . . . Let us have republican simplicity by all means, but let us have something which will indicate the right of presence and differentiate the envoy of the Republic from the casual spectator." Mr. Hardy has also urged that respect for one's host and deference to recognised usage demand conformity to a custom which prevails universally in foreign countries. The usual American objection to a diplomatic uniform is that it is the attire of a "lackey," but it has been argued in reply that plain evening dress may quite as truly be described as the attire of a waiter, and that there is no *a priori* reason why, if America has uniforms for her military and naval services, she may not have one also

for her diplomatic service. A more cogent objection is one to which attention was once called by Mr. Andrew D. White. A uniform, he pointed out, is in itself a poor thing unless it bears some evidence of distinguished merit in the shape of stars, crosses, or ribands. A British diplomatist in official uniform, but without the ribbon or star of the Bath or other honourable order, would appear to little advantage, and a representative of the French Republic would prefer to wear the plainest dress rather than the most splendid uniform unadorned by the insignia of the Legion of Honour. But the United States bestows no such decorations, and allows none of her representatives, during their term of office, to receive them; so that, if put into uniform, these representatives "must appear to the great mass of beholders as really of inferior quality, undistinguished by any adornments which indicate good service." But there the matter stands at present, and representatives of the American Government "still persist," as Mr. Hardy puts it, "in attending weddings without a wedding garment."

On the whole the difficulties that present themselves to an American Ambassador or Minister make his lot anything but one that is entirely enviable. When his term is over and he returns to "God's own country," he is likely to find that the services he has rendered to his nation are very imperfectly appreciated. The resentment of a number of persons whose social aspirations he has disappointed will be turned against him. There is nearly always, too, a suspicion that an American who has spent three or four years at a foreign Court must thereby have suffered a deterioration of his democratic principles. That suspicion will be actively exploited against him if he should be ambitious, on his return, of taking up a political career at home. Incidentally, it is a very doubtful service that is rendered to a departing Ambassador when his late hosts send him off with glowing farewell tributes. It is sure to be believed by many Americans that no one could have won such favour in the eyes of a European nation if he had not been guilty of compliances and compromises unworthy of a hundred-per-cent. American. James Russell Lowell was not the first or the last representative to Great Britain who was accused, at the end of his official term, of having been corrupted by the sophisticated monarchical environment into which his appointment had thrown him. Take it for all in all, the distinction of representing the United States officially abroad is one that is dearly bought.

HERBERT W. HORWILL.

THE NEW ITALIAN FRONTIERS.

VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON, speaking at the National Liberal Club on February 22nd, made the following admirable remark. He thought it was most essential that we should maintain the closest understanding with France and Italy, our two powerful Western Allies. . . . It was vital and essential that our intimacy with them should be unimpaired, and he wanted it to be the starting-point of the League of Nations policy. . . . That should not be a policy of separate alliances, but, if we began, as he wanted us to begin, with the closest relations with France and Italy, it would be possible to bring in the other important nations of the world.

But, if we are to maintain this "closest understanding and intimacy" with France and Italy, it is obvious that we should know far more about these countries, both on the spiritual and on the material side, than as a nation we did before the war. And here we have a case in point. Italy has just attained her new frontiers, and to consider them is opportune. True, the frontiers of a nation are far less important than the nation itself: they belong to the material order. But just as a family can hardly exist without a house, so neither can a nation without frontiers. "Without free and secure frontiers," said Mazzini, "a nation cannot exist." Let us, then, visit our Ally's new house. The people in the house are assuredly more important than the house; but the house is not without an importance of its own.

On September 10th, 1919, the Treaty of Peace between the Allied and Associated Powers and Austria was signed at Saint-Germain-en-Laye. By this Treaty the new frontiers of Italy were determined on the north. A year after, on November 12th, 1920, at the Villa Spinola in the commune of Rapallo, twenty miles south of Genoa on the Italian Riviera, a Treaty was signed between Italy and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. By this were determined the new Italian frontiers on the east. Completed upon both north and east, it is possible now to consider the new Italian frontiers as a whole.

Two striking facts arrest our attention at the outset. First, they follow a precedent set by Cavour in 1860, in determining the boundary between Italy and France—a boundary which has proved a lasting guarantee of peace and goodwill between the two countries. Secondly, they are almost identical with those drawn by the General Staff of the Sardinian Monarchy in 1845. Facts so singular as these require a little explanation. Nor will

our time be wasted, for this leads to a fact yet more important and remarkable, i.e., that the modern frontiers of Italy, alike with France, Austria, and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, are based on one and the same undeviating principle.

Until 1860 no satisfactory frontier existed between Italy and France. The present frontier, strong as the everlasting hills, was the work of Cavour. That work was difficult, requiring courage as well as far-seeing statesmanship. Let us consider it.

When Cavour, on January 16th, 1860, became Prime Minister of King Victor Emmanuel II., two provinces, now incorporated in France, were still possessions of the Kingdom of Sardinia (a Kingdom destined one year later to become the Kingdom of Italy)—Savoy and the County of Nice.

Savoy was the cradle of the Royal House. Its first rulers, dating back to a period before William the Conqueror had entered England, had their sepulchre in the little Savoyard Abbey of Hautecombe. Chambéry had been the seat of government, till that was transferred, under Emmanuel Philibert in the sixteenth century, to Turin. For over eight hundred years Savoy had been a possession of the House; and so many years are no mean title. Moreover, Piedmont and Savoy were linked by many other ties. Savoyard nobles, the Sonnaz, Costas, and Robilants, held posts in the administration of Turin. De Maistre himself, who in his *Maison de Savoie* had urged King Victor Emmanuel I. "to forget the throne of Piedmont and think of that of Italy," was a native of Chambéry.

Nice presented an even more difficult problem. Not only was it an ancient possession, having belonged to Savoy since 1388, but, unlike Savoy, whose mother tongue was Provençal, it was Italian in language, Italian too in sentiment; moreover, the birth-place of Garibaldi, the soldier of the National Faith.

Yet Cavour surrendered both. By the Treaty signed on March 24th, 1860, both Savoy and Nice were ceded to France.

Obviously Cavour by this measure risked, and in fact incurred, extreme unpopularity. Garibaldi swore that he would never take the hand of one who had made him, a citizen of Nice, a foreigner in his own city. And on two grounds Cavour would have been justified in refusing to surrender them. In the case of Savoy there were the claims of history and sentiment, the centuries of common life; and history has certainly to be considered. In the case of Nice the principle of nationality itself would have fully justified retention.

But Cavour had the wisdom to perceive, and the courage to carry out, a different policy. He had grasped, what so many

modern lawyers and politicians, absorbed in legal contracts, diplomatic documents, and political ambitions, have failed to grasp, the importance of geography as a factor in history and in the settlement of international affairs. John Bright is once reported to have said, somewhat plaintively, that war had one advantage : it taught us geography. But Cavour had the supreme merit of perceiving that, by attention to geography, before and not after a war, war itself might be avoided.

To say this is not to imply that Cavour had what Lord Curzon calls a "philosophy of frontiers." He was a practical statesman, reaching his conclusions by intuition rather than by conscious reasoning. But he must have realised that, beneath the superficial trickeries and bargainings of Napoleon III., there lay a very real and solid force : the instinctive desire of the whole French nation, dating at least from Henri IV. or Richelieu, to attain a reasonable, secure, and lasting frontier. Such a frontier existed in the Alps ; and its selection meant the end of all frontier disputes between the two nations. It was for this reason Cavour renounced both Nice and Savoy. They lay outside the circle of the Alps ; Italy, within the Alpine boundary.

Now it is instructive to note in passing that precisely the same principle followed by Cavour in determining the frontier between Italy and France has determined the existing frontier between France and Spain. That frontier is not ethnographical, but geographical. In France at the present moment there exist fragments of peoples, Basques of Navarre and Catalans, numbering over 400,000, not originally natives of French soil, but who, driven out of Spain by the Saracens in early times, had sought refuge in France. As is said by Vidal-Lablache (*La France*), "they represent elements which do not exist elsewhere in the ethnical composition of France : they are the advance guard of stocks whose centre we must look for across the mountains in the South." Another French writer, M. Ripert, in the *Revue Hebdomadaire*, has pointed out that the Catalans of Perpignan turn even to-day more readily to Barcelona than to Paris ; the language of Perpignan and Barcelona being practically the same, and their inhabitants being connected by close ties of marriage, friendship, and commerce. Nevertheless, pedants of ethnography have not drawn the Franco-Spanish frontier. Nor has the immigration of these peoples from Spain ever been allowed to alter in the smallest degree the territorial integrity, or, as Vidal-Lablache calls it, the "personality" of France. The frontier between France and Spain follows from one end to the other the crest of the Pyrenees. How has it served ? "Beata Navarra," said Dante in the *Paradiso*, referring to the Pyrenees, "se s'armasse del

monte che la fascia!" And certainly, not Navarre alone, but France and Spain alike, are fortunate in possessing such a frontier. It has been and will remain for all time a sound, sure and lasting guarantee of peace.

We shall see later that further analogies exist between the Pyrenean and Italian frontiers. But it is sufficient to note here their resemblance on this point. Just as the Franco-Spanish frontier follows the crest of the Pyrenees, so from the Col di Tenda (whence the little river Roya runs down into the Mediterranean at Ventimiglia), past Mt. Genève and Mt. Cenis, right up to Mt. Blanc, the Franco-Italian frontier follows, without a single deviation, the line of the Alps. It is a frontier permanent as Nature herself, and was the work of Cavour.

We have dwelt on this point at some length, but it is of fundamental importance to bear it in mind for two reasons. In the first place, the Treaty with France in 1860, and the Treaties of 1919 and 1920 with Austria and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, are based on precisely the same principle: that of the Alpine watershed. Secondly, the sacrifice made by Cavour in 1860 may well be pondered on by certain critics who object to the inclusion within the boundaries of Italy of a few Germans in the north, and of a few Slavs in the east. Austria to-day, for the sake of a secure, lasting and indisputable frontier, marked by Nature, is called on to sacrifice a few Germans: the Slav Kingdom a few Slavs. But it must be remembered that, in renunciation, Italy herself set the example. She renounced in 1860, not merely (for numbers in the abstract signify but little) over 700,000 of her citizens, but also, for the sake of a sound frontier and a lasting peace, the ancient patrimony of her King, and the home of her hero, Garibaldi.

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But if the new frontiers follow a precedent set by Cavour in 1860, how is it that they correspond, almost exactly, with those traced by the Piedmontese General Staff in 1845? Surely at that date that Staff would seem to have entertained great ambitions, or at least to have possessed the gift of prophecy? Not at all. In the remarkable work, *Le Alpi che cingono l'Italia*, published at Turin in 1845, the General Staff simply sets forth, with scientific exactitude, the frontiers of Italy, recognised as such from the earliest historic times. It was the seal set by modern science on the teaching of history.

Roman statesmen and historians were the first to define Italy as the land within the circle of the Alps. Originally, as we all know, the name Italy signified only a portion of the Italian

peninsula, the district now known as Calabria. But, like the name India, which, from originally signifying only a small district in the valley of the Indus, was gradually extended until it embraced the whole peninsula within the circle of the Himalayas, the name Italy gradually came to include the whole of the land encircled by the Alps. Hardly had the union of Italy been attained, by the conquest of Lombardy in 222 B.C., when Polybius, the friend of Scipio, noted (*De Bello Punico*, III., 54) the function performed by the Alps in its defence: ἀκροπόλεως φαίνεσθαι διάθεσιν ἔχειν τὰς Ἀλπεὺς τῆς ὅλης Ἰταλίας. They were the Acropolis of Italy. Cicero, who shared fully the sympathy of the popular parties for Gallia Cisalpina, "the flower of Italy," whose sense of Italian patriotism is remarkable, and who seems to have regarded Italy, far more than Rome, as his *patria*, expresses (*De Prov. Cons.*, 34) a very striking idea—an idea to which Mazzini was perhaps indebted—ascribing, to what is certainly a convenient or even ideal natural frontier, an "almost Divine intention": *Alpibus Italiam munierat antea Natura non sine aliquo divino numine*. Pliny the Elder, in his description of Italy (*Historia Naturalis*, III., 132), gives expression to an even more astonishing anticipation of modern opinion, declaring that it is the function of the Alps to shelter Italy from Germany: *Germaniam ab Italia submovent, veluti naturae providentia*. And everyone remembers how Augustus, in the inscription on the Temple built in his honour and still existing at Angora, now in the power of Mustapha Kemal, claims that he pacified the Alps from the Adriatic to the Tuscan Sea. Even the ultra-modern doctrine of the watershed was attained in ancient times. Velleius Paterculus declares that Italy begins, not, as others said somewhat vaguely, at the Alps, but "a summis Alpium jugis"—that is to say, at the crest or watershed. And Siculus Flaccus, one of the earliest Boundary Commissioners known to history, in his work on frontier delimitation, *De agrorum dimensione et constituendis limitibus*, declares that the line of division between territories consists in the crest or watershed: "In summis montium jugis ac divertigiis aquarum." This is precisely the idea expressed in the work of the Piedmontese General Staff of 1845, which follows with rigorous exactitude the line of the watershed along the whole circuit of the Alps from Ventimiglia to Fiume.

In the Middle Ages the old Roman view remained unchanged. In a work on geography, written by Riccobaldo of Ferrara about 1280, *De locis orbis et insularum et marium*—a work certainly known to Dante—the writer states that Italy "surgit a jugis Alpium." Twice Dante, in 1300, marks the frontier of Italy, when he refers (*Inf.*, XX., 61) to the Lago di Garda "al piè

dell' Alpe, che serra Lamagna sopra Tiralli" (which shut in Germany above the Tyrol), and when he compares (*Inf.*, IX., 112) Arles, "ove il Rodano stagna," with Pola, "presso del Quar-naro, che l'Italia chiude e i suoi termini bagna." Petrarch, crowned Laureate at Rome in 1341, repeats the old idea of Pliny: "Ben provide natura al nostro stato Quando dell' Alpi schermo Pose tra noi e la Tedesca rabbia." "Schermo" describes the Alps admirably as a *shield*. "Rabbia," too, tells of the ancient German *rabies*, frightfulness, or hydrophobia, as well known in the fourteenth century as in the twentieth. Again, in the little museum at Velletri may still be seen a metal disc of 1452 with this inscription: "Hi montes"—referring to the Alps—"dividunt Italianam ab Alemania et Gallia." And in 1484 a Swiss pilgrim to Jerusalem, Felix Faber, describing his journey, mentions his crossing of the Julian Alps (the modern Italian frontier on the east): "quae terminum maris constituunt et Italianam ab Alemania dividunt."

But it must not for an instant be supposed that the Piedmontese General Staff in 1845 was merely following a literary or "humanistic" tradition. Such a supposition would be absurd in the case of hard-headed, practical men. The reason why Roman statesmen, men of the Middle Ages, and the General Staff of Piedmont all alike agree is the very simple one that Nature remains the same throughout the ages. So far from tradition explaining the modern claim, it may more justly be said that modern geographical science explains the historical tradition.

We tend continually to forget the immense influence exercised by geography both on history and politics. There is an old, somewhat threadbare saying of Seeley's, which has probably by now entered the popular consciousness, that politics without history has no root, and history without politics no fruit. The saying is true, and it is well indeed not to sever the one from the other. But we should above all bear in mind that both history and politics are conditioned by the facts of Nature; and that without geography neither the "root" of history nor the "fruit" of politics can even exist.

In Italy, not to mention the British Isles, we have a very conspicuous example. "The Italian Peninsula," says the great French geographer Réclus, "is one of the countries of the world the most sharply delimited by Nature," and Giovanni Marinelli, the most illustrious Italian geographer, has explained this in detail in his monumental work, *La Terra*. Now this plain geographical fact has undoubtedly influenced both past Italian history and present politics. The remark of Réclus was true

two thousand years ago; it is true to-day, and will probably be true two thousand years hence. Indeed, were history to begin all over again, a second Rome would probably succeed in unifying Italy once again from the Alps to the sea.

Thus, if we reflect, we need not be surprised that men so different as Polybius, Petrarch, and the General Staff of Piedmont say precisely the same thing. Nor need we be surprised that the new Italian frontiers of 1921 coincide almost exactly with those traced by that Staff in 1845. For they are based, not merely on an old tradition, but on unalterable geographic laws.

Based on Nature, this fact alone should ensure their permanence. For, as a distinguished modern authority on frontiers, Colonel Sir Thomas Holdich, has remarked: "There are many sorts of frontiers and of boundaries, but those which have through all the ages proved most effective are undoubtedly those which are best secured by strong natural geographical features."

Before, however, proceeding to examine the new frontiers in detail, one small point has still to be considered. From Mt. Blanc almost up to the St. Gotthard, the Italian frontier with Switzerland, like that of France, follows the Alps. But from the St. Gotthard to the Splügen Pass the Alpine watershed is followed no longer. A large triangle of Swiss territory, with its apex reaching down nearly to Como, breaks the Alpine frontier. This district, the Swiss Canton of Ticino, "Italian Switzerland," originally part of the Duchy of Milan, forms the one exception to the general principle that the Italian frontier follows the Alpine watershed from Ventimiglia to Fiume.

But this exception need hardly detain us. Switzerland holds a unique position in Europe; and the Canton of Ticino, which, like all the other Cantons, forms a State, with its own Constitution and Government, is certain to remain a part of Switzerland so long as all the other, French- or German-speaking, Cantons.

From the Splügen Pass, the boundary, separating the Canton of Grisons from Italy, follows roughly the Alpine watershed till it ends in the extreme north-eastern corner of Switzerland, just beside Resca (Reschen).

In this great gap between high mountains, the Pass of Resca—a pass which separates the waters flowing down into the Inn from the source of the Adige, and over which the high road leads from Nauders, in Austria, to Glorenza (Glurns), in Italy—the frontiers of Italy, Switzerland and Austria meet. Here, too, the new Italian frontiers begin.

Starting from Resca, we may divide them for the sake of

convenience into three sections, calling them respectively (1) the section of the Brenner; (2) the Julian Alps; and (3) Zara.

Of Zara, Dalmatia, and the Islands it is impossible to speak here. The subject is complicated; moreover, it involves questions essentially naval in their character. It is sufficient to remark that the problem of Dalmatia, like so many other historical and political problems, is in its essence geographical; and that most of the disputes about Dalmatia—a truth often overlooked—have their origin in its peculiar geographical position. Separated, on the one hand, from the Balkans by the steep and almost impassable barrier of the Dinaric Alps, it has never been completely Balkanised. Separated, on the other hand, from Italy by sea, it has never been—since the Slav invasion in the time of Gregory the Great—except for certain cities on the coast, completely and purely Italian. As Freeman has said (*Historical Essays*, Vol. III.): “Dalmatia is physically a march-land, and its physical position has ever made it the march-land of languages, empires, and religions.” Such it has been; and such in all probability, so long as geography continues to exercise its influence on human affairs, it will remain.

Confining our attention, then, to the Brenner and the Julian sections, let us first consider the section of the Brenner. From Resca to Toblach, where the Brenner section ends—a distance of over a hundred miles—the frontier follows the watershed of the Alps. Immense impenetrable mountains divide Austria here from Italy, traversed by only three practicable passes—that of Resca, already mentioned, in the west; that of the Brenner in the centre; and that of Toblach in the east. Of these three passes, by far the most important is, of course, the Brenner, over which—at an altitude of 4,490 feet above the sea—the road from Innsbruck leads to Trent and Verona. Called in Roman times the *Via Claudia Augusta*, this great thoroughfare has been, since ancient times, the main route through which the Germans passed to the invasion of Italy. It is, in fact, the front door of the Italian house. Concerning this new frontier, only one other point of a geographical nature need be mentioned here. The lofty peak in the extreme north-eastern corner of the Valle Aurina, above Brunico (Brunech), has now been christened the *Vetta d'Italia*, marking the furthest point to which the frontier of Italy extends upon the north.

Geographically, based on one of the clearest, simplest and most uncontroversial of all principles, that of the watershed, this frontier, however, raises a political problem of some importance. Within it, scattered among the upper valleys of the Adige, there are a certain number of Germans. Trent, on the Lower Adige,

is, of course, as everyone knows, a purely Italian city, by race, language, and civilisation; but in these upper mountain regions there has been a considerable German infiltration. According to Austrian official statistics, these Germans numbered in 1910 215,345. What is to become of them? It must be noted that we have here precisely the same problem as we noticed in regard to the Pyrenees. Just as a certain number of Basques, Catalans and Navarrais flowed over the Pyrenees into France, so a certain number of Germans from Bavaria, the Austrian Highlands, and elsewhere crossed the Alps to settle in Italy.

Even in Italy, upon the western frontier, there exists a similar situation. Just as a certain number of Italians ceased in 1860 to form part of Italy, so to-day a certain number of French-speaking people live in the valleys of the Dora Baltea and Dora Riparia, round Aosta and Susa. No ethnographical extremists, so far as is known, have ever claimed these valleys for France; and these French-speaking people are perfectly content, having been treated in regard to their language and customs with that perfect tolerance which has always characterised Italian history. In fact, it is difficult to conceive why one or two politicians have objected to the inclusion of these 200,000 Germans in Italy. That ethnographic reasons cannot be the only ones to be taken into account is clearly shown by the inclusion of 3,000,000 Germans in Czecho-Slovakia (see Government White Paper Cmd. 586). The most charitable supposition is that, as lawyers or "idealists" of an extreme type, they tend, not perhaps to be ignorant of geography, but of its importance in establishing a frontier.

As for Austria, if she regrets the loss of 200,000 of her nationals, she may well reflect that here we have no case whatever of vindictiveness or even indemnity, and that Italy herself in 1860 set her the example.

Yet there must be some reason for the astonishing fact that, while the inclusion of 3,000,000 Germans in Czecho-Slovakia aroused no protest of any kind in England, the inclusion of 200,000 Germans in Italy aroused criticism in one or two quarters. We may dismiss at once the supposition that this was due to want of sympathy with Italy. Anti-Italian feeling would be unworthy alike of the intelligence and character of any British statesman. It must rather be ascribed to two causes of a somewhat sentimental character—the latter forming, as we shall see, the essence of the Brenner problem.

To consider the first. Here, it is indignantly exclaimed, is the birthplace of the famous innkeeper, Andreas Hofer, who fought the Bavarians. Austrians are actually asked to renounce

it! But, in the first place, if Austrians are required to-day to renounce the birthplace—near Meran—of Andreas Hofer, it must be remembered that the Italians renounced in 1860, for precisely the same reason, a sound and lasting frontier, the birthplace of Garibaldi. Secondly, it would be ludicrous to compare Garibaldi, the champion of Italian unity, whose life was in the main stream of European evolution, and who helped to achieve a work of present and lasting value, with Andreas Hofer. No one would wish to dispute the latter's personal courage and sincerity, but it must be remembered that Andreas Hofer was simply the loyal and fanatical devotee of the Hapsburgs, and that his campaigns were not directed to the attainment of German unity or inspired by any sense of German patriotism, but were in reality internecine feuds with other Germans, Bavarians, who had seized some of the dominions of the Hapsburg Emperor. In no sense can Andreas Hofer be regarded as a champion of German nationality. Rather, brave man as he was, he may be compared to chieftains like Rob Roy, or leaders of Scottish clans in Jacobite and Hanoverian days, who fought bravely, for various reasons, one with the other. In any case, the old Emperor, "in white coat and red breeches," is as dead as Queen Anne. The modern situation is completely different from that of 1809. The compatriots of Andreas Hofer desire to-day, not the restoration of the Hapsburg Monarchy, but—a thing very different, and of which perhaps Andreas Hofer would never have dreamed—union with Germany.

We come now to the second of the causes which have led certain Englishmen to criticise the inclusion in Italy of these 200,000 Germans. If a sentimental, but irrational, and unhistorical estimate of the work of Andreas Hofer is one cause, a sentimental and romantic regard for these particular Germans—called "Tyrolese," from an old feudal castle, above Meran—is perhaps the other. It is cruel to shatter illusions, but it is certain that these "Tyrolese" do not possess quite all the romance with which they have been invested by enthusiastic tourists. We need not disparage the Tyrolese—an excellent people in many ways—but it is a mistake to exaggerate their virtues at the expense of our Allies.

Heine, the famous Hebrew poet, no friend of the Germans, but a keen observer, has left us in his *Reisebilder* a picture of these so-called "Tyrolese" which gives the main truth of the matter. "The Tyrolese are handsome, cheerful, honest, brave, and of an impenetrable narrow-mindedness. They are a healthy race, perhaps because they are too stupid to be ill. I might also call them a noble race, because they are dainty in the choice of their

food, very clean in their habits; only they are wholly lacking in respect for the dignity of personalities. The Tyrolese show a sort of smiling humorous servility, which is in reality wholly serious. At home the Tyrolese practise this servility gratis, abroad they seek to profit thereby. They traffic with their personality, their nationality. These gaily-dressed merchants, these cheery Bua-Tyrolese, whom we see wandering about in their national costume, will readily permit a joke, but something must at the same time be purchased from them. When last summer, in the brilliantly lighted concert rooms of the fashionable world of London, I saw these Tyrolese singers, clad in their national costume, appear upon the platform, and when I heard proceeding from it those songs which are so naïvely and joyously yodelled among the Tyrolese Alps, my soul was wrung with displeasure. I could not join in the applause given to these shameless hawkers of modesty; and a Swiss, who quitted the hall with me, moved by the same feelings, justly remarked: 'We Swiss give much for our best cheese and our best blood, but we can hardly endure to hear the Alp horn blown in a foreign land, much less to blow it ourselves for gold.'

In these words Heine gives us the clue to the whole matter. Without doubt, the Tyrolese are Germans, and have a strong sense of German nationality. But it must not be forgotten that the national costume, and the expression of fervent German national ideas, is also an important business, a scheme to attract tourists. We should not forget that the main industry of the Tyrol is inn-keeping, the catering for tourists. Who are these tourists? Apart from a few scattered Englishmen, duly impressed, the vast majority of these tourists are Germans from Berlin, for whom the Tyrol is famous as a place for honeymoons, an ideal health resort and playground. Thus, while the inhabitants of the Upper Adige are connected geographically and economically with those of the Lower Adige, a disturbing influence arises.

In *La Vita Italiana* of November, 1920, Professor Francesco Porro of Genoa has very clearly shown the real nature of the problem. It is not the memory of Andreas Hofer, nor any idealism in the Tyrolese, which makes their question difficult, but a much more solid and prosaic fact. The rich and powerful Austro-German *Alpenverein*, with two hundred thousand members, mostly German, not Austrian, has invested immense capital in the Upper Adige, and is the proprietor of a vast number of Alpine stations. Of this association the richest and most enterprising sections are German; we have the "gebiet" of Bremen, that of Magdeburg, Leipsic, Bamberg, Dresden, Berlin, etc. By a process of "peaceful penetration," in the form of a great tourist

movement, Germany before the war succeeded in getting a firm footing in the Upper Adige, and is naturally unwilling to relinquish her designs. In fact, Dr. Simons, the German Foreign Secretary, had the impudence, not long ago, to address a kind of blackmailing threat to Italy, saying that the good relations between Italy and Germany would depend on the manner in which the latter treated the "national aspirations" of the inhabitants of the Upper Adige. Strange indeed that Berlin should interfere in the matter, and should arrogate to herself the former right of the Hapsburgs to act as "protector" of the inhabitants of the Upper Adige!

One thing is certain. The Tyrol may be a pleasant place for German honeymoons, but Italy cannot permit Berlin to extend its sway across the Alps. Her national security cannot be sacrificed to the interests of tourists, German or other. If South-sea were a pleasant place for German visitors, that would hardly be a reason for giving Germany control of Portsmouth.

The Brenner Pass is, in fact, the main gate into Italy, and Italy must hold the gate for her own security, even if a few Germans, through her failure in the past to hold that gate, have already entered. She does not want the whole nation to enter with a rush. Nor in claiming the Brenner frontier has Italy made any exceptional claim. It is simply one section of those Alps, whose watershed she holds to-day as her national frontier from Ventimiglia to Fiume.

To pass from the northern frontier to the new frontier of Italy upon the east. This starts from Mount Pec (just above Tarvis), where the frontiers of Italy, Austria, and Yugo-Slavia meet, and extends down to Fiume.

Alike from a geographical, historical and political point of view, these Julian Alps, extending from Tarvis to Fiume, a distance of about a hundred miles, are of immense importance; but they are comparatively little known, and not until the recent war has their full significance been brought to light.

If the Alps may be compared in general to the Himalayas, the north-eastern frontier of Italy presents features which bear a striking resemblance on certain points to the north-eastern frontier of India—which again is less well known than the northern and western sections. A quotation from Colonel Sir Thomas Holdich's admirable book, *Political Frontiers and Boundary Making*, may be permitted. After describing the northern frontier of India as "the finest natural combination of boundary and barrier that exists in the world," he thus describes the frontier of India on the north-east: "Even beyond Bhutan, it again finds

a magnificent series of lofty watersheds to support it in the stiff lines of unbroken ridge, which hold the Salwin as in a deep mountain ditch. The doubtful point on this north-west frontier is the crossing of the Lohit Brahmaputra, where the Chinese have already penetrated and are said to be showing their yellow faces above the fort palisades at Rima. This is a point which still requires attention. Through Tenasserim, it can only be quoted as a useful example of an excellent mountain barrier, of which the position is obviously pointed out by Nature."

These words very well describe the function performed in the case of Italy by the Julian Alps. They are not so lofty as the Northern or Western Alps; yet they form an "excellent mountain barrier pointed out by Nature." Moreover, considered politically, they serve, like the north-eastern frontier of India, as a boundary to quite different races from the western or northern. The Julian Alps have served to protect Italy, not against Germans, but against the Eastern Asiatic races.

Called thus for the first time by Tacitus (*Hist.*, III., 8) the Julian Alps, originally known as the *Alpes Venetae*, or Venetian Alps, form the modern frontier of Italy upon the east. The change of name, we may note in passing, was probably due to the work of Augustus in organising and consolidating this region, which, when he divided Italy into eleven regions, he numbered the tenth. Both in Venetia and Istria, included in this region, we find many traces of the same name: Forum Julii (Cividale), Pietas Julia (Pola), Julia Parentium (Parenzo), etc. Thus, when we remember how Augustus claims, in the monument at Angora, to have pacified the Alps from the Adriatic to the Riviera, it was natural for Italians to admit these claims and to name in his honour these Eastern Alps the *Alpes Juliae*.

In the north, the Julian Alps reach their highest altitude, with Mangart, 8,084 feet; Tricorno, 8,592; Vagatin, 6,024. With snow-covered crests, they form here an impenetrable frontier. Proceeding south, they diminish in height till a wild and desolate Carasic region is reached in the centre. Even here, Javornig, 3,726 feet, and Monte Re, 3,897 feet—so-called in memory of the invasion by the Lombard King Alboin—offer formidable obstacles, forming as they do parts of that formidable Carasic plateau, between Laibach and Trieste: the Selva di Piro. Rising in height again in the south, they attain 5,388 feet at Monte Nevoso, the most easterly mountain in Italy, the guardian of Istria, fifteen miles north of the Quarnaro. This latter mountain, called by the Romans Mons Albanus, or Albion, is said by Strabo to have given its name to the whole of the Alps.

One other point about this mountain frontier is noteworthy.

In its lower regions and where it is traversed by passes, the Romans at various dates built a strong wall, the *Limes Italicus*, flanked by strong forts, notably at Castra and Ad Pirum. The foundations of this wall, fragments of which still tower above the surface, have recently been discovered, and are now being excavated. This recent discovery is not without significance, as showing that the ancient frontiers of Italy upon the east were the same as the modern.

But the supreme interest of the Julian Alps lies in the fact that they have always constituted the rampart of Italy against invasion from the east. Just as the Brenner Pass was the historic gate of invasion from the north, so the Pass of Nauporto, midway between Laibach and Trieste, was the historic gate of barbarian invasions from the valleys of the Danube and the Save.

The first of these invasions took place at the decline of the Empire in 394 A.D., when was fought a battle upon the Julian Alps—the Battle of the Frigidus—fraught with vast consequences, and of immense and lasting influence on the history of Italy and Europe.

Theodosius (379–395), the Spaniard who reigned at Constantinople, orthodox but tyrannical—the last Roman Emperor to rule a united Roman world—a year before his death set up the valley of the Save to crush a claimant to the Empire who had appeared in Italy. Followed by his army, which included Goths—for Theodosius had admitted Goths in immense numbers into the Imperial armies and had brought with him on the present occasion a contingent of 20,000—he advanced from Laibach by the Pass of Nauporto, and met the usurper on the Julian Alps at the *Limes Italicus*, near the old Roman fort, Ad Pirum. Here, on the Italian side of the Julian Alps, the River Frigidus, now the Vipacco, runs down to the Isonzo, and from this river the battle took its name.

This River Frigidus, the modern Vipacco, has not only historic fame, but is, Dr. Hodgkin tells us, a phenomenon full of interest. Close to the little town of Vipacco, it bursts forth from the foot of the cliffs of the Selva di Piro; no little rivulet such as one spring might nourish, but a full-fed river, as deep and strong as the Aar at Thun, or the Reuss at Lucerne, like also to both these streams in the colour of its pale blue waters, and, even in the hottest days of summer, unconquerably cool.

Claudian, the last Roman poet, probably present with Theodosius at the battle, has left us a vivid description. At first all seemed lost, and ten thousand Goths perished in striving to break through the "*claustra durissima*" of the Alps. But, at a

critical moment, the Bora, the fierce wind of the Carso, blew into the faces of the enemy, and the victory fell to Theodosius. The result is described by Claudian with what Gibbon calls "intolerable wit": the snow was dyed red; the cold river smoked; and the channel must have been choked with carcasses, if the current had not been swelled with blood.

The political consequences of the battle are admirably summed up by Dr. Hodgkin (*Italy and her Invaders*) in a sentence: "At the Frigidus, the East of Europe conquered the West." It was, in fact, the first of a series of battles in which the East attacked the West. Before his death at Milan in 395, which split the Roman world asunder, the two halves never again being politically reunited, Theodosius had taught the Eastern peoples the path to Italy across the Julian Alps. He was followed by Alaric and Attila.

Alaric was a Goth who had fought in youth beside Theodosius at the battle of the Frigidus. Six years later, in 400 A.D., he began invasions of Italy upon his own account. The poet Claudian, then living at Milan, expressed the fear of all Italians: *Sic ope sanctorum non barbarus inruat Alpes* (Saints defend us from the barbarian crossing the Alps!). He recalls an old prophecy, said to have been made to Alaric: *Rumpe omnes, Alaric, moras. Hoc impiger anno Alpibus Italiae ruptis, penetrabis ad urbem.* (Delay no longer, Alaric. This very year thou shalt break the Alpine barrier of Italy and enter Rome.) And so it happened. Following in the footsteps of Theodosius, Alaric broke through the Julian Alps, and in 410, with his Goths, sacked Rome itself—an event enshrined for all time in St. Augustine's famous work, *De Civitate Dei*.

In 452 took place another and yet more disastrous invasion. Attila, the Hun, who, it has been remarked by Gibbon, "alone among the conquerors of ancient and modern times, united the two mighty Kingdoms of Germany and Russia" (a remark which casts a sinister light on the attempted union of Germans and Bolsheviks to-day), burst, like Theodosius and Attila before him, through the Julian Alps by the Pass of Nauporto, and utterly destroyed the great Roman city, Aquileia—whence the inhabitants, fleeing from Attila, took refuge in the lagoons of Venice, building there a new city destined to eclipse in fame the city which Attila destroyed. Deeds such as these burn deep into the consciousness of a nation, and to this day the people of Italy dread the Pass of Nauporto, the gate through which the ferocious Hun broke into the Italian plain. They call it still the "Gate of the Barbarians."

Lombards, again, in 558 A.D., under their King Alboin, bring-

ing with them a congeries of Eastern tribes, Bulgarians included, took the same route. While looking down on the beauties of Italy from the abrupt cliff of Monte Re (Mount Nanos) on the Selva di Piro, their King is reported to have thrust his spear into the ground, saying: "This land is mine!" This "Pestis Germanica," as the Lombards were called, destroyed Aquileia, which had begun to live again, for the second time—the inhabitants fleeing to, and founding, Grado. Hungarians, again, from 900 to 973, repeatedly traversed the same route, arriving on one occasion as far as Pavia; on another, nearly to Rome. Turks, too, in seven invasions, between 1470 and 1499, proceeding up the Save to Laibach, with Slav tribes in their wake, broke through the same Pass, devastating Italy as far as Udine.

*Heu quales clades, quam tristia damna colonis
Attulit Oenotriis Sontii tranabilis unda!*

To sum up. Just as the Brenner was the main gate for the invasion of Italy by Germans on the north, so the Pass of Nauporto was the main gate of invasion on the east. During the Great War both passes were in the possession of Austria, who thus held Italy almost at her mercy. When Italy defeated Austria at the battle of Vittorio Veneto, she determined that these passes should be held by a foreign Power never again! History, as well as geography, had taught her they were the doors of her house.

It is true that, just as in the case of the Brenner, a certain number of non-Italian people are included within the Julian Alps. To be exact (if the official Austrian statistics of 1910 are exact) there are, in the three former Austrian administrative divisions, Trieste, Gorizia-Gradisca, Istria—now included in Italy under the name Venetia Giulia—266,852 Slovenes and 170,549 Serbo-Croats: a total of 437,401. The figure is probably largely exaggerated, but, even if not, it is trifling compared with the 3,000,000 Germans included in Czecho-Slovakia—"an inclusion clearly showing" as M. Millerand and Mr. Lloyd George said in their Memorandum of February 17th, 1920, that "ethnographic reasons cannot be the only ones to be taken into account."

In fact, all the reasons which we examined in the case of the Brenner for establishing a sound and lasting frontier based upon Nature apply equally here; and if any should regret the Treaty of Rapallo their quarrel must be, not with Italians, but with geography. Above all, no cultivated, fair-minded and patriotic Yugo-Slav will fail to remember that, if to-day he renounces by the Treaty of Rapallo 400,000 citizens, Italy in 1860 renounced nearly double the number, the patrimony of the House of Savoy, and the home of Garibaldi—and just for the same prin-

ciple, a sound and lasting frontier marked by Nature, perhaps, not *sine aliquo divino numine*.

We may conclude this sector of the new Italian frontiers by observing that it touches the Quarnaro just to the east of Volosca, and is contiguous with the territory of the city of Fiume, now a free and independent State. Lastly, by the possession of the islands of the Quarnaro, Cherso and Lussin, the defence of Istria and of the Upper Adriatic is assured.

Two opinions on the new frontiers, that of the Chief of the Italian Admiralty, Admiral Acton, and that of the Chief of the General Staff, General Badoglio, expressed in interviews with Signor Virginio Gayda and published in the *Messaggero* of November 13th, 1920, deserve attention.

Admiral Acton said: "The solution of the problem of the Upper Adriatic is complete. By the possession of Istria and the island of Cherso, defence of the Upper Adriatic is fully guaranteed. On the other hand, in the centre of the Adriatic, by the loss of Dalmatia, and above all of Sebenico . . . the problem of our naval defence remains completely unsolved . . . Nor can the possession of certain islands compensate the loss of the Dalmatian coast. The little island of Lagosta is only an observation post to Cattaro, and is absolutely insufficient to solve the problem of our naval defence. Thus the problem of the Central and Lower Adriatic remains just as it was before the war."

General Badoglio, on the other hand, expressed himself as completely satisfied with the new territorial frontiers: "The military problem of our land frontiers has attained its full solution, according to our aspirations. . . . All the *massif* of the Selva di Piro, of Mt. Pomario, Mt. Nevoso, and Mt. Terstenico is in our possession. Thus the frontier of the Treaty of London, so far as it concerns the land, has been practically realised. . . . The Army realises with pride that its heroic efforts have not been in vain, and that the present Government . . . has succeeded in giving Italy that frontier which was the dream of every Italian."

It is curious to note how the modern General uses almost the same words as were inscribed by Augustus on the Temple at Angora. In fact, Italy to-day, along the whole seven-hundred-mile circuit of the Alps, from the Tuscan Sea to the Quarnaro, has attained her ancient frontiers.

It may seem strange to insist so much upon these facts of ancient history and of geography. But Nature and geography remain the same through all the ages: nor, except at our peril, can we draw any radical distinction between past history and modern politics. We, in England, tend to forget this: to think,

for example, that the recent German aggression was some strange new modern phenomenon; that the Bolshevist movement in Russia is a remarkable, though unpleasant, product of the most advanced modern thought. But Italy has longer memories. She knew the Germans well in Roman times; she suffered from them in the days of Barbarossa; therefore she was not surprised by Kaiser Wilhelm. She knew the Bolsheviks before Lenin, when Attila, the first dictator of an Eastern proletariat, in union with Germany, sacked and destroyed her city, Aquileia. Modern events are for her but the repetition of an ancient story. She distrusts a millennium, for she has already known too many.

We, too, in England may well be content that Italy—the cradle of civilisation and our Ally—should rest secure within the circle of her Alps. For we little know, with Germany impenitent and Russia Bolshevist, what the future may bring forth.

R. A. USSHER.

THE KEY TO EMERSON.¹

EMERSON AS A THINKER AND MAN OF LETTERS.

I PROPOSE in the following pages, and at the risk of re-opening a topic which has become now almost hackneyed, to submit once more for revision our popular English estimate of Emerson as a thinker and man of letters. It was not, I confess, without a feeling of pain and indignation that, on recently reading the second volume of Mr. Birrell's *Obiter Dicta*, I came once more upon the old and well-worn charge of "disconnectedness"; or, as Mr. Birrell calls it, "non-sequaciousness," in the thoughts of Emerson, and the denial to him, in consequence, of the rank of a first-rate thinker and philosopher. Not that I was in any way surprised at this estimate; on the contrary, in announcing it, Mr. Birrell has only followed in the track of our most cultivated and accomplished critics, all of whom, indeed, so far as I can see, have long since come to accept it as in the nature of an axiom.

As there seemed at the moment, however, little chance of my making my protest heard, I was obliged to lay the matter aside for the time, in the hope that an opportunity might present itself further on. And now that a new and admirable little life of Emerson has appeared from the pen of Dr. Garnett, and the subject will again be brought forward, I have felt that the opportunity should not be allowed to pass without some attempt being made to bring the question of Emerson's status as a man of letters once more before the public. Accordingly, I may say at once, and without further preliminary, that the popular view of Emerson which I desire to controvert is that he is one of the most disconnected of writers; that his thoughts have little or no

(1) This essay on Emerson, which my father, Dr. Crozier, considered one of his most thoughtful pieces of work, is the only unpublished manuscript found amongst his papers.

It is undated, but Mr. James Muirhead, to whom I am much indebted for help in the necessary revision of the Essay in bringing it up to date, says:—

"As Dr. Crozier speaks of 'Mr.' Spencer, Arnold, and Hutton, presumably they were still alive when he wrote. They died respectively in 1903, 1888, and 1897. It looks then as if the paper was written about 1888."

He adds, "Birrell's *Obiter Dicta* No. 2 appeared in 1887, Morley's *Essay on Emerson* was written in or before 1886, Matthew Arnold visited America in 1884 and (I think) published his *American Essays* (including Emerson) soon after (*Discourses in America*, 1885). I don't know about Hutton, except that Dr. Crozier quotes what he wrote immediately after Emerson's death, which took place in 1882."—GLADYS BEATTIE CROZIER.

sequence or cohesion among themselves; and that he is to be regarded rather as a great spiritual influence, something after the manner of an old Hebrew seer, than as a great, organised thinker and philosopher. This, I imagine, will be generally admitted to be a fairly just summary of our latest and best English criticism on the subject of Emerson; but, in order that it may be put in more precise and definite form, I have thought it well to quote as examples of what I mean the published opinions of three eminent and representative literary critics—Lord Morley, Matthew Arnold, and R. H. Hutton.

In his introduction to a recent edition of Emerson's complete works Lord Morley, in his otherwise acute, judicious and sympathetic criticism, says: "One of the traits that every critic notes in Emerson's writing is that it is so abrupt, so sudden in its transitions, so discontinuous, so inconsecutive. . . . Everything is thrown in just as it comes, and sometimes the pell-mell is enough to persuade us that Pope did not exaggerate when he said that no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer as the power of rejecting his own thoughts. . . .

"That these transmutations (viz., of scientific conceptions into the finer forms of an ideal world) are often carried by Emerson to the extent of vain and empty self-mystification is hard to deny, even for those who have most sympathy with the general scope of his teaching. . . . Nothing is gained by concealing that not every part of Emerson's work will stand the test of the Elenchus, nor bear reduction into honest and intelligible prose. . . . There are pages that, to the present writer at least, after reasonably diligent meditation, remain mere abracadabra, incomprehensible and worthless."

Again, in the high, thoughtful, and appreciative notice which appeared in the *Spectator* immediately after Emerson's death, R. H. Hutton, while admitting his greatness as a critic, denies him the rank of a great philosopher, going on to say: "Emerson never seems to us so little secure of his ground as he is in uttering his transcendentalisms. Emerson on 'Nature,' Emerson on the 'Over-Soul,' Emerson on the law of 'Polarity,' Emerson on 'Intuition,' does not seem to us even instructive. He aims too wide and hits only the vague. . . . Mr. Emerson's transcendental essays are full of this kind of dark and vague symbolism which carries weight only in proportion to the extent of our ignorance, not to the extent of our knowledge. . . . You can drive a coach and six through almost any one of the generalisations which pass for philosophy in these vague and imaginative, but unreal, speculations."

In the wake of Lord Morley and R. H. Hutton comes along

Matthew Arnold himself, and, taking a pinch out of Emerson's snuff-box with the air and manner of a court exquisite of the old *régime*, goes on to tell his American audience that "We have not in Emerson a great poet, a great writer, a great philosophy maker. His relation to us is not that of one of these personages. Yet it is a relation, I think, of even superior importance. His relation to us is much like that of the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius. He is a friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. . . . Emerson cannot, I think, be called with justice a great philosophical writer. He cannot build; his arrangement of philosophical ideas has no progress in it, no evolution; he does not construct a philosophy."

And, lastly, we have Mr. Birrell outdoing in depreciation all his predecessors, and telling us in his *Obiter Dicta*, with the confidence of a man who feels he is sailing along the wind of an opinion, which has already become almost an article of faith, that "if one were required to name the most non-sequacious author one had ever read, I do not see how one could help nominating Emerson. . . . Let the comparison be made where you will, the unparalleled non-sequaciousness of Emerson is as certain as the correggiosity of Correggio. You never know what he will be at. . . . In reading him," he says, "the mind becomes torpid and restive, admiration gives way to astonishment, astonishment to bewilderment, and bewilderment to stupefaction."

After which, and other like utterances, delivered in his "light and charming manner," he mounts the high judicial stool, and, with the easy assurance and complacency of the compositor distributing his type, proceeds to assign to Emerson the niche in the Temple of Literature he is hereafter destined to occupy. He admits, it is true, that the exact place Emerson may occupy in American literature he cannot profess to decide, "but here at home, where we are sorely pressed for room, it is certain that he must be content with a small allotment." And this allotment he presently hints pretty clearly to be among the number of what he calls the "lesser authors," adding, by way of compensation (and with a touch of consolatory condescension which is really beautiful), that, after all, "it is hard to fancy a pleasanter destiny than to join the company of 'lesser authors,' as it is better to be always read by somebody than to be read first by everybody and then by nobody."

Such seems to be the consensus and outcome of the most serious, refined, and cultivated English opinion on the rank and status of Emerson as a thinker and man of letters. And as I feel bound to give to each and all of the opinions above quoted the most distinct and unqualified negative, and, moreover, con-

sider it derogatory to English criticism and speculative thought that these views should go forth as the final verdict of England on the most eminent product of American genius, I shall in the present paper leave no stone unturned to give them one and all a complete and, I trust, final reversal.

Instead of holding with Matthew Arnold that Emerson is not a great philosopher; that he cannot construct a philosophy; and that his arrangement of philosophical ideas has no progress in it, no evolution; or, with R. H. Hutton, that you can drive a coach and six through almost any of his generalisations; or, with Lord Morley, that there are pages which, after the most careful meditation, remain abracadabra, incomprehensible and worthless; I assert, on the contrary, with equal firmness, that he is as clean-cut, compact and harmonious a thinker as either Plato, Bacon or Herbert Spencer; that his writings exhibit a capaciousness, subtlety, many-sidedness and fertility of illustration unsurpassed by his predecessors of any age; and that when once the connection of his great central thoughts has been made apparent, every paragraph and line become luminous; and that not only his various essays as wholes, but the separate parts of each may be read with as easy a grasp of their connections as the pages of Macaulay or the columns of the *Times* newspaper.

That this is a bold assertion to make, in the face of critics so illustrious, I am myself only too sensible; and it therefore behoves me at once to show reason why men of the philosophical breadth and tolerance of Lord Morley, of the literary tact and sensibility of Matthew Arnold, and of the high and varied culture of Hutton should, in a matter of such great literary moment, have gone, as I believe, so far astray in their judgments. The reason, in a word, is, as I have hinted above, that they have not seen the *organic connection of his great central thoughts*. The want of consecutiveness and unity of which they complain is, if one must speak truly, not so much in Emerson as in the eye of the critics themselves. They see confused and double, not because Emerson is confused and double, but because they have brought to him a preoccupied or divided mind. Instead of ranging far and wide among his writings with the one object of bringing them into line and harmony, they have either permitted themselves to be drawn aside by his merely literary qualities; or, overcome by his immense fertility and variety, have been content to wander aimlessly through his works, stopping here and there to admire some isolated remark or piece of insight, but without caring to find its *connections* in the general harmony.

Either they have sought for in him corroboration of their own special views, and, not having found them, are disappointed; or

they have found something they did not wish to find; or have jumped at his own modest confession of fragmentariness as authoritative and final; or they have expected from a *spiritual* thinker that continuous logical unfolding of his thought which is only possible in matters of material and tangible import. Finally, perhaps, whirled in the vortex of some Comtean or theological hypothesis of their own, they have not been able sufficiently to extricate their sympathies so as to enter with a whole heart into the complexities of a mind so different in character, aim and point of view from their own.

And yet that men of their eminent culture and catholicity should dream that a man whose insight in many ways they themselves admit to be so central and commanding should himself have no centre; that they should imagine as probable that one who sat in solitude systematically pondering the problem of the world for fifty years should have found no harmony or unity anywhere, has always seemed to me the most inexplicable marvel in modern criticism. It is a species of literary atheism, and if systematically acted on in the case of great authors would degrade the critics, as is already beginning to be seen among the lighter and more nimble sort, to the level of the tea-taster merely. Indeed, if what the eminent critics above mentioned have said of Emerson were true, it would prove not so much that he is not a philosopher as that he is not in his senses at all; for the mark of insanity is not that your thoughts may not often be acute, vigorous or happy, but that they should be thrown on one another pell-mell without sequence, relevancy or connection, and should be poured forth in sentences inconsecutive, dark and unintelligible. The truer view is that contained in the words of Emerson himself, whom Mr. Cabot reports to have written in his diary: "I was at the very time (at the age of nineteen) already writing every night in my chamber my first thoughts on morals and the beautiful laws of compensation, and of individual genius, which, to observe and illustrate, have given sweetness to many years of my life."

If, then, in the absence of any better champion, I should venture to come forward to challenge the truth of these criticisms of Emerson as a thinker and writer, and to exhibit the connection, continuity and harmony existing between his main ideas, it is not because I am in any sense a follower of his; on the contrary, my own mode of representing the phenomena of the world and of human life is in many respects essentially different from his; nor is it because I lay claim to any special or exceptional insight or power of divination; but merely that I have

worked up to the problem and its solution through long years of patient and protracted thought.

All his more important essays I have read again and again for years with the greatest attention and care, going out into the world of human life to observe their bearings there for myself, with the view of corroborating, modifying or refuting them; and some few of them, notably his essay on "Experience," and some of his chapters on "Nature" (which I suspect are probably the parts of his work which Lord Morley still finds to be "mere abracadabra, incomprehensible and worthless"), I must have read first and last at least twenty times with the most minute and careful scrutiny, collating and comparing them with his other essays and with one another, until I am now able (if I may say so without boasting) to read them as easily and with as much sense of their meaning and connections as if they were ordinary newspaper paragraphs.

For Emerson is one of the subtlest of writers, and of the greatest comprehensiveness and complexity; and his thoughts, although like the pieces of a Chinese puzzle they appear at first sight chaotic and disconnected as they lie crowded in his separate essays, have nevertheless, when you once know how to put them together, a perfect sequence, coherence and unity. And as they are besides, as we shall see, never merely *metaphysical* in the narrow sense of that term, but always strictly human in their import and aim, the understanding of him in consequence—depending as it does not so much on any mere addition or catalogue of his separate thoughts as on the power of rising to the point of view from which they are to be commanded—has ever seemed to me a kind of index or measure of intellectual proficiency; and hence the labour and pains I have taken to master him.

Other great philosophers can be fairly grasped in a few readings by an ordinarily well-equipped mind; Emerson, without a key, requires many readings to fully understand him. I looked into Bacon the other day, after reading him for the first time a good many years ago, but I found, as regards the essential bearings of his philosophy, the one reading had been sufficient. With Emerson, on the contrary, I have made, and have still by me, as many different studies or diagrams of his philosophy almost as there are years since I first began to read him, all of them differing from one another, and all false or incomplete in proportion to the extent of the field I had failed in reducing to harmony.

In the following pages, then, my endeavour shall be so to present his great central doctrines that the organic, or, if you

will, logical, connections existing between his different essays, and the different parts of his separate essays, may be as clear as the paragraphs of Plato, Hume or Herbert Spencer; while at the same time I shall endeavour so to exhibit the relations existing between his views and the doctrine of evolution that the differences which must be settled before the account between them can be finally closed may be clearly and distinctly seen. Should I succeed in doing this to the reader's satisfaction, the main end which I proposed to myself here will have been in a measure achieved.

But before doing so I desire to make a few remarks on Emerson's style and the form in which he has chosen to embody and present his thoughts.

EMERSON'S STYLE.

It has been a matter of regret to me that Emerson should not have seen fit, before the decline of his powers in his later years, to have prefixed to his collected essays some condensed and connected *scheme of his philosophy as a whole*, in which the great central thoughts which pervade his various essays should be set forth in their mutual subordinations and connections. Had he done so, not only would his separate essays have been made luminous, but the reader would have been saved much unnecessary trouble in getting them at that angle and point of view from which they can be viewed as parts of one coherent and harmonious whole.

It is true, indeed, that in his earliest work—his little book on *Nature*—he has given us his views of the relation and attitude of man to the great universe in which he finds himself—views from which he never afterwards departed, and which can everywhere be traced in his succeeding essays. But of this little book it may, I think, be said, without disparagement that, although when once mastered the connection and sequence of its thought are, as I can myself testify, everywhere complete, still, like the steps in some of those demonstrations of Newton which I am told can still only be followed by the most accomplished mathematicians, the strides taken are so great, as without seven-leagued boots, and without further illustration, as it now stands, it is practically and entirely beyond the range of the ordinary reader. Of course, if an author writes so as to make himself intelligible to the least-educated class of readers, there is no limit to the depth of platitude to which he may be obliged to descend; but that Emerson should have chosen to pitch his discourse so high as to demand more than a fair amount of time

and attention from men of earnest and cultivated minds has always seemed to me greatly to be deplored.

But if Emerson has chosen thus to leave obscure, from want of sufficient illustration and example, the work which, of all others, as dealing with religion, would naturally call for the greatest clearness, nevertheless, it must be admitted that the form in which he has cast his separate essays was not a matter of choice with him, but inhered as of *necessity* in the very nature of the material with which he had to work; and this for several very sufficient reasons.

In the first place, in these essays Emerson, like Shakespeare, deals almost entirely with the *laws of the mind* and the subtler experiences of our *spiritual* nature; and as these experiences, when followed to the front and confines of thought, are found to lie, like the network of capillaries on the circumference of the body, in the most delicate inter-connected meshes, it is evident that in the web and cross-threads you cannot find that merely lineal or logical continuity the absence of which the critics, whom I have already quoted, have so much deplored.

Now this is not the case either with the physical philosophers or with the purely metaphysical thinkers. In the philosophy of evolution of Mr. Spencer, for example, where the object is to trace the laws and conditions by which the primitive homogeneous and nebulous mass of matter of which the universe is composed has passed in the course of time through its various transformations until it is now, as we see, broken up into the heterogeneous variety of animals, plants and men, of every species and degree, it is evident that the author has only to keep his description parallel and, in a way, synchronous with the transformations he is describing, and his work will of itself assume a logical and connected form.

In the same way with the purely metaphysical system of Kant, which deals with the structure of the various parts of the mind, senses, understanding, reason, conscience, and the like—as if they were parts of a machine—it is equally evident that a description of the separate parts, when taken in order, will have something of the nature of lineal and logical continuity.

But when, as is the case with Emerson, you have to deal with the human mind *as an organised whole*—that is to say, with human nature itself, and all the complex and contradictory tissue of sentiments, aspirations and desires which lie massed around every great vital principle of thought or action, it is evident that your presentation of the facts cannot be concatenated or drawn out like the bones of the vertebra into any merely linear continuity, but must be disposed, like the signs of the Zodiac, around

the central principle which they illustrate, as around a circle; and that, although your facts or illustrations are each directly connected with the central principle from which they spring, they have no necessary connection with each other, except what they get through this their common connection. For just as the architecture, painting, poetry and sculpture of Greece, although having no external likeness or connection with each other, were all the products of the same Greek genius or spirit, so the thousandfold illustrations of Emerson, stretching as they do in his various essays athwart all the belts of Nature and of Mind, although all equally the expression of some one or more great spiritual laws, have no logical continuity or bond among themselves other than what they get through their connection with these central laws.

And hence it is that, unless the reader can himself perceive their connection, it is evident that any linear account or catalogue of them, such as is incidental to the written page, will seem to him as to Morley to be discontinuous and inconsecutive, vain and empty self-mystification; or, as to Hutton, as carrying weight only proportionate to the extent of our ignorance, not to the extent of our knowledge, and through which a coach and six can be easily driven; or, as to Arnold, as an arrangement of philosophical ideas, having in it no progress or evolution.

Another reason why Emerson's thoughts cannot be presented with that merely lineal or logical continuity which on other grounds, and for the sake of ease and mental clearness, were so much to be desired is this: It is one of his doctrines, as we shall see farther on, that the world of Nature and of human life is strung on one great law, the Law of Polarity, or of action and reaction—a law which is the basis of the whole evolution hypothesis—and that, in consequence of this, all material or human things must have two opposite sides from which they can, or may be, viewed. And as Emerson's essays deal almost entirely with this two-sided world of Nature and human life; and as, moreover, these two sides can no more be united by any merely logical or continuous line than the upper and under surface of a table, it is evident that Emerson, who always takes and keeps unsullied the attitude of the pure philosopher, and never of the sectarian or partisan, is obliged, if he is to give completeness to his subject, to give full line to each of these sides in turn; and not only to break up his philosophy into separate and antithetical essays, but often the same essay into opposite and antithetical sides. Hence it is that a catalogue of Emerson's essays contains such antithetical titles as "Fate" and the "Over-Soul," "Wealth" and "Culture," "Power" and "Beauty," "Prudence" and "Hero-

ism," and the like, and that we have Morley telling us that Emerson never shrinks from inconsistent propositions, as if it were in some way a matter for censure.

As regards the free use of metaphor indulged in by Emerson, and which often in its sweep and boldness reminds us of Shakespeare, and the tendency he has to the use of hyperbole and antithesis without regard to the qualifying shades of expression, the reason is that, dealing as he does with spiritual experiences often so subtle, deep-hidden and difficult to be seized, and with illustrations which are not often so much actual facts as the very spirit and sublimated essence of the facts, he is obliged to paint them on a large canvas, and to give them size and tangibility, in order that their relations may be the better grasped; in the same way as one applies a magnifying-glass or microscope to delicate miniatures or objects otherwise invisible, in order that their structure and relations may be the better seen. For just as in a calculus of infinitesimals which resolves problems inaccessible to grosser mathematical methods, you are obliged to represent the otherwise inappreciable infinitesimals by some definite symbols, some tangible x or y that can be mathematically manipulated, so in dealing with those subtler laws and experiences of our spiritual nature which lie beyond the reach of formal logic Emerson is justified, nay, is even obliged, to point out his meaning by the use of large metaphorical and symbolic images that leave a real and definite impression on the mind.

With these few remarks on Emerson's style, and the form in which he has chosen to cast his speculations, I shall now proceed to the main object of this paper, and shall exhibit in my own way the order and connection of the great central ideas which his various essays illustrate and enforce, and without which they cannot by any effort be understood.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE : RELIGION.

First I shall endeavour to set forth the connection of Emerson's views on the Problem of Life—that is to say, his Religion; and next, the connections of his practical philosophy, or his views on the conduct of life. It was only after some years' reading that I at last got my eye on a doctrine of Emerson's which I have since discovered to be among the most important in the entire range of his philosophy—a doctrine indeed so important that, when once fully grasped, the whole of his speculations on the problem of life may be seen flowing from it, as from some mountain stream. The reason I had for so long a time failed fully to apprehend this doctrine was partly his having nowhere given us any direct hint as to the important part it plays in his

scheme of life; and, partly, the misleading associations which had been aroused in my mind by the words in which it was expressed. The consequence was that, for a long time after I had seen the genius and connection of his practical philosophy, many passages directly bearing on his religious views remained to me still dark and unsatisfactory. The doctrine to which I allude is, in a word, that which is conveyed in his own expression that "Man makes his own World." This is a high doctrine of Emerson's, and as its consequences are so far-reaching, it is necessary before proceeding farther that I should endeavour fully to explain what he means by it, and to mark out at the same time the range both of its truth and of its limitations.

I had long been acquainted with the idealist doctrine of Berkeley and Kant which taught that the forms, colours, impressions, and other properties and relations of matter, are owing to the particular constitution of our senses and understandings; that is to say, that it is the mental constitution of our senses and understanding that *makes* the world of Nature what it is, and that if our senses were different, or we had one or two more or less than we have, the world would be entirely different to us. If, for example, our sense of colour were different, what we see now as yellow would then perhaps appear red; if our sense of touch, what now seems hard would feel soft, as what now is hot would seem cold; as we see this even now with persons suffering from locomotor ataxia, who, when walking on the solid pavement, imagine, so far as their feeling is concerned, that they are walking on velvet pile, or in paralytics who will burn their feet without knowing it, and to whom in this sense fire has no existence.

So much, indeed, I had long known, and on coming to expressions of the same kind in Emerson, I naturally thought it was to this purely metaphysical doctrine that he was alluding. But as many of his conclusions did not seem to me legitimately to follow from what I considered to be his premises, I was at last constrained to look into the matter more minutely, when I found that Emerson had given immense extension to the doctrine of the metaphysicians, so that it applied not only to the senses and understanding, but to the whole range of man's genius, ambitions, humours, affections and aims; and, further, that it was from this latter application of it that not only his religion, but many of the most characteristic truths developed in his essays were logically and legitimately deduced.

Let me illustrate the truth of the doctrine that "We each make our own world" by a few examples. We can all see, for instance, that it is true when limited to our changing bodily

sensations—hunger, thirst, and the other lower appetites and desires—and that to a sea-sick person, for example, or one jaded by debauch, all the edible luxuries of the world can have for the time being no practical existence; and, further, that if the sensation continued indefinitely, they never would have any existence at all. We see, too, that it is true of our changing mental moods, and that according as our mood is melancholy or bright; and in exact proportion to the intensity of the mood, the same landscape, streets or scenes are either traped and overhung with gloom, or gay as if with butterflies and flowers. I have observed in myself that when the tone of my nervous system has been in any way lowered the eerie and ghost-haunted feeling to which I am subject will as accurately pick out from passing objects or persons every look, appearance, gesture or sound that can in any way respond to the predominant feeling, as if it were a magnet; all the rest, for the time at least, passing by unheeded or unobserved.

But the truth of the doctrine is most evident when anything has occurred to give what is called a "shock" to the mind, whether from sudden death or other unexpected calamity. For the time being the world to the person affected seems blue and diaphanous, and men and women non-existent, or as but ghosts or figures walking. And if we reflect how it must be with the man on whom in the heyday of youth and worldly ambition an unexpected sentence of death has fallen, how from that hour his whole existence must change for him, how his little world of the Exchange, the Senate or the Bar, which he imagined to be alone real and solid, must dissipate and fade into a dream. When we reflect on this we can see how true it is that the state of a man's mind *makes* for him his world—the only world, that is to say, which, so far as he is concerned, can in any true sense be called real.

The same thing is seen to be true, too, for our *fixed* moods and habits of thought; that is to say, of those fixed feelings or combinations of feelings which are our distinguishing personal characteristics, or those fixed aims, ideals or ambitions which we permanently pursue. The man whose settled conviction is that money, after all, is the main thing, and the only object worthy of serious pursuit, soon gets to look at his fellow-men as so many figures or expressions merely for bankers' balances, and sees in the landscape only better or worse investments, better or worse capabilities of fattening pigs and cattle. The habitually pious man goes through the world distributing the men and women he meets into saints and sinners respectively.

To the man whose habitual delight is the sense of beauty the

landscape becomes a panorama of light, and colour, and shade; and men and women, of form, and line, and expression; while the man of science sees physical laws scribbled over every rock, hedge and window-pane. It is the same with those generalisations, hypotheses or theories which we from time to time embrace to account for things, and which we soon either cast aside as insufficient, or weave as permanent threads into our web of knowledge. While they last we go about with them as with a dark lantern illuminating only what falls in their focus, and seeing only what they illuminate, until something occurs to set us upon a new scent, when the same process is repeated as before.

Summing up, then, we may say that, according as is our predominant mood, sentiment or habit of thought, whether it be fleeting or permanent, so shall be the world we make for ourselves—the only world which, for the time being at least, can be truly said to be real or existent to us, all else passing by unheeded or unobserved; the whole being the *exact* mathematical resultant of all our various and complex thoughts, sentiments, moods, sensibilities or desires.

Now, although all this is so true that it only requires to be stated to be accepted, the reason why men have not recognised its universal validity is that they are conscious that, amid these changing moods, the senses—sight, hearing, touch, and the rest—remain on the whole fixed and uniform. They see that, whether they are grave or gay, pious or profane, a sovereign always remains a sovereign and not a shilling; their friends still remain of the same height and feature; the trees and the landscape retain their forms and external appearance unchanged. But if they only reflected for a moment what would happen if their eyes were to vary from hour to hour from the size of those of pigmies or Lilliputians to that of the Brobdingnagians, and their sense of touch and organs of colour in like manner, then, indeed, would they perceive the world dancing before their eyes, and shifting like the scenes of a panorama. Then, indeed, would they know how true it is that our minds, with their fixed senses but varying moods, do in reality create for us the world in which we live and move.

But it may still be objected that the laws of Nature do not change with our changing moods, and that here at least is something that is fixed and constant and independent of ourselves; to which I reply that the laws of Nature, as Mr. Spencer himself has pointed out, are direct corollaries and deductions from the fixity and persistence of force, and that this fixity or persistence of force is itself, as he also admits, made by our minds, and gets all its fixity from that which is fixed and unchanging in ourselves.

But another reason, perhaps, why this doctrine that men make their own world is not yet sufficiently grasped, even by cultivated readers, is that they, like myself, have confounded or identified it with the merely metaphysical idealism of Berkeley and Kant, and have not extended its scope to *man as a whole*, with his complex emotions, ideals, imaginations and desires; that is to say, they have regarded it as a metaphysical truth merely and not a truth of human nature itself, the consequence being that, when they have seen upholders of this merely *intellectual* idealism as much the slaves of their lower appetites as the oldest sots in a bar-room, they have been so staggered by the inconsistency as to have lost their way altogether!

After this somewhat lengthy dissertation I might well pause here and proceed to show at once how, from this central truth of Emerson's, all the other parts of his philosophy are derived. But I cannot refrain from adding a few remarks illustrative of the relation this doctrine bears to current views of philosophy and religion. The first remark I have to make is that, although the truth that "man makes his own world" is an absolute truth of human nature, nevertheless, we are still conscious that there are limitations to its scope, and that a complete philosophy of things must take into account another truth equally indisputable, viz., that the world or circumstances may in a sense be said to make the man.

JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER.

(To be concluded.)

AFTER ELBA.¹

JOURNAL OF AN IRISH GIRL ON THE CONTINENT, 1815.

February 5th.

ON the 15th January, 1815, my little brother and I, my governess and my father, embarked in a Danish Galeot in which we had procured a passage from Oporto to Marseilles. After an exciting voyage and a tedious quarantine in the port of Marseilles, we landed on February 5th, and literally jumped into a carriage which conveyed us to a magnificent hotel in the rue Cannebière. I consider this the third era of my little life.

The curiosity which the first appearance of our Countrymen had excited in the South of France, had not yet subsided, and the inhabitants of Marseilles were anxious to prove by their attention to the English the depth and fervour of that loyalty to the Bourbons, which during the revolution had been more than doubtful.

On Ash Wednesday we removed to some apartments in the rue Sainte, which had just been vacated by Lady Craven. We had no reason to admire her taste, and we soon determined to change our quarters. Our Landlord spoke with such vehemence of his devotion and fidelity to the Bourbons, that my Father at length began to suspect him of being either a Bonapartist or a Republican in disguise, and upon enquiry we found that this Royaliste enragé had been one of the most active agents of Police under Robespierre, one of the most devoted Espions under the Ex-Emperor, and was now ready according to his own expression, to shed the last drop of his blood for the legitimate Sovereign—the Father of his people—Louis XVIII.

We made a pleasant excursion to the Chateau Vert. We had a good view of the Lazaretto, and a very interesting glimpse of Masséna, Prince d'Essling, who was at that time Governor of Marseilles, and as we may reasonably suppose from his subsequent conduct, he was busily employed in hatching treason at the very moment we saw him walking with another gentleman on the

(1) Clarissa Trant, from whose journals these extracts are taken, was the daughter of General Sir Nicholas Trant, an Irishman, who spent his life fighting against Napoleon, and after distinguishing himself in Portugal, where he commanded the Portuguese levies in the Peninsula War, was made Governor of Oporto. Clarissa, whose mother was dead, went out at the age of eleven, with her little brother, to join him there. At the time this story begins, Sir Nicholas was taking the children back to England, and had reached Marseilles. Clarissa was now fifteen years old. In later life she wrote this account from her childish journals for her daughter, my mother.

May, 1921.

C. G. LUARD.

most unfrequented part of the beach, dressed in colored clothes, evidently wishing to pass unnoticed and engaged in deep conversation. Finding however that our party had recognised him as we passed, he took off his hat and tried to look gracious, but his grim smile betrayed a very different feeling and several of our party predicted what was afterwards verified that Napoleon's old Marshal had not lost sight of his ex-Emperor.

March 3rd.

My Father had determined to pass through Paris on our way to England, and on the 3rd March he dispatched great part of our baggage to Lyons, but in the course of the same day we had great reason to regret having done so. I was quietly seated in the school room, taking my lesson of Italian from a man who as well as I can recollect had served under Napoleon, when we heard an uproar in the street which attracted every one to the windows. At the same moment our Landlady Mrs. Prestaviry burst open the doors and screamed into our ears the *astounding* news that Bonaparte had landed at Antibes from Elba. Oh the delicious bustle and excitement of that day to our young and thoughtless minds! how little did we think of the widows and orphans that were to be—how little did we dream of Waterloo! Delighted to be the bearer of such important news, I ran to my Father's room and told him what we had heard; in a few moments the cries of *Vive le Roi—à bas Napoleon*, became so deafening that there could be little doubt as to the general tone of feeling being favorable to the Bourbons, altho' our landlady's ill concealed joy in announcing "*L'Empereur*," convinced us that the report we had heard of her being a furious Bonapartist in *disguise* was not unfounded.

Such indeed was the loyal enthusiasm of the Marseillais, such their eager desire to march against the unwelcome intruder, that there was little doubt in public opinion as to what would have been the result if Masséna had taken any measures to intercept his movements, but this *serviteur dévoué* to the Bourbons, actually allowed twenty four hours to elapse before he dispatched any troops for that purpose, and even then it was only in compliance with the popular cry of: "*Nous voulons combattre, nous voulons mourir pour notre bon Roi—à bas Napoleon.*"

They besieged the doors and windows of Masséna's Hotel, and would probably have demolished it, if the old Traitor had not appeared unarmed and cried out with well affected enthusiasm, "*Soyez tranquilles mes Enfants—j'ai pourvu à tout. Vive le Roi. Soyons fidèles à notre Souverain légitime.*" Query: in the opinion of Masséna who was the *Souverain Légitime*?

White flags were seen at every window, the Bourbon cockade was universally resumed, busts of the King were carried through the streets amidst redoubled shouts of *Vive le Roi*, and the enthusiasm of this hot-headed people became so violent, that it became unsafe to reside under the roof of our democratic Landlord whose opinions were generally known. Accordingly we removed to very comfortable apartments in the house of the Madame de Gravison, a lady who like all other French Marchionesses "*avait tout perdu par la revolution*," and who had two little daughters about my own age. I remember very little concerning them, except that I envied them the privilege of dressing in the last Parisian fashion, and wearing their hair *à la Chinoise*—two steps in the ladder of girlish vanity, which I was most anxious to climb, because I flattered myself the next step would be *emancipation* from Miss Sherwood and the Schoolroom.

We were now so comfortably situated that my Father thought he might safely leave us under the protection of Madame de G. whilst he went to Lyons, to offer his services as a British Officer to the Comte d'Artois; having first consulted Sir Eyre Coote upon the propriety of this step he set out for Avignon on the 10 March. We spent three days of misery and anxiety during his absence. Every hour brought with it some important news. When the official report arrived that Grenoble had surrendered, and that Napoleon's march to Paris promised to be rather that of a conquering Hero than the stealthy progress of a returning Exile, our Countrymen at Marseilles began to think of dispersing and during the few days my Father was absent a general clearance of English faces took place. The Duchess of Devonshire, Sir Eyre and Lady Coote, Genl and Mrs. Fitzgerald were among the fugitives and we remained, I believe the only English family. Not having heard from my Father we began to anticipate every misfortune which could possibly happen, but on the eve of 14 we had the happiness of seeing him enter the room—a happiness not a little increased by the bustle and excitement of sitting up half the night, listening to my Father's adventures, and making preparations for leaving Marseilles the following morning at daybreak!

He had reached Avignon (the day on which Napoleon had entered Valence and Grenoble) but found it impossible to proceed further, the communication with Lyons being thus interrupted; he was in constant danger of being arrested, the Royalists suspecting him to be a Spy of Napoleon's and the Bonapartists an agent of Louis XVIII. Provence, through which he was travelling, had been and was still the focus of all royalist fervor, and the English were in the greatest possible disgrace, because they were

most unjustly suspected of having favored Napoleon's escape from Elba.

Having entered a small Inn, called La Calade, for the purpose of obtaining a few hours' sleep, my Father found the landlady, an elderly woman, seated by the fire, leaning her head on her arm, apparently in deep thought; her eager enquiry was "Y a-t-il des Nouvelles, Monsieur. Vous avez sans doute appris le perte de Grenoble? . . . Oh Monsieur est Anglais," she said turning round with a look of mingled hatred and contempt. "C'est à vous autres que nous devons nos remerciemens de nous avoir *romis* ce monstre." It was in vain that my Father urged her for her own sake to be more discreet and guarded in her expressions. She said "Qu'on fasse de moi ce qu'on voudra—j'ai déjà trop dit," but finding that my Father, altho' an Englishman was very loyal in his feelings, she told him this little story.

When Napoleon was on his road to Elba, he was so roughly treated by the populace in various parts of Provence that he more than once preceded his suite on a very shabby horse, hoping to escape the indignities which always accompanied his public entry. In passing thro' a small Town called Orgon he requested one of his Aide de Camps to take his seat in the carriage and rode on to La Calade where he seated himself by the fire, and began a conversation with the Landlady who was not more guarded in her expressions of hatred to Napoleon than she had been on this occasion to my Father. "C'était un gueux—une bête féroce, un despote!" "Quel mal vous a-t-il donc fait?" said Bonaparte, who was by this time inured to French *complimens à l'envers*. "Comment quel mal," and then she proceeded in a Tirade which sounded better in a Landlady's mouth, than it would appear in my journal. It was interrupted by the arrival of Bertrand and the Suite!

We had little time for conversation. Miss Sherwood packed up all our treasures. My Father bought a carriage which had belonged to Murat. I talked Missish sentiment with my two young friends Clémence and Laure, and the whole concern was in marching order at daybreak the following morning, when with three rope-harnessed Horses, and a pig-tailed postillion, we commenced our flight to Nice, from whence via Turin and Milan and after crossing the Alps, my Father purposed returning by the Rhine to England. On our road to Aix, a most gloomy, ill-built Town, thickly peopled with the hungry descendants of noble families, we passed a magnificent Chateau, the actual residence of Barras, the well known friend and confidant of Napoleon when first he commenced his extraordinary career. The town was in a perfect fever of Loyalty; the streets lined with troops and the

population all on the *Qui vive*, in consequence of the Duke of Angoulême's expected arrival. We slept at La Gallonnière, a miserable little Inn, and breakfasted on milk and eggs by the Kitchen fire.

March 17th.

A very interesting day's journey. My Father was anxious to pass thro' Fréjus (a Town devoted to Napoleon) before the Courier who was hourly expected to bring orders for the detention of the English, could arrive. On our road we passed three men, dressed as Turks, with whom my Father entered into conversation. One of them was evidently a native of some Northern Country, he was tall, fair and very like an Englishman. There was an air of mystery about them, which convinced my Father that they were spies, and as they were met by other Travellers in the same spot within a few days, there is little doubt that such was their profession.

We reached Fréjus at 11, and prepared ourselves to undergo a strict examination of passports &c. instead of which we received a most polite visit from the Mayor; and finding that we intended crossing L'Esterel Mountain the following day he recommended us the Escort of two gens d'armes. Accordingly we set out with our two fierce sunburnt warriors, (one at each window) armed *jusqu'aux yeux*, with swords, blunderbusses, and Mustachios. Fréjus had been the scene of many remarkable events in the life of Napoleon. It was from thence that he embarked for Egypt, and it was also the scene of his return from that unsuccessful expedition. He again embarked there for Elba, and would have again landed in this memorable spot, if the wind had not proved contrary. It was in fact the only Town in Provence which had invariably proved its attachment to him, and he made this remark to the Mayor, during his last and least agreeable visit.

The scenery of the Esterel is *perfect*, and having said this much I shall as usual travel through it *à grand galop*, and arrive at Cannes, a small fishing Town situated at the foot of the mountain: the white flag was waving on the Church steeple, and white cockades were very numerous, notwithstanding its vicinity to Fréjus. My Father told us that the extensive plain we had now entered was the scene of a memorable action between the Emperors Otho and Vitellius in which the former was defeated.

On a hill to our left we saw the Town of Grasse, thro' which Napoleon had lately passed, and where he had left his travelling carriage. About four o'clock we reached the Golfe Juan, one of the most interesting spots which will ever be mentioned in Modern History. It was here that Napoleon landed with his

few faithful followers; we left the Carriage and spent some minutes in walking over the field (*Bivouaque*) in which his little band had spent the first eventful night after their landing—the marks of fires were still visible. Napoleon's first care had been to secure all the post horses and even the postilions of Cannes, in order to prevent the news of his arrival, from being too rapidly circulated, and our post boy was of the number. He had spent the night in the *bivouac* with the Soldiers, and was able to point out the identical tree under which Napoleon slept, in a sitting posture, enveloped only in his Military Cloak. He woke frequently, looked about him, and having ascertained that all was safe, slept, or pretended to sleep. The field was thickly planted with Olive Trees, even to the very edge of the sea.

We observed a small Corvette anchored in the Golfe Juan, and met some of its Officers walking on the road. They looked anxiously into our Carriage as if they expected some one, and my Father thought it most probable that the Frigate was stationed off this Coast to convey intelligence to Murat of Napoleon's movements. We reached Antibes at 7 and considered ourselves fortunate in arriving before the Gates were shut. The only recommendation of this ugly ill built Town was its having refused admittance to Napoleon when he landed.

The Commandant of the National Guard called whilst we were at supper to enquire whether we had brought any news.

March 18th.

A delightful day's Journey, along the richly cultivated shores of the Mediterranean, crossed the wooden bridge on the River Var, which separates France from Piedmont and to my great delight we found ourselves in Italy.

On this road we met three beggars. One of them entered into conversation with my Father and by a singular coincidence he proved to have been a soldier in the 97th which my Father commanded in Egypt, from which regiment he had deserted in 1800!

Then to the Hotel de York at Nice, where our carriage was surrounded by a dozen English gentlemen, who eagerly congratulated us upon being alive; a report having been circulated and believed, that all the English residents at Marseilles had been massacred.

March 20th.

On the 20th we started for Turin, having previously hired as a servant, the son of the Chambermaid at the Hotel. This great man had been a Captain of Hussars under Napoleon. But we

sent him back to his Mamma the Cameriera, as soon as we found that he was more inclined to lounge on the sofa and to talk politics than to answer the bell and wait at table.

Dined at Grandola, crossed the magnificent pass of Fontanes. Slept at the dirty Village of Jeude, and made our arrangements for crossing the Mountain: a Vetturino undertook to *démonter la voiture*, and to supply us with Mules and *chaises à porteur* to convey us to Limone for the sum of twelve guineas.

March 23rd.

A most dreary and fatiguing Alpine Journey, for which our miserable breakfast of sour bread and cold tea without milk, had ill prepared us. It was five o'clock in the morning and the Sun had not risen when we began to ascend the Mountain. The northern side of it was covered with snow, and we were soon obliged to leave the carriage, which was placed upon a sledge. My Father mounted his mule, and we took possession of two chairs carried on the shoulders of men and covered with a little green awning. We had a pleasant and amusing little journey and were very thankful when we found ourselves safely landed at a wretched cottage on the top of the Mountain, where we received the kindest welcome from a family of Alpine Savages; we then resumed our seats in the carriage and had a prosperous journey to Limone. Dined at Savigliano where we first tasted the genuine Italian bread, baked in the form of a long narrow *stick of crust*. A French Officer in summing up his catalogue of grievances against the Italians, ended by saying "Mais que voulez-vous d'une nation aussi bête, qui mange son pain en bâton." Slept at Carmagnola, near Turin, where my Father had an interview with an Army Surgeon M. Fumero who had been one of his Coimbra Prisoners. I thank God that I have lived to see the happy day, when Col: Napier and every other Historian of the Peninsula War have borne testimony to his distinguished services.

March 26th.

But to return to Turin, where we spent two days in sight seeing. Amongst other curiosities we saw the stuffed skin of a poor African slave, who had been during his life the faithful attendant of the present King, and now occupies a prominent place in his Museum! surrounded by Lions, Tigers and Monsters of every description. Whilst we were looking over the Palace, the folding doors of the gallery in which we stood, were opened and *Il Rè* was announced, he was a little ugly man, very insignificant in his appearance. In the dining room, we remarked

a deal Table which would have disgraced an English Kitchen. The Royal Bedchamber was in a most bourgeois-like state of confusion, the bed unmade, the watch hanging over the pillow, and everything *in statu quo* as His Majesty had left it a few minutes before.

March 29th.

Left Turin, with the fixed resolution not to return to the Hotel des Trois Rois—bad accommodations and exorbitant charges. The character of Italian Landlords is to be summed up in those well known rhymes :

“ Coll’arte e col inganno—si vive un mezzo l’anno
Coll’inganno e coll’arte
Si vive l’altra parte.

During our short stay at Milan we occupied apartments at the Albergo Reale which our wretched Princess of Wales had just quitted.

We visited the Palace of the late Viceroy Prince Eugene Beauharnais which had been magnificently furnished under the direction of Napoleon—every modern decoration bore some allusion to the Trophies and Arms of Bonaparte.

March 31st.

Our plans for this day were undecided whether we should make the best of our way over the Simplon or whether we should await the arrival of the Pope, who was retreating before Murat, and thus comply with the anxious wishes of our Landlord who was very much alarmed for the safety of all those who preferred active travelling to long bills. He threatened us alternately with avalanches and grand armies, if we were not lost in the snow we should infallibly be massacred by the French who were to meet us half way on the Mont Simplon but all would not do—Lady Waldegrave, Lord Arundel and my Father each determined upon braving the dangers of which we heard such exaggerated reports and we all left Milan within a few hours of each other. We enquired at the Barrière what Travellers had lately passed and were told that Lucien Bonaparte accompanied by a Cardinal had that moment left the Town—they travelled incognito—my Father thought it probable that Lucien was on his road to Paris, for the purpose of visiting his brother and that in order to divert the attention of the people from himself, he had spread the report of the Pope’s arrival, and this proved to be in reality the fact.

Towards eve^e we passed an English soldier, travelling with his wife, a pretty little blackeyed Portuguese, who was delighted

when I spoke to her in her native language. Slept at the lovely Village of Sesto Calende on the Lago Maggiore.

April 1st.

We crossed the Ticino in a ferry; our boatman was an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, and when my Father asked him why a bridge had not been thrown across the river he said, with great emphasis: "Se era stato possibile, il nostro Imperatore l'avrebbe fatto."

April 2nd.

The road began to ascend the Simplon very perceptibly at Crevola. We could now form some idea of the difficulties which must have attended the execution of this Road to a genius less enterprising and under a government less despotic than that of Napoleon. In the short space of four years during which thousands of workmen were constantly employed, this magnificent road over the Simplon into Switzerland was completed.

At length we reached the little village on the top of Mont Simplon and found an inn. Whilst Father made all his arrangements for crossing the mountain on the following day, my little brother and I were amusing ourselves in the snow, hunting for wild flowers; I well remember my delight when Tom brought me the first specimen I had ever seen of the lovely little Soldanella Alpina. Our dinner at Simplon is worth recording; after vain attempts to demolish the remains of some venerable cow, we feasted on a dish of fritters, so delicate and tempting in appearance that they would have graced the Table of an Alderman. We of course congratulated ourselves upon having found such young and tender chickens upon the top of Mont Simplon, when suddenly my Father exclaimed "Clara, you have been eating frogs." "Qu'est ce que vous appelez ce gibier là," he said, turning to the Innkeeper. "Oh, Monsieur, ce sont de ces petites choses qui sautent dans l'Eau, des grenouilles que nous appelons cela."

We started again at daybreak on the 2nd, with eight horses, two having been added by the Landlady in addition to the original six, in revenge for my Father's reluctance to be imposed on. Of course we found that *four* would have answered our purpose better, as it was impossible to manage the eight, and one or other horse was constantly falling in the snow.

On arriving at the Swiss side of the pass, whilst we were congratulating ourselves upon the change, another Sledge arrived with the French Courier, who was no sooner seated than he endeavoured to excite my Father's curiosity and confidence by

throwing out some mysterious hints as to the object of his mission to Paris. "Ah, Monsieur," he began, "je connais bien toutes ces affaires là, vous concevez bien qu'un Courier . . . je pourrais vous en conter long là-dessus" but finding that my Father turned rather a deaf ear, he drew his chair nearer and added in a mysterious tone "Je sais que l'Angleterre protège l'Empereur." He then detailed all the circumstances, which, I believe never existed except in his imagination, of the Empress Maria Louisa having visited Napoleon incog. at Elba, when she was supposed by all Europe to be drinking the water at Aix en Savoie!

We reached the pretty village of Brigue with thankful hearts, and thus ended our passage of Mont Simplon.

April 4th.

I must also gallop over our excursion to Geneva from Vevay where we had taken up our quarters at a comfortable little Hotel. The disturbed state of France rendered it dangerous to pass through that part of the French Territory which extended to a short distance on the banks of the Lake. We therefore embarked on the Lake and sent our carriage to meet us beyond the Village. It was evident, however, that the coachman was inclined to act a treacherous part towards us, by giving notice that we were English. A crowd of people assembled on the beach crying "Vive l'Empereur." Two gens d'armes came down to the shore and a third followed the carriage.

At the time we passed thro' Coppet Madame de Staël was residing there. My Father now particularly regretted the pleasant little partie carrée which he was to have had with her at M. de Palmella in 1813 when she was prevented by the death of her son from fulfilling the engagement, as it would have afforded him an excuse for calling at Coppet, and giving me a peep at "the Lioness." Her son, the Baron Auguste de Staël, I have often met in after years at the Palmellas.

April 25th.

Spent the evening at the Trois Rois at Basle, our delightful rooms looking out upon the Rhine. Saw the tombs of Erasmus and of Rodolphe de Hapsbourg. Many of the Houses, instead of being numbered, are distinguished by different signs such as "*la Couronne*" "*le Faucon*" etc; it is well known that the public clocks of Basle were once advanced by one hour in order to save the Town from the effects of a conspiracy; they have remained unaltered.

We now entered the Black Forest which I had pictured to myself the resort of all the Ghosts, Hobgoblins and Secret In-

quisitors of Germany, whereas its inhabitants are a very simple and primitive race of peasants, and its scenery, as far as its outskirts are concerned, anything but romantic. Slept at Freybourg, a deserted and melancholy looking Town with grass-covered streets.

April 28th.

Passed thro' Ettlingen where the unfortunate young Duke of Enghien was arrested by the orders of Napoleon, and from whence he was taken to Paris, to be murdered in cold blood! My Father had been acquainted with him in his early youth.

Carlsruhe looks dull and formal like its noble and 32 quartered Inhabitants. Twenty years before my Father had dined at the Court of the late Grand Duke, in company with his daughter, the late Empress of Russia, who was then about eleven years of age and according to the rules, of German Etiquette, took precedence of her Mother, the latter, a second wife, being married à *main gauche*, not having proved her 32 quarters of noble ancestry.

April 30th.

On May 1st we commenced our journey along the banks of the Rhine. We found S. Goar crowded with Prussian troops. The officer who commanded them introduced himself to my Father and in the kindest manner offered us the use of his apartments at the Inn.

May 2nd.

Breakfasted at Coblenz. How changed since my Father had last visited it in '91, when it was the rendezvous of all the young and chivalrous French emigrants collected around Louis XVIII. and his brother. Amongst other changes, the Elector's palace where Monsieur held his Court, was now used as a stable.

May 6th.

As we approached Liège we observed signs and tokens of War. Prussian troops stationed at equal distances and other appearances of Military Discipline reminded us that this day had been fixed by Marshal Blücher for the execution of the ring-leaders of a rebellion in a Saxon Regiment. Sir Henry Hardinge called upon my Father—he was then employed under Blücher. Several waggons laden with Saxon Prisoners passed us on our way to S. Tron; nothing could exceed the hatred which seemed to exist between the prisoners and their guards.

May 7th.

On our arrival at Brussels, we found the City in a delightful state of bustle and animation. If I could have foreseen how soon many of the gallant soldiers we met at Brussels would be called into action, and how few *comparatively* would survive the day of Waterloo, I hope I might have felt differently as I gazed on the animated and brilliant scene. Every Hotel was so crowded that we were obliged to engage a private Lodging in the rue de Luxun, where my Father was soon visited by his large military acquaintance—Sir James Lyon, Sir James Colleton were of the number. Our Spanish guest, General Alava, now ambassador to the Netherlands, invited us to dinner but my Father declined. We spent our evenings chiefly in the Park which was indeed a gay and brilliant scene. Many a young hero was there, full of joyful anticipations of glory, never to be realised for him on earth.

May 13th.

We left Brussels for Ostend. The road lined with Troops and crowded with artillery waggons.

May 16th.

We embarked at Ostend with our friends General and Mrs. Fitzgerald. The last words we heard on the shore were those of a poor Highland soldier who had assisted in pushing off the vessel: "May God bless ye ladies and speed ye safe to dear auld England," said the poor fellow, whose heart was at that moment fixed on the remembrance of that Home he was perhaps never permitted to revisit!

May 17th.

At two o'clock the following day we landed in England. To me it was a Strange Country, for I had left it as a mere child and I now returned after an absence of nearly four years, with foreign prejudices, foreign manners, but, I thank God, not quite a foreign heart.

CLARISSA TRANT.

THE UPPER SILESIAN QUESTION.

THE immediate causes of the rising in Upper Silesia seem to have been partly political and partly economic. Under the Annex to Article 88 of the Treaty of Versailles the result of the *plébiscite* was to be determined by communes according to the majority of votes in each commune. It is evident that the decision of the Supreme Council was not to follow automatically upon the figures, for the Commission were to recommend what the frontier line should be, having regard not only to the wishes of the inhabitants as shown by the vote, but also to the geographical and economic conditions of the area, a direction which foreshadowed the possibility of such diversity of voting as to make a single frontier line impossible, or else so to complicate the question of the coalfields as to split up an economic whole into inconvenient or unworkable parts.

On the economic side the workers appear to have taken alarm at a report from Kattowitz that the industrialists intended, if the district were assigned to Poland, to blow up the mines and to lay the blame on the Poles. While they were still excited a further rumour was circulated by the Polish Commissariat at Beuthen that, in accordance with the recommendations of the High Commission, all the *plébiscite* area would go to Germany with the exception of the two districts of Pless and Rybnik and part of the district of Kattowitz. A general strike was immediately organised as a protest. In a large number of mines and works a strike was actually begun, when M. Korfanty published his Note to the Inter-Allied Commission at Oppeln. He complained that the Inter-Allied Commission had treated the Polish population as an unimportant adjunct to the coalfield and as an object of international barter. The will of the people as declared by the *plébiscite* had counted for nothing, and the decision had been taken in flagrant disregard of the voting. The influence of the political leaders with the masses had vanished. This Note was so timed as to coincide with the anniversary of the grant of the Polish Constitution on May 3rd; clearly it was intended that it should reach the people at a moment of abnormal excitement. Less things than this have started a conflagration. It was just three centuries ago that Martinitz and Slavata fell from a window in Prague and thereby devastated Central Europe for thirty years. A chance shot by an irresponsible youth was the ostensible cause of the most colossal war in history.

The situation quickly developed. By May 3rd the Polish

insurgents had seized the districts of Pless, Rybnik, Beuthen, Kattowitz and Tarnowitz, and, though prompt action was taken by the Italian Commander, General de Marinis, resulting in the recovery by the Allies of the towns of Beuthen and Kattowitz, by the 5th all industry was at a standstill, the railways and postal service had ceased to work, and no newspapers were published. M. Korfanty was supreme, and the Allied Powers, who had some 10,000 troops, backed by tanks and artillery, to deal with the irregular army of the insurgents, seemed to be powerless. There has been much criticism of French inaction; an impression arose that the French, from the highest to the lowest, viewed the whole affair with sympathy, and stood aside and looked on when a firm stand and stern measures might have ended the riots. M. Briand has energetically denied this. He claims that France had done, and was doing, all that was required of her with the limited forces at her disposal. It is difficult to decide the point while public opinion is still excited, for much would depend upon the extent of the action thought necessary, and also upon the political and military considerations which must influence a decision to act strongly with possibly inadequate troops. The subsequent despatch of British troops has materially strengthened the hands of the French, though the Germans, in consequence apparently of Mr. Lloyd George's speech of May 14th, seem to have indulged fantastic hopes of ranging the British on their side against the French and the Poles, and so driving a wedge into the Entente which must eventually shatter it.

By May 9th the insurgents were firmly established. They controlled the coal supply and the railways; they cut off Kattowitz and also isolated the towns of Beuthen, Tarnowitz, Gleiwitz, Königshütte and Hindenburg. On Friday the 6th they had attacked and captured Gross-Strehlitz, and cut the railway between Oppeln and Kandrzin. The German attitude had up to this time been on the whole correct. In spite of the encouragement they had received from Polish hostility to Great Britain and Italy, and of the resentment which they no doubt felt at what they considered to be French partiality, they had kept their people in hand, except for an incident at Kreuzburg in the north; they were apparently waiting upon events, hoping that the Allies would leave them eventually to settle accounts with the Poles, and studiously anxious not to compromise their position as the aggrieved party. Quite early in the rising, however, there was some stiff fighting on the Oder, especially around the railway junction of Kandrzin, which was finally captured by the Polish insurgents on the 10th. German feeling was evidently running high, and although there was a lull between the 12th and the

15th, German civilian forces, notably the Orgesch, were gathering at Rosenberg in the north and at Ratibor in the south. This concentration proceeded quietly until the 21st, when the Germans took the offensive from Krappitz, some twenty-five miles south-west of Gross-Strehlitz, and drove back the Poles about five miles. The German danger, in fact, was growing. While the insurgents held the industrial area so firmly that practically nothing could be done without their permission, the Germans were masters in the north and west, and German landowners raised battalions in defence of their own estates. Further German successes took place on the 22nd, when they attacked in the south to secure the Oder bridges. Many Polish prisoners were taken, as well as arms and ammunition, and Polish civilians were in full flight along the roads.

The situation was rapidly drifting into civil war. On May 24th the Poles began to destroy Rosenberg systematically, blew up the railway station and the main railway bridge, and prepared all the principal buildings for similar destruction. Fighting became daily more general and more savage, but after May 25th things slowed down, partly, perhaps, owing to the arrival of British troops, partly from the fear of the German capitalist that irreparable injury would be done to the mines, but chiefly because of the strong representations of France in Berlin that the Upper Silesian frontier must be closed and the "Free Corps" in process of formation on German soil dissolved under threat that any breach of the Treaty would be followed automatically by occupation of the Ruhr. The German Government accepted these demands, and by all accounts have faithfully observed their obligations. The situation has therefore developed, for the present, into a kind of sullen armed truce, with the north and west actually or potentially in German hands; the sector within the Korfanty line (which runs along the line of the Oder to a point below Krappitz and then turns to the north-east to meet the Polish frontier) is controlled by the insurgents, and the Inter-Allied Commission is apparently waiting for the arrival of more troops and for the psychologic moment to exert more effective pressure. Germans and Poles are ready to fly at each other's throats; as a Polish miner has put it: "Ten wars could not have been worse for Upper Silesia than this one *plébiscite*."¹

The *plébiscite* took place on Sunday, March 20th. The area

(1) Since the above went to press the situation has changed somewhat for the better. The insurgent troops on both sides have been separated and have officially evacuated the country. But the feeling of bitterness has in no way abated. As late as July 8th we are told that, in part at least of the industrial area, the Poles "are very much cocks of the walk." Though the facts are altered, the general statements of the text remain substantially true.

affected is a small corner in the south-east of Silesia, some sixty miles across by ninety long. The Vistula runs along a portion of its eastern border, and the Oder, passing through Ratibor and Oppeln, cuts it into two parts, roughly in proportion of four or five to one, the smaller part lying to the west. The southern boundary does not coincide with the old Austrian boundary, a considerable strip, including Teschen, having been added to the new State of Czecho-Slovakia. There were, in all seventeen communes, of which four—Kattowitz, Beuthen, Ratibor and Oppeln—were divided into town and rural districts. In Pless and Rybnik, situated in the south of the area, the Polish majority was incontestable, amounting to 74 and 68 per cent., according to the published figures. Tarnowitz showed 63 per cent. in favour of Poland, but Beuthen, which lies just south of it, returned a German majority of 74 per cent. for the town and a Polish majority of 59 per cent. for the rural area, and Königshütte, south-east of Beuthen, gave the Germans 74 per cent. of the votes. All the area to the west of the Oder, and all the north as far down as Gross-Strehlitz, voted German. The discontent has arisen in a small area where the voting has been so interlaced as to make it impossible to demarcate a frontier, and this area is the richest part of the province. The following table shows more clearly how the voting went :—

GERMAN.	POLISH.
Beuthen-town.	Tosht,
Gleiwitz,	Tarnowitz,
Königshütte,	Beuthen-rural,
Kattowitz-town.	Kattowitz-rural.

The total returns for the province gave the Germans 716,400 and the Poles 471,400 votes, but the numbers in the disputed areas, taken as a whole, were more nearly equal. Gross-Strehlitz was practically equally divided. In these circumstances the proposal of the British and Italian Commissioners was to take town and rural areas together and to decide in favour of that nation which showed a majority as a whole. This was a rough-and-ready method which did not commend itself to the French. They took their stand upon the letter of the Versailles Treaty, which laid down that the voting should be commune by commune. In Germany, on the other hand, the idea rapidly gained ground, though, as it would appear, quite without any justification, that, in consequence of the voting in the area as a whole, the entire district would be awarded to Germany. The Poles were confident that they would receive the slice of territory comprising the nine south-eastern communes—Gross-Strehlitz, Tost, Tar-

nowitz, Beuthen, Königshütte, Gleiwitz, Kattowitz, Rybnik and Pless—in spite of the fact that there were large German majorities in Königshütte and Gleiwitz and in the town areas of Kattowitz and Beuthen. This scheme, while abandoning the north and the district west of the Oder to Germany, secured for Poland the important mining districts of Beuthen, Gleiwitz and Kattowitz. The Polish case was strengthened because it appears that, while the Poles represented the majority of labour and the indigenous element in the country, a considerable portion of the German vote consisted of shopkeepers, skilled artisans, and what are called “out-voters,” that is to say, those who, though coming within the strict letter of the Treaty, have long ago severed their connection with the country of their birth and have been brought in for the special purpose of the vote.

The objection to the *plébiscite* as a means of ascertaining the wishes of a people are obvious. They have been succinctly set out by Prof. Ramsay Muir as follows:—

“ Even where the method of the *plébiscite* could be freely applied it would only have satisfactory results among peoples in whom the national spirit was already so strong that no *plébiscite* would be necessary to discover their desires. Among peoples in whom the national spirit was not yet strongly developed or in regions on the margin of two nationalities whose sympathies were drawn in diverse directions, its results must be unsatisfactory because such peoples are commonly backward and disorganised, and often incapable of understanding the question put to them. In the second place it is impossible to secure that all illicit influence should be banished from the conduct of such a vote; and the real decision would often rest in the hands of whoever had the power to determine the limits within which the voting was conducted and the form in which the question was put. And finally among people whose natural affinities are not already plainly manifest, a vote given by one generation could give no assurance that a different spirit would not grow up in the next generation.”¹

It was precisely on these main points that a divergence of view began to appear among the Allies. The British plan of counting heads and awarding the district to an absolute majority was met by the objection that the real national spirit had declared itself to be Polish, or, in the alternative, that a people on the margin of two nationalities had been unduly influenced either by a species of terrorism or by other illicit means. Thus in a letter to the *Times* from the Ligue Civique it is argued that the total results in the mining area towns and sectors together showed a proportion of only 53·5 in favour of Germany against the Polish 46·5, and that, whereas in Kreuzburg and Rosenberg only 17·3 per cent. of the votes went to Poland, for the Reichstag elections the Polish candidate polled 36·2 per cent. of the total vote, show-

(1) *Nationalism and Internationalism*, p. 55.

ing that pressure had been applied by the better educated German to the more ignorant Pole. It is therefore urged that mere counting of heads will not suffice; the returns must be corrected, so as to show results in conformity with the national sentiment, and the final results must be so adjusted as to leave an organic whole, for it is impossible to allot to Germany towns surrounded by a Polish agricultural district or to Poland districts the heart of which is a German town. This appears to be the French view. Both sides in the controversy agree to regard the German theory of taking the whole count *en bloc* throughout the *plébiscite* as untenable. The British theory takes the disputed area commune by commune, but combines together the town and rural area for the purpose of a *modus vivendi*; the result is to give to Germany by absolute majority Beuthen, Königshütte, Gleiwitz and Kattowitz, with the exception of such part as can be included geographically with Pless and Rybnik. The French, by a similar process of reasoning, take the communes singly, and, since the towns cannot be created separate enclaves, argue that economic and geographical conditions must operate in favour of the Poles. Gross-Strehlitz, which is on the fringe of the disputed area and where the voting was nearly equal, may be disregarded.

In his famous speech in the House of Commons Mr. Lloyd George appealed to history. "Silesia," he said, "has not been Polish for hundreds of years—600 years," and again: "Are we to say to Germany . . . you are not to be allowed to defend yourselves in a province which has been yours for 200 years and which certainly has not been Polish for 600 years?" This view of history was challenged both by M. Briand, who relied on the German maps of 1914 to show that Silesia was, if anything, ethnologically Polish rather than German, by the signatories to the letter of the Ligue Civique who argued, again from German maps, that the Polish population formed 85 per cent. of the whole over almost the whole extent, and also that the mining districts in particular returned two Polish Nationalists to the Reichstag, and by the Polish Government, who quoted the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and denied the statement that the Polish population had been largely reinforced by immigration to the mining districts. "Three-fourths of the inhabitants and territory are German," says the article in question, speaking, of course, of the whole province, "but to the east of the Oder the Poles, more than one million in number, form the bulk of the population." Mr. Lloyd George was apparently referring not to ethnography, but to political possession, for Silesia was divided from Poland in 1201. The effect was to encourage German colonists so that in the course of the several immigrations "the whole of

Silesia was covered by German settlements," and "by the end of the thirteenth century Silesia had become virtually a German land." Carlyle fixes A.D. 1327 as the date when Silesia became "a bit of the kingdom of Bohemia indissolubly hooked to Germany; and its progress in the arts and composures under wise Piasts with immigrating Germans we guess to have become doubly rapid." No doubt Carlyle is-biased in favour of Prussia and his hero Frederick, but independent evidence ascribes the rise of Silesian prosperity to German industry. The Peace of Hubertsburg finally annexed Silesia to the Prussian dominions in 1763, and it has remained Prussian down to the period of the Great War.

In this limited sense, therefore, of political possession Mr. Lloyd George was right, except that Silesia has actually been Prussian for 150 and not for 200 years; he might have gone further and pointed to the prosperity due to German immigration. But of what use, after all, is it to appeal to history? If Mr. Lloyd George desires a law of limitation to the title of races, M. Briand may retort with Macaulay that, if antiquated claims are to be set up against recent Treaties, the world can never be at peace for a day. It is equally irrelevant to argue that an overwhelming population has come to Silesia for the purpose of working in the mines or otherwise in comparatively recent times. This may indeed be true, though it has been denied, and we learn from Carlyle that in quite early times the country became Polish, "which the eastern rim of it still essentially is." All this is, however, groping vainly after a formula to express the national spirit—a method by which to correct the results of the voting. So long as the Poles comply with the terms of the Treaty of Versailles which lay down the conditions of the franchise, so long is it a matter of no moment whether they have settled in the land recently or for centuries past. The same may be said of the Germans, but with this difference, that, according to the French reading of the situation, many of the Germans do not live in the country, have no personal interest in it, and are entitled to vote only by the accident of birth. And when all is said and done the crucial point remains. Who is to have the really valuable part of Upper Silesia? In the south-east, around Beuthen, there are valuable coal measures; and there are also extraordinarily rich deposits of zinc in the same neighbourhood. The coal of Waldenburg and the iron of Oppeln do not equal these minerals in the south-east, which are linked up with connecting manufacturing industries at Tarnowitz and round about Beuthen, Königshütte and Gleiwitz, and for the most part appear to be in the hands of Germans and to be financed by German

Vilna was too recent to inspire confidence. The taunts that the Poles who fought with Russia were "driven like cattle," and that those who fought against us were fighting against their own national freedom, were unworthy, though it was obvious that they were deliberate, with the intention of impressing the Poles. Impress them they did; it was little wonder that Poland was boiling with indignation, though even then the Government does not seem to have fully realised the gravity of the situation established by the impetuous action of M. Korfanty and their own flaccid apathy. They were, however, roused to more vigorous action and the frontier was closed. France meanwhile had taken alarm; the speech of May 14th, was too sarcastically hostile to Poland and too obviously favourable to Germany. Yet the so-called "invitation" to the Germans to restore order by the use of her own regular troops was, in fact, an alternative to the restoration of order by the Allies. It seems to have been a veiled hint to France that the Government of this country was not satisfied with the conduct of operations in Silesia, that more could be done than was being done, and that if, plainly, the Allies could not or would not move, and move vigorously, other means must, in fairness to Germany, be found for enforcing respect to the Treaty. It was, of course, this antipathy to Poland, and this reference to German interference, which caused so much resentment in France. At the moment it was natural, and M. Briand's plea for time to give room for a calmer judgment, when the temporary excitement had cooled and men were able to disentangle realities from mere accessories, was wise and statesmanlike.

For, after all, France and England are at one upon fundamentals. Both they, as well as Germany and Poland, are anxious to respect the Treaty of Versailles and to see that justice is done. Neither France nor England can accept the *fait accompli*; both are agreed, and the agreement is shared both at Rome and at Washington, that M. Korfanty and his insurgents must be suppressed; they represent no Government but their own self-made one. The British plan, supported by Italy, is to hand over at once to Poland those communes which are overwhelmingly Polish and to Germany those which have equally unmistakably declared for Germany. The French, however, consider that the suppression of disorder is their first task. Although the former has the merit of confining police work to the disturbed area and thereby facilitating the concentration of troops, the French scheme would appear in theory to be sounder, since it goes straight to the root of the matter and enables the outstanding questions to be settled in a calmer atmosphere. It is, however,

a matter for military experts, but there should be no great difficulty in adjusting the points of view.

And when it is clearly understood that M. Korfanty and his men stand outside the pale, that they must be treated as rebels and not as patriots, since they have been repudiated by their own Government; that they can expect no sympathy, and that they incur hostility only as rebels and not as Poles—when, in short, the uprising is disentangled from international politics and treated as an isolated incident, a great step forward will have been made. There has already been too long a delay in the settlement of the question, and men's minds have become excited by speculating on results; there has been too long a delay in deciding on the measures necessary for the attainment of peace, a long and almost fatal delay in despatching the Commission's report to the Supreme Council. A solution can and must be found, and that soon; surely, if the Entente Powers recognise frankly that all are at one in working for justice and fair play both to Germans and to Poles, an exchange of views will lead to the conviction that no one has the monopoly of abstract justice, and that each can yield to the other without sacrifice of conscience or dignity, whether the solution be found in compromise, in internationalisation, or in Silesian independence. Above all, let it be recognised that all the mines in Silesia, and all the Poles and Germans in that distracted province, cannot suffice to put in jeopardy our friendship with France and with it the peace of Europe.

STANLEY RICE.

THE PALESTINE GOVERNMENT.¹

AFTER about ten months of administration under Sir Herbert Samuel, who was specifically sent by the British Government to the country in order to realise the policy of the Balfour Declaration, Palestine finds itself in the throes of a political crisis of undisputed seriousness. Before, however, any discussion of the immediate situation, it becomes relevant to cast a brief look backwards over general Palestinian history since the appointment of Sir Herbert Samuel.

As was pointed out by the writer last year, in an article in the September number of the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, the High Commissioner had been left an awkward heritage by his predecessors, the late Military Administration, who, by means of an intensive and quasi-official support of the Arab movement, conscientiously endeavoured to exclude the Zionists from Palestine and the French from Syria. The problem of *personnel* was thus of paramount importance. Two or three of the most able and dangerous anti-Zionist officials were, it is true, duly dismissed, but the Palestinian Government still remained saddled with a number of officials more or less covertly hostile to the policy of His Majesty's Government. The natural kindness and delicacy of the High Commissioner stood him in bad stead, and he refrained from getting rid not merely of these definite enemies, but of the not inconsiderable body of "dead" and incompetent officials who encumbered the staff. Some of the new appointments were also humorous. Araf el Araf, the agitator who had been accused of inciting Arabs to the April riots of 1919, had duly "jumped" his bail, and been convicted by default, was now appropriately rewarded with a post in the Governorship of Jenin and the return of the estreated bail.

The Political Department of the Secretariat again was assigned to a man who was definitely antagonistic to the Balfour Declaration. On the other hand, those British officials who during the late Military Administration had at great personal risk exhibited loyalty to the policy of the Balfour Declaration, were relegated to comparatively obscure and minor positions. There also developed a tendency to exclude from office all Europeans (whether Jewish or Christian), simply *qua* Europeans, whatever might be their intrinsic qualifications.

So far, moreover, as public security was concerned, no serious attempt was made to reform the police. Even during the late

(1) This article is written from the standpoint of the Zionist Organisation.—
Ed. *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*.

Administration the police had given concrete proof, not merely of its uselessness, but of the positive danger which it constituted to public security. In June, 1919, for instance, there appears to have been some friction between the Haifa Police and the Egyptian Army. Consequently, one fine morning the bulk of the Arab police arose with rifles through the town, and the writer personally had the duty of prosecuting to conviction the Christian Arab officer, Naser, and two of his men, for supervising or accomplishing the homicide of a couple of inoffensive Egyptian Labour Corps sanitary men.

During the Jerusalem riots of last year, moreover, a high British official described the attitude of the Arab police as one of passive resistance, while they made a temporary attempt at mutiny on their being very sensibly disarmed. The one remedy was to give the police such a stiffening of either Europeans or of Palestinian Jews as to ensure, at any rate, some reasonable prospect that the Arab *personnel* would not turn traitor to the Government in the event of a race riot or a general political crisis.

In the Intelligence Service, again, nearly all the non-European key positions were filled by Arabs. Without any individual reference, the suggestion is yet made that, so far as detecting anti-Government agitation and anti-Government conspiracy was concerned, it was ridiculous to expect from such persons as much zeal, gusto and efficiency as would have been found among Palestinian-Jewish or European *personnel*.

Nevertheless, matters progressed moderately well until the spring. Immigration started on a reasonably large scale, it being calculated that about ten thousand immigrants had arrived and been more or less absorbed in the economic life of the country. The immigrants were, speaking broadly, young men or women of good physical and intellectual calibre, students of the gymnasium or the university, prepared to do the grossest manual labour in order to assist in the building up of the new Palestine. Most of them were refugees from Bolshevism, and had come to Palestine to realise in freedom that national Zionist ideal to which Bolshevism was the sworn enemy. Consequently, though no doubt for the most part "Left" and modern in their political views, their attitude to Bolshevism was uncompromisingly and fanatically hostile. Economically, however, things moved but slowly. A certain number of new enterprises were started, but Palestine, too, felt the repercussion of the world-wide financial chaos and depression. Speaking generally, moreover, Jewish and Arab relations tended to improve. Jews and Arabs began to sit together as directors on the boards of companies financed both by Jewish and by Arab capital. The High Commissioner's per-

sonal policy of tact, diplomacy and consideration made the most favourable impression on the Arabs, and as a symbol of the new *rapprochement* the High Commissioner's son was made an honorary Sheikh of the Beer-Sheba Bedouins on the occasion of his marriage.

With the spring arrived the season for religious festivals and political agitation and disorder.

The Haifa Congress of the Anti-Government Society, known as the Moslem-Christian Society, was duly allowed to meet. It passed resolutions hostile to the Government and the Zionist policy of Great Britain, submitted them to Mr. Churchill, and was amiably but decisively snubbed.

At the same time there developed an intensive anti-Government agitation on the part of the effendis. The ex-official, Costaki, whose sudden resignation was immediately accepted by the Government, became interested in a new anti-Government paper in Jaffa, together with Isa-el-Isa. Saleh-el-Husseini, the editor of *Al-Akssa*, was duly convicted and sentenced for publishing anti-Jewish libels, and the stale collections known as the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion" appeared in one of the Arab contemporaries of the *Morning Post*. Intrigues also flourished beneath the surface, and much Arab money for political purposes flowed into the country from Beirut.

For a time, however, all was quiet. Special measures of precaution were taken in Jerusalem, and the festival of Nebi-Mussa (the prophet Moses) passed off quietly and successfully, the High Commissioner himself being a guest at the proceedings.

In Jaffa and Judea, however, there suddenly broke out what can only be described as a very real attempt at rebellion against the Government. It started in Jaffa, probably prematurely. The circumstances were as follows:—

On May Day there was announced to take place in Tel-Aviv (the northern suburb of Jaffa) an ordinary Labour demonstration, duly authorised by the Governor, and it was well known that a small body of Communists also proposed to hold a demonstration. Nevertheless, on May Day the British Commandant of Police, Mr. Wainwright, was away from Jaffa on personal and private leave, having handed over the command of the force to the Arab Assistant Commandant. Rifles, moreover, and ammunition were issued to the police, a dangerous, not to say fatal, proceeding in the absence of the most efficient British control.

Both the officially organised Labour demonstration and unauthorised and illegal Communist demonstration passed off innocuously, apart from one or two minor brushes between the Communist demonstration and the Jews. The Communists were

then shepherded down to the central part of the town and dispersed. Shortly afterwards the Arabs, who had apparently already begun to arm themselves, started to murder, wound, and loot the Jews under the official protection and assistance of a substantial number of the Arab police of Jaffa. In many cases the Arab police, not content with observing a benevolent neutrality, themselves shot at Jews, themselves led the mob against the Jews, or themselves actually participated in breaking open the Jewish shops. On the first day of the riots alone about twenty-five Jews were killed in Jaffa, while many Jewish shops were looted to the tune of about L.50,000. The most tragic and dramatic feature of the whole business was the attack on the Immigration Depot, situated in the southern part, or Arab quarter, of the town. A mob of Arabs began to attack this building with stones and sticks, but were successfully kept at bay by the immigrants until reinforcements for the attackers were supplied by certain Arab policemen well equipped with rifles, bombs and ammunition. The doors were broken open by the police, and under their official leadership the mob burst into the building, and, together with the police, looted the depot and murdered about thirteen of the immigrants, including one woman, with sticks, rifles, knives, bombs, etc., to say nothing of the numerous other casualties, while, as a special refinement of barbarism, the police actually fired at women who were attending the wounded.

At the time of writing, Adib Kayal, No. 500 of the Jaffa police force, and a member of a distinguished Arab family, is being tried before a Spécial Court on a charge of being a member of a gang of armed ruffians, attempted rape, complicity in murder, and other charges. If no more accused among the Arab police are brought to trial in connection with this really very special atrocity, the reason is to be found in the facts that the *personnel* of the investigating authorities were inadequate to deal with the situation, and the natural disinclination among officials as such (however honest) to be ultra-zealous in the breaking and discrediting of their own machine.

The part played by the Arab police officers in the proceedings is, at the time of writing, obscure. Mr. Boortcosn, however, the prison officer, has told officially such an extraordinary story of how he was present when the police were firing at the door of the Immigration Depot, and how the riot outside the building was in full swing, and how his belt got splashed with blood, and how he thereupon went home to lunch, that it is fair comment to suggest that there is, at any rate, a *prima facie* case for a prosecution for negligence. So far as the Communists are concerned, it is perhaps only fair to state that the very few Com-

munists in the country were found almost exclusively not among the new immigrants, but among the previous habitants. So much for Jaffa.

On May 5th, the first day of the feast of Nebi-Saleh, the big and flourishing Jewish settlement (colony) of Petach-Tikvah, situated about ten miles from Jaffa, was attacked by some thousands of armed Arabs from the adjacent villages. The attack was quasi-military, was delivered simultaneously on more than one front, was directed by a gentleman with binoculars, and was blessed by the presence of a green flag (manufactured in Manchester and the sign of a holy war), under whose auspices the pious warriors promptly proceeded to loot about six hundred head of cattle and shoot or mutilate four of the colonists. The colony put up a heroic fight, a handful of gallant men keeping for some hours the armed hordes at bay. They were, however, hopelessly outnumbered. So far, indeed, as concerned the ordinary public security afforded by the police, the colony was doomed, and it would no doubt have been completely destroyed, and all the inhabitants would no doubt have been massacred, but for the portentous and the unexpected arrival of a detachment of Indian cavalry, who rescued the colony. It may be mentioned incidentally that the Arabs abused the white flag, that the Indian lancers had some excellent tent-pegging practice, while a few aeroplanes tactfully dropped sedatives from the skies. About the same time the small colony of K'Far Saba was destroyed, while the inhabitants of Ramleh celebrated the Holy Festival of Nebi-Saleh by an attack on the neighbouring colony, Rehoboth. On May 6th, also, the colony of Hedera was attacked by some thousands of armed ruffians. Special flavour was given to the marauding expedition by the presence, among its front ranks, of five policemen from Tulkarem, three of whom, however, were duly killed by aeroplane bombs. The damage done is estimated at L.25,000.

The existence of an organised conspiracy is a matter of definite report, of common sense and logical inference. According to one report, a simultaneous outbreak had been planned for the feast of Nebi-Saleh on May 5th.. According to this account, it had been intended to invite to a special banquet the High Commissioner and all the Heads of the Departments. In any circumstances the almost immediate sequence of the outbreaks points to a definite plan, while the quasi-military and large-scale attack on Petah-Tikvah and Hedera must have involved considerable previous preparation.

It would appear, however, that in Jaffa the pot boiled over four days before zero hour, with the result that, to some

extent at any rate, the authorities were on their guard elsewhere.

Faced as it was with this situation, what courses were open to the Palestinian Government? One course was to proceed swiftly and ruthlessly against the rebels, rioters and conspirators, and to assume at once the attitude that any wholesale or organised attack on lives or property would be met by the physical and financial breaking of those responsible. The other course was to gain a momentary respite, not by the assertion of authority, but by the renunciation of authority, to keep the Arabs quiet at all costs by the throwing of sop after sop. For a short time the respective merits of the policy of strength and the policy of amiability were canvassed on the carpet of Government House.

In favour of the bolder policy was the argument that it was, after all, really essential to make some genuine effort to enforce public security, an argument which lay open to the retort that the enforcement of public security depended on the police and the army. The police were notoriously unreliable and potentially treacherous, and the army had never been particularly zealous for the Balfour Declaration.

In favour of the bolder policy was the argument that even a moderate manifestation of sternness would show that British policy was not to be bluffed or bullied, would scotch at the outset a movement which definitely aimed at the overthrow of British policy, and which, if tolerated in its initial stages, might grow to still more serious dimensions; to which it was no doubt answered that a policy of even the most diluted sternness might possibly involve the deliberate use of military, and perhaps heavy casualties on the part of those who rebelled against the Government. To that, again, there was the reply that the risk was being run of having the whole situation reproduced at no distant date and on a larger and more serious scale. One can imagine, also, it being suggested that, at any rate, the official publication of the number of Arabs killed and wounded (the killed are estimated at about sixty) in the attack on Petah-Tikvah might warn the fellaheen that marauding, even under the green flag, was a dangerous pastime, and might be calculated to make them believe that the Government was prepared for any emergency, and was not afraid to use the small, but yet adequate, supply of troops which it had at its disposal. Finally, there triumphed the policy of an official, well known for his adroitness and his ambition, his skill in trimming his sails to catch every political breeze, and the consummate diplomacy with which he always promised, and always kept on promising, both worlds to both sides. What this policy was, and what its effect on British prestige, may

be gauged from the following facts. As will be remembered, the Arab mob, under the official ægis of the Arab police, had sacked the Immigration Depot and wounded or butchered all immigrants on whom they could lay hands. Within forty-eight hours of this insolent and monstrous episode the High Commissioner himself, under pressure from the military at Jaffa, telephoned to Mr. Miller, the Assistant Governor of Jaffa, and instructed him to announce to the Arabs that immigration had been suspended.

Martial law was proclaimed on May 3rd in the Jaffa district and, at any rate in some directions, was administered with singular delicacy and amiability by Colonel Byron, the Commanding Officer.

It should, of course, be understood that the immigration embargo was not intended for European immigrants in general, but exclusively for the benefit of those Europeans who happened also to be Jews. This, then, being the position, there arrived in Jaffa a German engineer and two Catholic Polish immigrants. The Jaffa stevedores, suspecting that they might be Jews, refused to disembark them. Jaffa being under martial law, it was necessary, of course, to pacify the Jaffa stevedores. A medical examination was consequently held, and proof being accepted that the engineer was not a son of the Covenant, he was allowed to land by the Jaffa stevedores—under martial law. With regard to the other two immigrants, the stevedores themselves insisted on assuming the no doubt novel rôle of experts in medical jurisprudence in Jaffa—under martial law! With regard, however, to children, it must be admitted that the sterner policy prevailed, and two infants—Lomonosoff, aged six and eight respectively—were imprisoned, without trial, for some days on a charge of Bolshevism. Shakier Abi Kishek, who had led the marauding attack in Petah-Tikvah, was almost immediately released on bail. On the other hand, Mr. Abraham Shapiro, the chief Jewish notable in Petah-Tikvah, and one of the most respected Jewish colonists in the whole of Palestine, was arrested by the same general, not on any charge, but administratively, and carted ignominiously off to Jerusalem in a motor-lorry. It was admitted that the arrest was effected "as a sop to the Arabs," who were apparently annoyed at his only being fined a comparatively small sum in connection with some charge or other of a failure to renew a revolver licence.

The official investigating machine which dealt with the riot cases, being mainly and substantially Arab, with the exception of a few very much overworked British officials, the advocates of some of the Jewish claimants had engaged the services of a private detective, a British subject, who had once been employed in the

British Intelligence. This gentleman had begun to do excellent work, particularly in the case of the Hebrew writer, Brenner, who had been butchered, together with five other people, in an isolated house in the outskirts of Jaffa, when he was ordered to leave Jaffa. One may add that no arrests have yet been made in connection with this murder. The private detective was ordered to leave the Jaffa district.

In Jaffa, under martial law, the Arabs were allowed to carry to a singularly acute pitch an organised commercial boycott on the Jews, in certain cases, one has reason to believe, enlisting the services of the Arab police, in order to give the boycott a really official tone, before any action was taken at all. Numerous arrests, on the other hand, were made by the Arab police of Jews on a charge of boycotting the Arabs. Fines have been levied, on paper, on the villages which attacked Petah-Tikvah and Hederah--not punitive fines, be it understood, but fines limited to the amount of the damages and assessed on the basis of civil compensation. These fines have been levied, but up to the time of writing not collected.

It is true that some soldiers were sent to collect the fine from the villages which attacked Hederah. The Arabs replied that they preferred not to pay. This being logic, the military withdrew, and the Government, fully realising that it was perhaps tactless to be unduly brusque in depriving looters of the equivalent of their loot, authorised a Commission to decide whether the Government had been right or wrong in imposing the fine which it had thought fit to impose.

So far as the actual criminals who had attacked the colony are concerned, the authorities did in fact actually consider the question of arresting and trying the accused persons who lived in Tulkeram. But it was soon ascertained that the inhabitants of Tulkeram were strongly sympathetic to the accused, and would, in fact, keenly resent even their arrest. Consequently, in order to avoid doing anything which might be in any way unpopular with the inhabitants of Tulkeram, the warrants remained unexecuted. All friction has thus been avoided, while the damage remains uncompensated and the guilty unpunished.

In order, however, that they may understand the situation, European readers are reminded that, politically, Tulkeram is an annexe of Nablus, that Nablus is the centre of Moslem fanaticism and anti-Government intrigue, and that, by virtue of an unwritten but nevertheless valid ordinance, persons who are *bona fide* inhabitants of Nablus and Tulkeram are allowed a considerable margin, if not indeed a complete immunity, in the perpetration of political crime.

political arithmetic and he will not be slow to work out the sum, and to commit the holocaust on a somewhat more impressive scale the next time he wishes to suspend immigration. In the meanwhile the Arabs are intensifying their agitation. They are sending deputations to Europe and humorous fairy-tales to the Aleph Ba of Damascus of how the riots arose because the Jews attacked the Christians when they were in church on Easter Sunday! In the Jaffa district itself (a case personally investigated by a high Government official) a certain Arab group sent emissaries into the country to spread a rumour that the Jews meditated an attack on the Arabs, and consequently inviting the Arabs, as a matter of self-preservation, to rise and massacre the Jews.

So far, moreover, as Great Britain is specially concerned, one cannot but be impressed by the analogy between the outbreak in Palestine and the outbreak in Egypt. The real truth of the matter is that the feeling of those who engineered the Palestinian outbreak was not merely anti-Jewish, but anti-British. Any flabbiness in British policy in Palestine will react immediately on British policy in Egypt, and dangerously prejudice the whole British position in the Near East.

It is, indeed, a matter of the most elementary common sense that the British Government identified itself with a Zionist policy not solely out of an abstract appreciation of the justness of the Jewish claims, but because it realised that, with a large and permanently friendly Jewish nation established in Palestine, its position in Egypt would be consolidated and the Canal Zone afforded some protection from an Arab attack from Syria.

It is possible, no doubt, that British policy in Palestine is weakened by the persistent opposition of the anti-Zionist group. Efforts are made to intimidate the British taxpayer by exaggerating the expense entailed. In point of fact, an anti-Zionist Palestine is bound up with the abortive scheme of the late Military Administration for a big dummy Arab Empire in the pocket of Great Britain where the Egyptian experiment is to be repeated on a larger scale. At present, moreover, the expense to Great Britain of the total army in Palestine is not great. It must be borne in mind that the function of the Palestinian garrison is not merely to guard Palestine, but to guard the Canal Zone.

Further, by a remodelled fiscal system, by virtue of which the effendi paid a proportionately small share of the total taxation, Palestine could herself shoulder even now a portion of the expense, a portion which the development of the country would automatically and cumulatively increase. It must also be realised that, possibly more insistent than all the other opponents of

Zionism, more than the Pan-Anglo-Arab Imperialists, masquerading as Little Englanders in the columns of the *Morning Post*, or the professional anti-Semites who wish to treat the Jew as an alien not merely in Europe but also in Palestine, are the Clericals. But it is not likely that Great Britain will allow any Clerical to interfere with matters of pure foreign policy.

What is the present position in Palestine? It must be confessed that the manner in which the Palestinian Government has handled the crisis shows at any rate a very serious error of judgment. It is believed that this is realised both by themselves and by the Colonial Office at home; that the Zionist movement has received a check it would be idle to deny. But it is a check and it is nothing more. And has it not been already checked for more than two thousand years? One thing, moreover, is certain. The Colonial Office not only still sticks to the Balfour Declaration as a matter of form and theory. Once Great Britain brings this fact home both to the Jews and the Arabs the situation is, to a substantial extent, already liquidated.

HORACE B. SAMUEL.

June 6th.

THE NAVY LEAGUE'S RENUNCIATION.

It is a sign of the disordered times in which we live that the Navy League should be advocating the abolition of battleships, battle-cruisers, destroyers, submarines, torpedo-boats, and every type of man-of-war except "lightly armed cruisers." Shades of the great seamen of the past, who from century to century hazarded their all that we might be free, and, being free, might pass on the torch of freedom to other nations; for, as Admiral Mahan declared time and again, the British Fleet has been the great instrument of liberal civilisation throughout the world! Now we are told, on the authority of the Navy League, that we must no longer talk of "command of the sea," and that "the use of the terms 'defence,' 'security' and 'adequate Navy' necessitates comparison with other navies and must result in competition." It is not as though the Navy League consisted merely of a few people living in comfort in London and caught by a passing fancy. It is an organisation with branches in most of the large provincial centres, the inhabitants of which were never so dependent on oversea supplies of food, and with offshoots in the Dominions overseas, who never felt their isolation and insecurity more than they do to-day. Its President is the Duke of Somerset; the Executive Committee includes four admirals on the retired list; and its Secretary is also an admiral on the retired list.¹ Over the signatures of the President and of Mr. V. Biscoe Tritton, the Chairman, it has now put on record its new policy in a letter published in the *Times*, in which there is no reference to the mission which the British Navy fulfilled in the old wars, fulfilled again in the Great War, and may be required to fulfil in some future war.

The significance of the Navy League's declaration can only be appreciated in knowledge of the history of this organisation. It was established at a time when the strength of the British Navy had declined until it was a matter of controversy whether it possessed any margin over the French Fleet alone. Its founda-

(1) The following are the members of the Navy League Executive Committee:—*President*: His Grace the Duke of Somerset; *Hon. Treasurer and Chairman*: Mr. V. Biscoe Tritton; *Vice-Chairman*: Admiral L. G. Tufnell, C.M.G.; Mr. William George Black, C.B.E., LL.D.; Rear-Admiral Sir Douglas E. R. Brownrigg, Bt., C.B.; Lieut.-Colonel C. Forbes Buchan, C.B.E.; Mr. Geoffrey Callender; Admiral Arthur H. Christian, C.B., M.V.O.; Colonel Walter V. Faber; Admiral Sir Lowther Grant, K.C.B.; Mr. P. J. Hannon, M.P.; Mr. W. B. Hards; Professor A. Bostock Hill, M.D., M.Sc.; Mr. T. Comyn Platt; and Mr. J. Havelock Wilson, C.B.E., M.P. *General Secretary*: Rear-Admiral Ronald A. Hopwood, C.B.

tion dates back many years before the movement for the expansion of the German Navy began. It was announced that "its purpose shall be to secure as the primary object of the national policy 'the command of the sea.' " In course of time it elaborated a programme, and, in the light of the recent act of renunciation, it is not without interest to recall the terms of that early statement of its objects :—

" First.—To bring home to every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom that the bulk of the raw material used in our manufactures, and two-thirds of the food we eat, is transported across the sea. That if the supply of material and the export of manufactured products is arrested, the wage fund will disappear, so that the purchasing power of the people must prove utterly inadequate to their needs, and the available store of provisions, however increased, will be entirely beyond their means. That, consequently, fortifications and military strength adequate to resist invasion will be powerless to avert national disasters. That the protection of commerce at sea is, therefore, vital to the people of this country, and especially to the working classes. That commerce can be guarded only by a supremely powerful navy, able to assert and to maintain the command of the sea.

" Second.—To convince every tax-payer and every politician that judicious expenditure upon the Navy is, for the nation, only the ordinary insurance which no sane person grudges in private affairs, applied to risks appalling in their nature and extent.

" Third.—To enlist, on national grounds, the support of all classes in maintaining the fleet at the requisite standard of strength, and to denounce any shortcomings in this respect.

" Fourth.—To insist that the question of the Navy lies above and beyond all considerations of party politics, that a sudden development of naval strength is impossible, and that continuity of preparation is the essence of national security, and the only preventive of ruinous and discreditable scares.

" Fifth.—Throughout the Empire to explain by lectures, by the dissemination of literature, by meetings and by private propaganda, how naval supremacy, the heritage handed down by generations of British seamen, has been alike the source of national prosperity and the sure safeguard of the liberties of the people in periods of stress.

" Sixth and finally.—By inculcating and strenuously upholding the principles of a great national policy based upon sea power, to bind together the scattered members of the Empire into one great whole, united in interest as in heart, and prepared to maintain, intact in territory and untarnished in honour, the splendid inheritance received from our forefathers."

The conditions in which we live have not undergone any radical change for the better since that declaration of policy was issued. The whole of the British peoples are still dependent, in the last analysis, upon sea power for their civil and religious liberties, and for the safety of their property and persons. The inhabitants of the British Isles, as the Great War reminded us, still live mainly on food which must be brought over the seas, and obtain from overseas the raw materials on which they work. The Dominions, Crown Colonies, and Dependencies, particularly those

washed by the Pacific, were never so conscious of their insecurity as they are to-day, and there was never a time when the prestige of the British Fleet counted for more than it does now in sustaining those sentiments of partnership in the great cause of civilisation which constitute strong strands in the chain which binds the Empire together. The German Navy, it is true, has been reduced by the Peace Treaty to small dimensions, but it is not less powerful than it was when the Navy League nailed its colours to the mast. The world was then indeed comparatively peaceful. The Balance of Power existed in Europe, to ward off war time and again when it seemed well-nigh inevitable. As the result of the Great War the Balance of Power has gone; the Continent, as recent wars and rumours of war have reminded us, has become a hothouse for the incubation of national jealousies resting upon unrealised national aspirations. Three of the Great Powers of the past have disappeared, and Europe is a congeries of States, numbering about a score, which are devoting more energy and money to the preparation of armaments than at any previous period of history. So much for Europe. Over the Pacific there hangs a dark cloud. The United States and Japan are creating great fleets. The Pacific has become the storm-centre of the world, and since two-thirds of the population of the British Empire look out over that great ocean we cannot remain unconcerned by the course of events. Mr. W. L. Hitchens has declared that "the world is still a prey to an epidemic of hatred and suspicion. Capital and Labour are at daggers drawn. France and England bicker, Europe is a welter of confused animosities, America plays the part of Achilles in his tent. The spirit of war is as rampant as it was in 1914 and the flames have only died down through exhaustion."¹ The factors which made for peace a generation ago, when the Navy League declared its policy, have been submerged by the Great War, and we are confronted with a new condition of things which fills the minds of the statesmen of the world with misgiving.

It is in these new circumstances that the Navy League has lowered its colours on the apparent assumption that human nature has undergone a miraculous change and that war will never again occur. In a message issued at the opening of the present year the first indication of an orientation of policy was given. The League then buried with bell and book the doctrines held in the past, and warned its members never again to talk of "command of the sea" or to use the terms "defence," "security" or "adequate navy." It was content merely to cross the "t's" and dot the "i's" of the empty phrases which President Wilson and Mr.

(1) *The Morning Post*, July 7, 1921.

Josephus Daniels introduced into the Navy Appropriation Bill of 1916. It was then declared, with the approval of Congress, that—

"It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to adjust and settle its international disputes through mediation or arbitration, to the end that war may be honourably avoided. It looks with apprehension and disfavour upon a general increase of armaments throughout the world, but it realises that no single nation can disarm, and that without a common agreement upon the subject every considerable Power must maintain a relative standard in military strength.

"In view of the premises, the President is authorised and requested to invite, at an appropriate time, *not later than the close of the War in Europe*, all the great Governments of the world to send representatives to a conference which shall be charged with the duty of formulating a plan for a court of arbitration or other tribunal, to which disputed questions between nations shall be referred for adjudication and peaceful settlement, and to consider the question of disarmament, and submit their recommendations to their respective Governments for approval."

During the war nothing was done in this direction, and when the war came to an end President Wilson and Mr. Josephus Daniels, far from arresting the fulfilment of the scheme to render the United States the greatest of all naval Powers, devoted themselves to prevailing upon Congress to speed up the completion of the greatest naval programme to which any country had ever put its hand, not excluding Germany. In the knowledge of that action, the Navy League declared, in January last, that it "holds that the time is now specially favourable for taking advantage of this lesson (of Anglo-American co-operation during the last stage of the war), and that it is for these two nations to give the lead in proposing a conference between all those Powers whose geographical positions impose upon them the guardianship of the seas, and to decide in what way this joint guardianship may best be carried out." There was nothing particularly original in the suggestion of a conference, even at that late date. Lord Lee of Fareham, as First Lord of the Admiralty, seized the earliest opportunity on assuming office to state that, if an invitation came from Washington, he would put aside every engagement, however important, in order that he might be present. The First Lord, moreover, translated his goodwill towards the cause of the limitation of naval armaments by announcing that, with the approval of the Sea Lords, the Two-Power Standard, which this country had maintained for many years, had been abandoned. The Admiralty would be content in future to maintain the British Fleet at such strength as would render it not inferior to any other fleet. Later, when the Navy Estimates were presented, Parliament was asked to vote supplies for laying down four new capital

ships to take the place of eight older vessels, which were about to be placed on the non-effective list. It was generally understood that the Board proposed that these ships should be larger and more powerful than any hitherto built in this country. Throughout the Empire, this decision was received with the fullest approval, though British subjects in the far Dominions viewed with some disquietude the abandonment of the old standard of British naval strength.

What action was taken by the Navy League? Having announced that there must be no further talk of "command of the sea," or "defence," "security" or "an adequate Navy," the Navy League "congratulated the Government and the Admiralty," and added that it would "lend the whole weight of its influence to support the Government and the Admiralty in maintaining the British Navy in such a state of efficiency as to enable it adequately and fully to ensure the protection of British subjects and commerce throughout the Empire and the world." How this organisation, in the light of its previous declaration, could consistently support the Admiralty is a secret hidden behind closed doors. Presumably the four new battleships are intended, in the event of war, to assure to us "command of the sea," to promote the "security" of the British peoples, and to complete what the Admiralty can regard as an "adequate Navy." That these vessels are to be built for any other purpose than war in defence of the liberties of the British peoples, if war should be forced upon them, is a suggestion to be dismissed as absurd. These ships, and the other ships which are now in commission, are intended, in the words of the Navy League of earlier days, "to assert and to maintain the command of the sea," and they are intended for no other purpose.

The next step in the development of the policy of the Navy League was marked by the letter which appeared in the *Times* of July 5th. It was then suggested that the moment was opportune, in view of the assembly of the Imperial Conference, for considering "whether the British Empire, the United States of America, and Japan, in the first instance, may not rightly regard themselves as joint trustees of the maritime interests of the world, and, if so, in what manner they can mutually attempt to render the greatest service for the preservation of peace." The spokesman of the Navy League then indulged in a perversion of history. It was stated that "the growth of modern fleets is unquestionably the direct result of Prussia's bid for world domination, but, with the disappearance of the German Fleet, and civilisation being no longer threatened by any maritime Power, the reason for the perpetuation of their present character has ceased." Those sen-

tences contain two assertions which merit examination. If Germany, and Germany alone, was responsible for the modern scale of naval armaments, how does it happen that the Two-Power Standard, which the Navy League was created to support, dates back to a period when the German Fleet was of small consequence? And then there is the second point. It is stated that the German Fleet has "disappeared." Is that statement reconcilable with the stipulations of the Peace Treaty? In Section 2, Article 181, it is laid down that "the German naval forces in commission must not exceed six battleships of the *Deutschland* or *Lothringen* type, six light cruisers, twelve destroyers, twelve torpedo-boats or an equal number of ships constructed to replace them as provided in Article 190." The latter Article lays it down that:—

"Germany is forbidden to construct or acquire any warships other than those intended to replace the units in commission provided for in Article 181 of the present Treaty.

"The warships intended for replacement purposes as above shall not exceed the following displacement: Armoured ships, 10,000 tons; light cruisers, 6,000 tons; destroyers, 800 tons; torpedo boats, 200 tons.

"Except when a ship has been lost, units of the different classes shall only be replaced at the end of a period of twenty years in the case of battleships and cruisers, and fifteen years in the case of destroyers and torpedo boats, counting from the launching of the ship."

The Peace Treaty contains a number of other stipulations as to the manning of ships, and the maintenance of the *personnel*. The value which will attach in future to these clauses of the Peace Treaty depends, unless the German character is to undergo a radical change, on the force with which these ordinances are supported. But, at any rate, it is not a fact that the German Fleet has "disappeared," and there is no absolute guarantee as to its future strength.

The Navy League, in full knowledge of the terms of the Peace Treaty as applying to Germany, and to Germany only, of the maritime Powers, followed up its official declaration by suggesting, not "the abolition of navies," but "a change in their nature":—

"Nations will always require navies of some kind for the fulfilment of various sea services, and, in particular, for the adequate protection of their citizens and commerce in all parts of the world, which was their office long before competition was heard of. These services could possibly be carried out by lightly armed cruisers, so equipped and stationed as to constitute no possible threat to each other or to maritime trade. The actual number of such ships must, of course, depend upon the geographical situation of their owners' territories. If each nation were in the first place to draw up a list of their requirements for such services, it should not be impossible to discuss whether an agreement on these lines could be arrived at. It can, of course, be argued that such an agreement would contain nothing to pre-

vent any of its signatories suddenly breaking faith—nor would there, but until a definite and practical lead is given, based upon mutual trust, as opposed to mutual suspicion, no progress can be made."

The Navy League, in drafting this statement, forgot the history of navies. From the earliest times there has been competition between navies, and our forefathers, at a time when the British Empire had no existence, made it their business to see that the British Fleet was maintained in supremacy. Those who will may read the story of the competition in naval armaments which was waged for centuries between this country and Holland, Spain, and France. Since the people of these islands first realised their dependence upon the sea, they have struggled, in times of plenty as in times of dearth, to keep the seas open. That was the life-work of Drake and Hawkins, of Blake and Monk, of Benbow and Russell, of Shovel and Rooke, of Howe and Cornwallis, of St. Vincent, Nelson and Collingwood. The competition in armaments has gone on from age to age, and our success in it has its monument in the British Empire—a confederation of free nations—as it exists to-day. We have won not merely because we have had the sea instinct and the will to win, but because the people of these islands have provided the necessary ships. Sir William Laird Clowes, the naval historian, once declared that our victories have usually been due to the superior strength—material strength—of the British Fleet. It is a dangerous course in the present state of the world to pervert history, or to suggest to men and women, by implication, that the struggle in past centuries to maintain our sea power ought to be condemned. Three centuries ago it was said by George Savile, Marquess of Halifax, that "the first article of an Englishman's political creed must be that—he believeth in the sea." It involved us in quarrels and it was often a bloody business, which no doubt shocks the Navy League, but those of our race who are not ignorant of the direction in which the broad stream of history has flowed have formed their own opinion of the service which the British Fleet has rendered to humanity. We need not, however, quote opinions which may be regarded as biased, but can turn to the great historian of sea power who belonged to another race:—

"Why do English innate political conceptions of popular representative government, of the balance of law and liberty, prevail in North America from the Arctic Circle to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific? Because the command of the sea at the decisive era belonged to Great Britain. In India and Egypt, administrative efficiency has taken the place of a welter of tyranny, feudal struggle, and bloodshed, achieving thereby the comparative welfare of the once harried populations. What underlies this administrative efficiency? The British Navy, asserting in the first instance British control instead of French, and thereafter

communication with the home country, whence the local power without which administration everywhere is futile. What, at the moment the Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed, insured beyond peradventure the immunity from foreign oppression of the Spanish-American colonies in their struggle for independence? The command of the sea by Great Britain, backed by the feeble navy but imposing strategic position of the United States, with her swarm of potential commerce-destroyers, which a decade before had harassed the trade of even the mistress of the seas."

That record could be written because those who preceded us were not afraid of competition in armaments, realising that, without command of the sea in time of war, neither their liberties nor their lives would be secure. Let us dismiss the idea that in maintaining the British Fleet, seeing to it that it contained well-found and well-armed ships, and that those ships were well manned, this nation has been guilty of acts of disloyalty to humanity at large. Let us, on the contrary, be proud of the contribution which, as a result of competition of naval armaments in the past, this nation has made to the progress of liberal civilisation.

What shall be said of the Navy League's proposal that navies in future should be restricted to "lightly armed cruisers"? The battleship, the battle-cruiser, the destroyer and the submarine should all, it is urged, disappear. Lightly armed cruisers are to do the varied police work of the seas, including the suppression of piracy. That brings us at once to the consideration of the problem of the character of armaments which a pirate ship or a commerce destroyer, fitted out in secrecy, either in port or at sea, might mount. The experience of the Great War has proved that such a vessel can carry, and use with effect, 6-in. guns, throwing a shell of 100 lbs., and possessing a range of four or five miles. We are warned by the careers of the *Moewe*, *Seeadler*, and other raiders, carrying torpedoes as well as guns in some cases, and by the success with which we armed the liners of the 10th Cruiser Squadron, which enforced the blockade on Germany, against disregarding the menace of the armed merchant cruiser. The forces of law and order must always be stronger than the forces of anarchy and disorder, and it therefore follows that the lightly armed cruisers would have to be more powerfully armed than commerce raiders, and also have superior speed if they were to be in a position to overhaul such raiders. It necessarily follows that these lightly armed cruisers would be ships of considerable size—in fact, formidable men-of-war. In process of time, as the merchant ship increased in speed, these lightly armed cruisers would develop into very large ships, since it would be essential that they should be able to deal with the swiftest liners. Whether it will be possible in any state of the

world which we can envisage to station such vessels "so as to constitute no possible threat to each other or to maritime trade" raises an issue which can be decided by reference to a chart showing the distribution of territory between various States and the lacing and interlacing of the sea services of the globe in these days of steam, and by recalling the weakness of human nature.

The proposal is that the capital ship—battleship or battle-cruiser—shall be dethroned by international agreement as the predominant factor in naval power, "the lightly armed cruiser" being accepted as the supreme instrument. It may be suggested that such a proposal, coming from this country at a moment when it is strong in lightly armed cruisers and weak in effective battleships, would be regarded in no friendly spirit by other Powers. On the one hand, the United States has in hand sixteen capital ships and Japan eight—battleships or battle-cruisers—while we have laid down no capital ships during the past five years, with the result that the strength of the British Fleet in this type of vessel is declining. On the other hand, the British Fleet contains more lightly armed cruisers than *all* the other Powers of the world combined: of modern craft (completed) the States possesses only three, and Japan about half a dozen, while France and Italy are also very weak. This country possesses sixty-nine. It may be suggested that the standardisation of the lightly armed cruiser would in these circumstances tend to lead other Powers to lay the keels of large numbers of ships of this type, and thus a new phase of competition in armaments would be inaugurated.

The proposal also involves an agreement between the Powers that they will not build submarines. It happens that countries with long seaboard, such as the United States, France, Italy and Japan, attach the highest importance to the value of submarines for local defence. When it has completed its present programme, the United States will possess nearly twice as many submarines as are included in the British Fleet, and France, owning already thirty-six, has four under construction, and intends to lay down a great many more. Japan is also building submarines; so is Italy. Is it conceivable that either of these Powers would agree to interdict the construction of submarines? On these grounds the scheme of the Navy League must be regarded as impracticable. The United States and Japan, strong in recently designed battleships with an effective life of twenty years, would not agree to it; and, for other reasons, the proposal would certainly be objectionable to France and Italy. But if France, Italy, the United States and Japan acquiesced, could we, in these islands, agree to the Navy League's proposal? Our

defence against invasion has hitherto been a supreme fleet; no other country lives in a similar state of dependence for safety on naval power as we do. We have proved that *the sea controls the land*, and we have proved at the Peace Conference that Continental Powers will not abandon conscription, which gives them the right to call millions of men to arms. We have not succeeded in abolishing even the German Army, but have merely endeavoured to limit its size. The armies of our neighbours, separated from us by a few hours' steaming, remain, and the Navy League proposes that we should nevertheless consent to abandon the one safeguard against invasion—an adequate British Fleet. Apart from the peril of invasion, the danger in which we should stand in the event of a breach of faith by any other Power—relying upon the sea as we do for four-fifths of our bread and half our meat—need not be stressed, for the memories of the late war are still fresh. •

We must look in other directions for the possibility of a limitation of naval armaments. The line of approach must be towards the stabilisation of the movement, and then its slowing down by general agreement among the maritime Powers. In this matter of stabilisation, the British Government has already set an example, accepting risks of no inconsiderable size. "The war," Mr. Asquith declared, in the House of Commons on March 17th, 1921, "has made no change in the fundamental fact that of the great communities of the world we are most dependent upon sea power, not only because of our vulnerability to attack at many points and in so many different quarters, but still more because here at the centre we have to draw our main supply of food and raw material from overseas." The Prime Ministers of Australia, New Zealand, and other oversea States have expressed their agreement with that view, and Mr. Winston Churchill, addressing the Imperial Conference on the subject of improving "Imperial communications by land, sea, air, cable, radio-telegraphy and telephony," remarked that the development of the British Navy on a truly Imperial basis "stands absolutely first," and "we must be careful, however other things may press and be desirable, that we do not get in the way of that vital necessity."¹ Our dependence upon the seas is no less than it was.

We in these islands have already given a lead to the world, and it may not be out of place to recall facts which should be familiar in this country, and which ought not to be without their influence on public opinion in the United States and Japan.

"(1) No capital ship has been laid down for five years; (2) When the armistice came the contracts for 617 vessels, then in course of construction,

(1) *The Daily Telegraph*, July 8, 1921.

were cancelled, and the material which had been prepared was destroyed; (3) Upwards of 200 ships of war of various types were disposed of; (4) The number of officers and men, which stood at 151,000 in 1914, will by the end of the year have been reduced to 121,700; (5) Whereas in 1914 this country had 38 capital ships in full commission, the number has now been reduced to 16; (6) The squadron in South American waters has been withdrawn and cruisers have been recalled from the North Atlantic and South African Squadrons; (7) One of the destroyer flotillas of the Atlantic Fleet has been placed in reserve; (8) Two of the Royal Dockyards are being closed; (9) Eight more capital ships are being disposed of, reducing the number from 38 to 30 (the intention being to keep fourteen of the older ones in reserve), and it is proposed to replace only four of these vessels; (10) The comparable British Naval Estimates 1921-22 amount to about £34,500,000, whereas in 1914-15 they stood at £53,500,000."

The British Government has abandoned the Two-Power Standard, which this country had maintained for over a century. In place of the old formula this country has adopted a One-Power Standard—i.e., that our Navy should not be inferior in strength to that of any other Power. The First Lord has announced that the Admiralty are interpreting the new standard "in no mechanical spirit nor with insistence upon 'numerical equality.'" In combination the lowering of the standard of strength, the reduction of the Navy Estimates, the withdrawal of ships from sea-going service, and the closing of Royal Dockyards reflect a change of British naval policy in line with the ideal embodied in the Covenant of the League of Nations. These economies represent, above all, an honest attempt to stabilise the movement for the creation of naval armaments.

With the abandonment by this country of the Two-Power Standard and the voluntary acceptance of the One-Power Standard, the basis has been laid for a naval understanding with the next greatest naval Power, which is the United States, for the United States will possess in 1924, when the present shipbuilding is completed, a Fleet twice as strong as that of Japan. It has been officially announced from Washington, on the authority of the President as well as the new Secretary for the Navy, that the United States intends to possess a Navy equal to any other Navy—namely, a One-Power Standard Fleet. In these new circumstances there is a hopeful prospect of stabilising the naval armament movement since (a) Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia are no longer first-class naval Powers; (b) the French and Italian Fleets are relatively weaker than they have been for many years; (c) Japan is the third naval Power, with less than half the strength of the United States or Great Britain; and (d) the United States and Great Britain have announced that they will be content if in future they possess an equality of naval strength. In this situation there exists the basis of an agreement

between the two leading naval Powers as to what shall be regarded as the One-Power Standard, to be accepted by both of them. It cannot obviously be expressed in terms of money, but must be interpreted in terms of ships and men. Once this agreement has been reached the door will have been opened to a paring down of the One-Power Standard year by year as vessels become obsolete. This country and the United States are so strong by sea in contrast with other Powers that they can afford to take the lead. The only obstacle is the suspicion with which the United States regards the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Since, however, Great Britain has provided in the Treaty with Japan against the possibility of her being drawn into war with the United States in the unhappy event of a war occurring between the United States and Japan, and since also a Treaty of Arbitration exists between this country and the United States, it ought to be possible to remove American apprehensions.

Once the armament movement—military and aerial as well as naval—has been stabilised and a beginning made in retarding its progress, opportunity will offer of realising the ultimate aim of the League of Nations—the creation of a reliable instrument of “organised violence” to support its decisions. There seems to be no prospect that the Powers would agree to the maintenance of an international fleet under the League of Nations. On the other hand, once Great Britain and the United States have reached a naval agreement, it might be feasible for the League of Nations to draw up a scheme under which each State member would pledge itself to *furnish on demand* a certain proportion of naval and/or military force. In the absence of an impartial international body such as the League of Nations, that is practically what occurred during the Great War which has now closed. In face of a common danger, one country after another placed its military forces in France and Belgium at the disposal of the supreme commander of the armies. Though a unified command was not secured at sea, as it was on land, the forces in the North Sea and all other seas (except the Mediterranean) were under the direction of the British Admiralty, while in the Mediterranean the French retained control.

Any hopes of a limitation of armaments rests, however, more upon a spirit of goodwill between the nations than upon any mechanical arrangements as to ships and men. For that reason, we may regard with hope the conference which is to be held at Washington. There are few problems which cannot be solved at a round table, if the will to a solution is present. *The nations of the world stand at the cross-roads; either the armament movement, naval, military and aerial, must be arrested, or every State*

will be confronted with bankruptcy. Whatever hopes may reside in the League of Nations, they cannot be realised so long as the United States stands apart, for the United States is spending upon its armaments twice as much as is being spent by any other Power. There can be no forward movement except it has behind it the sentiment of the American people, and the American people have declared decisively against the League of Nations. In these conditions, some other means of approach to the problem than through the League of Nations must be found, for this matter of expenditure on armaments can no longer be ignored, and hence the proposed conference. Last year the sums devoted to their navies and armies by certain countries compared as follows with the amounts provided in the year of the outbreak of war :—

	1914.	1920.
	£ millions.	Normal rate of exchange. £ millions.
U.S.A.	49.0	501.2
Great Britain	77.2	230.4 ¹
France	72.6	204.7
Italy	26.7	214.8
Japan	19.2	54.4
Sweden	5.0	10.9
Belgium	4.6	29.5
Holland	3.6	7.1
Denmark	1.6	3.5

It may be said that those figures are impressive. Everyone who has any knowledge of the economic condition of the world will recognise them as terrifying. They indicate that, in spite of the war and all that it involved in the destruction of treasure and the loss of tens of millions of lives, the nations, confronted with financial distress,² are still spending a large proportion of their incomes on the provision of armaments. Even if allowance be made for the higher wages of workmen engaged in fashioning war materials, and for the higher pay which has been conceded

(1) This sum includes a large amount of new expenditure in Germany, Mesopotamia and elsewhere, as well as the provision demanded by the Irish rebellion.

(2) The demand for economy is gathering force in the United States owing to a realisation of its increasing financial distress. The American Ambassador in London reminded us the other day that five years ago the net debt of the United States was little over one billion dollars, roughly £266,660,000, or less than \$10 (£2 13s. 4d.) per capita; now it exceeded 20 odd billions, more than \$200 (£53) per capita; in 1915 the Congressional appropriations were 674 millions; in 1920, for 1921, they were nearly 5,000 millions, and left a deficit of another 1,000 millions. To raise those huge sums, income-taxation had been increased until it ranged from 4 per cent. on the smallest income to nearly 70 per cent. on the largest.

to officers and men, the picture is one which may well make the statesmen of the world pause.

Salvation will ultimately depend on the cultivation by nations of sentiments of mutual trust, on the creation of a court of arbitration enjoying the confidence of every State, and on the efficient functioning of the League of Nations or of some other association whose aim it will be to assuage international jealousy and to negotiate peace, even, in the last resort, itself appealing to force. But in any movement for limitation of armaments we, since we are in danger of invasion, must insist that military disarmament keeps pace with naval disarmament, or rather keeps always ahead of it. We cannot throw away our naval defence, as the Navy League has suggested that we should do, until we are convinced that other nations' military forces available for offence against us no longer threaten our lives and our liberties. We live by the sea and we must guard "the Moat" until there is assurance that it cannot be menaced.

Our position—as an island at the centre of a maritime Empire, which embraces nearly one-quarter of the earth's surface—is a peculiar one. The seas are our highways; ships are to us what railways are to the Americans. Our highways must be made safe or our trade and commerce must die, starvation must overtake us, and the Empire must break into fragments. Our relationship to sea power is closer than that of any State, and yet we have voluntarily accepted a One-Power Standard, and, in place of thirty-eight capital ships, we are now keeping only sixteen in commission, with reductions in the active strength of cruisers and torpedo craft. We have set an example to the world by the limitation of our naval armaments, and we have demobilised our war armies, having repealed our compulsory service law. In the absence of an international agreement, we can safely go no farther. As the Prime Minister declared to the Imperial Conference: "We cannot forget that the very life of the United Kingdom, as also of Australia and New Zealand, indeed, the whole Empire, has been built up on sea power, and that sea power is necessarily the basis of the whole Empire's existence. We have, therefore, to look to the measures which our security requires; we aim at nothing more; we cannot possibly be satisfied with anything less."

ARCHIBALD HURD.

THE DANUBE AS AN INTERNATIONAL HIGHWAY.

AMONG all the issues arising out of the world settlement there is perhaps no question about which so little has been said and so little is known as the Danube. Nevertheless, owing to the establishment of new conditions in Europe, and particularly as a result of the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, that river has become an international highway of much greater importance than heretofore. Thus, to mention only one or two points, seven independent and distinct States now have access to its waters, and five of these control territory on both banks. Again, whereas under the old *régime* a great part of the export trade of Austria-Hungary went either by way of Trieste and Fiume or directly by land to the Balkans, the territorial redistribution of the Adriatic littoral and the splitting up of the Dual Monarchy will naturally divert trade from routes which are now hardly practical to a waterway which taps Central and South-Eastern Europe. Moreover, perhaps most important of all, whilst in pre-war days Serbia alone of all the Danubian countries had no coast line of her own, the Peace Treaties have created three States—Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary—whose only practical and independent right of access to the sea depends upon freedom of navigation on the Danube.¹

Although it is unnecessary here to go into details, which can be found in such volumes as the *Handbook of the River Danube*, prepared by the Admiralty, or in *The European Concert in the Eastern Question*, by T. E. Holland, it seems advisable to remind my readers of some of the geographical features and historical developments connected with the Danube. It is the largest river in Europe so far as the amount of water discharged is concerned, and, with a length of 1,750 miles, it is second in size only to the Volga. Here, too, it may be interesting to point out that at Belgrade, where it is joined by the mighty Save, the Danube is nearly one mile wide, and that, with certain exceptions, its general breadth, between Vienna and the Iron Gates, is from 650 to 2,000 yards at low river. Navigation is practical below Ratisbon, and between Passau and the Iron Gates the river is passable for specially constructed boats, drawing, I believe, up to about five feet of water, such vessels being able to ply at least between Vienna and Turnu Severin at practically all times of the year except when the river is blocked by ice. Below Turnu Severin

(1) Czecho-Slovakia has a corresponding right by way of the Elbe.

and between there and Braila there are about twelve feet of water, and small sea-going ships can therefore pass up and down. Between Braila and the Black Sea, by way of the Central or Sulina branch, there is a minimum depth of about eighteen feet of water. Such conditions mean that the Danube is of enormous importance as a thoroughfare for traffic, and especially as a means of access to the sea for Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary. That importance will be intensified if the inter-communication which used to exist between the Rhine and the Danube, by way of the River Main and the Ludwigs Canal, is either improved or superseded by other schemes of canalisation which have been under discussion for some time.

Whilst the pre-war status of the Danube depended upon various developments and arrangements, which date back as far as the end of the eighteenth century, it was only in 1856 and by the Treaty of Paris that this particular river was placed under the same rules as those which had already been made for international waterways which traverse more than one State. At that time two Commissions were formed for the purposes of administration. The first of these, known as the Riparian Commission, which was intended permanently to concern itself with the whole of the navigable part of the river, proved unsuccessful and was soon dissolved. The second was the European Commission, created with the special object of executing the works necessary to put the lower parts of the river and its mouths into the best state of repair. Originally constituted for only two years, its existence and powers were prolonged for various periods, and, at the outbreak of the war, this body, the jurisdiction of which then extended up stream as far as Braila, existed under a three years' agreement made by the Treaty of London of 1883. It possesses extra territorial powers, including the right to levy tolls, to carry out public works, and to institute regulations for navigation. All the members and employees, besides its works and establishments, and particularly those at Sulina, were considered to be neutral, and, in case of war, they were supposed to be equally respected by all the belligerents. As a matter of fact, I believe, even during the European conflagration, that the Commission did not exactly cease to function. For a long period the Allied and enemy delegates actually sat on it together. After a time the representatives of the Central Powers were asked to go on leave, and, when the Germans occupied Roumania, our people in their turn retired.

With regard to the broader pre-war position of the Danube, it is advisable further to remember that the Treaty of Berlin determined that all the fortifications on the river between its mouth

and the Iron Gates should be razed, and that no new ones should be created. At the same time it was settled that no vessel of war, with the exception of those light ones in the service of the river police and of the "Stationnaires" of the Powers, which were to be allowed to ascend as far as Galatz, should navigate this stretch of the river. In 1914, therefore, many of the international arrangements connected with the Danube were capable of interpretation in one way by lawyers and in quite another by belligerents or neutrals desirous of favouring their own particular points of view. One very clear result of this was that the Germans, recognising the importance of the Danube as a means of communication, left no stone unturned to bring into line or to conquer the countries which border upon that great highway. It was largely this condition of things, coupled with the inadequacy of the single line of railway which unites Central Europe with Constantinople by way of Serbia and Bulgaria, which made the enemy pursue his campaign against Roumania with such vigour and which led to the very definite and stringent conditions, in regard to the Danube, which were contained in the Treaty of Bucharest concluded between the Central Powers and Roumania in May, 1918. The realisation of those conditions would have meant the practical obliteration of Allied interests on the Danube, the creation of a Commission made up solely of representatives of States situated upon its banks, and the acquisition by Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Turkey and Roumania of the right to keep warships on the river.

The terms of the above-mentioned agreement were happily destroyed by the ultimate Allied victory, and the Treaty of Versailles, together with the corresponding arrangements made with Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey, has two important and more or less distinct results so far as the Danube be concerned. The European Commission has re-assumed the powers which it possessed before the war, that Commission, as a provisional measure, being composed only of representatives of Great Britain, France, Italy and Roumania. And then the internationalisation of the river from Ulm to the sea has been declared. This constitutes a great and important step in the right direction, for, whilst the Treaties only suggest, in general terms, the regulations destined to govern the navigation of international waterways, they are sufficiently definite to place far-reaching obligations upon their various Central European and Near Eastern signatories. Moreover, an International Commission has been set up for the administration of the Danube from Ulm to Braila, at which latter point the competence of the European Commission begins. The former body, which does not seem to be directly responsible to

anybody, is composed of delegates of the riparian States and of those countries represented on the European Commission, and each delegate naturally receives instructions from his own Government. In case of an acute disagreement between the members, therefore, one must presume that in practice the matter would be referred to the Conference of Ambassadors in Paris which is responsible for the execution of the Treaty, and that, when this gathering is dissolved, the League will inherit its functions. This International Commission, the first President of which was Sir Ernest Troubridge, who is thoroughly cognisant of the conditions prevailing in Central and South-Eastern Europe, in a sense replaces the Riparian Commission constituted by the Treaty of Paris, for, whilst its duties are defined as being only provisional, it seems probable, even after the conclusion and the putting into force of a definite statute, that some such organisation will be required as the local mouthpiece and representative of the Powers. In the interregnum, too, it is clear that the British Admiral and his colleagues have been and are responsible for attempting to obliterate the chaos which existed at the time of the Armistice and for endeavouring to re-establish the normal traffic on the river. Moreover, whilst very little is said in regard to its present powers and duties, this Commission, which for the moment is safeguarding the existing treaty rights of the various Powers, will, or should have, considerable influence upon the ultimate regulations destined to control the river.¹

Having referred to some of the historical events connected with the Danube and to the situation established there as a result of the war, I will now turn to discussion of the three questions which must inevitably affect the future importance of that river as an international highway. They are the political situation in Central and Near Eastern Europe, the further and recent measures taken to ensure the freedom of navigation guaranteed by the various peace treaties, and the commercial development of traffic on the river. Upon the first of these questions it is almost superfluous to say that everything depends upon a return to normal conditions in the basin of the Danube, and especially upon the re-establishment of a stable position in the areas which used to make up the Austro-Hungarian Empire. For these reasons it seems necessary here to consider the present and possible future grouping of the States most closely concerned, and

(1) In the cases of the Elbe, Oder, and Niemen, which are provided, or may be provided, with International Commissions, these Commissions are responsible for the immediate preparation of projects for the revision of the existing international agreements. The Treaty of Versailles does not seem actually to entrust the same duty to the International Commission for the Danube.

in particular to examine the meaning and possible future policy of the so-called "Little Entente." That group, the primary *raison d'être* of which was and is undoubtedly the provision of an alliance destined to prove an assurance against Hungary, has Czecho-Slovakia for its corner-stone. Originally intended by M. Take Jonescu, and probably by Dr. Benes—its two principal promoters—to include Poland and perhaps Greece, this Entente is actually made up only of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, the Serbo-Croat-Slovene State and Roumania.¹ These countries are possessed of a common interest, because each of them fears an attempt by Hungary to regain possession of territories which she has lost, and because all of them are desirous of preventing a grouping of the Central European States which would be tantamount to the reconstruction of anything even corresponding to the Dual Monarchy. For somewhat different reasons, therefore, the three members of the "Little Entente" are opposed to the formation of a Danubian Confederation, even were such a Confederation based merely upon commercial and not upon political understandings. Thus, whereas Jugo-Slavia and Roumania, each having access to the sea, stand to gain but little from such a development, for the moment Czecho-Slovakia does not favour the idea because of the danger that she might be thrown alone into the hands of Hungary and Austria, whose united German and Magyar populations, combined with her own Germanic element, would undoubtedly outnumber the Czechs and the Slovaks of the new Republic.

In spite of the avowed friendship of this new group for the Western Allies, and of the apparent accord existing between its present members, it is possible that the "Little Entente," in its present form, may become a danger, particularly to the States concerned, and that the interests of the several parties are by no means identical. It is, or it may be, a general danger, because a purely destructive programme, aimed principally against Hungary, must prevent the establishment of permanent peace in Central Europe, and because, so far as the parties themselves be concerned, neither Czecho-Slovakia nor Roumania nor, to a lesser degree, Jugo-Slavia can afford to pursue a repressive, still less an aggressive, policy towards their common neighbour, for each of these countries either possesses a considerable Magyar population or at least a powerful element which is far from

(1) The dates of the respective Alliances between Czecho-Slovakia and the Serbo-Croat-Slovene State and between Czecho-Slovakia and Roumania are August 14th, 1920 and April 23rd, 1921. Their terms are more or less identical. So far as I know the Agreement between Roumania and the Serbo-Croat-Slovene State, signed on June 8th, 1921, has not yet been published.

satisfied with the existing *status quo*. For this reason, even if the, "Little Entente" has the military forces necessary to invade or to conquer Hungary, under present circumstances, none of the members, with the possible exception of Jugo-Slavia, could stand the shock of a war, which would be distinctly unpopular with considerable sections of their inhabitants. On the other hand, whereas Roumania and the Serbo-Croat-Slovene State have many political advantages to gain by a policy of friendship with Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia is unlikely to be able to maintain her existence otherwise than by such a policy. Thus, politically speaking, the Government of Prague can hardly risk an increase in the difficulties with which it is already beset, owing to the existence of an enormous German minority, by adopting a hostile attitude towards a neighbour possessed of the sympathy of the very considerable Magyar population which was included in the Republic—a population which might at any moment receive the support of the uneducated Slovak inhabitants of the mountains, who in the past were wont to gain their livelihood by going to the plains of Hungary for the harvest, and who have everything to gain by friendship with that country.

On the commercial side the interests of Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary are even more closely allied, for each of these countries is capable of producing or supplying the needs of the other. My point will be understood when I say that about 75 per cent. of the industrial output of the whole Austro-Hungarian Empire came from districts which now form part of the new Republic. This means that a large percentage of the products of industries which, before the war, supplied a population of over fifty millions of people, besides the surplus exported by way of the Adriatic and directly into the Balkans, must now be marketed for the most part outside the country of its origin. Those markets are not available in Germany, and they can be found only to a very limited extent in Austria, Poland and Roumania. Consequently, even if Czecho-Slovakia has access to the outer world by the Elbe and, under her treaty rights, by way of the Adriatic, her natural outlet is Hungary, and the more distant countries which border upon the Danube. Equally well Czecho-Slovakia, at the present moment, is only self-supporting to the extent of about 60 per cent. of her food requirements, and therefore she has everything to gain by an arrangement which would enable her to secure the wheat and other foodstuffs which are available for export from Hungary, and which can be brought up the Danube from the Balkans. Consequently, taken for granted that Roumania and Jugo-Slavia were led to favour the formation of the present "Little Entente," with the primary object of isolating Hungary, it is

quite possible that Dr. Benes, who is a far-seeing statesman, may desire to employ the existence of his alliances for the purpose of bringing Hungary into line and of coming to a more favourable arrangement with her. It is this contingency which lends a degree of significance to the meeting which took place in June at Marienbad between Dr. Benes and various Hungarian politicians. This meeting, which had for its nominal object the settling of certain economic questions raised by the Treaty of Trianon, is hardly likely to have laid the foundation-stone for a real Danubian Confederation, but it may at least constitute an initial step towards a political and economic understanding between two countries whose interests are reciprocal. Such an understanding, were it followed by others of a corresponding nature on the parts of Roumania, of Jugo-Slavia, and perhaps of Austria, would give an enhanced importance to a waterway which is a material factor in the whole situation.

Turning to the international *régime* destined to control the Danube, the decisions of the Barcelona Conference upon the subject of Freedom of Communications and Transit are most important. That Conference, convoked in accordance with a resolution of the Assembly of the League of Nations arrived at in December last, was charged with the task of drawing up the measures which the members are called upon to take in fulfilment of Article 23 of the Covenant upon Freedom of Communications, and of elaborating the general conventions referred to in those sections of the Treaty of Versailles and corresponding documents which deal with this subject. The meeting, which lasted from March 10th to April 20th, 1921, resulted in the production of nine "Instruments," for the advanced perusal of which my thanks are due to the Secretariat of the League of Nations. These documents contain rules for the organisation and procedure of general conferences on communications, declarations recognising the flag of States having no sea-coast, and recommendations relative to the international *régime* of railways and of certain ports. Important, however, as are these utterances, we are concerned here particularly with the documents which deal with "Freedom of Transit" and with the "*Régime* of Navigable Waterways of International Concern." Signed by the representatives of forty-four States, who are members of the League,¹ these conventions and statutes are a sort of "Magna Charta" for international communications, for they define and explain many of the questions which are left vague in the treaties, thereby binding the parties concerned to their obligations more firmly than heretofore. Thus,

(1) Germany and Hungary also sent delegates who took part in the work in an advisory capacity

to take only one or two examples, whilst the rights and duties of belligerents and neutrals in time of war are not prescribed, a recommendation is made that the League should, as soon as possible, invite its members to meet with a view to drawing up new conventions upon this subject. Again, whereas the arrangements made may be denounced by any party by the giving of a year's notice in writing to the Secretary-General of the League, such notice cannot, in fact, be tendered until after the expiration of five years from the date when the convention came into force in respect to that party. And, then, a dispute as to the interpretation or application of international obligations may be settled by any technical or advisory body established by the League, or, if this be impossible, it is to be brought before the Permanent Court of International Justice.

The Conventions and Statutes on Freedom of Transit and on the *Régime* of Navigable Waterways, and the Final Act of the Barcelona Conference, none of which actually mention the Danube by name, all have a bearing upon the administration of that river. Consequently, whilst it is impossible here to go into the details of their numerous clauses, I propose to allude to a few of their outstanding conditions. To begin with, we find that "Traffic in Transit" is most carefully defined, and that it comes under this heading when the passage across a given State is only a portion of a complete journey. Equally well the meaning of "Navigable Waterways of International Concern" is explained and certain conditions are enumerated about equality in the use of waterways, presumably tributaries, and ports situated on tributaries, which are not actually internationalised. And then, what is most important, considering the number of States bordering upon the Danube and also the value of that river to countries which have no sea-coast, the most stringent obligations are placed upon the signatories concerning the conditions to be imposed and the dues which are to be charged for the right of passage. Detailed regulations are made to ensure that the nationals, property and flags of all contracting States shall be treated in all respects on a footing of perfect equality, and that no distinction shall be made between the riparian State which possesses the sovereignty over the river and any other. The same regulations apply to the use of ports on the rivers under discussion. With regard to dues and to the proper upkeep of the channel, the terms of the Treaties are confirmed, and it is laid down that no charges of any kind may be levied anywhere other than those in the nature of payment for services rendered; or for the purpose of meeting expenditure incurred in the interest of navigation, and that every State is bound at once to take all necessary

steps to keep its part of the river in good order. So definite, indeed, are the regulations upon these points that it ordained that in a general way the customs duties on goods imported through riparian ports must not be higher than those levied on the other customs frontiers of the State interested, and that, on valid reason being shown, a demand may be made by one State to the others for a reasonable contribution towards the cost of upkeep. On the other hand, each of the contracting States maintains the authority to police the waterways under its sovereignty, to publish regulations necessary for its navigation, and to reserve to itself the right of transporting passengers and goods loaded at one port and unloaded at another within its own territory. These are only a few of the conditions destined to govern the administration of, and traffic upon, the Danube, but they are sufficient in number to prove that the Barcelona Conference has really given existence to regulations which may be destined to play an important rôle in the new order of things suggested by the creation of the League of Nations and by the various peace treaties which have put an end to the European conflagration.

With regard to the question of traffic on the river, before the war a regular passenger and goods service existed between Passau and Galatz, and this service was supplemented by others between Ratisbon and Passau and between Galatz and Sulina. At that time, too, there were three principal shipping groups operating on the river, namely, the First Danube Steamship Company, with headquarters at Vienna, the Hungarian Royal River and Sea Navigation Company of Budapest, and the South German Danube Steamship Company, the last-mentioned of which worked certain sections of the river in conjunction with the Roumanian State Navigation Company and the Bavarian Lloyd. Of these, the first two were the only important companies on the river which operated passenger services. When the Armistice came, therefore, and when all these companies were short of money and required new capital, there was an opening for the reconstitution of the whole system, and the River Syndicate, Limited, founded under the auspices of Furness, Withy and Co., in March, 1920, secured options on shares and debentures in the above-mentioned Austrian, Hungarian and German companies. Later on, and in July, 1920, the Danube Navigation Company, also backed by Furness, Withy and Co., acquired the rights of the River Syndicate, and it now owns the whole of the share capital of the South German Company, nearly one-third of that of the Austrian Company, and almost half the shares, in addition to a preponderance of the debentures, in the Hungarian Company. Such holdings, together with the right possessed by the Danube Naviga-

tion Company to nominate directors on the local boards, and with the advantages now to pass into the hands of the Anglo-Roumanian Danube Navigation Company, which has just been formed by the same British group, give to one of our great mercantile shipping houses the practical control of the traffic throughout the navigable length of the Danube. That control, which is being employed not for the purpose of creating a monopoly, which would be contrary to the Barcelona statute upon waterways, but in order to encourage the economic employment of the existing fleets and facilities, is exercised by British representatives of the new Company, who are stationed at various centres and who are acting as advisers to, and not in the place of, the local officials. The result is that, whereas formerly there were sometimes two or three steamers within a few hours and then a considerable interval, things are now arranged in such a way that the boats of one company do not clash with, or compete against, those of another. This change means that, in place of the chaos which existed for two years after the conclusion of peace, and in addition to barges between practically every port on the river, there are now a regular service between Linz and Vienna and a daily service between the latter place and Budapest. This last-mentioned service, continued during the night, is extended to Belgrade three times a week. Later on, when the Anglo-Roumanian Company gets going, there will be a connection on three days a week, perhaps more often, between Belgrade, Braila, Galatz and Sulina.

I have endeavoured above to explain the significance of the Danube as an international highway. It, therefore, only remains to point out that, whether we approve or disapprove of the Covenant of the League of Nations, of the territorial redistribution of Europe, and of the internationalisation of various waterways, these are factors in the New World. Consequently, now that certain obligations have been undertaken in regard to the Danube, any attempt, by a single State, to monopolise that route or to employ her position as a lever against the riparians higher up would not only carry with it disadvantages to the several States most closely interested, but it would prolong the general unrest which has existed in these areas for many decades. Alternatively, there is no doubt that this great river, properly administered and developed, should constitute the basis for a practical understanding, the benefits of which it is impossible to exaggerate. The prolongation of racial animosities, national ambitions, and commercial boycotts is disastrous. The abrogation of such-like conditions would be advantageous to all concerned.

H. CHARLES WOODS.

THE COMPLETION OF THE SPEAKERSHIP.

IN an article entitled "The Growth of the Speakership" in the **FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW** for November last I endeavoured to sketch in faint outline the history and development of that great office from the position, at first, of a courtier acting in submission to the Crown, and then of an avowed supporter, not infrequently a member, of the Administration for the time being, to its establishment as a position of a non-political, impartial and absolutely judicial character, whose holder, from the moment of his assumption of the office, is wholly free from party influences and predilections. The sole desire of a present-day Speaker in presiding over the consultations of the House of Commons is to be impartially the protector and expounder of the rules of procedure and a real judge and moderator of debate whose impartiality is unquestionable in political warfare in the House of Commons. Towards the conclusion of the article I wrote: "The confidence deservedly reposed by the House of Commons in the occupant of the Chair is practically boundless. One change in practice would perhaps strengthen in theory, although it would not increase in reality, that confidence. At present, as in former times, the party in the majority, always nominates one of its own members in case of a vacancy in the Chair. It would be a counsel of perfection, but quite capable of realisation, that the gentleman best fitted for the office on the ground of merit exclusively, apart from political services or considerations, should be called to the Chair."

By the election, for the first time, of a gentleman to the Chair of the House of Commons who was not a member of the party in the majority, the establishment of the office of Speaker as a purely judicial position, which the re-election to the Chair of gentlemen when the party to which they had belonged and to which they owed their first election were no longer in power tended to strengthen, has been rendered impregnable.

On April 27th Mr. Lloyd George, as Prime Minister, in congratulating Mr. Whitley on his election to the Chair, thus truly recorded the opening of the era of the completion of the exclusively judicial character of the office of Speaker: "The House of Commons," said the Prime Minister, "has by a great and striking act, by which it has risen above all partisanship, elected you unanimously to the highest position in its gift." The House of Commons, in fact, elected to the Speakership the gentleman

regarded as the best man for the office, irrespective of party considerations, and not the best man out of a circle limited to the supporters of the party in power.

The election under these circumstances of Mr. Whitley indicates that the House of Commons as a whole, having regard to the greatly increased powers with which the occupant of the Chair has been invested under rules of procedure of recent origin, rendered essential for the discharge of business, has come to the following conclusion, at which it had not previously arrived, namely, that, on the occasion of a legitimate vacancy, in the Chair caused by death or resignation of the Speaker as distinguished from a vacancy caused by a dissolution of Parliament filled by the re-election of the Speaker of the last Parliament, the very best man on the merits should be chosen. The greatness of the development of moral sensibility in the House of Commons by its "rising above all partisanship" in the election of Mr. Whitley may be gauged by an incident in comparatively recent Parliamentary history. In 1895, on the resignation in the April of that year of the Speakership by Mr. (afterwards Viscount) Peel, Mr. Courtney's qualifications for the Chair on the merits, as distinguished from party and political considerations, were admittedly the highest. He was acknowledged to be the greatest master in his generation of Parliamentary procedure. He had filled some years previously the position of Chairman of Committees with *éclat* and majestic impartiality. He would have been the selection of the Government of the day if that selection had been unfettered (Lord Rosebery was then Prime Minister) for the appointment, notwithstanding the fact that he was a Liberal-Unionist. In deference, however, to the objection of a section of their supporters in the House of Commons, and the knowledge plainly conveyed to the Government that the Liberal-Unionist Party in the House of Commons, to which Mr. Courtney belonged, felt bound to support Sir Matthew White Ridley (an excellent candidate, though inferior to Mr. Courtney), the choice of their "allies," the Unionist Party—that was the expression used—the Government were constrained to withdraw their support from Mr. Courtney. They put forward Mr. Gully, who had made no enemies in the House of Commons, in whose proceedings, except to record a silent vote, he had seldom, if ever, actively participated. Mr. Gully, as the result of a division, was elected by a majority of eleven votes to preside over a House of Commons to the majority of whose members he was unknown even by appearance, his principal qualification for the position being that he was a gentleman without a Parliamentary past. Mr. Balfour, speaking in debate on the Speakership election on April 10th, 1895, thus referred to

Mr. Gully : "It is not too much to say that the hon. and learned member for Carlisle is absolutely unknown to us in his Parliamentary capacity. Warm friends, devoted friends, deserved friends, he doubtless has on both sides of the House. But he is wholly unknown to us in every capacity connected with the work of this House. He has never, so far as I am aware, opened his lips in our debates; he has never, so far as I know, served on a Private Bill Committee; he has never, so far as I know, attended on a Grand Committee." Sir William Harcourt, as Leader of the House of Commons, in reply to Mr. Balfour, thus told the story of Mr. Gully's selection and of the withdrawal by the Government of their support of Mr. Courtney, "the man of all others whom it was his object and the object of the Government to secure in the Chair." His description, without fear of contradiction, of the enforced selection of a Speaker on party grounds is the measure of the value of the "great and striking act" by which the House of Commons, in the election of Mr. Whitley, has "risen above all partisanship."

"The charge," said Sir William Harcourt—I quote from Hansard—"brought against us by the right hon. gentleman (Mr. Balfour) is that the Government have endeavoured tyrannically to impose upon this House a Speaker by the force of the majority. The right hon. gentleman must know that the charge is absolutely unfounded. (Cheers.) He knows perfectly well that the first object of Her Majesty's Government and of myself who hold myself responsible to the House of Commons not merely as a member of the Government, but in what I regard as a far more responsible position, that of leader of the House of Commons, that my first object was to secure, if possible, a unanimous election. (Cheers.) It was my first as it was my last object to do so, and who has defeated it? (Cheers and counter cheers.) Sir, it is perfectly well known who it was. You talk of men of Parliamentary experience. The right hon. gentleman knows that my object and the object of the Government was to secure in the Chair that man who of all others—(loud cheers which drowned the conclusion of the sentence)—who alone—(renewed cheers and counter cheers). Who was it prevented it? The friends of that gentleman who politically act with him—(cries of 'Labouchere' and interruption). Allow me to proceed. They officially declared that they were willing and anxious to support his election, but as their Tory allies—those were the words—were determined upon a particular candidate they must withdraw their support. If it had not been for that compact which is marked in such a singular way both inside this House and out of it—(hear, hear)—not very advantageously as it seems to me to either party, if it had not, I say, been for that compact there would have been, if not a unanimous election to the Chair, at least an overwhelming majority of far above 100 in favour of the right hon. gentleman to whom I have referred. It was the act of the right hon. gentleman who, in the name of a minority, and in that case a small minority, undertakes to dictate to this House and to its majority who shall be designated to be in that Chair. Therefore if unfortunately to-day we are, after the lapse of so many years, to have a contest for the speakership it is the fault of the right hon. gentleman opposite. (Angry cries of 'No.') I protest I have laboured from first to last to prevent this controversy.

(Interruption.) There is no man in this House who does not know I am stating what is the fact, (Renewed interruption and cries of 'Bannerman.') I hear the name of another gentleman mentioned—the name of my right hon. friend beside me. In answer to that I have to say in the first place that it would have been contrary to all Parliamentary precedent that any member of the Cabinet should have gone from this Bench to that Chair. That in itself was an objection to my mind of the strongest character to such a proceeding. But I want to know by what right does the minority of the House undertake to dictate who should be the person to fill the Speaker's Chair? They say 'You shall either take the man on your side we name or you shall take the man on our side we name.' (Cheers.) For that there is no precedent. There is for the position which the right hon. gentleman has thought fit to create no justification. I am extremely sorry. The right hon. gentleman knows I have done my best to prevent the intervention either of himself or myself in this debate. I have deprecated it from the first. First of all I desired that there should be no contest at all, and the next thing I desired was that if there was to be a contest there should be as little party spirit imparted into it as could be."

The length of this quotation must be pardoned, since it presents an object-lesson of the contrast between a not very remote past with the present in enabling us to realise the achievement of an election to the Speakership in which party and political considerations have ceased to prevail.

The incontestable establishment of the purely judicial character of the Speaker's position will probably be accompanied with incidents which, when rightly understood, will be accepted as the natural and probable consequences of the completion of the evolution of that great office. One of these consequences will be that election of a Speaker to the Chair for the first time will, under normal conditions, take place during the session of a Parliament and not at the opening of a new Parliament. Mr. Speaker Lowther, in taking leave of the House of Commons in April last, entered into an explanation of his retirement from the Chair during the course of a current Parliament. "It has," he said, "been the practice of the House, certainly during the last century, to re-elect at the commencement of a new Parliament the Speaker of the former Parliament, provided that he has shown aptitude for the high duties imposed on him. I believe it would be in the interests of the House, not of the present House only, but of the House of Commons generally, that my successor, whoever he may be, should have some experience of the duties and responsibilities of the Chair before he is called upon to undertake these high duties in the next Parliament. Certainly my last three—I think four—predecessors have been elected, not at the commencement of a new Parliament, but during the course of a current Parliament." Mr. Speaker Lowther understated the length of the time during which the salutary practice has obtained of the election of a Speaker in the course of a current

Parliament. Since 1780 till the present time there have been fourteen Speakers of the House of Commons, including the present occupant of the Chair. On three occasions only (and on two of these three occasions owing to the failure in 1780 and in 1834 of former Speakers to secure re-election) has a Speaker been elected for the first time at the commencement of a Parliament. The last time a Speaker was elected for the first time at a commencement of a Parliament was on the occasion of the election of Mr. John Evelyn Denison (Viscount Ossington) to the Chair in 1857 in succession to Mr. Charles Shaw-Lefevre (Viscount Eversley), who had been created a Peer during a dissolution after an occupancy of the Chair for eighteen years. The great advantage of the principle enunciated by Mr. Lowther as the result of a long Parliamentary experience that a Speaker should have some experience of the duties and responsibilities of the Chair before he is called upon to undertake them in a new Parliament was fully appreciated nearly a century ago, when Sir Charles Manners-Sutton (Viscount Canterbury), who had been Speaker since 1817, was, although an uncompromising opponent of Parliamentary reform, re-elected to the Speakership in 1832 of the first reformed House of Commons on the ground of his experience in the Chair, although the Speakership was then far from the final stages of its development into a non-partisan office.

The election to the Speakership during a current Parliament, which is so essential to the acquisition of experience in the Chair necessary to the moderator of debate in a new Parliament, will henceforth be free from all suspicions formerly attendant on a Speakership election during a current Parliament that the vacancy in the Chair was created artificially in the interests of the nominee of the Government of the day, who in times gone by was necessarily one of their own supporters. The recognition of the principle that a change in the *personnel* of the occupant of the Chair should under normal conditions take place in a current Parliament will, now that the selection of the occupant of the Chair is not limited to the supporters of the party in power, give to the House of Commons at large a greater power in making its wants and wishes felt, and thus guiding the Government of the day in the choice of the person whose selection would be in accord with the general sense of the members collectively than would be possible if the election of a Speaker for the first time were held at the commencement of a new Parliament in which that election is of necessity a condition precedent to the transaction of any business whatever, and before an opportunity could arise of ascertaining by the usual channels of communication between the Government and the House of Commons the views

of the members, a great number of whom would necessarily be inexperienced in Parliamentary life and unacquainted with the considerations which should prevail in the choice of a Speaker. It may be said without fear of contradiction that we owe the first great modern Speaker, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, whose conduct to the present day is looked upon as a model for the conduct most becoming in the occupant of the Chair, to the occurrence of a vacancy in the Chair during a current Parliament. In 1839, on the resignation during a current Parliament of Mr. Speaker Abercromby, Mr. Spring Rice (Lord Monteagle) was the candidate who would have been the selection of the Government for the Chair if the choice had been within their power. Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, in a letter to Mr. Spring Rice before the vacancy had actually occurred, said: "The opinion is that, if you continue to wish it, you shall be our candidate for the Chair." Ministers were pledged to Mr. Spring Rice, and naturally deprecated a division in the ranks of their party, but after some days it grew evident that a considerable section of the Radicals, led by Mr. Hume and Mr. O'Connell, would not support Mr. Spring Rice, and he consequently abandoned his ambition to be Speaker. The Government, on sounding the feelings of the House of Commons, ascertained that Mr. Shaw-Lefevre was the choice of their own supporters, and accepted the selection in his case of the unofficial members, of whose views it would have been impossible for them to gain accurate information if the vacancy in the Chair had occurred at the commencement of a new Parliament. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's election to the Chair, which was due to the action of non-official members of the House of Commons in bringing influence to bear upon the Government, established the doctrine of the Speaker's absolute impartiality, which has been completed and permanently settled by the election of Mr. Whitley. That election, moreover, constituted an object-lesson of the further principle enunciated and confirmed, albeit unconsciously, by the speech, at Mr. Whitley's election, of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, as Leader of the House, that, while to the success of candidature to the Chair of the House of Commons the support of the Government of the day is essential, no Government would venture to force on a House of Commons a Speaker, to whom an influential section of its own followers are opposed, or a Speaker whose selection is manifestly repugnant to the general sense of the House of Commons as a whole.

There is yet another aspect of the completion of the office of Speaker which is, I think, not unworthy of note. Mr. Lowther, in his speech from the Chair in taking leave of the House of Commons, in a remark which savoured of the humorous, bore

tribute to the judicial character of the great office from which he was retiring. "The House," he said, "will excuse me if I show any shortcomings in addressing it. I have not for a quarter of a century had the opportunity of making a speech in this House." It was, indeed, at a comparatively early period that it became a recognised principle that the Speaker was not entitled to speak in the House of Commons upon bills and motions which came before it, and that, except in cases of equality, he was not to vote. This principle was laid down in emphatic terms in 1601 during the last Parliament of Queen Elizabeth. But while in the Chair the Speaker is thus restrained, in a Committee of the whole House he is entitled to speak and vote like any other member. Of late years, however, he has generally abstained from the exercise of this right. This punctilious impartiality was not observed by Speakers in former days. The last occasion, however, in which a Speaker addressed the House of Commons in Committee was on June 9th, 1870, when Mr. Speaker Denison once, during his fifteen years' term of the Chair, both spoke and voted in Committee on the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill, and helped to defeat a proposal which he regarded as foolish and unjust. Mr. Speaker Gully, in a speech at the Mansion House in April, 1902, called attention to the fact that the Speaker may be said to have disappeared from Committee and is never seen in a division lobby. There is, however, one occasion in which a Speaker of the House of Commons is not only entitled but constrained, in accordance with usage, to make a speech in his official capacity. If the Sovereign attends in person to prorogue Parliament at the end of the Session, the attendance of the House of Commons in the House of Peers is "commanded," and on their arrival at the Bar the Speaker addresses His Majesty in presenting the Supply Bills and adverts to the most important measures that have received the sanction of Parliament during the Session. The speeches of the Speaker on the presentation to the Sovereign of money Bills have produced, at times, before the complete establishment of the Speakership as an office of a non-political character, unpleasantness calculated to lower the dignity of the Chair and to strain the relations of its occupant with the House of Commons. In 1813 Mr. Speaker Abbot (Lord Colchester), when delivering a money Bill at the Bar of the House of Lords, made a political speech in opposition to Roman Catholic claims. This led to the proposal of a vote of censure on the Speaker in the House of Commons in which all the prominent members of the House took part. The motion was rejected for tactical reasons, but the debate showed a practically unanimous disapproval of the conduct of the Speaker, who did not seek re-

election to the Chair, and by this outburst powerfully contributed to the creation of a public opinion in favour of the independence of the office of Speaker from all party or political influence. The last occasion on which Parliament was prorogued by the Sovereign in person, and accordingly the last occasion on which a Speaker has made a speech at the Bar of the House of Lords, was on August 12th, 1854, and it may be safely asserted that no Speaker of the House of Commons will ever again be subject to the trying ordeal of giving a review of the Session to the Sovereign in which it would be so difficult to avoid all appearance of political bias.

While the judicial character of the Speakership may be regarded as irrefragably established, it would be, in my opinion, an error to regard that position as analogous to that of a Judge in a court of law. I venture on a paradox in saying that the fairness and impartiality of a Judge in a court of law are essentially different from the fairness and impartiality of the Speaker in the House of Commons. The Judge is the president of a court of justice and bound to act and to decide strictly in accordance with the law and to conform without deviation to rules of court, which in the particular case may be prejudicial to the cause of justice. The Speaker, on the contrary, is the President of an assembly of the elected representatives of the people belonging to the different parties in the State. While bound to be fair to the minority and to secure to them, as far as in him lies, an ample opportunity of presenting their case and the reasons on which it is founded to the public, he must also remember that he is bound, as the mouthpiece of the House as a whole and in the interests of the business of the State with which it is the function of the House to deal, to lean to the majority. In putting a question from the Chair, for instance, the Speaker takes the sense of the House by desiring that "As many as are of that opinion say 'Aye,'" and "As many as are of the contrary opinion say 'No.'" When each party have exclaimed according to their opinion the Speaker, in judging which party have the majority, as his judgment is not final, expresses his opinion thus: "I think the 'Ayes' have it," or "I think the 'Noes' have it." In this decision the party declared to be in the minority, who can, of course, dispute the fact and insist on a division, are the party opposed to the Government. The exigencies of public business may perhaps prevail with a Speaker to put a motion that the question be now put, and thus terminate a discussion in the House of Commons in circumstances in which such a discussion would not be terminated by a personage who is bound to administer justice in the abstract regardless of consequences. A Judge, moreover, would be much surprised if his rulings were received with cheers

or with semi-suppressed cries of dissent—a not infrequent experience with a Speaker. A Judge would think he must be dreaming if he were consulted beforehand in private in reference to his opinion on a law point which he will be called on to decide as the Speaker is consulted every day in private as to his view on a point of order and as to the best way of raising it in the House of Commons. Above all, a Judge sitting alone would find the responsibility of his position all but intolerable if he had not the assurance that his judgment was subject to the revision of a Court of Appeal, whereas a Speaker, in his interpretation of the Standing Orders, which he construes strictly, though perhaps not so strictly as a Judge would construe the rules of court, and in his general rulings, in which he conforms to former rulings as precedents for his guidance, though not so strictly as a Judge, is virtually supreme. There is practically no appeal from the rulings of a Speaker of the House of Commons, and no method in the practice as distinct from the theory of the procedure of that House of questioning the conduct or the decisions of a Speaker. From a purely technical standpoint, it is true that the House of Commons is itself the sole and absolute master of its own business, and that the Speaker is its representative and leader, its authoritative counsellor in all matters of form and procedure and in the preservation of order. So long, however, as the rules, whose abrogation and modification are within the control of the House itself, remain unchanged, whether they depend on some express order of the House or on customary practice, their maintenance is confided to the Speaker alone. It is his duty to see that they are obeyed and to explain and to apply them. In principle the supreme authority of the House is maintained. It is provided by an express order made so long ago as 1604, that, when precedents are not conclusive, the Speaker is to lay the matter before the House for decision, but it is entirely in the Speaker's discretion to judge whether and when to call for such a decision of the House. If he deems it unnecessary to do so, his ruling is final. It has rarely happened that a Speaker, instead of giving the ruling of the Chair on his own responsibility, has requested the decision of the House on a special case. When a Speaker has given his decision there can be no refusal to accept his verdict nor any discussion of his ruling by the House. The ruling of the Speaker is subject to no appeal. A set debate on a point of order can only be brought on in one way and under definite conditions. The rule prescribes that due notice of motion must be given that on some future day a vote of censure on the Speaker will be moved. It is true that the House of Commons is the Supreme Court of Appeal to which the Speaker is subordinate,

but the authority of the Chair is equally firmly established as against the individual member. Until the judgment of the House is appealed to in the prescribed form, the authority of the Speaker must over-ride that of the individual member and be final. Mr. Balfour, in my judgment, accurately enunciated this position when speaking as Prime Minister in the House of Commons on May 7th, 1902 :—

"The Speaker," he said, "for the time being, whoever he may be, is constantly obliged to make a decision upon the spur of the moment as to the precise character of expressions that fall in the heat of debate from one member or another. There must be and there is a large margin on which the right decision of the moment depends upon the character of what has preceded the remark. It does not depend upon the mere sentence, the mere phrase taken in its isolation, but it depends upon the judgment of the Chair as to the effect which the expression may have on the general course of debate. And I should say on the general question that it is the grossest abuse of the privileges of the House that the House should have to assemble to defend the Speaker against a charge of having given a decision at such a moment and on such a class of question which happens to be distasteful to a certain section of the House. It is manifest that if this is to be a precedent for our ordinary practice if every member of the House who can get a seconder is to ballot for a day in order to discuss whether the Speaker was right or wrong upon some question, which in the very nature of the case is doubtful, you not only do your best to bring the authority of the chair into discredit, but you are lowering the whole character of this assembly. For my own part I should make this observation that I would vote as I am going to vote even if I were of opinion that the judgment of the Speaker on such an occasion and in such a case was one which after a week's quiet reflection I should not have adopted myself."

While the office of Speaker has, in my judgment, attained its complete development as a strictly judicial institution, I am constrained to say that there is yet another drawback to the realisation of the ideal that the occupant of the Chair of the House of Commons, even when that Chair is not filled by the Speaker, should be, as much as the Speaker himself, wholly aloof from participation in political warfare. A House of Commons without a Speaker is incapable of the discharge of any business or the exercise of any power save that of the election of a member to the Chair. For four hundred years the only officer entrusted by the House of Commons with the conduct of its business was its elected Chairman, the Speaker. This is no longer the case, but the suspension of all business and the inability to deliberate till a Speaker has been duly elected, on the occasion of a vacancy in the Chair, prove that at the present moment the Speaker is the only regular Chairman over the deliberations of the House of Commons and its sole representative to the outer world. So long as there is no Speaker, no one can discharge the functions of the Chair which can now be discharged in certain circumstances in

the absence of a Speaker, but in no case whatever when the great office of Speaker is vacant. Till 1855 there was no provision for a Deputy-Speaker. In 1853, on the report of a Select Committee, a Standing Order was agreed to which enables the Chairman of Ways and Means as Deputy-Speaker to take the Chair during the unavoidable absence of the Speaker and to perform his duties. The Speaker's Deputy, it will be observed, is not chosen as such. Another member, elected for the performance of different duties, is *ex-officio* Deputy. The provisions of the Standing Order received statutory authority by the Act 18 and 19 Vict. c. 84. In 1902 the Standing Order was amended by the provision for the appointment of a Deputy-Chairman of Ways and Means, who, whenever the House is informed by the Clerk at the Table of the unavoidable absence of the Chairman of Ways and Means, is entitled to exercise all his powers, including those of Deputy-Speaker. In both cases the substitute has the full power of the Speaker. He is, in the case of the Speaker's unavoidable absence, "to perform the duties and exercise the authority of Speaker in relation to all proceedings of the House." All acts done by the Deputy-Speaker, whether under general or special rules of the House, have the same effect as if they had been done by the Speaker himself, with the sole exception that he cannot appoint any person to an office for a longer period than that during which his own office lasts. In days gone by the character of the appointment of a Speaker differed from that of the appointment of a Chairman of Ways and Means, the Speaker being in times gone by virtually a nominee of the Crown, while the Chairman of Ways and Means is, and always has been, elected by the House of Commons on the motion of the Leader of the House. "We must remember," writes Sir William Anson, "that until the eighteenth century was fairly well advanced the Speaker was a nominee and a Minister of the Crown, and that the use of Committees of the whole House in the seventeenth century is not unconnected with the claim to transact business under the Chairmanship of an independent member." It may be said at the present time, without fear of contradiction, that the Speakership and the Deputy-Speakership are alike Government appointments, but only so far as they are House of Commons appointments, and that the criticism of the Chairmanship of Committees or the Deputy-Chairmanship as Government appointments, having regard to the origin of their appointment, is a strong but unconscious testimony to the fact that the relations in the evolution of the Constitution between the Government and the House of Commons are those not of antagonism, but of close and intimate accord and union. The Deputy-Speakers, however, who are in-

vested with the full powers of the Speaker when acting as his Deputies, hold their respective offices of Chairman and Deputy-Chairman of Ways and Means for one Parliament only, and their re-election to these positions by a new Parliament is not, as in the case of a Speaker, a practice which obtains. Nay more, Chairmen of Ways and Means and the Deputy-Chairmen, so far from becoming on their appointment to their offices severed for ever from party associations, on the resignation of these posts renew their party relations, which are only suspended during their term of office, while office as a Minister of the Crown might be accepted by a Chairman or Deputy-Chairman without any violation of the law and custom of Parliament. Thus the present Speaker was offered, but declined, when Chairman of Committees, the position of Chief Whip of the Liberal Party; Mr. Courtney and Sir Lyon Playfair, as former Chairmen of Committees and Deputy-Speakers, took a most prominent part subsequently in vehement political controversy; Sir Lyon Playfair and Mr. Dobson, as former Chairmen of Committees and Deputy-Speakers, became Cabinet Ministers. At the present time Sir Donald Maclean, a former Deputy-Chairman of Committees and Deputy-Speaker, is the official Leader in the House of Commons of the Independent Liberal Party, and has, in the strife of party warfare, been called to order and rebuked by the occupant of the Chair which he has himself, as Deputy-Speaker, filled in full possession for the time being of all the powers of Speaker. Having regard to the enormous—it would be no exaggeration to say the despotic—powers vested in the occupant of the Chair of the House of Commons, and the honour and dignity of that position, the office of Deputy-Speaker should be, like the office of Speaker itself, held by persons who have entirely severed all associations with party politics and have no intention under any circumstances of a revival of those associations. The admirable reasons given by Professor Redlich against the intervention of the Speaker in debate apply no less strongly to Deputy-Speakers. "Such intervention clashes with the exalted conception of the Speaker's (or the Deputy-Speaker's) impartiality; it makes it possible that he (the Speaker) might be called to order by the Chairman of the Committee, or that he (the Deputy-Speaker or ex-Deputy-Speaker) might be called to order by the Speaker or the Chairman of Committee, and this is incongruous with the Speaker's authority (or the authority of the Deputy-Speaker) over every member of the House."

J. G. SWIFT MACNEILL

ON TAKING OUR PLEASURES SADLY.

POSSIBLY it was a justifiable gibe, in the old days, whoever may have been the first to make it. One of our Gallic neighbours, I imagine, must have set so happy a phrase in circulation, in times before the *entente* began to be spoken of in the Press, much less cemented on the battlefield. Strange—but we had once upon a time a reputation not only as perfidious insularies, of a haughtily gloomy cast of mind, victims of northern fog and that curious ailment the spleen, but also as a race who pursued *le sport* with a seriousness denied to the more mercurial nations of the South. Our games, our cricket and football, and that so mysterious science of boxing, were to us a sort of religious rite. We excelled in them, to be sure; but that was hardly surprising. The more sensible peoples of the earth refused to waste their time with such toys. Kicking about an inflated bladder encased in a leather ball might be an amusing relaxation, but it did not seem to them at that time really important. The opinion of Europe was that we could keep our supremacy at games if we thought it worth while: they in the meantime would pursue the real business of life.

I suppose this may have been the general attitude of the world towards sport less than a quarter of a century ago. We were still the acknowledged leaders of the world, though our American cousins were beginning to show that we would have to look to our laurels in athletics, and the Australian teams had shown us that even in cricket we were not going to have things all our own way in the future. There were signs, too, that Europe was beginning to see that there might be something in this idea of physical education. But in the 'eighties or early 'nineties it would have startled us to think of a French cruiser-weight boxer knocking out the best of our heavy-weights in a few seconds, or of a French fifteen beating the pick of Scotland at Rugby football on their own ground at Inverleith. Yet these things have happened, and will probably happen again: we have seen championships of all sorts take wing and fly from the shores of Britain to other lands. Olympic games take place, and we are not to be found in what we would have once considered our rightful, indeed our only possible, place. Test matches are played, and the rubber is lost before we begin the fourth game. It is not surprising that certain of our papers raise from time to time a lamentable wail over the decadence of British sport. The sporting journalist, who has a strange fondness for Biblical metaphor, perceives the

writing on the wall. We have been weighed in the balance and found wanting: the kingdom of sport is passing to the Finns, the Scandinavians, the French, or our cousins across the Atlantic. And the proposed cure for our fancied decay is that we should follow the example of our rivals, and organise. Has not France already established a new Ministry of Sport—so successful has been the propaganda of our football-playing soldiery, behind the front lines? Why should we ourselves not add to our numerous Governmental Departments another similar Ministry, and prepare in advance to win back our hegemony of the world, at the next Olympic games?

I do not think that anything of the kind is necessary, or indeed advisable. It will be not unamusing if in a few years we can turn round on those who sneered at us in the past, and exclaim: "But how seriously you others take your pastimes!" We may console ourselves with the reflection that we have performed with success our part in the evolution of the world. It was we who taught the rest of the nations to take an intelligent interest in games, and now—as so often happens—the disciple becomes more enthusiastic than the master. We preached the cult of athletics, and now France and Belgium, Germany and Scandinavia, are proselytising with all the zeal of the new convert. The times are propitious, for most of the nations of Europe are sadly depleted of their vigorous manhood. What could be better than a course of athletic sport to reinvigorate and build up our new nations? And to them it is all so delightfully fresh. We, to tell the truth, were getting just a trifle tired of Waterloo and the playing-fields of Eton, but no doubt a similar apophthegm, suited to the altered circumstances, will arouse enthusiasm among the youthful sportsmen of France and Belgium. Let them have their turn. At present their view of sport in general is perhaps a trifle out of focus. I was hoping that of late we were beginning to adjust our glasses better than our neighbours. But now and again the papers give me an unpleasant shock.

For it is undoubtedly the daily paper that has worked up popular excitement on such matters to so absurd a pitch. Unhappily our daily Press lives on the gentle art of working up excitement: no sooner does it observe a healthy interest among the general public in any subject than it sets to work to exaggerate and caricature that interest until it becomes ridiculous. The amount of nonsense that appears in print before any big international event—a polo match with America, a series of test matches at cricket against Australia or South Africa, the Olympic games (mercifully these only take place once in four years), or an American invasion before the Amateur Golf Championship—

clouds the whole horizon of the sporting world. The general refrain is that our men cannot be expected to win, because we no longer take these things seriously enough. We do not organise. Our men do not train sufficiently : they take these contests almost as if they were mere friendly matches. The Americans show us how these matters should be taken in hand. When Mr. "Chick" Evans, Mr. Ouimet, and Mr. "Bobby" Jones came over for our last Amateur Championship we were assured that they had to undergo a severe course of preparation before the great event. They would as soon have thought of sending over an untrained crew to Henley as a scratch team for the blue riband of the amateur golfing world.

I do not altogether withhold my admiration from this straightforward thoroughness, but I confess that sometimes it amuses me. One who has played golf, of a sort, for some five and thirty years cannot but smile at the thought of men going through a course of serious preparation for the royal and ancient game. Yet our papers will have it that our little band, who went over to the United States last year to have a shot at their championship, behaved most reprehensibly in starting off in that casual fashion, much as though they were on a pleasure party. Can we be surprised that only one of the band survived the qualifying round? And as to our football team, who went over to Antwerp to compete with the elect of other countries, old and new, in the Olympic games, I fear very much that they were less excusable in failing to realise the gravity of the occasion. To tell the truth, we did not make the show that might have been expected from a country that may be called the Mother of Association Football. We were beaten in the opening round by the Norwegians, who in their turn fell before the Italians : the Italians, I believe (but it is some time ago now), were knocked out by Spain, and Spain by Czecho-Slovakia, who were beaten in the final by Belgium. So that we were about as low as we could be in the scale. We were just an ordinary amateur team, and it is to be feared that we had not practised together very much before making the journey. A good many writers did not hesitate to say that this was scandalous : that we ought not to have sent out such a team : that if we could do no better than that we ought to have kept our men at home : and that next time we must make a tremendous effort, and raise a sum of money sufficient to enable all our selected competitors to devote themselves to the coming contest for at least three months before the event. Some, despairing of our laurels, maintain that we should withdraw from these international sports altogether.

To my mind it depends entirely upon our conception of the

object of these rather grandiose athletic meetings. I confess that before I went to Antwerp last year I had not been particularly enamoured of Olympic games. The deliberate revival of the archaic is seldom a success. I objected to the advertising of this affair at Antwerp as the Fourth Olympiade, when an Olympiad (as every schoolboy used to know) was the period of four years that elapsed between the games. I thought (and still think) that a great many events were included in the meeting that had no right there whatsoever, either from antiquarian interest or intrinsic merit. What were we doing, for example, with hockey on the ice, or lawn tennis, or walking races, or football? What was more important, I did not believe altogether in the good effect of these meetings upon the general comity of nations. It seemed to me that they tended rather to arouse bitterness and ill-feeling than to promote real friendliness. But after watching the games conscientiously for a fortnight or more I came to the conclusion that I was wrong, and that the good done outweighed the evil. It is true that the Czecho-Slovak team left the ground before half-time, in the final of the football match against Belgium, because one of their full-backs had very properly been ordered off the field for charging a forward unfairly and dangerously. I quite agree that this did not promote good relations between the victors and the vanquished—and, in fact, it is probably the case now, as it was when I left Antwerp, that the children of the poorer quarters reserve "*espèce de Tschecho-Slovaque*" as their worst form of abuse for unsporting adversaries at games. I also recollect perfectly well the scene at the Stade Nautique when the assembled audience hissed and groaned at the playing of our National Anthem after we had won the water polo (what, by the way, is water polo doing in the Olympic games?). But I think these unfortunate incidents, which the Press naturally seized upon and exaggerated as much as possible, are not really of lasting importance. They showed merely, to my mind, that certain of the younger nations—*younger*, that is, in their sporting career—had not quite learned the valuable lesson that only the best sportsmen pick up as by instinct early in their lives—how to accept defeat as generously as victory. I do not think these incidents weighed much against the general good feeling that was promoted by the meeting of the various competitors on the track and at the occasional entertainments organised by the officers responsible for the teams. The subsequent athletic contest between the British Empire and the United States at Queen's Club was the direct fruit of the Antwerp games and was, I think, really useful. Without going so far as one enthusiastic writer who conjured up a vision of future international difficulties between England and

America being amicably settled by two foreign secretaries, who happened also to have met on the track at the Olympic games, I am quite prepared to admit that the bond between good sportsmen may be of very great value. In fact, I am inclined to rate the importance of games and athletic sports more highly than most of my friends think quite reasonable. But I do not believe in organising, and specialising, and spending a lot of money in order to produce a super-golfer, or even a team of cricket champions.

Yet the Press, and not only the hysterical organs, spoke of the defeat of our team in Australia as though it were a national misfortune. I take the following excerpt from the *Field*—a paper for which everyone interested in sport must have a very considerable respect. Generally speaking, I should hesitate before appearing to accuse it of hysteria. Yet on January 29th, 1921, I read as follows among its Cricket Notes :—

"It would be hardly too much to say that the news of the defeat of England in the third Test match created as much consternation as used to be caused by a disastrous retreat during the war."

This may, in a few scattered instances, have been the case. I dare say some ardent cricketers may conceivably have felt the downfall of Douglas's men more acutely than they felt the retreat from Mons or the slaughter of Paschendaele or the breakthrough of the Germans in the early part of 1918. But, generally speaking, I maintain that this passage gives an entirely false view of the attitude of British sportsmen, and I hold that for a responsible paper to write in this way about the result of a cricket match shows a certain lack of that wisdom which consists in an accurate sense of proportion. In games, as in life itself—for what are games, after all, but an imitation of the struggle of life on a smaller stage?—the important thing is not success, but the manner in which we conduct the fight and accept the result, whatever it may be.

The benefits that a nation may expect to derive from its games rank, I suppose, more or less in this order. First, a general improvement in the physical condition of the inhabitants; second, the educational value on the character; third, the provision of a relaxation for the hard worker. Though I have placed the effect on the character second, I confess that I regard it as at least of equal importance with the first. It is unnecessary to labour the point, but unselfishness and generosity enter into our cricket and football quite as much as pluck and endurance and manual (or pedal) dexterity. No golfer (and I suppose the same is the case with players at most single-handed games) can afford not to have his temper under good control. No cricketer, if he values his

reputation, can afford to be jealous of his average. To my mind we have gained a great deal from the playing of games if we have but learned to take defeat without complaint or dispute. The cynic may possibly say that we have had almost too much occasion for the display of this solitary virtue. But the cynic leaves me unmoved.

It seems to me that we are nearly alone now among the nations in recognising that a certain careless adventure is proper to the region of sport. In spite of the daily Press, we still possess some few light-hearted cricketers, a sprinkling of golfers whose one aim is not to convert themselves into mere machines. But our blood relations in the Colonies and across the Atlantic pursue the phantom of success with a steady and undeviating persistence that the sporting Press appears to find extremely praiseworthy. They mean to win : that is to them the only thing that matters ; and to achieve that end they cheerfully deprive the game of every particle of amusement. The deadly seriousness of the thing affects not only the players, but the spectators as well. When a test match is played relentlessly to a finish, though it last for a full week, there is every temptation for a player like Mr. Kelleway to remain stolidly at the wickets for seven hours scoring at the rate of twenty-one runs an hour. I am not, indeed, one of those ardent advocates of "brighter cricket" who blossom annually in the papers with fresh suggestions for speeding up the rate of run-getting. I am quite ready to recognise the undoubted fact that Mr. Kelleway played the right game for his side, and that probably it was at the cost of the severest self-restraint that he contrived to keep down his rate of scoring so successfully. All credit to the individual, but the system should certainly be altered. Three days, even on an absolutely first-class wicket, gives time enough for any match ; and there is clearly more scope for the exercise of sportsmanship and good judgment over such points as declaring the innings and electing to go for a win rather than a barren draw. I trust we shall hold fast to the three-days' limit in this country.

It is a curious fact that, though we have started so many games that have since become popular, we do not display the ingenuity or persistence of the other English-speaking races in developing and bringing them to perfection. Our American friends are particularly restless in their search for possible improvements. They are always for some short cut to success, and the old, well-trodden paths never satisfy them. Was it not a citizen of the United States who revolutionised the golfing world with the Haskell ball? Would that it had never been invented ! Are they not always producing clubs of novel design that are warranted to impart

more back spin to an approach shot than could the unaided skill of a Taylor? The crusted old conservative, seated in the club smoking-room, has been heard to say that we never invent a game but America goes and ruins it. It has been the same with everything, he alleges. They spoiled whist with their American leads; then they started in to do the same with bridge by introducing a lot of new inventions. In his youth a card-player didn't have to learn a lot of arbitrary code-signals out of books. And look at lawn tennis, and polo, and golf—to say nothing of yachting! They must needs go and invent new methods of play, or new rules, or something to confound the poor, plain, British sportsman. Look at boxing, and what has become of it since the great Republic took a hand in the game! And he subsides into his armchair muttering "kidney punch," or "all this clinching humbug," or some obscure phrase of similar import.

Yes! America, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa—they have all taught us something about our own games, and after due grumbling we have generally assimilated most of it and, no doubt, profited by it in the end. But there are some ideas that I trust we shall not assimilate. In their zeal for making champions our rivals and their admirers here are always urging the need for specialisation. If a young man shows any aptitude for some particular pursuit, they maintain that he should be persuaded to devote himself to that with a single mind. Your all-round athlete might have been all very well half a century ago, but we live in different circumstances now. If we wish to hold our own with the other nations we must concentrate. This is all just another instance of defective sense of proportion. The good all-round man is precisely the class of athlete that any sensible country would seek to encourage. In everything that really matters—physical and moral education and the prospect of deriving enjoyment from his relaxations—he has obvious advantages over the specialist. It is the latter who makes and breaks the records, perhaps; but no sensible person should worry himself unduly about that sort of paper sportsmanship. England has always been pre-eminently the home of the all-round man. We have had our Lytteltons, our Stoddarts, our Frys; we have to-day players like Hendren, Ducat, and Max Woosnam. I hope we shall continue to keep up the breed. It may be my insular prejudice, but I cannot recall many examples of similar catholic development among the athletes of other countries. The man who can keep his end up at half a dozen different sports is not generally one of those who can justly be accused of taking his pleasures sadly.

E. H. LACON WATSON.

REPERTORY WITH THE B.R.A.D.C. AT COLOGNE.

As I went on board the Ostende packet at Dover, bound for the Headquarters of the British Army on the Rhine in accordance with a long-standing engagement to play Lady Cicely Waynflete in Bernard Shaw's delicious comedy, *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, my heart danced with the waves that sparkled in the sunshine.

I had got away from London!

Who would ever have persuaded a cockney like myself that a day would come when I should leave London with alacrity and return to it with loathing? Alackaday! it is no longer *my* London.

My London was the leisurely, light-hearted city of 1903 until that fateful August of 1914 turned it into a city of torment and suspense. *My* London, indeed, was not a city, but an overgrown village of which Piccadilly edged the village green, where every face was familiar, where the policeman eyed you with a paternal glance of recognition, where a "cabby" sang out to you that he had just driven "the Captain" or "the Missus" to the Club. In *my* London personality counted more than purse, and originality could hold its own in a society that was not too unoriginal to appreciate it in others. In *my* London servants had not yet been persuaded by philanthropic marchionesses that they ought to consider themselves "slaves," and did not give notice because they had to answer the door to your callers instead of theirs. And cooks were pleased when you had "company," because they could try the new recipe they had read in the evening paper for luncheon or dinner, and there was a kindly loyalty for the honour of the house to make everything go off well.

How vividly I remember an impertinent experiment I made one day when I declared I would give a dinner-party of ten men and invite no women; and ten men, the most successful in their various professions, were bidden to my tiny little house in what was then called South Belgravia, but has since converted itself, by a stretch of the Street Directory, into Westminster. And what a gallery of well-known faces sat round my table to eat a dinner cooked by a "general" at £28 a year! There was a Cabinet Minister, an Under-Secretary of State, a Colonial Governor, a banker, a poet-war correspondent, a foreign diplomat, a portrait-painter, a barrister, a volunteer; what a constellation, of which, alas! two of the brightest stars set in the war never again to help us with their radiance, but died for the love of their country.

Then all London laughed at my temerity. To-day the *Daily Herald* would make a premium of mischief out of it.

And what fun it was when Maurice Baring brought me a play that he had written under "Russian influence" before anyone here had heard of Tchekoff or the Moscow Art Theatre, and we put it on at a *matinée*, and there was so much curiosity about it that we had to give a second performance, and King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and most of the members of the Government and the Opposition came, and I am quite sure everybody was mystified by the new method of it; the Press certainly was, though the audience and the cast commanded a respectful notice of it, and I was encouraged to try and found a Little Theatre for the chosen few who cared—a theatre of intelligent plays for intelligent people. And now the war has destroyed the last remnant of that small band of enthusiasts, and a German bomb has wiped out my "horizon" built of plaster on to which we threw such lovely effects of lighting, and someone else has founded a school of pathological drama there at which spectators revel in the horrors to which the war and the newspapers have got them accustomed.

And then what fun the "salon" was at Stafford House when you received a little personal note from the hostess asking you "to look in if you were passing," and you were very pleased because you thought yourself the very cream of intellectualism, and when you arrived you found yourself in the company of hundreds who had thought the same.

And you did not much care whether your clothes were of the "little-gown-run-up-by-my-maid" order or made in the Rue de la Paix, because the great matter was that you should look like yourself and not like a Poirer *mannequin*.

And how late you were for every appointment all day because you could always jump into a cab, and at the end of the evening it had cost you no more than it costs you to-day to drive to the end of the street.

And how carefully you left home at the hour for which you were invited, just about the time the dinner should have been on the table, because if you had arrived punctually it would have been the height of bad manners and your hostess would have detested you for hurrying her over her change of dress.

This was London before we rushed about saying there must never be another war, really persuading ourselves that Nature can change as much as all that. This was London before we swore we would never make peace with a Hohenzollern and then too late discovered that there was no one responsible enough to

"foot the bill." This was London before we declared that never again would we permit Germany to dump her cheap goods, pretending that the stuff we flock to buy in the household stores is imported from America and not from Hamburg. A London that knew nothing of those perpetual crowds of foot passengers coming Heaven knows whence and going Heaven knows where, who tear the clothes off your back struggling to get to some place quicker than you, a London in which cabmen plied for hire of which they had not apparently become so independent that they could afford to select from those who hailed them.

While I am rejoicing that I have shaken the dust of London off my feet, we have passed the port of Calais, that was so presumptuously and prematurely described on the German postcards of 1915 as "Deutsch Gibraltar," printed with a history of that town down to its final surrender to the Germans destined never to take place. We have passed Dunkirk, in which our hospitals and the brave wounded and the fair women who nursed them had so often been shelled, silent and snug enough in the sunlit haze to-day. We skirt the coast with all its recent memories until we make the seaport of Ostende, where the presence of a friendly R.T.O. reminds us that our troops are still hurrying across Europe in the endeavour to keep the peace of the world. And what splendid peace-makers they are we only realise when we see our flag "break" on the King's Birthday outside the Dom of Cologne, and a quiet nation looks on silently and goes its way, acknowledging that they are spared much that they would have inflicted on others—but this should come on a later page. For the moment we are running into the German frontier station.

A burly Custom House official screams at me to unlock my trunks. "Ils n'ont rien appris, ces Boshes," murmurs a dapper Belgian officer to me, who, after perusing my much-*visé* passport, considers that my luggage should have remained unmolested.

I notice that the coffee at the station buffet is not up to pre-war standard; very disappointing for one who is, like myself, no tea-lover.

Arrived at Cologne I become part of the British Army and go "into billets," and a helpful sergeant-major takes a fatherly interest in my comfort, getting my room changed and furniture moved round in less time than it takes to write it. Certainly at Cologne one is waited on with alacrity, and when I think of the discontented service at home I begin to wonder whether defeat is not more wholesome for the soul of a nation than—but this

does not bear thinking about, I must not pursue it. At any rate, at Cologne the inhabitants like to speak English to you and desire to be obliging.

At the Deutsches Theatre, which has been taken over by the British Army Amusements Department, to which I repair the following morning in the hope of meeting my colleagues and finding them word-perfect in their parts, I learn that most of them are on duty and that they cannot rehearse before the afternoon as the business of King and country is the first charge on their time, and to my consternation I discover that there is another "first night" before the one that *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* and I are scheduled for. Bernard Shaw's *Man of Destiny* figures in a triple bill for the next week, and the actors are still in the throes of studying that. Moreover, though Monday is the usual evening of new productions, on this occasion there will be no performance that night as there is to be a complimentary dinner given in Mr. Esme Percy's honour in richly earned recognition of the work he has done during his association with the Deutsches Theatre, where he has the proud record of having brought out some sixty-three plays since May, 1919.

At the end of this brief account of my own personal experience of this repertory work will be found a list of plays produced during these two years for the perusal of those who are interested in similar enterprises, and I have italicised some that more particularly attracted large audiences, although in the early days, when there was a large Army of Occupation in Cologne, houses were packed from floor to ceiling with soldiers and never a civilian to be seen. When Brioux's *Damaged Goods* was played the Military Police were on duty in force to prevent soldiers from rushing the theatre in their eagerness to find room. This was the play that was refused a licence by the Lord Chamberlain to me as manager of the Little Theatre before 1914, and was at that date only to be seen at *matinées* by the subterfuge of selling tickets beforehand under the guise of a subscription society: the same play that was after the outbreak of war acted by request of the authorities.

With the exception of the well-known actor Mr. Esme Percy, who is here leading man and stage director, the men's parts are in Cologne filled by voluntary, non-professional assistance; the women's parts are mainly interpreted by professional ladies.

These are, indeed, mostly members of what was originally the "Women's Theatre Company" organised by Miss Inez Bensusan to give camp entertainments, and were the first in the field on the Rhine to perform one-act plays interspersed with musical interludes until they joined up with the B.R.A.D.C. under Mr.

Esme Percy. The names of these energetic women should not be omitted from this record of their service to the State: in addition to Miss Bensusan, who was the head, there were Miss Shirley King and Miss Gabrielle Paul, actresses, who were there when I arrived, and Miss Hilda Potts and Miss Gladys Norcott, singers, subsequently absorbed by the Scala Theatre for Varieties, which is also a branch of the whole organisation of Army Amusements under the direction of Captain Haygarth.

Amazing accounts of the early difficulties of finding both clothes and scenery at a time when very little was forthcoming in the shops over there were told to me, and I do not think it is divulging a confidence to recount that when new furniture was required, ingenuity bought paper cretonne and covered the chairs and sofas with it, and, *mirabile dictu!* these are still in use.

However, by the time I come on to the scene of the Deutsches all this is altered. There is a competent staff of trained stage hands, and so far there is nothing to be desired in the way of staging, but my heart sinks when I appreciate the fact that my *confrères* cannot in all human possibility be on with the new play until they are off with the old; and when I contemplate that we have about fourteen speaking parts, not to name speaking "supers" and innumerable crowds to manoeuvre into position in *Captain Brassbound's Conversion!* The manager gives me the comforting assurance that he produced and acted the part of Hamlet under very similar conditions, and, as I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Percy play the Danish Prince under the stage-management of Mr. William Poel, I am well satisfied to take his word and fall back on my philosophy, resigning myself to the rehearsing of individual scenes with such of the cast as are available. These little dots and dashes of rehearsals go on all day with any member of the company who happens to be off duty.

Cologne in May can be hotter and the pavements certainly more like burning bricks than anywhere else on the earth, so that I am thankful that we rehearse sometimes in a garden.

For the benefit of readers who are not familiar with places of entertainment abroad I may explain that when a foreign architect builds a theatre he builds it with a view of giving some space for the production and not merely for accommodation of an audience, nor does he take it for granted that lovers of the drama will go no further afield than the centre of the city where ground is both scarce and valuable. On the contrary! European audiences like to feel that they are making a little pilgrimage to the shrines of art, and thus you will often find the Opera House or the principal theatre of importance in a leafy suburb. The Deutsches Theatre commandeered by the British Army Amuse-

ments is spacious enough for any production, with its roomy offices and scene-docks and revolving stage (which saves, incidentally, much staff behind the curtain), and boasts a garden in which spectators may smoke during the *entr'acte*.

I am whisked off to the Schauspielhaus (the big Municipal Theatre) to explain to the stage-manager there what we want to borrow in the way of scenery, and we are lent the best they have for the purpose that is Moorish in character, and I find it all ready on the stage the next morning. The electrician is pleased because I can explain in the tongue of his Fatherland what are the cues for the sunset: he is also very much relieved that I do not ask to have the limelight thrown on to my nose when the sun is setting on the back-cloth. He thinks that very "modern" of me, but I explain that the sun and moon go up and down in my pocket, so that I can dispense with his "limes."

As the week wears on the casualties in the cast are appalling, partly owing to the new order just out since my arrival of the troops being moved to Silesia, partly to many other fortunes of war. As fast as the gaps appear they are filled in; whether the gaps in the text will be filled in is another story. One man who is to play the Cadi has lost his voice on parade. As he looks the part I suggest the use of a gramophone, but a "non-com." is pressed into service. By the end of the week all the parts are cast, but not all are rehearsed. Duty, in the way of cricket for the regiment or the side on Saturday looms large: I have to learn that it is more important to the honour of the Army than play-acting and I bow to the inevitable.

The men of Captain Brassbound's escort, the sailors of the U.S. *Santiago*, the followers of the Sheikh and the Cadi are all recruited from one regiment, and perform the business detailed in the text with military exactitude. Never did the curtain go up on more natural grouping of men asleep pillowed on their rolled-up coats with arms piled and belts undone; never did they spring to attention or hoist the cockney to take him off to his bath or march off to the harbour in Act 3 with neater swing and precision. As we only played the piece for a week the cues for their laughter never got stale to them. For that week they appeared to be part of the play. What would happen if they got *blasé* about "Mr." Drinkwater's impertinences or Lady Cicely Waynflete's sallies at their Captain's expense I tremble to imagine, but, being a worshipper of naturalism on the stage, few things entertained me more in my interesting experience with the B.R.A.D.C. than the undisguised absorption of the "extra gentlemen" in the scenes in which they were taking part.

At last by the date of the performance every part was cast and

most of the books had disappeared though still bulging from side-pockets, and I felt as if the keenness of the cheerful collaboration, the grateful acceptance of hints and suggestions instead of the usual professional perfunctoriness with which a producer's criticisms are conceded, so much lightened the stage-director's burdens and struggles that I began to understand how Mr. Percy had been able to "put over" (American idiom) sixty-three different plays without losing heart.

A gigantic but willing effort, a long pull and a strong pull and a pull altogether certainly carried us through this first performance and made up for the fortnight more of rehearsals that the comedy would under ordinary circumstances have received.

As most of the B.R.A.D.C. are accustomed to be pressed into service after this manner at one time or another, there is none of the nervous tension or exasperation that such hurried preparation would occasion among professional players. Let it always be recollected in our justification that results are, of course, of much more vital moment to us as professionals than to the officers of the Rhine Army, albeit no one member of the company took the work other than seriously.

The prompter, too, is here in his right place, namely, in his diminutive box in the centre of the footlights, and not—as is the place with us—tucked away out of sight or ear-shot in the left proscenium entrance. With what happens when an actor's memory forsakes him in let us say, the left upper entrance we are, I regret to say, only too familiar. The prompter's voice is heard in one of those painful unrehearsed duets of which the audience catches the missing word much earlier than does the unfortunate actor suffering from momentary brain aphasia, and I was glad that the wiser Continental method of keeping the prompter in front of the actor had been adhered to.

As is always the effect when players are accustomed to acting together, the very few rehearsals we had did not appear to diminish their confidence, and this teaches the lesson that every repertory conveys, which is that constant practice with more or less the same people will ultimately create far better team work than the habit of special engagements for every play.

In London the kaleidoscope of engagements that our theatrical managers love to indulge themselves in is merely for their own refreshment. They get tired of an actor or actress and forget that the public does not tire of its favourites: that, on the contrary, the public cannot see enough of them, though it must be remembered that, however clever or popular an actor may be, he cannot retain that popularity if he is not allowed to appear. As British audiences are too shy and reserved to venture to write

DEUTSCHES THEATRE

(Bismarck Strasse, Cöln).

P R O G R A M M E

Monday, May 30th, 1921, and during the week at 8 p.m.

The B.R.A.D.C.

presents

MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON

in

"CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION."

A Play in Three Acts by Bernard Shaw.

Characters in the Order of their Appearance.

Mr. Rankin, a Missionary	- - -	Lt. J. H. MacDONNEL, Special List.
Felix Drinkwater	- - -	Lieut. N. HALL, Special List.
Hassan, a Moorish Servant	- - -	A. N. OTHER.
Lady Cicely Waynflete	- - -	Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON.
Sir Howard Hallam, K.C.	- - -	Lieut. LEIGH FARNELL, I.A.R.H.C.
Muley, A Moorish Servant	- - -	Master C. RILEY.
Marzo	- - -	Mr. L. de POKORNY.
Captain Brassbound	- - -	Mr. S. E. PERCY.
Redbrook	- - -	{ Capt. C. M. O. B. GIFFEY, Worcs. Regt.
Johnson	- - -	Lieut. E. A. SAALFELD, R.A.
Osman	- - -	Sergt. H. KENT, Worcs. Regt.
Sidi El Assif, an Arab Chief	- - -	S. S. M. F. V. SIBBALD, M.M.
The Cadi	- - -	{ Major F. K. WHITE, C.I.N.C.
		{ Cpl. F. R. CLATWORTHY, M.F.P.
Captain Kearney, U.S.A. Navy	- - -	Lieut. G. W. BAKER, Som. L.I.
Captain Brassbound's Escort	- - -	L./Cpl. COOPER, Ptes. EDGINGTON, JOHNSON, CAMPBELL, BOTT, Worcs. Regt., Pte. F. KEMP, M.G.C.
Sidi's Men	- - -	Ptes. WILLIAMS and HAMMOND, Worcs. Regt.
The Cadi's Followers	- - -	L./Cpl. HEATH, Ptes. ROYALL, HARRIS, FITZGERALD, MOLE, MASTERS, CARPENTER, PRICE, Worcs. Regt.
American Naval Officers	- - -	Sergt. HOGAN, Sergt. KENT, Pte. WATSON, Worcs. Regt.
First American Blue Jacket	- - -	Pte. S. de BONO, R.A.S.C.
Other American Blue Jackets	- - -	Ptes. MOLE, MASTERS, CARPENTER, PRICE, Worcs. Regt.

Act I—Mogador Harbour, a seaport on the West Coast of Morocco.

Act II—A room in a Moorish Castle.

Act III—A room in Leslie Rankin's House.

The play produced by Mr. S. E. PERCY, Director B.R.A.D.C.

Stage Director for B.R.A.D.C.—Lt. LEIGH FARNELL, I.A.R.H.C.

Stage Manager for B.R.A.D.C.—Sergt. HARRY KENT, Worcestershire Regt.

Scenery kindly lent by Schauspielhaus, Cologne.

Monday, June 6th and during the week, *The Cassilis Engagement*, a play in 3 acts, by St. John Hankin.

(N.A.A.F.I. Refreshments served during the intervals.)

to a manager or a critic to ask why they are not permitted to see some particular player, I have often heard the question put in private life as to what had become of some once well-loved favourite still in the prime of life. Nor does the Press ever pay any actor the compliment of asking for him, for—with two or three very notable exceptions—the critics have extremely short memories for anything but long runs.

Certainly the Repertory Theatre that has continuously and consistently been managed by Mr. Esme Percy in Cologne confirms me in my opinion that a company needs only constant practice under a good head, and goodwill towards the leader, to present an enjoyable evening's entertainment. I should look forward to being able to get equally, if not more, satisfactory results from a body of adventurous enthusiasts banded together with an earnest wish to give a well-balanced performance as from a professional cast hastily gathered from all ends of the theatrical globe which, through the eternal fate of long runs, has lost the flexibility and adaptability of mind alone preserved by constant change.

Looking at the programme of dramatic fare put before us in London one cannot but realise that, while genius and charm are birthrights that cannot be acquired, are in fact begotten and not made, the average actor, who is the rank and file of the dramatic profession, remains an average actor to the last on account of the peculiar conditions that obtain here; and, owing to the ease with which mediocrity can always procure a living wage in England, he never takes the trouble to perfect himself in his art. Thus, so far as I am concerned, I can see little difference between X. or Y. or Z., and I would as soon, nay sooner, work with enthusiasts as with professional exponents of a craft for which they have no other interest save the bread and butter it can be made to yield.

Admittedly, when I am on the stage I am no judge of the achievement of the players acting with me. I do not think the many-sided facets of the subconscious mind that are called upon when acting leave my critical faculty at leisure to estimate the quality of a collateral performance.

A theatrical company may be likened to a boat's crew, of which some pull their weight and a bit over; some pull *only* their own weight; while others content themselves with the exhibition of a pretty stroke and showy form, but for all the use they are in the race they might be passengers. Only the spectators on the shore see the effect of the whole, but even they do not fathom which member of the crew does most of the work of driving the boat forward.

So in a like manner a company of players may be divided into

three groups. Group A is composed of those who can carry a scene on their own shoulders and dominate it; they have the attribute of authority, and that is one that may certainly be gained by schooling! Group B consists of those from whom very reliable support is to be looked for, not necessarily great actors either, but usually coming from a stage ancestry brought up in sound early Victorian traditions. To see a player of this type prepare at his exit to extract a round of applause from the gods is an object-lesson to the modern youths who have none of this forcible insistence in their technique, unless indeed they have served an apprenticeship on the music-halls where the single-handed "turn" teaches self-reliance. And, lastly, Group C embraces those who, however efficient they would appear to be from the front of the house, have in reality to be nursed through their "situations" or helped along in order to save the play from failure. These are the most fatiguing of associates for they are innocently unknowing of their feebleness and leave you tired out with the struggle to drag them through to the *finale*.

While Sir Charles Wyndham and M. Coquelin *ainé* had that spontaneous vitality that carried everyone with them and could lift their surroundings into some sort of an *ensemble*, Sir Henry Irving, with far greater genius and more masterful personality, dwarfed his environment who could learn nothing from him. With the exception of Miss Ellen Terry, in whom fascination still amounts to inspiration, Sir Henry Irving was encircled by average actors and actresses to whom he was a goal but not a master for he did not teach them anything of his secret. Napoleon could make generals; Wellington could make none. Yet Wellington conquered at Waterloo and Napoleon's generals failed him.

From Napoleon to the Rhine is no far cry, and so I get back to the gallant little band of British soldiers who have kept the flag of repertory flying in Cologne, and I draw my conclusions from what I have seen of their work. I look back with pleasure on the experience, and I wish that I could follow the excellent example of the B.R.A.D.C. not to be daunted by all my expensive failures, not to grope after a short way to get long runs, not to frighten my critics by mysterious experiments and new departures into crying out that here is Gertrude Kingston wanting to be original, but just to take what material there is to be found ready and willing, to knock up a few screens (with apologies to Mr. Gordon Craig), and settle down to the joy of producing plays with no pretensions to appeal to anything but the mind's eye.

Only the trouble of it is that at Cologne the B.R.A.D.C. can commandeer a theatre, a real adequate theatre with a revolving

stage to boot, while here in London, if I take a floor in a deserted building and ask people to pay for their modest entertainment never so modestly, a whole army of officials is at once told off to encompass my financial ruin by a schedule of rules, regulations and by-laws for the safety (so-called) of the public; a process that entails another army of workmen to carry out its conditions, until at last, when my modest barn is equipped to the satisfaction of authority, there is no capital left for the enterprise.

That is what occurred to me at the Little Theatre, and as I care for the safety of my art and not a proverbial "tinker's cuss" for the morals of the public typified in the person of the Lord Chamberlain (who under this cloak also conceals an excise licence), and as the public is hourly exposed to far greater dangers in places outside a theatre which are not legislated for, I have very little heart left after the minions of the law have wrought their worst.

All around me I see new little bands of hopeful players uniting in order to produce new plays, and all the time I say to myself what a pity it is that they cannot co-ordinate. Yet all the time I know the conditions and difficulties that are laid athwart the road of consistent endeavour; the extravagant rental for any and every kind of building, the exorbitant demands of advertisement by newspapers and printers and contractors, the high cost of labour, the thousand undreamed-of vexations and restrictions that make a playhouse and play-production not a labour of love but a labour of Sisyphus.

Of good plays, old and new, there is an unending list. Of actors, the fact that out of the busy departments of the Army of Occupation on the Rhine sufficient human material has been found to carry on two years of repertory must prove that they may be discovered wherever there is a readiness and a zeal for the work. The amazing amount of spontaneous dramatic effort among soldiers at the front is a proof that there is no lack of facility for it among English-speaking peoples when it is called for. I should say that nowhere else are there so many amateur dramatic companies, societies and clubs as there are here, and nowhere else is the preparation for the ultimate representation taken so seriously. Nevertheless, in how many townships scattered over the whole of the British Isles is there any opportunity of seeing a succession of plays, good, bad or indifferent, or, indeed, opportunity of seeing any plays at all? Where else are theatrical managements so sporadic or theatrical seasons so intermittent as in London itself?

Now a theatre is like any shop or factory or business, a place for the manufacture of amusements, and if other merchants were

handicapped and balked in the process of earning their livelihood as are we, would they not have long before this insisted upon equal chances with other trades?

Unfortunately, among our legislators dramatic performances are not considered necessities for the people as with other nations. Who knows whether the history of Ireland might not have been written differently in the Book of Fate if England had ever attempted to encourage the drama in that unhappy island? Have not some of our greatest actors and actresses sprung from that country of imagination and temperament? Was not the Roman Catholic Church the very first to found the drama in its religious and morality plays in monasteries and places of worship? Is it not possible that their wild aspirations and yearnings might have found other expression than in rebellion if drama and music had been encouraged and cultivated nationally?

I am told that in starving and downcast Vienna the subsidised opera and theatres are putting out of their best in the strain of distracting and enlivening a desperate population. This is sound psychology which our statesmen might do well to emulate, in spite of the vote-catching fraternity's war-cry of "Anti-waste" with which they tried to dock even the children of their £5,000 worth of Shakespearean representations. In a national Budget running into thousands of millions such a sum grudged for such a purpose makes one blush for the politician.

And so this theatrical repertory for our soldiers of the Rhine Army came as a revelation to me. My mind lingers with contented remembrance on that strenuously easy fortnight spent in rehearsing and acting with the B.R.A.D.C. when for the brief space of a few days I was a "camp-follower," giving me the opportunity to observe the human side of the British military machine and to note the fact that, in spite of "Army Orders," there is a heart beating under the uniform.

For not only is there the Deutsches Theatre where modern plays may be seen nightly, but there is also the Scala Theatre for those who prefer a variety entertainment, an Army Cinema for others who want to see and not to listen, and an Army Gymnasium for the triumph of mind over muscle; thus every taste is catered for by a special department presided over by Captain Haygarth and his various stage directors.

Was it not, by the way, the famous Maréchal Maurice de Saxe who first conceived the idea of bringing dramatic companies out to act for his troops in order to keep them happy in winter quarters with relaxation and recreation in that very cockpit of Europe in which the recent struggle of 1914-18 has taken place?

Well, in spite of all the criticism that we level at our own heads,

in spite of 'all the belittling of our own institutions that we indulge ourselves in, there is always the comfortable sensation at the back of our minds that with us the claims of the individual will sooner or later inevitably be taken into consideration and that somehow or somewhere there is an ultimate appeal for everyone. It is the inheritance of the British-born that brings us, however much we grumble, to discern that there is no place like home, that home is where we plant our flag, and we bring with it that complacent, go-as-you-please sense of freedom and fair play that makes for order because it is founded on a personal respect for the "other fellow's" feelings. No one, I think, has found that out more quickly than the German when he comes to close quarters with the British soldier of the Army of the Rhine.

GERTRUDE KINGSTON.

List of plays produced by the B.R.A.D.C. at Cologne since May, 1919, in chronological order. Those in italics were the most popular:—

1, *The Mollusc*; 2, *Man and Superman*; 3, *The New Sin*; 4, *Candida*; 5, *The Importance of Being Earnest*; 6, *The Title*; 7, *General Post*; 8, *The Younger Generation*; 9, *Helen With the High Hand*; 10, *Damaged Goods*; 11, *Hindle Wakes*; 12, *Strife*; 13, *You Never Can Tell*; 14, *The Silver Box*; 15, *The School for Scandal*; 16, *The Melting Pot*; 17, *Lady Frederick*; 18, *The Singer of the Veldt*; 19, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*; 20, *Smith*; 21, *Cupid and the Styx*; 22, *The Man From Toronto*; 23, *Arms and the Man*; 24, *Cesar's Wife*; 25, *The Great Adventure*; 26, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*; 27, *She Stoops to Conquer*; 28, *The Merchant of Venice*; 29, *The Private Secretary*; 30, *The Skin Game*; 31, *The Case of Lady Camber*; 32, *Lady Windermere's Fan*; 33, *Eliza Comes to Stay*; 34, *The Devil's Disciple*; 35, *David Garrick*; 36, *Passers By*; 37, *Hobson's Choice*; 38, *Mr. Pim Passes By*; 39, *A Pair of Silk Stockings*; 40, *Pygmalion* (in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell appeared in the part originally written for her); 41, *Rosemary*; 42, *The Gay Lord Quex*; 43, *Hamlet*; 44, *The Boy*; 45, *French Leave*; 46, *Lord Richard in the Pantry*; 47, *The Admirable Crichton*; 48, *Joy*; 49, *Brown Sugar*; 50, *The Chinese Puzzle*; 51, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*; 52, *John Glayde's Honour*; 53, *The Marriage of Kitty*; 54, *The Tyranny of Tears*; 55, *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*; 56, *The Cassillis Engagement*.

ONE ACT PLAYS:—57, *The Twelve Pound Look*; 58, *The Man of Destiny*; 59, *How He Lied to Her Husband*; 60, *The Glittering Gate*; 61, *Poached Eggs and Pearls*; 62, *The Verdict*; 63, *The Dream Child*.

A NEGLECTED GENIUS: SIR RICHARD BURTON.

I.

ONE HUNDRED years ago, on March 19th, 1821, Sir Richard Burton was born; he died at Trieste on October 19th, 1890, in his seventieth year. He was superstitious; the fact that he was born and that he died on the 19th has its significance. On the night when he expired, as his wife was saying prayers to him, a dog began that dreadful howl which the superstitious say denotes a death. It was an evil omen; I have heard long after midnight dogs howl in the streets of Constantinople; their howling is only broken by the tapping of the bekjé's iron staff; it sounds like loud wind or water far off, waning and waxing, and at times, as it comes across the water from Stamboul, it is like a sound of strings, plucked and scraped savagely by an orchestra of stringed instruments.

In every age there have been I know not how many neglected men of genius, undiscovered, misunderstood, mocked at in the fashion Jesus Christ was mocked by the Jews, scorned as Dante was scorned when he was exiled from Florence, called a madman as Blake used to be called, censured as Swinburne was in 1866, for being "an unclean fiery imp of the pit" and "the libidinous Laureate of a pack of satyrs,"; so the greatest as the least—the greatest whose names are always remembered and the least whose names are invariably forgotten—have endured the same prejudices; have been lapidated by the same stones; such stones as Burton refers to when he writes in Mecca: "On the great festival day we stoned the Devil, each man with seven stones washed in seven waters, and we said, while throwing the stones, 'In the name of Allah—and Allah is Almighty—I do this in hatred of the Devil, and to his shame.'"

Burton was a great man, a great traveller and adventurer, who practically led to the discovery of the sources of the Nile; a wonderful linguist, he was acquainted with twenty-nine languages: he was a man of genius; only, the fact is, he is not a great writer. Continually thwarted by the English Government, he was debarred from some of the most famous expeditions by the folly of his inferiors, who ignorantly supposed they were his superiors; and, as Sir H. H. Johnston says in some of his notes, not only was Burton treated unjustly, but his famous pilgrimage to Mecca won him no explicit recognition from the Indian Government; his great discoveries in Africa, Brazil, Syria and Trieste were never appreciated; and, worst of all, he was refused the

post of British Minister in Morocco; it was persistently denied him. He adds: "Had he gone there we might long since have known—what we do not know—the realities of Morocco."

Still, when Burton went to India, I do not imagine he was likely to suffer from any hostility on the part of the natives nor of the rulers. Lord Clive, who, in Browning's words, "gave England India," which was the result of his incredible victory in 1751 over the Nabob's army of 60,000 men, was never literally "loved" by the races of India; no more than Sir Warren Hastings. Still, Clive had genius, which he showed in the face of a bully he caught cheating at cards and in his mere shout at him: "You did cheat, go to Hell!" Impeached for the splendid service he had done in India he was acquitted in 1773; next year, having taken to opium, his own hand dealt himself his own doom. So he revenged himself on his country's ingratitude. So did Burton revenge himself—not in deeds, but in words, words, if I may say so, that are stupendous. "I struggled for forty-seven years, I distinguished myself honourably in every way I possibly could. I never had a compliment nor a 'Thank you,' nor a single farthing. I translated a doubtful book in my old age, and I immediately made sixteen thousand guineas. Now that I know the tastes of England, we need never be without money."

Burton first met Swinburne in 1861 at Lord Houghton's house, who, having given him *The Queen Mother*, said: "I bring you this book because the author is coming here this evening, so that you may not quote him as an absurdity to himself." In the summer of 1865 Swinburne saw a great deal of Burton. These two men, externally so dissimilar, had taken (as Swinburne said to me) a curious fancy, an absolute fascination, for one another. Virile and a mysterious adventurer, Burton was Swinburne's senior by sixteen years; one of those things that linked them together was certainly their passionate love of literature. Burton had also—which Swinburne might perhaps have envied—an almost unsurpassable gift for translation, which he shows in his wonderful version of *The Arabian Nights*. He used to say: "I have not only preserved the spirit of the original, but the *mécanique*. I don't care a button about being prosecuted, and if the matter comes to a fight, I will walk into court with my Bible and my Shakespeare and my Rabelais under my arm, and prove to them that before they condemn me, they must cut half of them out, and not allow them to be circulated to the public."

In his Foreword to the first volume of his Translation, dated Wanderers' Club, August 15th, 1885, he says: "This work, laborious as it may appear, has been to me a labour of love, an unfailing source of solace and satisfaction. During my long years

of official banishment to the luxurious and deadly deserts of Western Africa, it proved truly a charm, a talisman against *ennui* and despondency. The Jinn bore me at once to the land of my predilection, Arabia. In what is obscure in the original there are traces of Petronius Arbiter and of Rabelais; only, subtle corruption and covert licentiousness are wholly absent." Therefore, in order to show the wonderful quality of his translation, I have chosen certain of his sentences, which literally bring back to me all that I have felt of the heat, the odour and the fascination of the East. "So I donned my mantilla, and, taking with me the old woman and the slave-girl, I went to the Khan of the *mérchants*. There I knocked at the door and out came two white slave-girls, both young, high-bosomed virgins, as they were Moons. They were melting a perfume whose like I had never before smelt; and so sharp and subtle was the odour that it made my senses drunken as with strong wine. I saw there also two great censers each big as a mazzar bowl, flaming with aloes, nard, perfumes, ambergris and honied scents; and the place was full of their fragrance." The next quotation is from the Tale of the Fisherman and the Jinn: "He loosened the lid from the jar, he shook the vase to pour out whatever might be inside. He found nothing in it: whereat he marvelled with an exceeding marvel. But presently there came forth from the jar a smoke which spread heavenwards into æther (whereat again he marvelled with mighty marvel) and which trailed along earth's surface till presently, having reached its full height, the thick vapours condensed, and became an Ifrit, huge of bulk, whose crest touched the clouds when his feet were on the ground."

I have before me Smithers' privately printed edition (1894), of *The Carmina of Caius Valerius Catullus not first completely Englished into Verse and Prose, the Metrical Part by Capt. Sir Richard Burton, and the Prose Portion by Leonard C. Smithers*. Burton is right in saying that "the translator of original mind who notes the innumerable shades of tone, manner and complexion will not neglect the frequent opportunities of enriching his mother-tongue with novel and alien ornaments which shall justify the accounted barbarisms until formally naturalized and adopted. He must produce an honest and faithful copy, adding nought to the sense or abating aught of its *cachet*." He ends his Foreword: "As discovery is mostly my mania, I have hit upon a bastard-urging to indulge it, by a presenting to the public of certain classics in the nude Roman poetry, like the Arab, and of the same date."

Certainly Burton leaves out nothing of the nakedness that startles one in the verse of Catullus: a nakedness that is as

honest as daylight and as shameless as night. When the text is obscene his translation retains its obscenity; which, on the whole, is rare : for the genius of Catullus is elemental, primitive, nervous, passionate, decadent in the modern sense and in the modern sense perverse. In his rhymed version of the *Attis* Burton has made a prodigious attempt to achieve the impossible. Not being a poet, he was naturally unable to follow the rhythm—the Galliambic metre, in which Catullus obtains variety of rhythm; for, as Robinson Ellis says : “It remains unique as a wonderful expression of abnormal feeling in a quasi-abnormal metre. Quasi-abnormal, however, only : for no poem of Catullus follows stricter laws, or succeeds in conveying the idea of a wild freedom under a more carefully masked regularity.”

As one must inevitably compare two translations of the same original, I have to point out that Burton's rendering is, both metrically and technically, inaccurate; whereas, in another rendering, the translator has at least preserved the exact metre, the exact scansion, and the double endings at the end of every line; not, of course, in this case, employing the double rhymes Swinburne used in his translation from Aristophanes. These are Burton's first lines :—

“ O'er high deep seas in speedy ship his voyage Atys sped
Until he trod the Phrygian grove with hurried, eager tread,
And as the gloomy tree-shorn stead, the she-God's home he sought,
There sorely stung with fiery ire and madman's raging thought,
Share he with sharpened flint the freight wherewith his frame was
fraught.”

These are the first lines of the other version :—

- “ Over ocean Attis sailing in a swift ship charioted
When he reached the Phrygian forests, and with rash foot violently
Trod the dark and shadowy regions of the goddess, wood-garlanded,
And with ravening madness ravished, and his reason abandoning him,
Seized a pointed flint and sundered from his flesh his virility.”

II.

Burton himself admitted that he was a Devil; for, said he : “the Devil entered into me at Oxford.” Evidently, also, besides his mixture of races, he was a mixture of the normal and the abnormal; he was perverse and passionate; he was imaginative and cruel; he was easily stirred to rage. Nearly six feet in height, he had, together with his broad shoulders, the small hands and feet of the Orientals; he was Arab in his prominent cheek bones; he was gypsy in his terrible, magnetic eyes—the sullen eyes of a stinging serpent. He had a deeply bronzed

complexion, a determined mouth, half-hidden by a black moustache, which hung down in a peculiar fashion on both sides of his chin. This peculiarity I have often seen in men of the wandering tribe in Spain and in Hungary. Wherever he went he was welcomed by the gypsies; he shared with them their horror of a corpse, of death-scenes, and of graveyards. "He had the same restlessness," wrote his wife, "which could stay nowhere long nor own any spot on earth. Hagar Burton, a Gypsy woman, cast my horoscope, in which she said: 'You will bear the name of our Tribe, and be right proud of it. You will be as we are, but far greater than we.' I met Richard two months later, in 1856, and was engaged to him." It is a curious fact that John Varley, who cast Blake's horoscope in 1820, also cast Burton's; who, as he says, had finished his *Zodiacal Physiognomy* so as to prove that every man resembled after a fashion the sign under which he was born. His figures are either human or bestial; some remind me of those where men are represented in the form of animals in Giovanni della Porta's *Fisonomia dell' Uomo* (Venice, 1668), which is before me as I write; Swinburne himself once showed to me his copy of the same book. Nor have I ever forgotten his saying to me—in regard to Burton's nervous fears: "The look of unspeakable horror in those eyes of his gave him, at times, an almost unearthly appearance." He added: "This reminds me of what Kiomi says in Meredith's novel: 'I'll dance if you talk of dead people,' and so begins to dance and to whoop at the pitch of her voice. I suppose both had the same reason for this force of fear: to make the dead people hear." Then he flashed at me this unforgettable phrase: "Burton had the jaw of a Devil and the brow of a God."

In one of his letters he says, I suppose by way of *persiflage* in regard to himself and Burton: "En moi vous voyez Les Malheurs de la Virtù, en lui Les Prosperités du Vice." In any case, it is to entertain Burton when he writes: "I have in hand a scheme of mixed verse and prose—a sort of *étude à la Balzac plus the poetry*—which I flatter myself will be more offensive and objectionable to Britannia than anything I have done: *Lesbia Brandon*. You see I have now a character to keep up, and by the grace of Cotytto I will."

Swinburne began *Lesbia Brandon* in 1859; he never finished it; what remains of it consists of seventy-three galleys, numbered 25 to 97, besides four unprinted chapters. The first, "A Character," was written in 1864; "An Episode" in 1866; "Turrus Eburnea" in 1886; "La Bohème Dédorée" must have been written a year or two later. Mr. Gosse gives a vivid description of Swinburne, who was living in 13, Great James Street, and who was never

weary of his unfinished novel, reading to him parts of two chapters in June, 1877. "He read two long passages, the one a ride over a moorland by night, the other the death of his heroine, Lesbia Brandon. After reading aloud all these things with amazing violence, he seemed quite exhausted." It is possible to decipher a few sentences from two pages of his manuscript; first in "Turris Eburnea." "'Above the sheet, below the boudoir,' said the sage. Her ideal was marriage, to which she clung, which revealed to astonished and admiring friends the vitality of a dubious intellect within her. She had not even the harlot's talent of discernment." This is Leonora Harley. In "La Bohème Décorée" we read: "Two nights later Herbert received a note from Mr. Linley inviting him to a private supper. Feverish from the contact of Mariani and hungry for a chance of service, he felt not unwilling to win a little respite from the vexation of patience. The sage had never found him more amenable to the counsel he called reason. Miss Brandon had not lately crossed his ways. Over their evening Leonora Harley guided with the due graces of her professional art. It was not her fault if she could not help asking her younger friend when he had last met a darker beauty: she had seen him once with Lesbia."

III.

In 1848 Burton determined to pass in India for an Oriental; the disguise he assumed was that of a half-Arab, half-Iranian, thousands of whom can be met along the northern shore of the Persian Gulf. He set out on his first pilgrimage as Mirza Abdulla the Bushiri, as a *buzzaz*, vendor of fine linen, muslins and *bijouterie*; he was admitted to the harems, he collected the information he required from the villagers; he won many women's hearts, he spent his evenings in the Mosques; and, after innumerable adventures, he wended his way to Mecca. His account of this adventure is thrilling. The first cry was: "Open the way for the Haji who would enter the House!" Then: "Two stout Meccans, who stood below the door, raised me in their arms, whilst a third drew me from above into the building. At the entrance I was accosted by a youth of the Benu Shazban family, the true blood of the El Hejaz. He held in his hand the huge silver-gilt padlock of the Ka'abeh, and presently, taking his seat upon a kind of wooden press in the left corner of the hall, he officially inquired my mother-nation and other particulars. The replies were satisfactory, and the boy Mohammed was authoritatively ordered to conduct me round the building and to recite the prayers. I will not deny that, looking at the windowless

walls, the officials at the door, and a crowd of excited fanatics below—

'And the place death, considering who I was,'

my feelings were those of the trapped-rat description, acknowledged by the immortal nephew of his uncle Perez. A blunder, a hasty action, a misjudged word, a prayer or bow, not strictly the right shibboleth, and my bones would have whitened the desert sand. This did not, however, prevent my carefully observing the scene during our long prayer, and making a rough plan with a pencil upon my white *ihrām*."

After having seen the howling Dervishes in Scutari in Asia, I can imagine Burton's excitement when in Cairo he suddenly left his stolid English friends, joined in the shouting, gesticulating circle, and behaved as if to the manner born: he held his diploma as a master Dervish. In Scutari I felt the contagion of these dancers, where the brain reels, and the body is almost swept into the orgy. I had all the difficulty in the world from keeping back the woman who sat beside me from leaping over the barrier and joining the Dervishes. In these I felt the ultimate, because the most animal, the most irrational, the most insane, form of Eastern ecstasy. It gave me an impression of witchcraft; one might have been in Central Africa, or in some Saturnalia of barbarians.

There can be no doubt that Burton always gives a vivid and virile impression of his adventures; yet, as I have said before, something is lacking in his prose; not the vital heat, but the vision of what is equivalent to vital heat. I have before me a letter sent from Hyderabad by Sarojini Naidu, who says: "All is hot and fierce and passionate, ardent and unashamed in its exulting and importunate desire for life and love. And, do you know, the scarlet lilies are woven petal by petal from my heart's blood, those quivering little birds are my soul made incarnate music, these heavy perfumes are my emotions dissolved into aerial essence, this flaming blue and gold sky is the 'Very You' that part of me that incessantly and insolently, yes, and a little deliberately, triumphs over that other part—a thing of nerves and tissues that suffers and cries out, and that must die to-morrow perhaps, or twenty years hence." In these sentences the whole passionate, exotic and perfumed East flashes before me—a vision of delight and of distresses—and, as it were, all that slumbers in their fiery blood.

"Not the fruit of experience," wrote Walter Pater, "but experience itself, is the end. A counted number of pulses only is given us of a variegated dramatic life. To burn always with this hard gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life."

Alas, how few lives out of the cloud-covered multitude of existences have burned always with this flame! I have said somewhere that we can always, in this world, get what we want if we will it intensely enough. So few people succeed greatly because so few people can conceive a great end, and work towards that without tiring and without deviating. The adventurer of whom I am writing failed, over and over again, in spite of the fact that he conceived and could have executed great ends : never by his own fault, always by the fault of others.

IV.

Richard Burton dedicated his literal version of the epic of Camoens "To the Prince of the Lyric Poets of his Day, Algernon Charles Swinburne." He begins : "My dear Swinburne, accept the unequal exchange—my brass for your gold. Your *Poems and Ballads* began to teach the Philistine what might there is in the music of language, and what marvel of lyric inspiration, far subtler and more ethereal than poetry, means to the mind of man." In return for this Swinburne dedicated to him *Poems and Ballads*, Second Series. "Inscribed to Richard F. Burton in redemption of an old pledge and in recognition of a friendship which I must always count among the highest honours of my life."

It was nine years before then, when they were together in the South of France, that Swinburne was seized by a severe illness ; and, as he assured me, it was Burton who, with more than a woman's care and devotion, restored him to health. The pledge—it was not the covenant sealed between the two greatest, the two most passionate, lovers in the world, Iseult and Tristan, on the deck of that ship which was the ship of Life, the ship of Death, in the mere drinking of wine out of a flagon, which, being of the nature of a most sweet poison, consumed their limbs and gave intoxication to their souls and to their bodies—but a pledge in the wine Swinburne and Burton drank in the hot sunshine :—

" For life's helm rocks to windward and lee,
And time is as wind, and as waves are we,
And song is as foam that the sea-waves fret,
Though the thought at its heart should be deep as the sea."

It was in July, 1869, that Swinburne joined the Burtons and Mrs. Sartoris at Vichy. As I have never forgotten Swinburne's wonderful stories about Burton—besides those on Rossetti and Mazzini—I find in a letter of his to his mother words he might really have altered. "If you had seen *him*, when the heat and the climb and the bothers of travelling were too much for me—

in the very hot weather—helping; waiting on me—going out to get me books to read in bed—and always kind, thoughtful, ready, and so bright and fresh that nothing but a lizard (I suppose that is the most insensible thing going) could have resisted his influence—I feel sure you would like him (you remember you said you didn't) and then—love him, as I do. I never expect to see his like again—but *him* I do hope to see again, and when the time comes to see him at Damascus as H.B.M. Consul."

They travelled in carriages, went to Clermont-Ferrand, where Pascal was born; then to Le Puy-en-Velay. In 1898 I stayed with the Countess De la Tour in the Château de Chaméane, Puy de Dôme, and after leaving her I went to Puy-en-Velay. I hated it, the Burtons did not. Stuck like a limpet on a rock, the main part of the town seems to be clinging to the side of the hill on which the monstrous statue desecrates the sky. At night I saw its gilt crown merge into a star, but by day it is intolerably conspicuous, and at last comes to have an irrational fascination, leading one to the very corners where it can be seen best. And always, do what you will, you cannot get away from this statue. It spoils the sky. The little cloister, with its ninth-century columns, is the most delightful spot in Le Puy; only the intolerable statue from which one cannot escape showed me Nature and humanity playing pranks together, at their old game of parodying the ideal. This is Swinburne's comment:—

" Set far between the ridged and foamless waves
Of earth more fierce and fluctuant than the sea,
The fearless town of towers that hails and braves,
The heights that gild, the sun that brands Le Puy."

This year there has been a great Pardon at Le Puy. I have seen several pilgrimages, in Moscow, for instance, at Serjevo, which is an annual pilgrimage to the Troitsa Monastery, and in these people there was no fervour, no excitement, but a dogged desire of doing something which they had set out to do. They were mostly women, and they flung themselves down on the ground; they lay there with their hands on their bundles, themselves like big bundles of rags. How different a crowd from this must have assembled at Le Puy; made so famous so many centuries ago by the visitations of Charlemagne and Saint Louis, who left, in 1254, in the Cathedral a little image of Horus and Isis. Then there was Jeanne d'Arc, who in 1429 sent her mother there instead of herself, being much too busy: she was on the way to Orléans.

As it is, Our Lady gets all the honours; only, there is a much older Chapel of Saint Michael, which is perched on the sheer edge of a rock; it is perhaps more original than any in France,

with the exception of the Chapel of Saint Bonizel in Avignon. When I stood there and looked down from that great height I remembered—but with what a difference!—Montserrat in Spain, where the monastery seemed a part of the mountain; and from this narrow ledge between earth and heaven, a mere foothold on a great rock, I looked up only at sheer peaks, and down only into veiled chasms, or over mountainous walls to a great plain, ridged as if the naked ribs of the earth were laid bare.

V.

I have been assured, by many who knew him, that Richard Burton had a vocabulary which was one of his inventions; a shameless one—as shameless as the vocabularies invented by Paul Verlaine and by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, which are as vivid to me as when I heard their utterance. These shared with Villiers de Isle-Adam that sardonic humour which is not so much satire as the revenge of beauty on ugliness, the persecution of the ugly: the only laughter of our generation which is as fundamental as that of Rabelais and of Swift. Burton, who had much the same contempt for women that Baudelaire imagined he had, only with that fixed stare of his that disconcerted them, did all that with deliberate malice. There was almost nothing in this world that he had not done, exulted in, gloried in. Like Villiers, he could not pardon stupidity; to both it was incomprehensible; both saw that stupidity is more criminal than even vice, if only because stupidity is incurable, if only because vice is curable. Burton, who found the Arabs, in their delicate depravity, ironical—irony being their breath of life—might have said with Villiers: “*L’Esprit du Siècle, ne l’oublions pas, est aux machines.*”

Every individual face has as many different expressions as the soul behind it has moods; therefore, the artist’s business is to create on paper, or on his canvas, the image which was none of these, but which those helped to make in his own soul. I see, as it were, surge before me an image of Swinburne in his youth, when, with his passionate and pale face, with its masses of fiery hair, he has almost the aspect of Ucello’s Galeazzo Malatesta. Burton’s face has no actual beauty in it; it reveals a tremendous animalism, an air of repressed ferocity, a devilish fascination. There is almost a tortured magnificence in this huge head, tragic and painful, with its mouth that aches with desire, with those dilated nostrils that drink in I know not what strange perfumes.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY.—(VII.)

THE sounding of various alarms, excursions, and retreats indicates the confusion into which the organisation of party politics has now fallen. No one seems to know decidedly whom to follow or in what direction. There is confusion of leaders, confusion of policies, confusion of groupings; the only certainty seems to be that the present situation is quite unstable and cannot very much longer endure. For some time this fact has been dimly realised by certain sections of the Government's supporters; hence the abortive attempt at the "fusion" of the Coalition into a single party under a single leader. But it required the elections in Westminster and East Hertfordshire to loose the floodgates of protest and suggestion. The anti-waste movement is the result of the strangest medley of influences and tendencies. In large part it is a purely Conservative movement in the direction of Tory independence of the Coalition. That is, I think, its main party significance, and it is as that that the leaders of Conservatism seem to regard it. Its negative policy has an essentially Tory complexion. It objects to expenditure on social reform, on education and public health, though no economic teaching is needed to show that money wisely and efficiently spent on such services yields a large return to the community. But it is silent about the vast waste of the Irish war and almost so about the still vaster sums spent on armaments for other purposes. It is at least odd that a leader of the party of public economy should openly scoff at the League of Nations, in view of our recent experience of the crippling costliness even of the most victorious war.

Although, therefore, the Anti-waste party has polled thousands of votes among non-Tory people who are anxious to strike, however blindly, at the authority that taxes them so heavily; and although it appears to have the Harmsworth benison, this party is for practical purposes a Unionist revolt against the Coalition. The seats it has won have been the safe Tory seats, for which Liberal and Labour candidates have made either a forlorn bid or no bid at all. In the House of Commons it is quite ineffective. Even its leadership seems to be elusive, for, whereas I had always understood that Mr. Bottomley was the acknowledged leader of the group, I was informed through the medium of the literature of its successful candidate in Westminster that Mr. Esmond Harmsworth occupied that position. The serious threat to Coalition Unionism is that the Anti-wastrels may extend their raids to the seats where the Liberal or Labour parties are a serious factor. A very large number of those must be lost in any event; others will probably be held owing to the splitting of the Opposition vote unless the Government vote is also split. At

present the probabilities appear to me to be as follows. Practically every Coalition Liberal seat is doomed; I feel confident that, even if it wishes to do so, the official Unionist caucus will be quite unable to prevent anti-waste candidates being run against Coalition Liberals in almost every constituency now held by them. It is less likely that the invasion will extend to the seats held by Unionists, but held precariously. There can, however, be no certainty about that; the public outcry which will almost certainly follow the inevitable insolvency of the Government at the end of this financial year may well provoke the hoisting of the Anti-waste standard almost everywhere. In any case, it is obvious that the Coalition cannot be held together if all the Coalition Liberals are opposed by unofficial Unionists whereas the Coalition Unionists are allowed a comparative immunity.

It is not for nothing, therefore, that the *Observer* has been giving the Coalition only six more months of life, and that the *Spectator* has been criticising the Liberal connection. The Coalition has hurriedly begun to take stock of its position. Its Liberal wing has been lunching with the Independents to discuss reunion under a common leader. There has been talk of a Unionist conspiracy against the Prime Minister, or against his Liberal following, which is not quite the same thing. Lord Salisbury has openly demanded the secession of the Unionist Party from the Coalition, to govern as a single party if it can, at all events to fight under its own unquartered standard. Mr. Lloyd George's position is strengthened by the fact that there is the greatest possible uncertainty as to who should carry that standard. Mr. Chamberlain is hardly the man to lead the party on so heroic a quest, and the names of many other leaders have been discussed, among them those of Lord Birkenhead, Lord Salisbury himself, Lord Derby, and Mr. Churchill. In the background there is the possibility of Mr. Bonar Law's return to political life. Unfortunately for Lord Salisbury's scheme there is the most complete uncertainty as to the views of these various paladins of Unionism. It is one thing for them to work together in more or less of harmony under Mr. Lloyd George; it is another for them to combine for an alternative purpose.

Equally uncertain is the future attitude of Mr. Lloyd George himself. The approaching demise of Coalition Liberalism places him in a position of acute difficulty, but it is not probable that he will solve other people's difficulties for them by responding to the friendly request that he should take six months' holiday. He probably realises by this time that his anti-Labour speeches have fallen rather flat, even in Unionist circles. The social policy of Conservatism needs a little more tactful expression than he succeeded in giving it. It has been suggested in the official Unionist Press that he intends to combine the anti-Socialist cry with another that

is anti-Irish, and so to confound the Anti-wastrels by bringing upon them the charge that they threaten to surrender the fort to Bolshevism and rebellion. This suggestion gained probability from the fact that there was known to be, at the time of the King's visit to Belfast, a hard struggle in the Cabinet between the pacific and the coercionist parties in things Irish. The speeches of Lord Birkenhead and of Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, on the day before the Ulster Parliament was opened, were taken as an indication of the victory of the coercionists, but on the following Sunday the whole matter was once more plunged in doubt by the Prime Minister's letter to Mr. de Valera.

Whatever the outcome of the appeal for peaceful discussion of the Irish situation, it is in itself a proof that the Prime Minister has not yet committed himself to coercion as an election policy. Nor do I think he will commit himself until he is obliged and until the last moment. Positive prophecy as to the date of the next General Election and as to its issues is bound to be unfruitful, but there are one or two negative assertions which may be made with some degree of confidence. It is almost impossible that Mr. Lloyd George can have any future on the left wing of politics. Too many hard blows have been dealt, not only at persons but at principles, for that to happen. So far as Labour is concerned, he has burned his boats and is now regarded as the arch-enemy. Nor can Liberalism find any place for the man who has been responsible for the last twelve months of military government in Ireland, or who has shown again and again, by his attitude towards Free Trade and other questions, that the principles of Liberalism have little meaning for him. Liberalism is at the moment a weakened force in the politics of the country; it has lost adherents both to the right and to the left. There remains to it one asset which it would be suicidal to gamble with, and that is the possession of a body of doctrine which has exercised, and must still exercise, a vast influence on the country's history. Labour has inherited some, but not by any means all of it. Of those who still call themselves Liberals there are a considerable proportion who say, and say openly, that they would sever all connection with the party if it came again under Mr. Lloyd George's leadership. They would rather take themselves and their beliefs into another camp, even though they were to be but a small leavening influence within it.

It appears, therefore, that Mr. Lloyd George cannot move to the left, and that the Unionists will be compelled to absorb such as they can of the Coalition Liberals and to part company with the remainder. If the Prime Minister wishes to become the leader of a purely Unionist Party he will probably be able to do so, and on better terms than some of his Unionist critics imagine. For while he cannot much longer maintain the Coalition, he retains the power of irrev-

ably breaking not only it, but the parties of which it is composed. If the recent by-elections have proved nothing else, they have proved how flimsy a thing party allegiance in the constituencies has become, and the Unionists, in my opinion, simply cannot afford to incur the hostility of the Prime Minister. However small the number of actual politicians who stick to him, his influence in the constituencies would be enough to wreck the prospects of the Unionists if they forced him to fight against them. As things are at present, there are really five parties competing for electoral support—Anti-waste, Coalition Unionist, Coalition Liberal, Liberal, and Labour. The efforts they can put forward, and their prospects of success, depend, so far as the first three are concerned, mainly on the time and the nature of the election. It is for that reason that I think it cannot much longer be delayed. Some people think that the Anti-waste successes have indefinitely postponed a General Election; I should rather think that they have made such a contest much more probable before the end of the financial year. The time when the next Budget looms over the horizon must be one of very gloomy reckonings. The accounts are almost certain not to balance, borrowing will be necessary to pay our way and to meet our liabilities for interest on the national debt. The next Budget itself will be a most difficult proposition for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to face. These circumstances must tend to turn the Anti-waste revolt from a storm in the Tory teacup into a national tempest, strong and uncontrollable. The Government has therefore the strongest possible motive for fighting before that situation arises, and for fighting, if possible, on some issue which will throw the question of finance into the background. Hence no doubt the suggestion of an Irish election. That we may still have if the Irish leaders make things easy for the Government. Otherwise it would be a dangerous expedient, for unofficial influences like those of the Churches have been stirred by the reprisals policy into hostility to the Government, to its leader's obvious irritation. Though the number of votes they could actually sway on such an issue may be small, it might well be sufficient, at a time of general disgruntlement with the administration for a whole host of differing reasons, to imperil the success of that particular rallying cry.

The Coalition threatens to end by achieving the exact opposite of its declared aims. Instead of maintaining for the support of the administration at a time of great national difficulty a Parliament with a large and solid majority, it threatens to plunge us into a period of muddled politics and most unstable government. The next election, with so many different parties conflicting for votes on an outworn system suitable only when there were but two clear-cut parties, may well result in a House of Commons made up of those groups in varying proportions, which will give consistent support to no Government whatever. If in many constituencies there are four candidates

it will be impossible to forecast the result at all. One's only hope is that such a Parliament elected in such a manner would be driven to adopt some system of proportional representation and then to end its own existence. Otherwise the same political government of the country will be at an end, and politics will become a heady and ridiculous gamble. Until the arrival on the scene of the Anti-waste Party it was hopeless to expect the present majority in the House of Commons to look kindly on proportional representation, for any such device would deprive it of the advantage it derives from the splitting of the opposition vote. Now that all votes threaten to be split and that the party system threatens to collapse altogether, it may be that the Coalition will come to reconsider its position.

Before leaving this survey of the political situation on the Government side, there is one other point of view, held by some Conservatives, that needs attention. These do not seriously believe that the present Conservative domination can be long maintained. They incline to the belief that the best course for the present majority is not to seek about for a good tactical opportunity for an appeal to the country, but to make the utmost possible use of the opportunities presented by their present predominance to insure themselves against future defeat. In a word, they would incur all the disadvantages of postponing the election, face the practical certainty of defeat eighteen months or two years hence, and devote the respite of time they would thus gain to the resuscitation of the power of the Upper House. Once entrenched in a second chamber with a real power of veto, they would risk the opening of the floodgates to the Labour and Radical torrent. Such a course would make an opposition victory at the polls almost certain, whatever the disadvantages to which the voting system exposed the Labour and Liberal Parties, for the country long ago made up its mind about the demerits of a system which made liberalising reform well-nigh impossible and gave the realities of power only to a Conservative Government. To many Conservatives, however, this insurance is worth the small difference between the probability and the possibility of electoral defeat. Mr. Chamberlain has just announced that the reform of the House of Lords will be the principal business of the next session, that is of the session of next year. If there is to be a "next year" of the present Parliament, his promise will very likely be fulfilled. This, of course, would be a line of strategy entirely different from those previously discussed, and from the point of view of the country's interest it would be inordinately dangerous. I, for one, simply do not know what answer it would be possible to make to the direct actionist if it became impossible to point out that the will of a majority of the people could always prevail in a constitutional manner. The danger of such a policy, however, is unfortunately no reason for believing that it will not be adopted.

Conservatism has, and always will have, an important part to play in our political life. In spite of certain obvious selfishnesses and limitations from which other parties also suffer, it does stand for definite principles of safety and continuity, and the people turn to it in consequence when they feel that those principles are in danger. The stability of our constitutional system, however, depends on the electorate's possession of a free choice between at least two possible Governments. A Government that cannot be got rid of is a tyranny, whether it be maintained by bayonets or by skilful manipulation of the political machinery. The Coalition was in its origin an attempt to set up just such a Government. Its policy has been inconsistent and timid, but it has, up to the present moment, succeeded in sitting on the safety valve. If it could do little else it could always argue that it was essential to keep certain other people out. The desirability of getting the other side out is a good enough cry for an Opposition, but the reverse of that cry is not sufficient reason for the permanent maintenance in power of a Government. The result of this sitting on the safety valve is to make of opposition an explosive instead of a motive force. Direct action was one of the earliest results, and it is creditable to the national common sense that we survived that danger. Now the danger is the disruption of our party system into small and ineffective pieces. The way back to orderly and efficient administration is to be found, not by a search for effective Conservative war cries, still less by an entrenchment of Conservatism in the House of Lords, but only by a return to the old theory of party government, which gave popular discontent with any existing administration a ready outlet. Even with four parties instead of two, that theory can still be applied in a modified form, if we resort to proportional representation. The change may cause us some loss of stability in government, but we shall gain from it a Parliament which will much more accurately reflect the positive political will of the electorate.

Any discussion of the future development of the political situation must of necessity be devoted in the main to the course likely to be taken by the Coalition parties and their leaders. They possess the initiative, and can to some extent, though to a constantly lessening one, choose their time and their course. The most regrettable feature of the situation, from the progressive point of view, is that the Opposition parties show no sign of ability or of readiness to seize the opportunities that the threatened disintegration of the Coalition offers them. The next election ought to result in a Government of the Left. I think there is little doubt that such will be the desire of a majority of voters. Such an administration would offer them economy of the only real and far-reaching kind, namely, that which can be secured by a pacific foreign and imperial policy, and a consequent vast saving upon armaments. It would relieve them of the grave moral disgrace of the present terrorisation of Ireland, and thus

pave the way to that better understanding with America which is essential to the Empire. It would prevent big business interests from tampering with our fiscal system to their own private benefit and to the pecuniary loss of everyone else. In industrial disputes it would be able to act as an authority definitely representing the community, and not only a certain special and numerically small class within it.

However much the electors may desire such a change of government, there is, as I have pointed out above, no sort of certainty that they will get it. If as many as four parties, none of which is likely individually to be strong enough to form an administration, conflict for the electors' votes, a candidate who can poll as much as a third of those votes may easily be returned. The Opposition should remember, moreover, that its opponents will be able to choose their own ground, and that the Anti-waste guerillas may come to heel again if they have reason seriously to fear a Conservative *débâcle*. Labour professes in public to think that it has a chance of complete victory, though in private those who know most about its affairs generally confess to a different opinion. It certainly remains at the present moment the only party whose machine can count on the unswerving loyalty of its normal following. The Communist wing is negligible, and the main body of the party constantly gains adherents. Nevertheless, it cannot, in my opinion, hope for an absolute parliamentary majority in the immediate future. Too many of the opponents of the present administration, while they sympathise with its social outlook and recognise that society must be run in the interests of that vast majority of it which has to work for its living, are doubtful of the Labour Party on two grounds. One is that its leaders are inexperienced, and that they are hampered by outside ties. To be quite frank, the public does not want to be governed by a body of men each of whom owes his principal allegiance to a trade union which has specialised interests of its own. It will tolerate that no more than it would tolerate the rule of a selection of representatives of the biggest banks and of the biggest industrial companies. Enough is known of the inner working of the party for it to be manifest to everyone that the unions retain a rigid control of it. They monopolise the safe seats for their officials, and expect many of the members to perform a dual function. Of such stuff a strong Cabinet cannot be made.

The other reason for the public shyness of the Labour Party is the fear that it might go too far and too fast. The reverse would in my opinion actually happen; a Labour Government would be much more likely to be timid and disunited. The fact of that fear, however, remains, and there are unfortunately a whole host of Labour zealots who are unceasing in their efforts to give point to it by their speeches and writings. For this reason it is far easier for Labour to

win a by-election, or even a whole series of by-elections, than to win a General Election. It is one thing to elect a single Labour candidate as a protest against this or that action of the present Government; it is quite another to put a Labour Government actually in office. Though it is certain to come back from the polls much stronger—in numbers, but not necessarily in effectiveness—than it is at present, I think Mr. Lloyd George will be able, with the split vote to help him, to prevent the election of anything approaching a clear Labour majority. As for the more distant future, to which many Labour politicians seem to be ready to defer their hopes, no one can say what the circumstances will be, or what the state of the Labour Party. All that can be said is that the delay must be fatal to many of the causes Labour has at heart, for another five years of the present sort of government will see many things done which cannot be undone, or which can only be undone by the expenditure of all the energy which might be devoted to more useful work.

Yet at the present moment it seems almost hopeless to look for that Labour-Radical alliance which must, in existing circumstances, sweep the country at the polls. The fault is generally laid at the door of Labour, but it must, in my opinion, be a little more equally divided. The practical difficulties come from the Labour side. Even if the leaders were in favour of it, and said so openly, it would be difficult to persuade the exceedingly independent local organisations to observe any arrangements made in London. The local Labour branches desire all or nothing, and believe, as I think quite mistakenly, that all is within their grasp. On the other hand, Liberals in their speeches do not show sufficient realisation of the nature and value of the ideal that is upheld by the Labour movement, in spite of its crudities and its shortsightedness in some directions. Labour is out for a very different world and a very much better world, and it is essential that Liberals should make it clear that they share the Labour ideal of fundamental equality, and differ from Labour, where they differ at all, only about details concerning the methods by which, and the pace at which, the requisite changes are to be made. Even as things are, the wide measure of agreement between the two parties on Ireland, foreign policy, the supremacy of the House of Commons, and the necessity of electoral reform, agreement sufficient to provide them with work enough in common for many sessions, should be great enough to ensure their co-operation in such a crisis as that which faces them to-day. The political sense we are supposed to possess as a nation must surely have deserted us if we cannot find a way out of the maze in which at present we helplessly wander.

H. B. USHER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your issue of June the following statement is made on p. 963:—

“The Fabian Socialists supply the revolutionary elements with facts and figures, with articles and speeches. The front page of the *Workers' Dreadnought* of April 23rd, for instance, is monopolised by an article, ‘Mining as a Sweated Trade,’ by Sir Leo Chiozza Money.”

I am sure you will allow me to correct this. I have never contributed to the *Workers' Dreadnought*. The article you refer to, if printed as you state—I have not seen it—must have been lifted from another paper without my permission.

The fomenters of revolution, I may add, are not the evolutionary Fabian Socialists, but the Ministers of the Crown who break faith with the workers, as in the cases of the Sankey Commission and of the Agricultural Wages Board.

Yours faithfully,

LEO CHIOZZA MONEY.



* * *The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage. It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be type-written.*

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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EINSTEIN'S REAL ACHIEVEMENT,

I.

THE recent visit of Professor Einstein to England on his return from America, together with the publication of Lord Haldane's book on Relativity, has revived any flagging interest in that rather complicated development, and the widespread use of the term "relativity," in philosophy and popular apprehension generally, as an outcome of a mathematico-physical investigation, seems likely to rival the corresponding extension of the term "evolution" which followed on the biological studies of Darwin. It may be suggested, indeed, that Lord Haldane is doing for Einstein what Herbert Spencer did for Darwin.

It seems desirable, therefore, for a student of physics who admires the genius and accepts the mathematical results of Professor Einstein, and who also welcomes the interest of philosophers in theoretical physics, but who mistrusts many of the popular interpretations which have come into vogue since the eclipse of May, 1919, to try to make clear the position as it appears to him, leaving it to other physicists to controvert his presentation wherever they find it erroneous. This clarification must be done, if at all, without going into abstruse details, and without assuming more knowledge on the part of a reader than can reasonably be expected from those who have been sufficiently interested in the subject to read some of the explanatory tracts.

There have been already many expositions, of which Professor Eddington's *Space, Time, and Gravitation* is by far the most thorough and complete and distinguished. But, on a different level, I have just become acquainted with a small book called *Easy Lessons in Einstein*, by Dr. Edwin C. Slosson, of New York (Routledge), which I find to be a racy and really popular production, remarkably well informed and in the main correct as far as it goes, save for a few slips and inaccuracies due apparently

to haste. It really does convey ideas to the general reader, and employs lively illustrations which for the most part are appropriate enough for the purpose. It is certainly to be commended to those who wish for *some* impression and do not wish to encounter difficulties. The present article is not aiming at a popular descriptive treatment of that kind, but at a sober analysis of the fundamental relativity position, and an estimate of its real meaning and foundation, such as may be helpful to reasonably informed students and educated readers, and in places may be worthy the attention of physicists. I make no apology for the occasional use of very elementary schoolboy algebra, because it is really simpler than a lot of words.

First it is generally admitted, certainly by Einstein himself, that his system aims at a method, a mathematical method, which, by embodying certain principles in equations of wide applicability, and by excluding all tacit hypotheses which can be dispensed with, shall formulate our present knowledge of physical facts in the most comprehensive and compact and general manner, and shall enable him to arrive at definite conclusions in advance of that knowledge. It is an ambitious scheme, but it does not seek for causes, it takes things as they are; it relies on actual observation and measurement; it does not pretend to be a philosophy, nor even a dynamical theory; though, like all genuine physics, it does aim at formulating facts of direct experience in the light of certain explicit assumptions and with the element of hypothesis reduced to what is thought to be a minimum.

Let me first try to explain the position at which physicists may be considered to have arrived before any formulation after the manner of Einstein. For, in its laudable anxiety to be fair to foreigners, this country is apt to overlook the work of its own pioneers. And in this instance the brilliant mathematical work of Clerk Maxwell, developed by Sir Joseph Larmor at home, and by the illustrious mathematical physicist H. A. Lorentz at Leyden, is apt to be overlooked, except by professed physicists; and even by them the amount of material imbedded in Larmor's *Aether and Matter*, published in 1900, has not been fully recognised.

But first a little elementary information about Motion in general, as I am not addressing physicists alone. The admixture of space and time, so much dwelt upon in recent writings, is not exactly of the essence of relativity, but it has become incorporated with that general idea, and has attracted an almost undue share of attention; though really the instinct of the public may be its best guide, and the things it selects for attention derive great advantage and development from that attention.

Abstract motion is dealt with in the science of kinematics,

which is an extension of the static science of geometry—extended by the introduction of the concept of time, but remaining as abstract as before. A relation between time and space has always been dealt with in kinematics, only they were treated as separate and unlike things, connected by the ratio called “velocity.” The method was to express the two or three space-components of the changes of motion in terms of time, and then, when the shape of an orbit was required, to eliminate “time” between the equations and bring the result back to geometry again.

The more recent method is to consolidate all the space-variables and the time-variable into a single equation, and to discover and emphasise that particular group of local (or differential) relations between them which remains invariable in form, no matter what standard the variables are referred to, nor how that standard may be changing. The newer method is more compact, just as quaternion spacial nomenclature is more compact than the old Cartesian specification. It requires getting used to, but it constitutes a powerful weapon in the hands of a skilled mathematician, and the neatness of the treatment in itself gives a kind of joy.

Minkowski's method of writing time as imaginary space, or space as imaginary time, and thus employing a single compound expression for the elements of a space-time fourfold continuum, may be regarded as an extension of the old plan of writing $a + bi$ (where i is the imaginary square root of *minus* one) for a length resolvable into two components at right angles to each other. The i had the effect of keeping the length and breadth measurements separate; and the i terms only reduced to reality when raised to some even power. So it is with time and space—they remain essentially different things, though they may be ingeniously incorporated into one equation, and so dealt with, by multiplying either of them by i ; and the square of the one treated as imaginary is real and negative. So far there is nothing revolutionary in the procedure; it is a potentially powerful mode of mathematical expression, specially applicable to electrodynamics; it may possibly be found to have some metaphysical bearing; but the whole treatment remains still abstract and kinematical.

Now in abstract kinematics we do not consider that anything substantial is moving, any more than we attach the idea of substantiality to the points and lines of geometry: we abstract all physical properties, and attend to space and time alone. As long as the things moving are considered as mere points in space—that is to say, as long as we are employing pure geometry and kinematics—it is absurd to imagine any influence to be exercised on the space by the motion, or, indeed, to attribute anything physical to the points at all. We do not measure *things* in pure

geometry; we reason about our conceptions; though of course those conceptions are based upon, and abstracted from, experience. Our experience must be concerned with a real world; facts of observation must be concrete, though our conceptions may be abstract; and what we measure must be something external, whether it be length or time or mass, or temperature or electric current. We can have no physical experience of abstract motion.

But directly we attribute *substance* to the moving particles we enter on the concrete science of dynamics; we notice that the moving particles are now endowed with inertia, and that change of motion can only be produced by force. Hence there enters at once an element of reality which may have some unexpected consequences. Our abstract theorems about points and lines and angles may require modification before we apply them to real things. We have had to recognise that the moving bodies or particles possess energy; this restricts the nature of the possible forces acting between one body and another; and unless the bodies are in absolute contact, which seems never really to occur, those forces require elucidation in terms of an intervening medium. The whole has grown more complex, and needs inductive exploration.

If we further ascend to physics, and add electric charges to the moving particles, we relate them in the most remarkable manner to a medium in which they have to be regarded as moving. For we find that they cannot now be accelerated, or have their motion changed, without generating in the medium itself a curious wave-disturbance, which flashes away at a constant and measurable speed, carrying with it some of the energy of the motion, and apparently dissipating it; though what actually becomes of the radiant energy, and the strange way it has recently been discovered to accumulate in pockets till strong enough to achieve some other result, is a matter requiring further elucidation before we fully understand it.

Let us not be distracted by this interesting hare (labelled *quantum*), but pursue the quarry on which we started.

The moving electrified particles exert such violent forces on each other, across and by means of the medium in which they are all immersed, that inattention to those forces and to that medium is no longer possible, as it was when only unelectrified particles and the slight residual force called gravitation were the only things attended to. The particles and the medium in which they subsist are bound to interact; thereby the electric motion exhibits the phenomenon observed as magnetism; and the electric and magnetic effects together conspire to cause the rush or flashing out of energy which we call radiation, some fraction of which our senses enable us to apprehend as light. Now under these more complicated

physical conditions it is unreasonable to assume without proof that the simple laws of geometry, relating to ideal figures and to motion in the empty space of our conceptions, will apply without modification to electric, magnetic, and gravitating matter moving in a luminiferous (or light-carrying) medium. We must rediscuss the most elementary principles and see what modifications are necessary before we apply abstract laws to concrete objects.

II. THE WORK OF EINSTEIN'S GREAT PREDECESSORS.

Fortunately, this had been largely done. Equations appropriate to all manner of electrical activities, and taking full notice of the interrelation of moving charges with the ether, in accordance with the ideas of Faraday and Maxwell, had been elaborated by Larmor and by Lorentz; and these were available for developing the electrical theory of matter when that was confirmed and made amenable to experiment by the discoveries of Sir J. J. Thomson and his followers.

In that theory the reaction of the medium in which all motion necessarily takes place cannot be ignored. The ether has two fundamental properties, one pointed out by Faraday, the other perhaps mainly by Lord Kelvin—both long known, therefore, so far as yet known at all, for their intimate nature is still unknown—one which qualifies it to act elastically or electrostatically, and the other which qualifies it to act massively or magnetically. The interaction of these two properties was discovered mathematically by Clerk Maxwell, in perhaps the greatest theoretical discovery of the last century, though it was never publicly acclaimed. Maxwell showed that the possession of these properties enabled the ether to transmit waves precisely agreeing in properties with the waves of light, already deeply explored by Thomas Young and Fresnel; and he subsequently showed how to determine the velocity of these waves by experiment, and to ascertain that it really was the velocity of light.

This fact is now abundantly verified, and Maxwell's electromagnetic waves, first effectively realised by Hertz, are harnessed and employed for wireless telegraphy and telephony, and are treated theoretically as in all respects continuous with the long sequence of waves of optical radiation. One limited variety of these waves had been more or less known to physicists all through the nineteenth century, and the physiological effect of their impact had been familiar to the human race, and even to animals, from time immemorial, without the least inkling of what they were. After Maxwell and FitzGerald, Larmor showed that such waves must be always generated when the motion of electric charges is

being changed, and it is improbable that they can be generated in any other way.

Now this turns out to be a fact that has to be taken into account throughout our modern efforts at systematisation; it dominates everything in the concrete actual material universe. The prevalence of this constant omnipresent Maxwellian velocity, in all transmission of every kind, has the effect of relating the space and time of experience in a cosmic or universal manner: one of them can no longer be dealt with, completely, without the other. A happy and appropriate symbolism—a sort of four-dimensional continuum or domain of representation—has at length been noted and elaborated by Minkowski; and the two fundamental aspects of reality—time and space—have entered into a kind of partnership, and together constitute the formal framework in which every substantial event is imbedded.

Under these conditions Motion ceases to be merely a geometrical relation of abstract points with independent abstract time: it becomes an affair of physical entities, endowed with fields of force, moving through a medium with which they are closely related—indeed of which they are probably composed—a medium which possesses the notable properties of Maxwell's ether, and which cannot be ignored.

There is no such dominant velocity, and there is no such medium, to be attended to in pure geometry and kinematics; but it is confusing to say that these pure sciences are superseded or falsified. They remain as valid as ever they were, being self-consistent mental abstractions; but they require supplementing or adapting before they can be rigorously applied to the concrete world of experience.

With hardly any notion of applications, however, pure mathematicians, Gauss and Riemann followed by W. K. Clifford and others, had interested themselves in devising abstract geometries, more general than that of Euclid; and, strangely enough, these formulations are now found appropriate to the expression of the more complex character of reality. It is very tempting, therefore, but to me it appears rather a *tour de force*, to consider physical truths superseded and to describe the main activities of physical nature in purely abstract hypergeometrical terms. Enthusiasts in this Procrustean bed of fore-ordained geometry may rather despise the groping progressive dynamical elucidations of physics, and soar above them into an atmosphere of the inevitable. It is natural to sympathise with their enfranchised enthusiasm, but I think that they or their successors will discern their limitations and return to the more solid ground of inductive dynamical physics before long, and will continue in the Newtonian tradition, enriched

by the modifications and supplements which are the outcome of discoveries (chiefly optical and electrical) since Newton's time.

The Time and Space Transformation Equations.

Let us now return to simpler matters. If our world is moving through a stationary universal medium it would be natural to refer all movements to that medium as the absolute standard. Our usual standards of reference depend on where we are and what we are doing. On a ship, we refer all our movements to the ship, and leave to the captain the settling of its position on the sea. In a house, we go from one room to another and leave to astronomers its motion, with enormous speed round the sun, as part of the earth. Or, if we are thinking of the motion of the earth, we can use the sun as a standard of reference. But it is known that the sun is far from stationary, and what exact standard to refer the sun's motion to is not obvious; it is, indeed, far from obvious what absolute motion means, unless a universal medium is admitted and taken as a standard of rest in the sense of absence of locomotion.

If we could refer all motion ultimately to the ether, as a standard of rest sufficiently cosmic for every purpose, it would be satisfactory, but at present no one knows how to do it. And the disciples of Einstein consider, or at any rate theorise as if they considered, that the difficulty is insuperable—lying in the nature of things,—so that we never shall be able to find an absolute standard. Certainly at present the only motion we can observe or measure is relative motion—relative to some material object. But every material object is moving; motion being the universal property of matter. As a standard, therefore, a material object, however convenient, is bound to be arbitrary and conventional. We must be able to change our standard of reference at pleasure, since sometimes one is convenient, sometimes another; and Lorentz and Larmor have discussed in its essentials the transformation needed when we change from one standard, represented by distance x and time t , to another standard corresponding to distance x' and time t' , which is moving relatively to the first with velocity u . These transformation equations have become tremendously significant and of universal import in the hands of Einstein,—so important that I must write them down even here, without expecting them to be as yet understood, for they lie at the bottom of the whole trouble, or (to put it otherwise) they afford nourishment to the whole tree of relativity:—

$$x' = \beta(x - ut); t' = \beta(t - \frac{ux}{c^2}); \text{ with } \beta^2(c^2 - u^2) = c^2.$$

These enable us to extricate underlying invariant or permanent realities, no matter how our temporary standard of reference may be moving; and they are plainly full of the ethereal constant c , which is ordinarily called the velocity of light.

What Einstein perceived was that these equations were consistent with two basic assumptions; and further, that if he made those two assumptions he could deduce these equations and all their consequences, without any physical theory, and with a minimum of hypothesis needed to cover anything that could not be directly observed and measured.

III. AN ATTEMPT TO ELUCIDATE THE TRANSFORMATION EQUATIONS.

The Lorentz transformation is of fundamental importance, and it is worth an effort to understand it. The equations expressing it have been arrived at in a great number of ways; which indeed is a test of their truth.

Let us see if we can partially explain, in rather more detail, how those equations may be arrived at:—If a medium is in motion relatively to bodies in it, and we want to refer our motion to that medium instead of to a relatively fixed standard body, we have to modify our expression for distance. Think of an engine standing still at a distance a from a railway station, and let a man be lying on the line at a greater distance x from the same station. Referred to the station his position is defined by x , but referred to the engine his position is $x - a$. Now let the engine begin moving towards him with velocity u , so that a is no longer constant, but increases with the time, $a = ut$; it becomes imperative that the man estimates his distance from the engine instead of from the station, and his static distance $x - a$ has now become the kinematic $x - ut$.

That is called changing the origin or standard of reference, and is typical of the simplest part of what has to be done in physics when we try to attend to our relative motion with respect to the ether of space. The frame of reference is in relative motion with reference to us, or, more precisely, we are in relative motion with respect to it—which for calculation purposes is the same thing.

Furthermore we find that we have theoretically, and practically when it comes to great distances and great speeds, to consider by what means we become aware of the position of the engine or other moving body. If we estimate it by sound, we willingly allow for the time taken up by the messenger on the journey, and we know that the real distance at each instant is less than it appears to be by hearing. If we depend for our information on our sense of

sight, the messenger is very rapid, and we are usually content with estimating an approaching distant object as where it *appears* to be, which, strictly speaking, is rather further off than it really is. So also we perceive an occurrence on it as if it happened rather later than it really does. For instance, the reading of a distant clock-face is necessarily a trifle belated; and our perception of the bursting out of a new star may be a century behind. In that interval of time the star may have approached us a great deal nearer than our measurements give.

So we can admit that in order to record times and places in a way which is independent of our own position and relative movement, and which will be intelligible to people anywhere, and so to speak "true" at the moment we record them, we must allow for the time taken by light to reach us. Now that time will be $\frac{x}{c}$ if the thing observed is relatively stationary, and $\frac{x'}{c}$ or $\frac{x - ut}{c}$ if it be relatively approaching; c being the velocity of light. So calling this corrected time t' , corresponding to the corrected distance x' ,

$$t' = \frac{x - ut}{c} = \frac{x}{c} - \frac{u}{c}t = t - \frac{ux}{c^2};$$

which after all is only the fairly obvious $\frac{t'}{t} = \frac{c - u}{c} = \frac{x'}{x}$. This gives us the true values, x' and t' , for place and time of an approaching object which to the observer appears to be at x and t .

But now comes a curious and unexpected complication, such as cannot be illustrated by railways and common experience, and such as could not be anticipated by mere kinematics. All that has been said so far is true of abstract motion; but when we come to physical motion through an ether, there is another unexpected effect to be taken into account—at least whenever a body composed of a group of electrical particles is moving. A group of electric charges cannot move together through the ether without to some extent affecting their positions relative to each other. They tend to crowd together along the line of march, and perhaps spread out a little sideways. This effect had not been at first expected theoretically—though it must hold if we adopt an electrical theory of matter—but it was first justified empirically by the Michelson-Morley experiment as interpreted in 1892 by FitzGerald¹; and it is commonly called the FitzGerald-Lorentz contraction, because Lorentz began its explanation, and showed it to be a consistent deduction from the brilliant electro-magnetic theory, attained,

(1) See "Continuity" (Dent), p. 56; or Brit. Assoc. Address for 1913, p. 25.

nearly two generations ago, by the extraordinary genius of Clerk Maxwell.

The expressions that would otherwise be correct have, therefore, to be multiplied by a factor β , which is very nearly unity save for excessive speeds approaching the medium's critical value c . At such speeds as that, the medium's properties are becoming strained or exhausted. It cannot transmit anything with a speed greater than c ; and the coefficient β rapidly approaches an infinite value as the speed c is approximated to. For all ordinary speeds, however, it is very nearly 1. We thus arrive at the equations recorded above on page 359; and now no one can tell whether it be the source or the observer that is moving.

The gist of the equations is that a moving observer must take not only his distances as variable, but his times too. He must have a local and fictitious time if he is to ignore his own motion and treat his direct measurements as conclusive.

Einstein's step was to dispense with any fiction about this subjective or local measure of time, to claim that it was as real as any other, and to see what happened.

IV. EINSTEIN'S PRINCIPLES.

For now we must bring Einstein on the scene. That unconventional mathematician absorbed the facts already known, and determined to pursue their consequences to the uttermost in his own way, undeterred by difficulties or by modes of thought which, if too literally interpreted, might seem to lead to bizarre or even absurd consequences.

Let us make two fundamental assumptions, he said: let us assert that changing of reference from a stationary to a moving standard can make no sort of observable difference; and let us further assume that the constancy of the observed velocity of light—heretofore nominally or artificially secured through the introduction of a fictitious time into the equations—is no fiction, merely represented by a constant c in a formula, but is a practical reality. Let us begin to admit that the fictitious time is not fictitious at all, but only local and even personal to the observer; and that local time, specially suited to each observer, is all the time there is. In other words, let us consider both time and space to be not real absolute entities, but forms of thought constructed by the observer; then it is easy to arrange his measurements so that the observed velocity of light shall be always the same whatever he may be doing. The necessary condition is given by the above equations, and by the correlative and consistent equations,

$$x = \beta (x' + ut'), \quad t = \beta \left(t' + \frac{ux'}{c^2} \right),$$

which are required for reciprocity, and are rendered possible by the introduction of the β factor, which is often styled "the FitzGerald contraction."

Once make the two assumptions above recited, and you can derive the equations without any thought of an electrical theory of matter, or a FitzGerald contraction, or any other of the complexities which had gradually wormed their way into our specification of concrete reality. You need not consciously attend to concrete reality at all, barring the velocity of light; you can reduce everything to kinematics and geometry, by postulating the reciprocal transformation already written down as expressive of the fundamental nature of things. The relativity of all motion follows; and certain other things follow too. Everything is now dominated by the fundamental constant c , which is really a characteristic of the ether alone.

My own view is that we have thus obtained, from the work of Einstein, independent and unexpected, and perhaps as yet unrecognised, confirmation of the thesis that every sort of phenomenon, however simple, will be affected by the electric connection which exists between matter and the medium in which it moves.

For instance, suppose you have to compound two velocities:— If two distinct motions are added together in the same direction, like a boat steaming with speed u down a river which is flowing with speed v , the combined or resultant velocity is, of course, $u + v$.

It is surprising that there can be any doubt or complication about so simple and obvious a statement. But when you come to apply it to quick-moving planets or particles, you begin to realise that it is too simple, it does not take everything into consideration, it ignores the influence of the medium—the setting in which things subsist. Or, what is essentially the same thing, it does not attend to the Larmor-Lorentz transformation equations, reproduced in elementary fashion above. When those are employed, especially when not only $x - ut$ but also the far less obvious $t - \frac{ux}{c^2}$ is attended to, Einstein obtained for the composition of velocities no longer $u + v$, but the curious and interesting expression

$$\frac{u + v}{1 + \frac{uv}{c^2}}$$

And if this expression is correct, it must be because the properties of the medium assert themselves, through their characteristic c , and cannot strictly be ignored, though only at high speeds do they

have any noticeable effect. It is surely manifest that if we were dealing with the relative motion of only two bodies, alone and isolated, the velocity c would be utterly irrelevant. The velocity c , the property of a third body or substance, comes in because the two bodies are *not* isolated; they are not moving in empty space, but through something which affects them and which they affect.

This law of composition of velocities agrees with all experiments that have so far been made; and it further has the remarkable consequence that no physical or real speed greater than the velocity of light can exist, not even if two things are moving past each other with speed c in opposite directions; their relative speed is still c . For if one of the velocities to be compounded is the velocity c , the other makes no difference to the result; the other speed v may be anything you please; it may be actually infinite, but it adds nothing to the velocity c . For, as anyone can try by simplest algebra, if we replace u by c in the formula, the resultant is c , no matter what the value of v may be, because

$$\frac{c + v}{1 + \frac{cv}{c^2}} = c \text{ identically.}$$

Thus, then, those experiments which sought to drag the ether along, or otherwise to detect relative ether motion by an increase or decrease in the velocity of light, making it $c + v$ or $c - v$, were bound to give a zero result, as they all did. For the result would not really be $c + v$ at all, but $(c + v) \div \left(1 + \frac{cv}{c^2}\right)$, and that is exactly c , neither more nor less. It has no relation to v at all; the v might as well not be there. Hence some have thought that v is meaningless, that no medium exists, and that motion through it—the so-called absolute motion—is an unmeaning and hopelessly impractical idea. It is wiser, however, not yet to seek to interpret the result in words, but to be satisfied with the fact that hitherto v has had no discoverable effect. Some writers have gone so far as to assert that Einstein's theory destroys the ether, and shows that it has no existence. That is not the true interpretation. To my mind, it is the contrary of the true interpretation; and, though not all may agree upon that, all must agree that the equations make no explicit assertion as to existence or non-existence of ether.

It is a mistake to say, as some expositors do, that the measured speed of light had been proved by direct experiment to be independent of the motion of an observer: no such proof has been given; it is an assumption or hypothesis, consistent with the final form of the Larmor-Lorentz transformation. These equations

were originally intended to cover a small range of practicable observations, and were not meant to be of universal application and pressed into infallible consequences. The merit or demerit of Einstein is that he had no such compunction, and was ready to follow the argument whithersoever it led. And the result—made possible by his wonderful grasp of recondite machinery which he annexed from the pure mathematicians, especially recondite when gravitation is included—was a far-reaching effort towards a universal synthesis; in the course of which a few definite features, amenable to observation, emerged—with the known brilliant results.

V. GENERAL OR GRAVITATIONAL RELATIVITY.

So far, I have dealt chiefly with the restricted or early portion of the Theory of Relativity. When we come to any popular exposition of the more general theory, which attends to the acceleration and not merely the velocity of the observer, there is a tendency to abolish the idea of "force," and to replace gravitation by a modified geometry; as if the earth sailed along, not so much obedient to all the forces acting on it, as free of any compulsion whatever. But I contend that to ignore or deny or supersede the gravitational stress, merely because we do not yet understand the particular configuration of the ether which is responsible for it and which renders it possible, is to blind our eyes dangerously to dynamic reality, and to rest satisfied with a mere geometrical specification of the motion as if it were a peculiarity of space. Moreover, to deny gravitation and other ether forces, and yet retain the apparently simpler and more obvious pressure-forces due to contact of matter, leads to absurdity. So does every notion of gravitational relativity when interpreted as corresponding to actual fact.

That the speed of a falling apple might equally well be attributed to the earth,—with the unsupported apple at rest,—though geometrically a tractable proposition, is physically non-sense. And even geometrically, an apple at the antipodes raises a difficulty. Energetically regarded, the idea is so preposterous that argument against it is a waste of time. No one can really suppose that a falling apple and a rising earth are actually and really the same thing regarded from different points of view; or that a man walking, instead of going forward, turns the earth appreciably under his feet; or that the stars revolving round the earth is the same thing as the earth rotating. It is manifest that a representation of that kind is nothing more than a kinematic device which may or may not be temporarily serviceable—like the idea of the ether blowing

through the laboratory instead of the laboratory rushing through the stationary ether.

Force is essentially a human conception derived from our muscular sense, and, psychologically, is as basic as motion, and more directly apprehended than matter. Acceleration is not a diversion of empty space, but is always the result of pressure exerted upon a mass by other bodies, or in the last resort by the circumambient medium.

To geometrize physics, even if legitimate for convenience of calculation, is ultimately to complicate it. Directly the operation becomes complicated it becomes needless, or even obstructive. The new facts can be accepted, and the relativity equations can be used, but a physical explanation can still be looked for, and our knowledge of the universe will not be complete until it is found. We cannot be for ever satisfied with a blindfold mathematical method of arriving at results. We can utilise the clues so given, and admire the ingenuity which has provided them, but that is not the end; it is only the beginning. The explanation is still to seek; and when we really know the properties of the ether we shall perceive why it is that things happen as they do.

But the object of this article is exposition, not controversy, and what I have to say on this part of the subject must be said elsewhere; indeed I have already said something, in *Nature* for August 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th, this year.

VI. CHANGES OF MASS AND WEIGHT.

Another second order phenomenon, first calculated and then confirmed by experiment soon after the present century began, is that the inertia of an electric charge was liable to increase if the charge were in rapid motion. The amount of this increase was calculated and predicted beforehand, and only subsequently ascertained and confirmed by experiment; but somehow the public has never been much interested in electrical theory, and the prediction of J. J. Thomson and Heaviside—confirmed in this instance by a German, Professor Kaufmann—never got into the papers. This increase of inertia due to motion must apply to all matter, if matter is electrically constituted. And indeed all material inertia is self-inductively explained by the electrical theory of matter. Not ultimately: it is thrown one step back and is relegated to the fundamental properties of an ether.

But by the principle of relativity, dependence of inertia on speed is rendered necessary whether matter be electrically constituted or not. It becomes an inevitable though unexplained result. For when acceleration is taken into account, the reaction

to acceleration is not independent of motion. A body does not respond to a given force exactly as it would if it were at rest; as we used to learn was one of the earliest consequences of Newton's Laws. Here is a supplement to Newtonian dynamics in which Newton would have been profoundly interested. Mass is only approximately constant—velocity affects it in a subordinate manner. Its ordinary value has to be multiplied by the factor β mentioned above. At most speeds the inertia of matter is constant enough, but if matter begins to move at near the limiting speed which the ether allows, its inertia can become enormous.

Does the weight become enormous too? Or, more generally, is gravity modified by motion, or does weight change in such a way as to introduce compensation even into gravitational relations, and so destroy what may provisionally be called the last hope of those who may wish to upset the principle of relativity by direct experiment?

Well, an answer must be given in a cautious affirmative. For I showed (in *Phil. Mag.* from August, 1917 to February, 1918), by applying the electrical theory of matter as a supplement to ordinary particle dynamics, that a certain Solar proper motion would explain the outstanding progression of Mercury's apse. Only, as Eddington suspected, and I found truly, any solar drift adequate for Mercury would have the disadvantage of requiring also smaller but not negligible changes in the perihelia and eccentricities of the other inner planets, Venus, Earth, and Mars; and astronomers maintained that these perturbations could not be admitted, because the calculated effects, though very small, exceeded the reasonable errors of observation. Professor Eddington has now agreed that this negation of an effect, which by rights ought to take place unless weight is modified by motion as well as mass, proves that gravitation has "joined the conspiracy" to withhold information about our journey through the ether. Though whether it incidentally sustains the Einstein thesis that weight and inertia continue proportional under all circumstances, even at high speed, so that we may treat them as in some sort identical, is a delicate point that must be discussed elsewhere.

GENERAL CAUTION.

Meanwhile, let us not too modestly assume that our powers of conception are limited and tied down to the apprehensions directly derivable from our senses, and that our attainment of any approach to absolute truth is not only hampered, but is eternally forbidden, by the admitted imperfection of all our measuring devices; even

though those imperfections are due, not to mistakes or to any avoidable inaccuracy, but to a necessity of our surroundings imbedded deep down in the nature of things. If our most accurate measuring rods change their length with position, without showing any sign of the change; if perfect clocks in rapid locomotion go slow, but give no indication of the fact; if other unavoidable complexities arise in our laboratory measurements; let us by indirect means seek to recognise these traps and allow for them, but do not let us try to complicate our fundamental conceptions because of these interesting and stimulating practical difficulties.

So in geometry, we need not modify our abstractions, but we can perceive that there are good and sufficient reasons why our material attempts to realise the propositions precisely in practice should fail. If all our standards are essentially variable—being made of the aggregate of electrical particles which we call matter—and if there is a sort of conspiracy among the objects of nature to confuse and bewilder the unwary, due to their immersion in one all-pervading perfect medium, let us be patient and cautious, and thankful that the conspiracy has been detected in time. For we have in fact already become aware of unifications and inherent complexities in our material surroundings of which previously—say half a century ago—we had no idea. It is even possible that they will turn out in the long run to be simplifications. Most of them had already emerged as consequences of the electrical theory of matter and the discontinuous nature of electricity; while others, partially disclosed by the labours of brilliant experimenters, have been incorporated, emphasised, and given a surprisingly extensive scope, through the genius of Einstein.

VII. SUMMARY.

We can now begin to sum up:—

As we have already emphasised, the law of composition of velocities, formulated in the theory of relativity, is no longer a purely kinematic relation between points moving in empty space, as it always had been hitherto, but is a physical or dynamical relation adapted to bodies moving through an ether. The fact that the characteristic ether-speed c enters into the expression shows that the Ether is involved—for otherwise there could be no meaning in introducing the speed at which ether-waves and other disturbances travel—and the only reason the ether-speed can enter into the composition of velocities of two pieces of matter is that it is the medium through which they are both moving. If we were concerned only with the relative speed of two bodies

in empty space, both moving with different velocities u and v , any introduction of a third velocity, c , would be irrelevant and unmeaning.

Directly we take the medium into account, however, many things become possible. We no longer have to consider a relation between two bodies alone, but a relation between three bodies; for we must not ignore the substance through which they are moving. A stone falling through water or through air cannot be treated completely as if the motion were free in space. All bodies without exception are now known to be porous or extremely open structures moving through a universal medium from which there is no escape; and their intimate properties have of late years been shown by electric theory to be affected by this previously ignored fact. We now know, for instance, that their shape is slightly altered by the motion, and that their inertia is slightly increased; so it is not surprising that the composition of their velocities is rather different from what might be expected, or that the medium has an effect which introduces into the equations the finite speed c pertaining to it. If c were infinite we should not have to attend to it, and $u+v$ would be the resultant velocity, as everyone had hitherto supposed; but c is finite, the medium has finite and measurable properties, it is disturbed by rapid motion, and the disturbances do not get out of the way with infinite ease or immediate celerity; hence at very high speeds of matter this fact plays an important part in all phenomena.

So we find the Einstein position to be:—First, the usual application of Maxwell's electrical equations to the motion of matter in general, but with the inclusion of time as well as of space among those absolutes of the universe which we are only able to measure relatively with certain difficulties and uncertainties due to our own conditions and limitations; second, a further hypothesis about gravitation, which turns out to be able to meet the demands of advanced astronomy; and, third, the expression of all this in terms of an elaborate and ingenious system of hypergeometry. All which I believe may be summed up as a fuller realisation of the wide-spreading influence of a medium with finite properties, essentially pervading all space in which phenomena occur, and away from whose perfect but dominating uniformity we cannot escape. This medium may be called physical space-time; it constitutes the four-dimensional continuum so often mentioned.

The novel method of differential geometrical analysis, employed to express everything that we directly encounter through the senses and to treat it all as essentially a property of space, can naturally be regarded as a geometrisation of physics; but the

earlier and more intelligible portion of the relativity method may better be called a physical modification of geometry. All the old abstract principles still hold, but when we seek to apply them to a concrete universe of matter, electrically composed and immersed in an ethereal medium with finite properties, those abstract principles require modification; the laws applicable to matter are only approximately those of the abstract theory. So when we come to express the modified laws, and reduce them to formulæ applicable to the concrete reality of things, we find ourselves led to equations which, being essentially related to the ether and to the properties of matter, instead of to absolute conceptions of space and time, are styled the equations of relativity.

The simple principle of relativity, so far mainly referred to, deals with the ether of space on the assumption that it remains uniform and unaffected, and therefore negligible; and that the masses of matter in it, though they may perturb it electro-magnetically, have not modified its properties in any other way.

But we know that that is not strictly true: it is found observationally that each piece of matter attracts every other. Consequently we perceive that all bodies must somehow modify the structure of the medium in which they exist, and that this modification must extend in all directions, diminishing as the inverse distance, to practical or real infinity.

The attraction may be worked out as if it were an effect directly felt by other pieces of matter at a distance, though it cannot or should not be philosophically thought of in that way: the Newtonian equations work it out on that basis, and give us the whole theory of astronomy in every detail—barring perhaps one or two outstanding minutiae; an amazing achievement such as has not been equalled, nor even approached, before or since. But, as Newton well knew, the attraction can only really be due to something transmitted by a medium; which is equivalent to saying that the intervening medium must itself be affected by the presence and neighbourhood of matter; and when this modification of the ether is fully taken into consideration—allowing for possible minute modifications of structure as well as for the main strain—we may well get a gravitational theory of particle dynamics not exactly like that based on the supposition of action at a distance, but as influenced by the modified medium in which the motions occur. This was attempted by the General Theory of Relativity of 1915. The generalised Einstein equations afford a consistent scheme, and enable us to calculate the refined results which are consequently to be expected. The modified calculations have been intensely interesting; and, as Larmor has said, the verifications of them, both by the planet Mercury and by the deviation of starlight near the sun, were really what was neces-

sary to justify such a formulation and show that the modification required was not limited to express distance defined on a piece of matter, like Michelson and Morley's stone or wood block, but was equally related also to the depths of space between the worlds. The equations not only represent the consequences due to the modification of the ether inside and among the particles of matter, but are equally required to express the consequences in all regions of space itself, wherever masses of matter are near enough to make their influence felt. But it should be, and probably is, admitted that the equations do not accomplish this admirable feat in the most ideal and direct manner, by explicit attention to the ether and the physics of the problem; they do it in a roundabout way, in terms of a hypergeometry in which a frame of space and time is refused to human thought, and "force" is superseded. The old simplicities are rejected, and replaced by complex mathematical machinery.

Fortunately this is not the end; and I anticipate that before long there will be a revolt in favour of more physical conceptions and greater simplicity of expression. For there is probably no need to strain after such ingenuity, and express everything in this complicated fashion; there is no compulsion to merge everything in higher geometry. The wonder is that it can be done. Many are at work on the task; their skill is amazing. But, after all, what are really modified are only our measures of things; and the minute peculiarities now detected in our measuring operations may yet be expressed, physically and naturally enough, in terms of the medium in which they occur.

Finally, I must repeat, it is unwise to load the new discoveries with an implication that the historical principles of geometry have broken down or been detected as untrue. Those modes of spacial representation remain as they were, applicable to the free conception of empty space. But space is not empty, it is full of a medium with definite properties, to which observed discrepancies can be referred; and it also contains centres of force—the atoms of matter—which modify the properties of the medium in their neighbourhood. Hence when we make physical observations we must adapt ourselves to actual circumstances, and be cautious about applying abstract principles to correlate our observation of concrete things. The universe contains much which at first sight we did wisely to ignore, or we should have been overwhelmed with complexity; but now the time has come when some more of these complications can fruitfully be taken notice of. Accuracy of observation has been so much improved that outstanding minutiae are beginning to have a barely perceptible, yet fundamental and instructive, effect.

The abstract laws of geometry require modification before

application to reality, not by a crankiness in the nature of things, but by a fulness of existence greater than can be represented by space and time alone. Absolute space and time can remain the practical framework, more convenient than any other, but in the concrete reality of things there is something more, and physics is richer than geometry. I for one cannot doubt that as knowledge progresses we shall have to take into account other aspects of the universe too. The last century discovered the ether, at first only optically; the Maxwell and the Einstein equations have now fully incorporated it into the scheme of electrical and gravitational physics; but that is not likely to be the last of our fundamental explorations. We live in a full-blooded universe, containing intelligence and emotion and will; and what the influence of life and mind may be, in modifying still further the laws of physics, we are only beginning, some of us, to suspect. Advance will ever be supplementary, not nugatory, if we make the ground secure as we go. The Newtonian system was sound and right, but it consciously ignored the medium, until the progress of discovery called attention to it and justified its inclusion. The discovery of the functions of the elusive ether, begun by Thomas Young and Fresnel in connection with optics, largely extended by Faraday and Maxwell in the domain of electricity and magnetism, and now widened by Einstein to cover in a certain sense gravitation also, is not likely to be complete. Some day we shall take a further step, and include among its functions the service of other forms of existence which for simplicity Science feels it convenient at present to ignore. The mistake we are liable to make is not so much the practical ignoring of what we fail to understand, or even to perceive, because of our present limitations; it is the non-acceptance of those limitations, and the consequent hostile denying of portions of reality for the full inclusion of which the time is not yet ripe.

OLIVER LODGE.

ARISTIDE BRIAND: THE MAN AND HIS POLICY.

WHEN, at the beginning of the year, M. Briand was invited to form his seventh Ministry—a sufficiently rare occurrence in the annals of Premierships—there was little that was new to be said about him. It was a case of reproducing the biographical notices that had been written each time he had been summoned to form a Government. But his present tenure of the Premiership, to which is added the conduct of foreign affairs, has furnished future biographers with a considerable quantity of new matter, much of it of exceptional interest; for the part he has played with such insistence has revealed him in an exceedingly interesting light. Previous estimates of his character and ability have had to be scrapped. By his conduct of affairs, his tenacity of purpose, his manifestation of will power, he has falsified the prophecies of political students outside France and disillusioned many of his countrymen. Critical foreigners and Frenchmen alike have had to revise their judgments of Aristide Briand; they have been forced to concede to him qualities which somehow they never thought him capable of exercising.

And yet it is not a metamorphosed Briand that is guiding French policy to-day. To the close student of his career he has not given evidence of any drastic evolution of character since 1910, when he broke the strike of the railwaymen by calling them to the colours. Just as circumstances occurred then to bring out the strength of the man, to make him decide on a line of action in the best interests of the country, so in the present turmoil inseparable from the task of finding adequate solutions of the peace problems he has once more exhibited his power, and taken up a position which the vast majority of his countrymen believe to be the only possible attitude consistent with the future security of France. This is the plain truth of recent discords, not yet entirely dissipated, between the French and British Governments. All the loose talk about French Imperialism is beside the mark, as every fair-minded Englishman in France who has opportunities of studying the temper of the French people since the Armistice, and who realises the terrible plight which the war has created in the country, will readily admit.

What manner of man is M. Briand, who has somewhat astonished British Cabinet Ministers by his firmness, and at the same time disappointed aspirants to political office in France? Before the clash of Ministerial wits and the bombardment of diplomatic notes on the Upper Silesian problem, he had been spoken of as the Lloyd George of France. I think I know my

Lloyd George as I understand my Aristide Briand from close personal study of their intellects and methods. Both are of Celtic origin, both sprang from the people, both have been the architects of their political fortunes, and both are men of imagination. But there the resemblance ends. M. Briand's mental outlook differs from that of Mr. Lloyd George because his environment is totally different; wherefore his methods differ. He is a deep and careful thinker, and when he has done his thinking on any particular problem, and has arrived at conclusions thereon, he holds to them tenaciously. M. Briand never revises his opinion unless he is confronted with facts which have escaped his notice. And this is a rare occurrence. One of his most wonderful qualities is that of assimilation. It takes him a long time to make up his mind on any grave question, which is studied at every angle from the evidence brought before him. Officials at the French Foreign Office know his power of assimilation, his appetite for reports and documents bearing on subjects on which decisions have to be reached. They also know the inflexibility of his judgments, and consequently make a point of presenting complete dossiers.

Briand does much of his thinking, not in his cabinet at the Quai d'Orsay, but in his little flat in the Avenue Kléber. It is a modest lodging for a French Premier. But M. Briand is a modest man. If in passing through the rooms of this flat you knew not its occupant you would say they were the headquarters of a bachelor of moderate means. Probably the only luxury in the flat is the telephone, which is much used in these days. M. Briand answers the rings himself, and he opens the door to his callers, whom he receives in his study with its simple mahogany furniture. If his visitors are friends they are ushered into the small dining-room, which is more plainly furnished than the study. It is in either one or the other of these rooms that M. Briand reads the newspapers, and, when he is not in office, the novels of Pierre Loti, his favourite author, and M. Raymond Escholier, a young writer, Conservator of the Victor Hugo Museum, who now acts as *chef adjoint* of his Cabinet. His simple tastes are the result of his country upbringing. Next to politics he has one passion—the land. Though he is very silent about it he is an authority on agricultural questions, for he has a practical knowledge of the land, cattle, and poultry, as befits a farmer. His farm is at Cocherel, in the Eure, and when the cares of his office permit he spends his week-ends in his fields and among his cattle. With the cultivators he discusses crops, and joins them in their fishing and shooting expeditions. No one knows more than M. Briand that the French peasants are the backbone of the country,

and that they constitute for France the best insurance against the spread of communist doctrines. He knows that governmental authority rests on the confidence of the French peasants, and that is why he believes that all Parliamentary action can only have happy and fruitful results if the French peasants, who form more than 50 per cent. of the population, understand and sustain the policy of the Government. The Premier always returns to Paris refreshed in mind and body from his visits to his little farm. There he ceases to think of politics, national and international, and gives himself up to the study of agricultural interests, which on his return he discusses in the lobby of the Chamber with deputies of agricultural constituencies. He has another distraction natural to a native of Brittany, whence France derives her supply of sailors—he is fond of the sea and is an expert yachtsman. In the Parliamentary recess he sighs for the sea and the country; but the land and the sea have seen very little of him since he became Premier for the seventh time. He inherited a heavy legacy from Clemenceau, Millerand, and Leygues, his predecessors in the Premiership, a legacy which he is doing his utmost, by working night and day, to lighten, and thus hasten the dawn of a new life for France after so much agony and ruin; consequently his breaks from imperious duty are few.

A portrait of Briand the man and the statesman would be incomplete without reference to one prominent, one might almost say predominant, trait of his character. I refer to his almost positive shrinking from publicity. Statesmen in power are chary of making statements for newspapers or receiving interviewers. Generally they have not the same distaste of publicity when they are not in the limelight and long to be in it. It is then that the Press is welcomed as a useful means of propaganda. Among French statesmen M. Briand is a notable exception. Numerous were the interviewers he politely turned down when he was in the background, ploughing his lonely furrow. He had no desire to avail himself of the hospitality of newspaper columns as a means of advertising his continued existence by criticising policies in the framing of which he had no part. Instead of making statements or writing articles—for like most politicians he has been a journalist—he preferred to think, to study existing situations, and map out the line of policy he would have adopted had he been at the head of affairs. Out of office M. Briand held himself aloof, confident that the hour would strike when he would be called to the helm. "I am always called in to mend the crockery!" is a declaration attributed to him, but there was one occasion when he refused the call because the crockery had been broken into too small pieces.

This brings me to the circumstances which led him to form his present Cabinet and to enter on that period of Premiership which has been a deception for some politicians, and a source of satisfaction to Frenchmen in the mass who appreciate the fight he has put up, and will continue to wage, in support of his interpretation of the justice due to France under the Peace Treaty. When he was summoned by the President of the Republic after the failure of M. Raoul Péret, the President of the Chamber, to form a Ministry to succeed the Leygues Cabinet he accomplished the task entrusted to him in a few hours. During the career of the three previous Ministries he had remained in the background, attending the Chamber, but rarely taking part in the debates. But in the course of Clemenceau's Premiership he could not efface himself entirely. He had to speak on the troublous Syrian question, for he was Premier in 1915 when the agreement with England was made, and it was up to him to defend his policy and to answer the campaign against French influence in Syria which the French believed was promoted by British agents.

I never heard a declaration of Ministerial policy more coolly received than that of M. Briand. The feeling in and outside the Chamber was that he would not last long. Indeed, the French public seemed to have made up its mind that he was only a stop-gap Premier—that he would soon give place to M. Poincaré. The ex-President of the Republic was chafing at inaction. He probably held the strongest views of any man in France on the necessity of the strict execution of the Versailles Treaty. M. Poincaré had indulged in bitter criticism of the Treaty in the Press; but such as it was he held that it ought to be executed to the letter. The important position of President of the Reparations Commission was given to him, and France, knowing his views, believed that her rights as regards reparation were in safe and capable hands. But to the surprise of many people M. Poincaré did not keep the position long. He threw it up, and utilised his freedom from responsibility by writing numerous articles, in all of which he took a point of view of firmness which convinced the politicians who were dead against any display of soft-heartedness towards Germany that he was the man to obtain for France the fulfilment of her just claims.

M. Poincaré really believed that he would be called to the Premiership. By those devious methods with which newspaper correspondents in Paris are familiar proposals for certain interviews with M. Poincaré were made. Legitimately enough the ex-President of the Republic wanted to correct certain impressions which prevailed among a section of public opinion in England. There he had been represented as an Imperialist, and therefore a

danger to the peace of Europe. As, if and when he became Premier, it was his intention to work loyally with the British Government, he naturally desired that this and other misconceptions should be removed. So when M. Briand was attending a conference in London an interview with M. Poincaré was published. Pleasant things were said in it about Briand, but the Premier must have asked himself why the interview had been given at that particular juncture while he was engaged in delicate negotiations, and further, he must have wondered what was behind it. For if it meant anything at all it meant that Poincaré was willing and ready to step into his shoes.

It is not for anyone to deduce that M. Briand saw the red light and was determined to shape his policy in such a way that there could be no question of an immediate successor. But it is a fact that from that moment Briand, always animated with the desire to do the best for his country in his dealings with Great Britain, developed an attitude of firmness. He had gradually increased his power over the Chamber, up till then by his gift of magnificent oratory. But the time came when by the force of circumstances and by the admission of realities he had, if not to modify his attitude, to give it an orientation, and the evolution was effected with great skill. His memorable phrase about the French gendarme taking Germany by the scruff of the neck if she refused to pay by the due date served to rally France to him. Doubters of his strength in the Chamber had to revise their opinion. And they did it very quickly, acknowledging Briand to be a really strong Premier after all, and thinking no more of M. Poincaré as his immediate successor.

In my judgment Briand is the greatest orator in the Chamber, and I have heard all those deputies who are accounted orators. If, taking into account the difference in language, a comparison between him and any member of the House of Commons is permissible, then for easy flow of speech he is peerless. This opinion, purely personal, has been reached after years of regular attendance, first in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, and afterwards in the Foreign Press Tribune of the Chamber of Deputies. In reading a statement in the tribune Briand is dull, but in making a speech, whether it be to sustain his policy or to answer criticism, he is magnificent. Never a note he has in his hand. Not that he does not prepare his big speeches. He composes them in a quarter of an hour, reclining on a sofa during this period and thinking out his arguments. He is a striking figure in the tribune, arresting without being picturesque. His voice is mellow, musical, and generally even. Like most Frenchmen he is prodigal of gesture. A favourite attitude is to bend

over the rail of the tribune and lower his voice almost to a whisper. The Chamber is impressed, and there is tense silence. Briand often emphasises a serious argument in this way. It is not an oratorical trick ; it is the culmination, the finishing touch, of a serious argument.

He owes much of his success to his oratorical gift, to which must be added his power of feeling the pulse of his audience and gradually infusing warmth into it. It is a remarkable achievement to transform a stone-cold assembly into a cheering body. But words and the graces of oratory are not sufficient. There must be conviction behind them, and Briand's recent triumphs in the Chamber and the Senate revealed his power to convince in a remarkable degree. It was admitted in political circles that he had returned from the London Conference, at which the ultimatum to Germany as regards reparation and disarmament was elaborated, with diminished prestige. He had gone to London to insist on the occupation of the Ruhr by way of punishing Germany for her default, and his demand had the support of the French Chamber and public, on whom the repeated tergiversations of Germany had produced a deep feeling of anger. The French are logicians, but the stern economic fact that the occupation of the Ruhr would result in no material advantage to France was discounted by that fact of moral significance that the occupation of the industrial area, the nerve centre of Germany, would appease disappointment, would, in a sense, satisfy the national aspirations after logical justice.

Confronted by powerful reasons against the occupation of the Ruhr M. Briand delivered a masterly stroke which showed that he was not lacking in statesmanlike resource. When the history of the series of Allied Conferences comes to be written with authoritative documentation, it will be seen that the French Premier exercised the gift of real statesmanship. He had a surer knowledge of the German mentality than Mr. Lloyd George. He knew that threats, even though they came from the Supreme Council, would have no effect on the masters of Germany, that the only thing to influence them would be a show of force. Not a pretended exhibition, but an eloquent business-like action. If he could not have the immediate occupation of the Ruhr, at any rate he would agree to a time-limit and make the necessary preparations for action if the Germans defaulted. Will anyone be found to deny that it was the calling up of the nineteenth class that forced the Germans to make up their minds and accept the inevitable? It was the calling up of this class that prevented the occupation of the Ruhr. By his act Briand wrung from Germany undertakings which necessarily led to an orientation of

his policy. France was baulked, cruelly disappointed with the results of the London Conference. The national will had been set aside, and Briand had to face unpleasant music in the Chamber. The "music" lasted for a full week. A weaker and less adroit man than he would have succumbed. He was listened to in frigid silence by a Chamber that was visibly angry, but before he had finished his two hours' speech he had quelled the storm, and by his masterly array of arguments, coupled with his courage in elaborating them and his power of persuasion, he galvanised the Chamber, transforming hostility into approbation. It was a remarkable achievement when one takes into account the composition of the present Chamber, for the Bloc National, which dominates the Assembly, and of which M. Millerand was one of the principal founders—it was he who drew up the masterly address which went far to sweep the country at the last elections—was in no mood to tolerate weakness in French negotiations with England in the matter of interpreting the Peace Treaty.

Briand emerged from the ordeal stronger than ever. The reputation of the orator was enhanced, but his most wonderful feat was the skill with which he emerged from a tight corner. He did it by putting full responsibility on the Chamber for the rejection of the London decisions. It has to be said that it was not so much the wish to save Briand as to avoid responsibility for the serious situation that an adverse verdict would have created that forced the Chamber to ratify the London decisions. The groups of the Right in the Chamber knew full well that the overthrow of Briand would fatally imperil French and British collaboration and play the game of Germany, to whom a scission among the Allies would be most welcome.

The triumph of the Premier was even greater in the Senate. And here it should be stated that the French Senate, as at present constituted, differs materially from most upper assemblies. Its tendencies are towards the Left. There are now several Socialist Senators. The Left desires a speedy settlement of all outstanding questions which retard the application of the Peace Treaty. It longs for the time when France shall resume her normal life. So when the Premier told the Senators that France could not expect any material advantage from the occupation of the Ruhr they readily believed him, and gave him a vote of confidence that was more sweeping, if not more effective, than that which the Chamber accorded him. Briand was now master of the situation. He had accurately gauged the temper of Parliament, and sought to profit from the warnings given in no uncertain voice. It was clear that he had no wish to pursue a personal policy. The force of circumstances, the reality of things, and his remarkable power

of assimilation of facts that could not be ignored, led him to modify his attitude on the question of the occupation of the Ruhr. At the same time Briand saw and took to heart certain writing on the wall. France had come to the conclusion that she had emerged weaker from every Allied Conference, that she had always to give up something, to abandon some claim or other. This sort of thing had to stop. The era of concessions must close. Before he got his vote of confidence in the Chamber and Senate the Premier knew exactly what was passing in the minds of his countrymen, and his subsequent policy shows that he was determined to interpret the national will.

There are some Frenchmen who hurl at him the same epithet from which Mr. Lloyd George has not escaped. They label him an opportunist. But these Frenchmen are his adversaries who desire to bring about his fall whether or not he fails in his duty to the country. The epithet has a complimentary significance looked at in the light of his desire to do the best for France. And the same remark applies to Mr. Lloyd George, who, in spite of the attitude, at certain moments, of a small section of the French Press, is not without admirers in France, for level-headed Frenchmen do not see in the British Premier an enemy of their country. They know that he thoroughly understands the French point of view, and that, above all things, he is anxious to maintain unimpaired the collaboration in peace problems that existed during the war. It is necessary to restate this fact, emphasised over and over again in Mr. Lloyd George's speeches. Another fact has to be indicated as revealing the French official mind in regard to passing differences of opinion on the application of the Peace Treaty. Never in my discussions with French diplomats in times of crises have I heard a single word of reproach directed against the British Premier. On all occasions they have given Mr. Lloyd George credit of a desire to reach solutions that will be satisfactory to both countries. And the same remark applies to Lord Hardinge, who, it is recognised, fulfils his rôle in times of difficulty with consummate tact.

As was his right, M. Briand took a firm stand on the Upper Silesian question. The British Government wanted an immediate conference at which this troublesome problem could be settled, or, at any rate, discussed. Time after time Briand, always cognisant of the temper of his countrymen, refused the requests made to him. Whatever may have been the feeling created in England by these refusals it has to be stated that the French Premier had the approval of France. For, after all, there were two sides to the question. The French attitude was actuated by two weighty considerations, one of which, France's

anxiety for her future security, was fully appreciated by Mr. Lloyd George. Then there is France's sympathy for Poland, which is quite another matter.

The future of Upper Silesia and the handing over of part of the industrial region to Poland, is, irrespective of the question of justice to that country, bound up with French foreign policy, of which the main plank is security in the future. In spite of what has been written in the foreign Press by writers who, in my judgment, are insufficiently acquainted with the temper of the French people at this moment, France lives in mortal dread of war, and therefore she desires to take every precaution to prevent another conflagration. As with Englishmen, so with Frenchmen—they have had enough of war. France has been twice attacked by Germany—in both cases the attack was not of her seeking—and she is perfectly justified in making such arrangements permitted to her by the Peace Treaty that will make another attack impossible. Germany has been beaten, but you cannot induce the French to believe that she will not think of the day when she can retrieve her defeat. Therefore France has not the same faith in the future peace of Europe as she imagines animates British statesmen. Frequently Frenchmen put to me this question : "If your country happened to be the nearest neighbour of Germany, as we are, would its attitude be different from ours?" This explains why an agreement was not reached on the Upper Silesian problem at the recent Conference in Paris. In the interests of France's security she could not agree that the famous industrial triangle, capable of being transformed into war factories, should be handed over to Germany.

Security for France is therefore the main preoccupation of the French Premier. But there is another and extremely vital point of his policy to which he attaches as much importance as to the question of security. Briand is morbidly anxious that nothing shall occur to impair the understanding, the test of years, between England and France. He voices the sentiment of millions of his countrymen in the hope, expressed time and again in the Chamber, that the union cemented by the blood shed by Englishmen and Frenchmen on the battlefields shall be continued. For him the war was a pact of blood. His gaze turns to the cemeteries in France where lie hundreds of thousands of men of British blood who gave their lives for the cause of France and Belgium, and to him it is unthinkable that the result of the supreme sacrifice they made should be an estrangement, and all through Germany, the author of the war and its sorrows and the consequent difficulties, economic and financial, from which the world is suffering to-day.

Side by side with international worries M. Briand has internal anxieties. As Premier his position is peculiar. He himself is of the Left—like M. Millerand he was excluded from the Socialist, now the Communist, party—and the singular thing is that he is governing a Chamber of the Right, for the members of several of the groups that endorse his foreign policy are in reality hostile to his political faith. For example, the Radicals and Radical Socialists were against the resumption of diplomatic relations with the Vatican. The re-establishment of the Concordat with Rome has, according to M. Jonnart, the French Ambassador accredited to the Vatican, given excellent results.

What the groups of the Left fear is that there will be a return to the state of things before the dissolution of the congregations and the expulsion of the nuns. Briand's reply to his critics is that all that has been done is of a purely diplomatic order. This would be a burning question in France if the country were not preoccupied with the grave matters arising out of the application of the Peace Treaty. For the moment France is mainly concerned in obtaining reparation for the wrong done to her, in the rebuilding of her destroyed towns and villages, and in securing an assurance, perfectly satisfactory to her, that she will be safe from German attack in the future. The French Premier is devoting all his energy to bring about the fulfilment of these desiderata, and on the manner in which he discharges his mission will depend the length of his tenure of office. A fundamentally hostile Right will give him support, and a Bloc National, which now and again reveals crevices, will not withhold encouragement. The next month or two will be the testing time. The eyes of his adversaries—and he has many inside the Chamber and outside—are fixed upon Briand, and he will need all his skill, all his finesse, and his gift of oratory and power of persuasion, in the task that lies before him.

But just as Clemenceau was able to tide over difficult periods when battles were raging and peace was in the making, so the friends of Briand believe that he will win through. For he possesses qualities which Clemenceau lacked. He has this in common with Mr. Lloyd George, for whom he has a high admiration—he can retort effectively when attacked. You never see Briand show any sign of temper under criticism. He has had an uphill fight since January, for leading the French Chamber and the British House of Commons are totally different propositions. It is Briand's aim to stick to his job and to do it as well as he can. In the present circumstances, and having regard to France's peculiar position in the settlement of peace problems, it is difficult to see how any other French statesman could have achieved better results for France.

JOHN BELL.

THE KEY TO EMERSON.

II.

THE WORLD OR CIRCUMSTANCES MAKE THE MAN.

THE explanation of this seeming contradiction is that the first is true in reference to all those things that can be said to come within the sphere of our own personality or will; the second is true, and has its sphere of application, in all those things that are independent of ourselves, as our birth, our enforced surroundings, the accidents of time and fate, the men and women with whom we have chanced to be cast, and the like.

The first is what we call a statical truth, the second a dynamical one; and both are necessary for a complete and all-embracing religion and philosophy. If, for example, you take a slice out of a single human life at different periods, say at the ages of seven, fourteen, twenty-one, thirty, and fifty, you will find that at any one or all of these *points* of time it is absolutely true that the boy or man makes his own world; but if you take the stretches of time intervening between these different periods, with all the chances, accidents and surprises of men and things that have befallen him, you will find that it is equally true that circumstances have in a sense made the man.

Now Emerson bases his philosophy on the first view, the statical, and takes his stand on the mind; Herbert Spencer on the second view, the dynamical, and takes his stand on the circumstances. And hence it is—and this will be a surprise to most readers—that the real complement to Spencer is not Berkeley or Kant, but Emerson. Emerson is but Herbert Spencer turned over, and the only complete philosophy or religion to which the present age, at least, can attain must lie in some synthesis or combination of the two. And further, it may be asserted, as we shall see further on, that, as both Emerson and Spencer's scheme of Nature is based on the same fundamental law, nothing can affect or diminish the weight and importance of Emerson that has not already affected or diminished the weight and importance of Spencer. And, moreover, that as the circumstances that give rise to any natural fact, religion, polity, civilisation, can never be twice alike, whereas the mental laws of which these are the outcome hold true for all time, it is evident that the thinker who starts from the laws of the mind must have a seer-like and prophetic quality which the thinker who starts from the circumstances can never possess. Emerson, it is true, perceived the part played in the world by circumstances as well as any man, and no one has dwelt on it with more emphasis; but, writing in

pre-Darwinian times, and not being a specialist, he could not know the exact methods of "natural selection"; and believing as he did that society could be elevated only by purifying the souls of individual men, he did not concern himself with the inquiry as to the exact part played in progressive civilisation by the general material and social conditions of the world.

Spencer, too, while disposing all the phenomena of society around the universal law of evolution, has nowhere attempted to exhibit the part played by the laws of the mind in civilisation and life. And hence it was that, on perceiving this, I was led in my book on *Civilisation* to make the attempt to fill in the gap still left in philosophy and religion, and to endeavour to do justice both to the statical and the dynamical elements in the problem, both to the laws of the mind involved and to the circumstances of society.

The first great truth associated with this central doctrine of Emerson that "man makes his own world," as a bird builds its nest, is that, so long as a man is rounded in and imprisoned in any particular mood, humour or sentiment, or his mind in any particular theory, doctrine or scheme of things, so long shall all the varied world of Nature, which lies around and beyond the circle which this sentiment or theory illumines and confines, sleep for him as if in night; so long shall all the bright world of poetry, beauty and sentiment, except in so far as it responds to this humour or illustrates this thought, be to him as if non-existent. From the insulating ring which hems him in, the inundating breakers of thought which every day roll over him will be shed as from some protecting waterproof, and figures of divinest things shall stalk past him, like old clothed horses, unknown and unrecognised.

Now the demon that has put these rings around the souls of men and women, imprisoning them in habits they cannot break, in sentiments they cannot overpass, and in thoughts beyond which they cannot without difficulty advance, is temperament or organisation. This it is which has set on human forms the squat forehead, the pinched and sullen eye, the heavy jaw, the relaxed and flabby cheek, as sign and index of the barriers the soul must overleap before it is free to mount and expand into higher realms of thought and being, and is the great fact on which Emerson has dwelt with so much emphasis, and which he has illustrated with so much fertility in his essays on "Circles," "Experience," and in the first part of his essay on "Fate."

From this same central doctrine that "man makes his world" it follows that when from any cause you have been lifted out of one mental mood to another, one view of life to another, one state

of feeling to another, at each ascent the old world will have been completely transformed for you. How different is this self-same world to the child with his tops and toys, to the youth with his first love, to the young man before the world of care has laid its rough and horny hand upon him, to the man in middle life immersed in social and professional ambitions, to the old man to whom these things have lost their charm and have failed to satisfy, to the man who, like St. Paul, has been stricken on the way with a truth of religion, of enthusiasm, of patriotism, which has entirely remodelled his life. And although it is out of the same old world of Nature that each has builded his nest, the metamorphosis which Nature and men have undergone at each step of the ascent is complete and entire.

Now from this follows one of the most important deductions of Emerson, viz., that neither Nature, nor any object in Nature, is exhausted in its first use, but as the mind of the observer ascends into new states things assume new aspects and reveal new powers. If you take your stand on those senses and appetites which are the necessities of the animal man and the remnants of a life inherited from the brutes and say that Nature exists for no other object than to feed, clothe, warm and comfort you, you are deceived. It does more, and as your higher and finer senses open, you perceive that it exists for beauty also, and that the same old atoms which subserve your animal wants have themselves been striving to unite into lines which shall respond to your higher sense of beauty, as sounds when they pass through the mind are woven into harmony and music.

But it does still more, and when your ethical and moral sense opens, the endless flux of Nature along the lines of polarity, or action and reaction, and of human life along the line of exact compensation, will, as we shall see further on, reflect your instincts of justice and standards of right and wrong.

And, finally, when the mind opens to the sense of unity, Nature will still bear out your feeling that the mind of man is not so much to be regarded as of the same stuff as the stone, the tree and the animals which subserve our lower desires, but that, on the contrary, these are to be regarded as proceeding from the same source as the mind of man. This is Emerson's great doctrine of Nature, a doctrine which, in its latest form of "mind-stuff," is the dominant view with the younger and more advanced school of evolutionists, and into which they have for some time felt they must be logically driven. And from all this follows, does it not, as Emerson loses no opportunity of insisting, that no system of philosophy can be regarded as final; but, as your intellectual and moral horizon expands, at each stage Nature will

bear you out, and will give to your thought a new and more varied demonstration, clothing and expression. For just as in the lower animals which we have left behind us there are powers of vision and scent, as in carrier pigeons and other creatures which can detect in Nature things to us invisible, so in our ascent into the man-that-is-to-be the evolution of our higher instincts and the addition of one or two spiritual senses more may, and probably will, show us in the world laws and relations that are now hidden from us, and blossom into new philosophies, religions and moralities, which, while embodying and retaining all that is true in the old, will rise from them, as from some primitive trunk or stem, into a higher and more glorious unfolding.

VIEW OF EVIL OR SIN.

Again from this great central doctrine of Emerson that "Man makes his own world" follows his view of evil or sin. If we see evil in the world, and a dualism at the heart of Nature, it follows from the fact that we make our own world that there must be evil in us. The spiders, toads, snakes and reptiles, which to the scientific man who studies their marvellous and beautiful mechanism are objects of admiration and delight, are, to the ignorant, objects of horror and loathing only, and seem as if different in essential nature from other animals, because they have been accustomed to see in them only things that may sting or hurt them. In the same way we can only see in disease and death, envy, insolence, pride and malignity a quality of essential and positive evil in so far as they injure or hurt ourselves; that is to say, only in so far as we ourselves are living on a plane where we can be injured or hurt by them.

If you yourself have never feared death or disease, why should they be evil to you, and how can you know them to be evil? If you are living in a sphere of contemplation and reliance on Divine justice so high that the envy, insolence, pride and malignity of others cannot reach you, how can you know them to be sin? Why should the fang of the rattlesnake and the vindictiveness of man be regarded as evil any more than gravitation or old age, since to both in a way man must succumb; both are parts of the same ground-plan of Nature, and both incident to the order and harmony of the world.

There is no reason, except that we have regarded them from the standpoint of man instead of the standpoint of God; from the part of our nature that is private and individual rather than from that within us which is public and eternal; from the point of view of the will or conscience which feels they are opposed to virtue, and therefore positive qualities, rather than from the

point of view of the intellect which sees that they are merely less than virtue, and, like cold, negative only. Hence it is that Emerson has said "Sin seen from the thought is a diminution or *less*; seen from the conscience or will it is pravity or *bad*. The intellect names it shade, absence of light, and no essence. The conscience must feel it as essence, essential evil. This it is not; it has an objective existence, but no subjective."

And, lastly, from Emerson's central doctrine that "Man makes his world" is deduced the central doctrine of his religion, viz., that we are to build our own world by the elevation and purification of our own souls. Does the world seem to you chaotic and full of evil, because you are divided against yourself, and while feeling and admitting the supremacy of virtue, still cry out when your lower desires are curtailed? Then, as your mind makes its own world, you must clear your intellectual vision so as to get again in a line with the axis of Divine law, and purify your heart to submit to this law, before the blank and ruin which you see in Nature can be removed. And as your mind becomes transformed by this new insight, and your heart conforms to your mind, "so fast," as Emerson says, "will disagreeable appearances, swine, spiders, snakes, pests, mad-houses, prisons, enemies, vanish; they are temporary, and will be no more seen. The sordid and filth of Nature the sun shall dry up, and the wind exhale. As when the summer comes from the south the snow-banks melt, and the face of the earth becomes green before it, so shall the advancing spirit create its ornaments along its path, and carry with it the beauty it visits and the song which enchants it; it shall draw beautiful faces, warm hearts, wise discourse and heroic acts around its way, until evil is no more seen."

The above series of deductions constitute the leading thoughts in Emerson's solution of the problem of life, or his religion, as contained in his little book on *Nature*; and the reader will have seen that each step in it is a direct and logical deduction from the great principle with which we started out, viz., that "Man makes his own world."

But how, it will be asked, is the intellect to rise from stage to stage to this lofty height, and the heart to become attuned to the point necessary to keep it at one with Nature or God? Most men never reach it, but Emerson has shown how it is to be done, and has not only exhibited the general mode of our intellectual and moral progress, but has pointed out with all his usual penetration and power the particular truth at which we must arrive to solve the problem of life.

To have seen that there is a ring or rind of temperament or organisation which hems in the free souls of men and prevents

their full maturation and unfolding, making of most men mere revolving barrel-organs playing the same old tune from year to year; the same theories, fads, fanaticisms and doctrinal crotchets, and each differing in some more or less essential respect from his neighbour. So great indeed is this tendency of men to get imprisoned in some poor monotonous idea beyond the verge of which they cannot advance, especially as the years wear on, that unless provision was made somewhere by which this tough rind could be penetrated, if only for moments, we should grow to our idea like a rooted tree, and for ever cease to move.

Now this provision is found, on the one hand in the *rotation* of our moods and states of mind, and, on the other, in the rapid *succession* of objects which whirling Time brings to our door; on the one hand in the rolling cylinder of moods and thoughts, on the other in the rolling cylinder of objects in contact with them, each keeping its independent cycle and revolving on its own axis. When suddenly and when least expected a fact or thought will pass through our unguarded mood, and slip magically into the mind, and there like a seed germinate and grow. Sometimes it is a casual remark dropped by a friend in an open or serious hour, sometimes an incident by the wayside or in the street, sometimes an exceptional natural fact that arrests attention and leads to new trains of thought, sometimes a winged or magic word in a book. Sometimes, again, it is the surprises of Time and Fate, the death of friends or children, reverses of fortune, disappointed hopes, loves or ambitions, or the satieties of society and the world. These are all ways in which the germs of new ideas slip through the unguarded openings of the mind, penetrating the rinds of organisation in which we are encased, and breaking up the torpid monotony of thought, which gives rise to those intellectual and moral awakenings which lead the mind on from stage to stage of its growth, and are the ideas which Emerson in his own way has illustrated in the early part of that most difficult of all essays—his essay on “Experience.”

THE UNITY OF THINGS.

But the particular thought at which we must arrive before our solution of the problem of life is complete, and our life can be harmonised with the world around us, is the perception of the unity of things—the perception that one and the same law runs through Nature and the mind of man, and the conforming of our heart to it. “The day of days,” says Emerson, “the great day of the feast of life is that in which the inward eye opens to the unity of things, to the omnipresence of Law—sees that what

is, must be, and ought to be, or is the best. This beatitude dips from on high down to us and we see. It is not in us so much as we are in it. If the air comes to our lungs we breathe and live, if not we die. If light comes to our eyes we see, else not. And if this truth come to our minds, we suddenly expand to its dimensions, as if we grew to worlds. We are as law-givers; we speak for Nature; we prophecy and divine. This insight throws us on the party and interest of the universe against all and sundry; against ourselves as much as others."

When this perception is once so wrought into our character that our lives become one with it we are free, and are superior to fate, and the problem of life for us is solved. This is high doctrine and difficult of attainment, but it is the teaching of Christ Himself. In the meantime, instead of mastering the world by rising superior to it, we, as we see, are all engaged in digging away at it and trying to master it by what Emerson calls a "penny wisdom," by "antiseptics and sanitation for wounds and typhus, by manure, by spectacles, by chemistry, by the steam-engine and telegraph, by the invention of new cushions for our backs and warming-pans for our feet." "This is such a resumption of power," says Emerson, "as if a banished King should buy his territories inch by inch instead of vaulting at once into his throne."

But the last step has still to be taken by Emerson before his demonstration is complete, and that is, detailed proof that such unity runs through the world of Nature and the mind and soul of man. This step Emerson takes with entire and happy success, and a brief account of it will complete our study of the organic connections that run through the great thoughts which make up his solution of the problem of life.

It will be a surprise, as I have said, to many readers to learn that the real complement and counterpart to Herbert Spencer is not Kant, or Berkeley, or any other of the purely metaphysical idealists, but Emerson himself, their philosophy of Nature being identical, and being based, as we shall see, on the same fundamental and all-pervading law. As I have said before, Emerson regards this law from the standpoint of the mind, Spencer from the standpoint of the material world. And it will perhaps be a still greater surprise when I affirm that the perception of the law really belongs by right of priority to Emerson rather than to Mr. Darwin or Spencer. It is true that, not being a naturalist, Emerson was unable to assign the special *means* by which this law worked itself out among organised beings, viz., by "Natural selection and the struggle for existence"; and, not being a mathematician, was unable to give it the developed form it after-

wards assumed in the hands of Mr. Spencer; but then, as a set-off against this, Emerson in his own special field had been able to push the law into regions of the mind to which neither Darwin nor Spencer have penetrated.

Readers of the *First Principles* will remember that Spencer has deduced the developed law of evolution as enunciated by him as a *mathematical* corollary from the fact that the matter of which the universe is composed exists in a *fixed* quantity, and under the two antagonistic or *polar* forms of attraction and repulsion, and has shown that, given unlimited space and unlimited time, from this simple fact alone, all the immense and multitudinous variety of the world and of human life is strictly and mathematically deducible; that is to say, he has deduced his law of evolution from the more simple and primitive law of polarity.

Now this is precisely the doctrine of Emerson as enunciated by him in his essay on "Nature," and given to the world some twenty years before the appearance of Spencer's book. "Motion or change and Identity or rest," says Emerson, "are the first and second secrets of Nature: Motion and Rest. The whole code of her laws may be written on the thumb-nail, or the signet of a ring. The whirling bubble on the surface of a brook admits us to the secret of the mechanics of the sky. Every shell on the beach is a key to it. A little water made to rotate in a cup explains the formation of the simpler shells; the addition of matter from year to year arrives at last at the most complex forms; and yet so poor is Nature with all her craft that, from the beginning to the end of the universe, she has but one stuff, but one stuff with its two ends to serve up all her dreamlike variety. Compound it as she will, star, sand, fire, water, tree, man, it is all one stuff, and betrays the same properties. . . . All changes pass without violence by reason of the two cardinal conditions of boundless space and boundless time. We learn what patient periods must round themselves before the rock is formed, then, before the rock is broken and the first lichen race has disintegrated the thinnest external plate into soil, and opened the door for the remote Flora, Fauna, Ceres, and Pomona to come in. How far off yet is the trilobite. How far the quadruped. How inconceivably remote is man. All duly arrive and then race after race of men. It is a long way from granite to the oyster, farther yet to Plato and the preaching of the immortality of the soul: yet all must come *as surely as the first atom has two sides.*"

As for the primitive push necessary to start the ball rolling. Spencer regards it as a *physical* necessity inhering in the fact that the quantity of matter is *fixed*, and therefore exposed to unequal forces at the circumference and centre respectively.

Emerson says that Nature did not wait for the discussion as to how it first got started, "but right or wrong bestowed the impulse and the ball rolled. It was no great affair, a mere push, but the astronomers were right in making much of it, for there is no end to the consequences of the act. That famous aboriginal push propagates itself through all the balls of the system, and through every atom of every ball, through all the race of creatures, *and through the history and performance of every individual.*"

This, as the reader will perceive, is the doctrine of evolution in a nutshell, the only difference between Emerson and Spencer being the extent of the field over which they have been able to apply it. Spencer, taking his stand on physical laws, has most fully explained the phenomena of physical and organic life; but when he comes to the mind, he can treat it only as a *function* of its material organ—the brain; while Emerson, taking his stand on the mind, has treated of facts of consciousness which are inaccessible to merely physical observation, and, in consequence, can push the "law of polarity," as I have said, into regions to which Spencer cannot legitimately follow him.

Now the Law in the Mind which Emerson finds to be at one with the Law of Polarity in Nature is what he calls the Law of Compensation; and is the last demonstration required to give that Unity to the world which, as we saw, was necessary to the solution of the Problem of Life.

What he understands by this law is this, that, owing to the existence in the mind of a *fixed scale* on which all our motives and feelings are registered, as men register their different heights against a wall, a scale which can be known only to consciousness, and not to the physical methods of observation of Mr. Spencer, we cannot act from a *lower* motive, or do what we feel to be *wrong*, without being compensated instantly and on the spot by a loss of manhood, and becoming less in the scale of being; so much so, indeed, that when our bad actions or motives become habitual, as in criminals, instead of being able to subjugate our fellows by erectness and elevation of mind, we become every day more and more the creatures of haunting suspicion and fear, until at last the world, instead of opening up before us as before an emperor, becomes to us a prison house, peopled by policemen and detectives only.

Now the reason we do not see that this truth is as absolute as gravitation is that we cannot without difficulty free it from the complications which surround and secure it. The first difficulty lies in the different moral plane on which men live, and the different ideals which they set before themselves as worthy of pursuit. If, for example, we are living at that moral level where

we think large accumulations of wealth more important than those differences of character in men which judicious dissimulation can make quite or almost imperceptible, we shall not really feel that the man who has within the limits of the law been able to amass money by habitually preferring the baser to the nobler motive, has been strictly compensated or punished by the real effect of his conduct on his own soul.

Another difficulty in proving the truth of the law lies in the impossibility of knowing from merely external appearances the real characters of men and the real motives by which they are impelled, and the consequent impossibility of knowing exactly how it stands with their souls. But if we would see how essentially true the law is we have only to imagine ourselves armed with the eyes of Lynceus—a condition to which civilisation is every day bringing us nearer—and men's motives stripped of the dissimulations in which they are encased, and exposed to view as under some glass case, when we should at once perceive that men must as accurately rise or fall, shrink or expand in soul, according to the motive from which they act, as water rises or falls in a tube according to the height of the source from which it springs. Even as it is, there is little difficulty in seeing the truth of the law if, instead of taking one party to a transaction, we take two. If we consider the relation of quack and dupe, for example, we shall see that, if the quack gets the money, he is compensated by the loss of those qualities which make the essential glory of man; the dupe, on the other hand, who has kept those qualities unsullied, is compensated or punished for his ignorance, stupidity or conceit; and in either case the balance is exact and complete.

This, in a word, is Emerson's great doctrine of "Compensation," as illustrated by him in endless variety from all quarters of life in his essay of that name, and, as we have seen, is the last link required to complete that chain of connected thought which gives Unity to the World and fulness to his solution of the Problem of Life.

THE WORLD : PRODUCT OF ONE GREAT CENTRAL SPIRIT.

Of the organic and logical connections existing between Emerson's great main doctrines on the practical conduct of life little remains to be said. They are all easily and logically deducible from his general view of the world and of human life.

The world he figures as the product of one great Central Spirit, Existence, or Reality, which pulses through Nature and the mind of man, breaking and precipitating itself in its ebb and flow on the circumference of things, into myriads of separate and in-

dividual existences, mineral, vegetable and animal, and into myriads of individual human beings. When present in the soul of man this Universal Spirit manifests itself in what are known to us as virtue, goodness, truth, genius, beauty and love, which are all like the tides of some inland stream, an influx from its deeper waters; when absent it leaves us like stranded hulks, the prey of our private and lower desires—pride, envy, appetite, fear, vanity and revenge.

But while each man has thus within him some scintillation of this Universal Power, which not only connects him with it, but gives him a ray of relationship and brotherhood with all other natures, he is at the same time armed and equipped with *special* powers, or a combination of powers, peculiar to himself—a combination never exactly alike in any two persons—and which, like the varied and special instincts of the lower animals, fits him more than other men for the interpretation of certain sides and aspects of Nature and Life.

Now the first doctrine that follows from the fact that all things proceed from the same universal spirit is, that Nature and Man are of *one* stuff; that they are twin brothers rather than the natural enemies which the theologians have figured them; and that all things in Nature have their types and homologues in the mind of man which is their epitome and representative. For just as the body of man in its development from the germ passes through all the inferior forms of fish, reptile and mammal, so the mind of man, which in like manner is the epitome of the nervous system of all those inferior creatures, contains potentially locked up in it the knowledge and laws of the various qualities and objects with which these creatures have conversed. And hence it is that we have Emerson saying in his *Uses of Great Men* that "Like can only be known by like. Animated chlorine knows of chlorine, and incarnate zinc of zinc. The reason he knows about them is that he is of them; he has just come out of Nature, or from being a part of that thing."

This doctrine of like knowing like is one of the remarks of Emerson which have given Hutton so much pause, and is the principal quotation selected by him to prove that Emerson's philosophy carried weight only in proportion to the extent of our ignorance and not to the extent of our knowledge. But, as the reader sees, it is practically one with the latest doctrine of evolution, and, if we consider it well, it is as good a theory of knowledge, if we must have a theory, as any we are likely to find.

If the mind of man is thus the epitome of Nature, and contains wrapped up in itself all her powers, it is the epitome, too, of all human history, and hence it follows that the key to history

must be furnished from our own insight and culture, and that its secrets can be read aright only when we have stood before each recalcitrant fact until we have made it run in line with some private experience of our own—a doctrine which lies at the root of Emerson's essay on "History," and is the thread on which all his illustrations are strung.

It follows, too, from the fact that all other things proceed from the *same* universal essence, that the poet is he who has drunk so deeply of this all-pervading spirit, that his mind can follow, as it were, the flowing metamorphosis of things through all their forms, so that he may in a sense be said to be for the time being the thing itself which he describes—a doctrine which is the key to Emerson's essay on "The Poet." It is the extent, too, to which our minds can be opened to this spirit, in spite of all the obstructions of temperament, organisation, and individual bias, which is the measure of intellect, and not those special organs of calculation, memory, and the like, which are the organs by which man converses with *special* aspects of Nature, and not with its universal relations; and this, again, is the basis of Emerson's essay on "Intellect."

From the other pole of Emerson's theory of the world, viz., that each man, while containing within him some ray of relation to the universal power, is armed with *special powers* peculiarly his own, it follows that each man, instead of being round as a circle, full and complete on all his sides, is but an arc or fragment, illuminating us by a ray from that side alone on which he is strong, and to which, as it were, he was born; and that, just as it takes the whole variety and multiformity of Nature to give us that sense of harmony and fulness we feel in her works, so it takes the whole society of men and women to give us that symmetry, fulness and satisfaction we seek and require. It follows, too, that, to get this many-sided harmony, we must have a *rotation* of persons, each like the various facets of a diamond, taking his turn in succession, and emitting his own peculiar ray, a doctrine which is the key to Emerson's essay on the "Nominalist and Idealist." And from all this it follows, does it not, that hero-worship, although useful as a mere temporary expedient for lifting us from stage to stage in our mental growth, is as a final, practical creed in human affairs, noxious and absurd, a doctrine illustrated and enforced by Emerson in his *Uses of Great Men*, and proving how poor and shallow was that criticism which for a generation regarded Emerson as a Yankee pocket edition of Carlyle; the truth, on the contrary, being that all Emerson's practical doctrines are the direct antithesis of Carlyle's, and are aimed gently, but pointedly, at his teaching.

And lastly, and as epitome of all Emerson's practical doctrine, it follows that each man, by virtue of his possession of special powers, or combination of powers, should keep himself with absolute *self-reliance* at that angle where he is himself strong, and not become the echo, shadow or appendage of other minds; and that this self-reliance consists, not in vulgar or empty self-assertion, but in lowly obedience to the inner and soliciting voice; or, in other words, in the taking his own private will and pride out of the path of the Divine current, in order that he may receive of the Divine spirit more abundantly, a doctrine which has its finest exposition in Emerson's essay on "Self-reliance."

And now I have done I could have wished, indeed, had it been possible, to have taken each of his separate essays and shown the harmony and connection of each sentence and paragraph with one or other of the great central doctrines which in this paper I have attempted systematically to elucidate; but, my space being long since exhausted, I can only now say that, if once the connected scheme of thought which I have tried here to exhibit be clearly and firmly grasped, Emerson will no longer be the partially sealed book he has been to this hour; and that instead of many of his pages, as with Lord Morley, being "mere abracadabra, incomprehensible and worthless," or his philosophy, as with Matthew Arnold, having no progress or evolution in it, or, as with Hutton, such as you "can drive a coach and six through," he will be found to be not only one of the most capacious and serene, but one of the most subtle and penetrating, of the thinkers of any age or time.

JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER.

AMERICA AND THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS.

THE importance to be ascribed to the approaching International Conference on Disarmament at Washington cannot be overstated. On its decisions will depend the future direction of international affairs. It is being held under conditions which differ vitally from those in which previous international conferences assembled. The announcement is made that its proceedings will be public, so that its course can be followed and affected by public discussion. At last, public covenants between governments are to be openly arrived at. The failure of ex-President Wilson to secure this promised procedure at the Paris Conference, with its train of evils to the world, is not to be repeated. The influences which support President Harding in office are determined that the peoples shall be fully informed as to the matters to which they are being committed by their representatives. Hence, in this respect, the forthcoming Washington Conference signifies the new order which it is designed to inaugurate. The suffering nations of the world are to be associated in friendly co-operation for the attainment of international peace.

It will contribute to the success of the Washington Conference if all available opportunities are taken to assist in elucidating the matters which will come up for discussion. Those who are familiar with the questions that are shaping public opinion in America, for instance, might tender with deference and circumspection the views they have formed on the probable character of American proposals at Washington, and the attitude Great Britain should assume in considering them. In the pages of this REVIEW,¹ after a prolonged stay in America, the present writer set out the reasons which disposed the American people to decline to enter the League of Nations. The course of public events has fully corroborated the account then given, and it is now desired to recall a special aspect of the case which has a direct bearing upon the business of the Washington Conference.

In an enumeration of outstanding American criticisms of the present defective League of Nations, the concluding objection was thus described:—"Finally, in connection with the composition and powers of the League, the absence of any reference to the freedom of the seas is a serious omission which is affecting American opinion. The failure of the Paris Conference to con-

(1) See "The Hesitation of America," FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, March, 1920.

sider the reservation, as promised in the memorandum of the Allied Powers transmitted through President Wilson to the German Government on November 5th, 1918, has served to emphasise the contentions advanced to the British Government by President Wilson during the early years of the war, before America entered the conflict. England must realise that America, and other Powers, will not acquiesce indefinitely in the postponement of this question. The high seas must be ensured as the open highways of the world, under international protection, and no British interest need suffer under such an arrangement as the nations will require. This is a matter as to which frankness is essential. Until it is raised in an effective sense, American opinion will continue to be greatly exercised, as the naval proposals show."

The development of the naval plans of America is proceeding with expedition. The programme was undertaken before America entered the late war, and the building plans for three years, from 1918 are being completed. The reason for this persistence was stated definitely by President Wilson in his address to Congress before going abroad (December 2nd, 1918): "I earnestly recommend the uninterrupted pursuit of that policy. *It would clearly be unwise for us to attempt to adjust our programme to a future world policy as yet undetermined.*" Whatever differences as to policy and administration sprang up between President Wilson and the American people subsequent to this pronouncement, the settled policy of America as to naval armaments has undergone no deflection. Heavy, indeed, is the bitterness which the world has suffered by reason of that fateful divergence of opinion, but the deliberate and adamant intention of the American people to build up a navy equal to all comers is not weakened. The determination of a world policy in agreement with the other Powers alone can place any check upon this naval development. To canvass the possibilities of such a determination of future world policy is President Harding's aim in extending the invitations to Washington.

What, then, is the American attitude towards this determination of a policy which shall regulate the provision of naval armaments?

Shortly stated, that attitude is affected by two primary considerations. Firstly, the High Seas must be brought under international control. The naval dominance of any particular Power must be merged in an international authority. The rules of the sea, during peace and war, must be determined and enforced by the collective will of the nations. Special interests at sea are to be repudiated. The only interest to be regarded is the interest of all users of the high seas as prescribed by international authority. Secondly, the international regulation of the seas shall

provide for the immunity from capture of private property, except contraband of war as determined by such regulation.

These two conditions were embodied in the second of President Wilson's Fourteen Points, namely: "Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace as in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants." This definition seems to avoid the difficulties usually ascribed to attempts to define the freedom of the seas. As it stands, it is a clear and explicit statement of the American attitude. It will be found, I believe, to be the formula which the American Government will put forward for discussion at the Washington Conference. In any event, it embodies the view of progressive opinion in many countries. Hence, it will be serviceable just now to recall the grounds on which it has been stated by the American President during the war period.

In the course of his second Inaugural Address (March 5th, 1917), which dealt with the political principles of Americans, President Wilson couched his subsequently famous Second Point in these homelier words: "The seas should be equally free and safe for the use of all peoples, under rules set up by common agreement and consent, and that, so far as practicable, they should be accessible to all upon equal terms." It should be remembered that this account of American aims was given at the height of the German submarine menace, which, shortly afterwards, brought America into the war. It was not an utterance framed to define war policy, but was intended to be regarded as a candid statement of the American attitude towards the freedom of the seas. Indeed, in an address to the Senate on the conditions of peace (January 22nd, 1917), President Wilson elaborated this matter in a passage which goes directly to the business of the Washington Conference. It is of such importance that it should be cited in full. Mr. Wilson was engaged in an attempt, as he describes it, "frankly to uncover realities." The world could be at peace, he declared, only in so far as its arrangements inspired a sense of justice, of freedom, and of right. "So far as practicable, moreover, every great people now struggling towards a full development of its resources and of its powers should be assured a direct outlet to the great highways of the sea. Where this cannot be done by the cession of territory, it can be done by the neutralisation of direct rights of way under the general guarantee which will assure the peace itself. With a right comity of arrangement no nation need be shut away from free access to the open paths of the world's commerce."

The concluding phrase gives the key to the following words, to

which I venture to invite particular attention : "And the paths of the sea must alike in law and in fact be free. *The freedom of the seas is the sine qua non of peace, equality, and co-operation.* No doubt a somewhat radical reconsideration of many of the rules of international practice hitherto thought to be established may be necessary in order to make the seas indeed free and common in practically all circumstances for the use of mankind, but the motive for such changes is convincing and compelling. *There can be no trust or intimacy between the peoples of the world without them.* The free, constant, unthreatened intercourse of nations is an essential part of the process of peace and of development. *It need not be difficult either to define or to secure the freedom of the seas if the governments of the world sincerely desire to come to an agreement concerning it.* It is a problem closely connected with the limitation of naval armaments and the co-operation of the navies of the world in keeping the seas at once free and safe."

The sentences italicised in the reproduction of this grave passage indicate the outlines of the aim and method of the coming conference. American opinion regards the freedom of the seas as a *sine qua non* of peace and the foundation of trust between the peoples of the world. Success in attaining these conditions depends upon the sincerity of the Governments. Washington provides the opportunity. What is to be the response of Great Britain?

Concerning the principle which is to actuate our policy at Washington, and the spirit with which it is to be prosecuted, the Prime Minister has not left us in doubt. In an official statement made to the House of Commons on July 11 as to the main issues of the Pacific Conference, and also on the question of disarmament, Mr. Lloyd George declared : "In the United States we see to-day, as we have always seen, the people closest to our aims and ideals, with whom it is for us, not merely a desire and an interest, but a deeply-rooted instinct, to consult and co-operate. . . . The first principle of our policy is friendly co-operation with the United States." In the light of this declaration, which expresses the true intent of the British people, it is necessary to give some examination to the two major propositions set out above as defining the attitude of America towards the freedom of the seas. Are we prepared to merge our historic predominance at sea in an international authority? Are we ready to contemplate the abolition of the right of capture of private property at sea?

The first question raises a matter which goes to the roots of the pride of Britain. We are a nation of sailors, with a feeling about the sea that countless great deeds of our brothers have

made an undying passion. For many generations we have "occupied our business in deep waters," building up an incomparable tradition of bravery, adventure, and service to mankind. We have become the policeman of the high seas, developing an enormous fleet to safeguard the main water routes of the world, and affording protection to British traders on all seas. Are we willing to share this duty with others on terms to be agreed at Washington? If an international conference of the Powers agree to set up an authority to enforce the rule of law at sea as we have joined with them to establish through the League of Nations the rule of law on land, is it conceivable that we would stand aside? Would such action be consistent with our principles and practice? Can there remain any doubt that our highest interests would be endangered by abstention from international action?

My conversations with personages in American affairs made it clear to me, and I press the conclusion with earnestness, that the failure to agree upon an international authority to police the high seas would mean a resumption in the race of competitive armaments, disastrous to the peace of the world. The naval dominance of any Power under present conditions entails naval equipment by other Powers on a scale designed to prepare for all eventualities. The American and Japanese navies are being expanded on this principle. As President Wilson said in commending to Congress the prosecution of the post-war American scheme, naval programmes cannot be adjusted to a future world-policy as yet undetermined. A world-policy can be determined only on the basis of international policing of the seas. Until that is arrived at, naval expansion is inevitable. Are we ready to join in establishing that international authority? If so, our participation at Washington will crown our service to the world by providing the only alternative to a naval race towards war and general ruin. If not—and it has to be said with the utmost frankness—the Washington Conference will not fulfil its high task. But the institution of an international authority at sea would only be postponed—until after the next war.

Such a contingency, however, is incredible. If any interests in Great Britain threatened to drive us towards that *impasse*, public opinion in its anger would banish them from positions of responsibility. Fortunately, as I have said before in these pages, American opinion is not uninformed as to the temperament, capacity, and representative character of newspaper figures in England. An oratorical fantasia on "Britannia Rules the Waves," even in the House of Commons, has lost the interest across the Atlantic it formerly excited. Here, also, we now remain unaffected by similar performances in America. The good-fellowship

and genuine brotherliness of the two peoples are proof against the mischief of extremists of all varieties on both sides of the sea. It cannot be doubted, then, that Great Britain will be in full accord with the dominant opinion of the world for the international control of the high seas. What we have done hitherto we shall continue to perform, in conjunction with the other Powers.

The institution of an international authority over the high seas will have a drastic effect upon the scale of British naval armament. In the absence of such an authority hitherto we have undertaken the policing of the water routes of the world. We have protected our mercantile marine in all quarters of the globe, and we have insisted upon maintaining the liability to capture at sea of belligerent private property in war. Since every Power under present conditions, and the absence of an effective international authority, is a potential belligerent, each great naval Power has developed a machine for the protection of its nationals' private property. Obviously, the scale of naval equipment is dependent upon the retention of this right to capture a belligerent's mercantile marine in war. Are we ready to reconsider this right in the light of the experience of the late war, if America raises the question (as she undoubtedly will) at Washington? I put the point as firmly as that because America has always urged the immunity of private property from capture at sea upon the attention of the nations. American opinion is so insistent upon this reform that no American Government could fail to raise it at an appropriate international conference.

I cannot linger to enter into a consideration of the practical effects of this right which successive British Governments have refused to give up,¹ but it is desirable to record that influential opinion in this country has always supported the American view. When the late President Roosevelt declared in favour of a new international conference at The Hague at which this question could be reconsidered, Earl Loreburn (then Sir Robert Reid) said in the House of Commons: "I trust that His Majesty's Government will avail themselves of this unique opportunity. I urge it not upon any ground of sentiment or of humanity (indeed, no operation of war inflicts less suffering than the capture of unarmed vessels at sea), but upon the ground that in the balance of argument, coolly weighed, the interest of Great Britain will gain much from a change long and eagerly desired by the great majority of other Powers." Throughout a long career, Lord Loreburn has consistently and energetically pressed this view upon his

(1) See *Armageddon—and After*, p. 75, by W. L. Courtney (Chapman and Hall).

countrymen,¹ and his efforts have assisted materially in building up the large body of responsible opinion which approves of this fateful change in the law of the sea. The present Lord Chancellor has also in speech and by writing supported the reform. As far back as February 6th, 1908, Mr. F. E. Smith (as he then was) moved in the House of Commons an amendment to the Address, "expressing regret that His Majesty's Plenipotentiaries at the Hague Conference were not authorised to forward the reduction of international armaments by assenting to the principle of the immunity of enemy merchant vessels, other than carriers of contraband, in time of war." Speaking as a representative of the great mercantile community of Liverpool, he said that this claim to immunity from capture at sea was made with practical unanimity by the chambers of commerce of the country and by the shipping trade. When one reflects upon the menace to trade on the seas which this rule levels one can understand the resentment of the business community at its maintenance by the British Government. Indeed, Mr. Smith, in the course of a closely reasoned and trenchant speech, made an observation which has an important bearing upon the aspect which Great Britain's attitude on this question presents to other Powers. "As long as this country maintains the existing system we can never go to other countries with an appearance of good faith and say that we propose a general reduction of military armaments."

Persistence in our old attitude would undoubtedly wear this appearance, but even before the late war the then Foreign Secretary intimated in the House of Commons the conditions on which, in his opinion, it might be safe for this country to agree to a revision of this right of capture. As late as May 6th, 1914, the question was debated in Parliament on the motion of Mr. Philip Morrell, whose return to public life is much to be desired. Sir Edward Grey laid down three conditions necessary for fulfilment before the then Government would bring the matter forward. They were: (1) an agreement as to blockade; (2) an agreement as to contraband; and (3) a requirement that merchant vessels shall not be turned into armed ships. The actual words used by Sir Edward Grey, in opposing Mr. Morrell's motion, should be cited, as they may throw some light upon the attitude of the British Admiralty: "I have indicated reasons why we must keep our hands free. Our object in doing so is not to offer a blank opposition to this question on the next international occasion, but to guard against committing ourselves to accepting it without having secured proper conditions. If that is so, I cannot, on

(1) See *Capture at Sea*, Earl Loreburn (Methuen).

behalf of the Government, accept a motion committing us to initiate negotiations with foreign countries, as this motion must be regarded as doing. We must have time to work out the conditions on which we should be prepared to negotiate. I trust that in the course of the next year or so that will be done, and that when the subject next comes before the House the Government may be in a position to take the matter a little further, and to be more explicit as to the conditions upon which such a position might be taken up by this country." I do not quote these words as an illustration of unusual statesmanship, but the intimation that the British Admiralty would be instructed to advise the Government on the question is of interest as showing that the preparations for the Washington Conference will place the British Government in a position to deal with the matter.

It would be unwise to overlook the circumstance that whatever suggestions the British Government put forward at Washington, a chorus of disapproval will go up from those of their critics at home who seem unable to escape from the prepossessions of a lifetime. But the world moves on, and the progressive elements in our national life desire to advance our interests in line with the world's development. We shall not be helpful in this readjustment, which must proceed if we are to maintain our historic position among the nations, by bringing to its prosecution the insular conceptions which prevailed during the Victorian era. If we have assimilated the lessons of later years, and particularly the warnings of the recent world catastrophe, we shall recognise that civilisation can be preserved only by the co-operation of governments and peoples, at home and abroad. In this endeavour we are not called upon to surrender our best endowments and resources as a people, but to contribute them freely to the common stock from which alone can be ensured the peace of the world.

I am aware that this point of view fails to commend itself to some whose service to our nation is highly appraised. But ideas rule the world, and we are called upon to canvass all suggestions which may come to us by experience or reflection. Without trenching upon controversial ground, the avowal may be proffered that the general unrest of international and home affairs betokens a prevailing belief that the governments have lost their way in seeking the reconstruction of the world.

The summons to the Washington Conference is a call to make a fresh start. President Harding has established the character of the invitation by his renewed confession of the aim of the American people, and the purpose the assembly at Washington is designed to promote. He declares that "acquirement through might is contrary to human justice, and we of America, and all

the world, are so resolved that wars shall cease." The main object of the Washington Conference is, he says, "to come to an understanding that will remove the causes of war and put an end to costly armaments."

We in Great Britain can respond in practical ways which can ensure that from Washington shall begin a new era in the world's history. We can put the seal to the desire of the nations that the control of the high seas, as also the regulation of international affairs on land, shall be exercised in concert by all governments for the common benefit of mankind. We can ensure the avoidance of a ruinous resumption of competitive armaments, while enhancing our national resources in the saving of crushing and preventable expenditure upon naval equipment, by meeting the claim for the immunity of private property at sea.

A great son of America defined courage as equality to the opportunity. To our statesmen in no generation has come an opportunity richer in promise for the world's future, or more fruitful in harvest for our national interests. May the occasion reveal a man whose courage shall be equal to such an opportunity.

HOLFORD KNIGHT.

THE ECONOMICS OF COMMUNISM: THEORY AND PRACTICE.

"The Riches and Goods of Christians are not common as touching the right, title and possession of the same, as certain Anabaptists do falsely boast. Notwithstanding, every man ought, of such things as he possesseth, liberally to give alms to the poor, according to his ability."—*Articles of Religion*, xxxviii.

ABOUT three-quarters of a century ago Disraeli published a searching analysis of the social condition of the England of that day. The sub-title which he gave to his novel was an arresting one: *The Two Nations*. *Sybil* was, however, only one of a group of notable novels published in the "hungry 'forties." Carlyle had given the lead to the novelists by the publication of his *Essay on Chartism* in 1839. Disraeli followed with *Coningsby* in 1844 and *Sybil* in 1845; Charles Kingsley's *Yeast* appeared in 1848, Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton* in the same year; *Alton Locke* appeared in 1850, and *North and South* five years later. What induced these people, so far apart in milieu, and in outlook so divergent, to concentrate upon a single theme? The answer may be given in one word: it was Chartism. In form *Chartism*—and the contrast with Communism will be noted—was a purely political movement. The document drawn up in 1838 by the London Working Men's Association, and subsequently known as *The People's Charter*, embodied an exact reproduction of the programme adopted in 1780 by the Society for Constitutional Information, a Society founded by Major Cartwright and Horne Tooke, and patronised by Charles James Fox. The "points" of the Charter represented demands which were exclusively political: annual parliaments, vote by ballot, manhood suffrage, payment of members, and the like. Except the first all the "points" have been conceded; yet the essential problem which, though ignored in the Charter, lay at the root of Chartism, is still unsolved.

Chartism, in fact, represented a mass of accumulated discontent evoked by three causes: social, economic, and political. The wage-earners were bitterly disappointed at their exclusion from the Reform Act, which their agitation had done so much to extort; they were still more concerned to learn from Lord John Russell that the terms of that Act were to be regarded as "final"; but the root cause of the discontent was less political than economic and social. The England of the eighteenth century, sparsely populated, commercially backward, had been essentially a "community." The "Industrial Revolution" had dissolved that com-

munity into an aggregation of disconnected and antagonistic atoms. "For the first time a great part of the population had become dependent wholly upon wages; and wages were low and the cost of living high. The factory system brought great wealth directly to the new capitalists and indirectly to the nation, but socially it parted masters from men. So England came to consist, as Disraeli said, of "two nations between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts, and feelings as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by a different breeding, are fed by a different food, are ordered by different manners, and are not governed by the same laws."

The latter part of the indictment—for an indictment it was—is no longer true; nor, indeed, is the earlier; yet there is a sense in which the diagnosis is still sufficiently accurate to give cause for grave apprehension. The intellectual food of those who labour with their hands is still so different from that of those who supply to industry either brains or capital as to make real intercourse of thought almost impossible. Therein lies, in my judgment, a grave menace to the stability of the social fabric. This intellectual food is supplied to the manual worker by men who have embraced with all the fervour of religious devotees the doctrines first popularised by Karl Marx. Consequently he who would think the thoughts of an increasingly large section of the younger wage-earners of to-day must begin by an attempt to apprehend the teaching of Marx's *Capital*. That book is the Gospel of the Proletariat in every country in the world. It has nourished the mind of Lenin; just as surely as Rousseau, in his *Contrat Social*, furnished the text for the first revolution in France, has Marx inspired the Bolshevik revolution in Russia. Lenin's own book, *The State and Revolution: Marxist Teaching on the State and the Task of the Proletariat in the Revolution*, dated 1917, is an attempt to establish his own claim to the apostolic succession. Nor can the validity of the claim be disputed. Soviet Russia is an outstanding demonstration of the practical application of Marxian principles in politics and economics.

What, then, is the central doctrine of Marx? Stripped of technicalities—and Marx, being highly technical in treatment, is, be it said, much easier to talk about than to read—it may be stated thus: all wealth is the product of labour; labour, therefore, is entitled to the total product of industry; labour is, however, cheated of its rights in consequence of the interposition of a parasitic growth which is succinctly described as "capitalism." The "natural economy," under which man's toil was rewarded by the enjoyment of the fruits of his labour, has, in the process of

historical evolution, been superseded by an artificial system, the broad result of which is to deny to the "toiling masses" all the fruits of their toil save that insignificant portion which is essential to their own maintenance and to the reproduction of the species. The whole product of "labour" above the margin of bare subsistence is absorbed in dribblets by the huge sponge of "capital." Capitalists are not, as individuals, responsible for the gigantic crime which they are daily committing. They are themselves the unhappy (or happy) victims of a vicious system which enriches them while it grinds the faces of the poor. See how the thing works out in practice. Observe the building of a ship. A thousand men, let it be assumed, are engaged upon the various processes which contribute to the finished product. At the end of each week they receive their predetermined recompense, £5 apiece. The work continues for a year. At the end of it the ship is finished. A thousand men have received in the aggregate, in the form of weekly wages, £26,000. The finished ship is sold for, say, £100,000. In the final price £50,000, say, represents raw materials; "capital" absorbs the difference, £24,000, and by absorbing it entrenches itself ever more securely in the position which enables, nay, inexorably compels it to indulge in the further exploitation of labour.

How can such a system be justified morally or economically? It is true that "capital" has during a period of fifty-two weeks made advances to labour, and that without those advances labour could not have subsisted. But what of that? Before the first instalment of weekly wages has been received by the labourers they have added to the value of the ship much more, *ex hypothesi*, than the relatively paltry sums which they received from the capitalist; the latter pays out to them, week by week, only a fraction of the wealth which they have already created; the residue he retains, gathering where he has not sown, absorbing the "surplus value" of other men's toil.

This theory of "surplus value" is the pith of the teaching of Marx, and forms the basis of the vast literary superstructure erected by his disciples upon the foundations so patiently and so laboriously laid by the master.

I restate it in bare simplicity and in the fewest words—but I hope not unfairly or inaccurately—because I deem it to be of real importance that those who belong to the "nation" which reads *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* (and I could wish that its borders were widely extended) should apprehend the economic theory on which the workaday creed of the other and much larger "nation" is based. No one who holds converse with the more thoughtful among the manual workers, no one who reads the newspapers

which they read, no one who is at pains to analyse the fundamental theory which lies at the root of many of the speeches delivered at the innumerable conferences so dear to the heart of "organised labour," no one who follows the utterances which proceed from the Labour benches in the House of Commons, or listens to the sermons of the "Court Chaplains of Democracy," can entertain any doubt that, in the ultimate analysis, it is from Karl Marx that they draw their inspiration. It is likely enough that in many cases they are themselves unconscious of the source of their inspiration, and would, if challenged, repudiate the authority to which, nevertheless, they are accustomed to bow.

Among these unconscious devotees I do not, of course, include the young intellectuals like Mr. Gould, who contributed to the July number of this REVIEW an article on "Coal and Revolution." As a large portion of that article was devoted to criticism of me, or rather of my opinions, I should wish to say at once that of Mr. Gould's controversial methods I make no sort of complaint. On the contrary he writes of me with a courtesy and consideration which I sincerely desire to reciprocate. His argument, however, demands critical examination, if only because it is in substance typical—though stated, perhaps, with an uncommon measure of restraint—of much of the writing and of the copious oratory which form the daily or weekly pabulum of the more thoughtful wage-earners in this country.

What is the gist of Mr. Gould's argument? Essentially it comes to this : that profits are an excrescence upon the industrial system ; that the capitalist is a parasite, and that a situation, if not immediately at hand, is at least "frankly envisaged," in which private profits will "have to cease to exist." "Nobody," he writes, "denies that Labour has a definite programme, and few deny that such a programme, if logically carried out, would necessarily involve the ultimate transfer of the holdings of private capital to the ownership of the community in some form or other, and thus bring about a redistribution of the national income."

To avoid misconception it is proper to add that I infer that Mr. Gould belongs to the category of "constitutional revolutionaries." As a consistent Marxian he attributes the evils of the existing social system less to the sins or crimes of individuals than to the ineluctable iniquities of an industrial organisation in which the manual workers and the capitalists are alike hopelessly enmeshed. Consequently he would, I gather, attempt to bring about the realisation of his co-operative commonwealth by compensation and not by confiscation.

In this connection it is worthy of note that the Parliamentary Labour Party has introduced, during the present Session, two Bills

into the House of Commons: one for the nationalisation of the railways, and the other for the nationalisation of land. In neither case can the terms on which the existing proprietors are to be bought out be described as grievous, but in neither are they actually confiscatory. This is indicative alike of common sense and common justice. But the question goes far beyond one of fairness or unfairness to individuals; even assuming that no injury is intended or wrought, in the process of nationalisation, to vested interests, it still remains pertinent to ask who would be the better off when the process had been accomplished.

On this point Mr. Gould, as will be seen, has no misgivings. Let us follow his argument. Why, he asks, should every particular industry—coal, for example—pay its way? Why should every industry be required to pay dividends? "The Army does not pay its way. . . . There is then no reason in the nature of things why the coal industry should pay its way." Is this the sober and considered argument of one who essays to instruct the public in Social Economics? Apparently it is, for Mr. Gould proceeds: "Suppose that the coal industry, though necessary, is financially and permanently bankrupt; then the living wage for the workers in it should, in Labour's view, be taken from the superabundance of other industries. The costs of the industry and a living wage for the workers in it are the constants: the one an economic, the other a human, necessity. To keep these constant the variable factor, the unnecessary factor, the profit, must on the revolutionary argument [*i.e.* Mr. Gould's] go; not only in the particular industry, but, if necessary, in other industries—and, indeed, in mere justice it should go equally in all if it goes in any." It is only fair to Mr. Gould to add that, unlike some over-zealous divines, he would not make a "living wage" the *first* charge upon industry, but only the second; the first being "costs of production (inclusive of depreciation, extension, taxation, etc., but exclusive of wages)." But, on the other hand, by a living wage he means "wages not at merely subsistence level, but at a level which will allow of a full human life, inclusive of art, literature, recreation, and society, such as are enjoyed by the well-to-do." Everyone desires that, if possible, the manual workers should have a living wage in this extended sense. But if the industry will not yield it? Then, says Mr. Gould, it must, assuming the industry to be socially necessary, come out of the "superabundance of the profits in other industries." But, suppose that railways should go the way of coal? And the steel trade follow the railways into bankruptcy? And the textile trades the metal trades? And agriculture become involved in the common ruin? Whence would come the funds to provide the living wage for the workers in these

industries? The purse of the general taxpayer might still be a long one, but it would be empty.

Are these suggestions fantastic and remote? I could wish they were; but recent experience proves the contrary. The experiment of collectivism has during the last seven years been tried, on a limited scale, but under circumstances in some respects exceptionally favourable to success. Any fool can show good results if he is producing a monopoly article for a guaranteed market with practically unlimited command of capital. Yet what have been the actual results? Munitions of war were produced in enormous quantities, but at a cost which will impose a burden upon the nation for at least a whole generation, and possibly for several. The coal industry, under Government control, has been brought to the verge of bankruptcy, and will involve a loss to the nation of about £26,000,000.¹ The railways, which in 1913 were able to pay, on the average, a modest dividend of about 4½ per cent., will before these pages are in print have been handed back to their proprietors in a financial condition which causes grave apprehensions to those who are responsible for their management. The nett receipts of the railways, which in 1913 totalled over £48,000,000, shrank in the year 1920-21 to a little over £2,000,000. Agriculture will this year claim from the State nearly £20,000,000 in redemption of the pledges contained in the Corn Production Act, an Act which has been recently and wisely consigned to the rubbish heap. If these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry? The deficiencies in these essential industries (including, be it admitted, profits—as to which more anon) have been met ultimately out of the “superabundance of the profits in other industries,” and immediately out of an income tax imposed at a rate which, if perpetrated, must inevitably defeat its own object. For taxes are now being paid to a considerable extent out of capital. That is a process which cannot be indefinitely prolonged, and would very quickly be arrested were industry in general to be nationalised.

In demanding “nationalisation” the Labour Party are, however, guilty of some disingenuousness. Their plan is to utilise the resources of the State to buy out the existing owners of the coal-mines, the railways, or what not, but, having done that, to hand over the actual control and management of each “nationalised” industry to joint councils, which Labour would effectually control.

(1) During the five years ended March 31st, 1921, the loss to the State was approximately £14,250,000. It is estimated that a further sum of £2,000,000 will be required during the current year in respect of outstanding claims under the Coal Mines Agreement (Confirmation) Act, 1918; and there is in addition the liability of £10,000,000 under the strike settlement.

In plain English, the goal of their ambition is not Socialism, but Syndicalism. Socialism, in the Fabian sense, would, as they begin plainly to perceive, mean nothing more than the substitution of one master for another, the domination of a soulless and omnipotent bureaucracy for a number of more or less squeezable individuals who may or may not possess some tincture of humanity but in any case cannot employ the military resources of the State to effect their economic purpose. Hence a marked modification of the Labour programme.

That modification in practical policy does not, however, affect the theoretic basis on which their demands are founded. The basic theory is derived, I repeat, from Marx, and depends, in the last resort, upon a fallacious analysis of the industrial process. Labour is not entitled to the whole product of industry, for the simple reason that the wealth embodied in commodities is not created solely by the application of "labour" to raw materials—unless, indeed, so wide a connotation be attributed to the term "labour" as to deprive it of all distinctive meaning. Withdraw from industry the sustenance of "capital," perpetually renewed, and industry would starve; deprive industry of the directing hand of the *entrepreneur* and capital and labour would alike flounder hopelessly in a morass of disorganisation. The brain of a general-staff is at least as essential to industry as it is to the strategy and tactics of an army in the field.

Wealth, then, is the creation of the co-operative activities of brawn, brain, and capital; and to each of the agents of production is due the appropriate reward: to brawn, wages; to brain, profits; to capital, interest. From the confusion between the two latter shares—profits and interest (a confusion natural enough so long as great trading and manufacturing concerns were carried on by individual masters embarking their own capital in their own businesses) half the industrial strife of these latter days has arisen. To speak of the conflict between "capital and labour" is to employ language appropriate to a bygone industrial era. Capital then reaped a rich, maybe a disproportionate, reward because it was embarked and risked in industrial enterprises which were conducted by men who supplied not merely the capital, but the direction. To-day mere capital, as I have repeatedly argued in the pages of this REVIEW, earns a "wage" which, on the average, is meagre;—not more than sufficient in normal times and under ordinary circumstances to secure a steady supply of an indispensable element in the machinery of production. In the last years of the nineteenth century, mere capital, dissociated from risk and divorced from "insurance," earned less than three per cent. The success of Mr. Goschen's Conversion Scheme was the

measure and proof of the extreme cheapness of capital. Capital to-day is twice as dear because, relatively to the volume of industry, it is half as plentiful. The point on which, at the risk of tiresome iteration, I want to insist is that the rate of interest on capital must be sharply differentiated on the one hand from the remuneration for risk ; on the other from the wages of superintendence or the profits of direction.

The "revolution" so ardently desired by Mr. Gould, and, at bottom, by all Communists, Socialists, or Syndicalists, aims at the complete elimination alike of the private employer and the individual capitalist ; and the diversion of the streams, both of "profits" and of "interest," into the central reservoir of the State. The philosophical apology for the "revolution" rests ultimately upon the Marxian analysis of wealth production. That analysis, as I have attempted to show, is at once theoretically unscientific and practically inadequate to the needs of the actual industrial situation. Interest and profit are not separable accidents of the industrial process, a superfluity which the manual worker in his apathy or folly, or half-contemptuous benevolence, kindly allows to the capitalist and employer respectively, but elements in the machinery of production not less essential, in the long run, to its smooth and successful working than manual labour itself.

Economic truth is, however, no longer left without witness. Just as the experience of the war period has exposed the essential weakness of Collectivism, so the Soviet revolution in Russia has laid bare the fundamental absurdities of Communism.

Russia afforded, in several respects, an exceptionally favourable field for the trial, on a large scale, of a Communistic experiment. Able and accustomed to rely for the necessities of life largely upon its own internal resources ; not yet urbanised or industrialised ; with a large population still predominantly agricultural ; patient of the discipline, begotten of autocracy but essential to communism ; lethargic, uncritical, uneducated. What more could the heart of the Communist desire ? Yet Russia is to-day in the grip of famine, on a scale so appalling as to move the pity even of those who have small reason to love Russia. What has brought her to this pass ? Not primarily the wars (though, of course, they have contributed to impoverishment in Russia as elsewhere) ; still less the blockade. In some quarters there is a disposition, not unnaturally, to attribute to this latter cause all the ills from which Russia is suffering to-day. Thus Mr. Robert Williams writes (*Report of British Labour Delegation to Russia, 1920. Appendix XVII.*) : "The facts of the internal dislocation may be attributed

almost entirely to the blockade policy systematically carried on by the Entente Powers. . . . Added to the prevention of imports . . . reference must also be made to the blockade policy . . . which has increased the difficulties of the Soviet authorities tenfold in fighting the ravages of cholera, typhus, and other infectious diseases, the legacy thrown upon the Soviet authorities by the collapse of the Czar's bureaucracy." The motive underlying such statements is too obvious to call for comment; but having quoted from the *Report of the Labour Delegation*, or rather from a signed appendix to it, it is proper to add that the *Report* is both interesting and informative, and affords evidence of a desire to describe without conscious bias all that the delegates were permitted to see. Indeed, the critic of Communism need hardly go beyond its pages. Much of the *Report* is, moreover, written with refreshing *naïveté*. Thus (p. 8) one reads: "Large masses of the town population are now enjoying a share of the available national wealth (including house accommodation) greater than they enjoyed before. . . . The glaring inequalities of fortune which form so great a scandal in capitalist countries, and which are maintained even in distressed countries such as Austria and Poland; the striking difference in economic position between the rich and the poor; these things no longer exist in Russia."

Such statements are incontrovertible; but the pertinent question is, how far the poor have benefited by the destruction of property and the equalisation of wealth. How does it profit a man to have beggared his neighbour if, in the process, he has rendered his own condition tenfold worse than it was before? This question should be pressed, not only upon the apologists for Russian Bolshevism, but upon all schools and sections of Socialist opinion. Nobody doubts that "revolution" is capable of destroying the wealth of the rich; the really pertinent question is whether it can increase the wealth of the poor. If not, it may minister to passions of envy and hatred, but how will it tend to edification, to the building up of a better social order? The destructive capacity of revolution has been demonstrated for all time by the history of the Soviet Republic in Russia; but Lenin and Trotsky have yet to prove to their deluded disciples that the equalisation of fortunes will provide food for the hungry, or that the elimination of the capitalist will set on work the unemployed. Possibly the conscription of labour may avert unemployment; but can it put bread into the stomachs of those whose labour is "mobilised" by the State?

Indications are not, however, lacking that the dictators of Soviet Russia are beginning to apprehend the economic consequences of the policy hitherto pursued by the Communist Government. In

this connection I would take leave to draw the attention of the readers of this REVIEW to the speech lately delivered to the shareholders of the Russo-Asiatician Corporation by Mr. Leslie Urquhart. Mr. Urquhart speaks not as a politician, or even as a professional economist, but as a business man possessed of special knowledge of Russia and its trade. Mr. Urquhart has been, it seems, in negotiation with Mr. Krassin, and found common ground with him in "our mutual intense desire for the resuscitation of the economic life, peace, and prosperity of Russia." But he is under no illusion as to the facts of the situation. "There is a trade agreement between England and Russia, but there is no trade. Russia, under her present system of State economy, produces practically nothing to trade with. The laws of nature govern the political economy of the universe, which no Government, however powerful, can contend against. The Russian Communistic Government has demonstrated conclusively, for the edification of the Russian people and of the whole civilised world, that Karl Marx's economic doctrines are based on gross misrepresentation of the laws of nature, and that his theories are subversive of all constructive work and of all industrial production. . . . The Communists in the Soviet Government have gained their end, but it has been a pyrrhic victory at the best, for they realise to-day the hard fact that the sinews of their war against capitalism is capital itself, their strongest weapon the products of capitalism which they had confiscated. . . . The policy of nationalisation of all industry and trade has killed foreign credits, and foreign capital . . . in rendering capitalism temporarily inactive in Russia the Soviet Government has inevitably demonstrated the complete failure of Communism as a system of State economy."

These are not the words of a political propagandist, but of a detached business man who contemplates a social and economic experiment through business eyes. As such they should be deeply pondered by all those who are disposed to accept the theories of Karl Marx as a basis for the reconstruction of our own industrial system, most of all by the manual workers who, little as they may suspect it, have at least as much, if not more, to lose from a social upheaval than the greatest capitalist in the country. At the close of his exposition of the doctrines of Fourier, John Stuart Mill wrote: "It would be extremely rash to pronounce [Fourier's system] incapable of success or unfitted to realise a great part of the hopes founded on it by its partisans," and Mill claimed on its behalf that it was entitled to a trial. "With regard to this, as to all other varieties of Socialism, the thing to be desired, and to which they have a just claim, is opportunity of trial." To Fourierism that opportunity was not denied. Between 1840 and

1846 no fewer than sixteen Fourierite phalansteries were established in the United States of America. One of these experiments,—that at Brook Farm—has been rescued from oblivion by the genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who in his *Blithedale Romance* gave a satirical, but substantially accurate, account of it; but not one of the experiments actually survived beyond 1855. A similar fate attended the Owenite communities, founded on Fourierite principles in England.

Mill, however, was right. The thing greatly to be desired is that all these systems and theories should be brought to the test of practical experiment. Let the miners acquire a mine and run it on Syndicalist principles; let builders' guilds do their utmost to demonstrate the superiority of the principles of guild Socialism; let the Fabians make their experiments in nationalisation; let the profit-sharers dispel by practical demonstration the prejudice which has hitherto impeded the success of a principle which at first sight seems so eminently reasonable and fair; let productive co-operators do likewise. More power to the elbows of all who would explore the less-frequented paths of industrial enterprise. The experiments will be sympathetically watched by all detached students of economic science, and will, if successful, earn the deserved compliment of imitation by competitors.

Meanwhile the opportunity desired by Mill for Fourier has not been denied to Karl Marx. The Russian revolution gave to his apostles a superb opportunity. How have they redeemed it? With what results to themselves and to the world? The answer is to be found in the terrible and heartrending reports which are now (August, 1921) reaching this country from Russia. I extract a few sentences from the vivid account sent to the *Times* (August 5th) by its special correspondent: "Russia was the granary of Europe, and Russia is now starving. . . . That such a region [the so-called black soil region of South Russia] could be devastated by famine, that these cheerful peasants would have to go begging for bread, was incredible. Yet to-day over a large part of that fertile area famine is raging. There is no doubt about this. The bewildered admissions of the Soviet Press are confirmed by the testimony of impartial observers." Nor is the editorial comment undeserved: "The Soviet Government, who have recklessly dissipated all the resources accumulated by the system they violently overthrew, stand before these smitten and dying multitudes empty-handed."

Let the Marxians in this country be warned in time; still more, let all those who, in impatience or disgust at the product of the existing industrial system, are ready to cry out on competition and private enterprise and to embrace one or other of the -isms—

be it State Socialism, or Syndicalism, or Guild Socialism, or what not—which appeal so strongly to their hearts if not to their heads, examine the intellectual bases of the creed they have embraced. They will discover, if they are intellectually honest, that the ultimate basis is Karl Marx's doctrine of "surplus value": the belief that the capitalist, though morally innocent, is economically a thief; in a word, that property is robbery. If that foundation theory be unsound, the whole vast superstructure built upon it is inevitably predestined to destruction: the house built upon the sand cannot endure. Probably there is not one Socialist in a thousand, whether his Socialism be of the Christian or any other variety, who would not in terms and with sincerity repudiate the practice of Bolshevism, and many of them perhaps would disavow the theory of Karl Marx. On what principle, then, does their creed rest? This question must be pressed insistently and earnestly. The real danger in this country arises, I am convinced, not from the bad people who know where they are going, but from the good people who do not; not so much from hard heads as from soft hearts. Let the well-meaning folk take heed to their ways, lest perchance they should facilitate a revolution of which they would profoundly disapprove. Let them realise that at the root of the slipshod sentimentalism of to-day lies the clear-cut doctrine of Marx: that of Marxianism in grim practice Bolshevik Russia, with all its unimaginable harm, is the dire and direct outcome.

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THE WAR CRIMINALS' TRIALS.¹

THE trials of war criminals that were held at Leipzig between May 23rd and July 16th last were very different from the trials contemplated during the prolonged peace negotiations in Paris and during the General Election of 1918. At that time nobody expected either that the war criminals would be brought to justice two and a half years after the Armistice, or that they would be tried before a German court. The atmosphere in which the trials were held was so different from that surrounding us when the demand for them was first made that there has been a widespread and quite intelligible bewilderment among the British public. The Leipzig trials have drawn the bitter criticism of *The Times* and the sarcastic humour of *Punch*. Large sections of our public, not realising the change in atmosphere between 1918 and 1921, have formed an unfavourable judgment on the trials, mainly because of the obvious leniency of the sentences passed. As these trials are of very real importance—the war is not yet so far behind us that we are able to be indifferent to the punishment of men who inflicted countless atrocities upon our soldiers and sailors—and, as they have threatened to cause acute differences between this country and France and Belgium, it is highly desirable that the fullest facts possible should be laid before the public. It was naturally not possible for the Press at home to give more than slender accounts of the Leipzig proceedings at the time, but the more that is known about them now, the better.

I attended all the British trials and as, happily, I can speak and understand the German language, I could follow the proceedings closely throughout. I was not present at the French or Belgian trials, but while in Leipzig I had opportunities of talking with both the French and Belgian lawyers concerned, and, later, of discussing these trials with both Englishmen and Germans who had been present. In addition I have read the judgments of the Court in the French and Belgian, as well as in our own, trials.

It is of supreme importance that the British public should have an answer to the question: "What were the war trials really like?" But before answering this question, it is desirable to answer briefly the preliminary questions: "Why were the trials so long delayed, and why were they held in Germany?"

(1) This article is written before the representatives of the Allies have arrived at a final decision in respect to the War Criminals' Trials at Leipzig. Its object is solely to inform public opinion of what actually took place at Leipzig, but it should be made clear at the outset that I am simply giving my own personal impressions, and that I am in no way expressing official views.

Article 228 of the Treaty of Versailles provided as follows :—

“The German Government recognises the right of the Allied and Associated Powers to bring before military tribunals persons accused of having committed acts in violation of the laws and customs of war. Such persons shall, if found guilty, be sentenced to punishments laid down by law. This provision will apply notwithstanding any proceedings or prosecution before a tribunal in Germany or in the territory of her allies. The German Government shall hand over to the Allied and Associated Powers, or to such one of them as shall so request, all persons accused of having committed an act in violation of the laws and customs of war, who are specified either by name or by the rank, office, or employment which they held under the German authorities.”

Political conditions in Germany were so unsettled in 1919-20 that it was, in fact, impossible for immediate steps to be taken to carry out these provisions. When the lawyers were able to settle down to the task, many practical difficulties presented themselves. The German Government frankly said that it was impracticable for it to arrest all the men whose names were on the lists—those lists included many men who were, and always will be, national heroes to the German public. Then there were difficulties of procedure, due to the widely differing judicial systems of England and her Allies. So early in 1920, at the Spa Conference, the Allies, at the suggestion of this country, agreed to accept an offer by Germany to try a selected number of cases before a German civil court. This arrangement was conditional, for the Allies retained the right, if necessary, to repudiate these German trials and to demand the full execution of Article 228. Political disturbances continued in Germany, and considerable pressure was necessary before Germany could be made to carry out this bargain. It was under these circumstances that the trials opened at Leipzig, Germany's judicial headquarters, on May 23rd last.

The British prosecutions had long been ready for trial, so they were held first. Belgium followed, then France. Italy has not yet proceeded with her list of prosecutions. The results of the trials so far can be tabulated thus :

		England.	Belgium.	France.
Prosecutions	6	1	5
Convictions	5	0	1

The sentences passed were, in the British cases, as follows : One of ten months, two of six months, and two of four years. In the French case a sentence of two years was passed. Im-

prisonment was ordered in all six convictions. The British case in which the accused was acquitted was quite different from the others. The accused was the submarine commander who torpedoed the hospital ship *Dover Castle*. No facts were disputed and no evidence was heard; the question before the Court was purely one of law, and the only point decided was whether the commander's orders from the German Admiralty protected him from penal consequences. In all the other cases evidence was heard and the facts were contested.

Before discussing the merits of the trials it is desirable to say a few words about the Court. After the Spa agreement Germany passed a special law to facilitate these trials. The Court to which jurisdiction was given was the highest Court in the Empire. The Court which tried the war criminals may, perhaps, be compared with the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council when it recently heard the appeal of ex-Archdeacon Wakeford. Both Courts were instances of the highest judges in the land trying what amounted to a criminal prosecution. It was provided by this special German law that, even in cases where the Crown Prosecutor felt that he could not bring in a definite charge, the Court could hear the evidence and record its decisions.

The Continental system for criminal trials differs greatly from our own. It leaves most things in the hands of the presiding judge. He has read all the witnesses' proofs beforehand; unless the accused refuses to give evidence, he is examined by the presiding judge (who usually begins by asking him whether he has ever been punished); the judge calls the witnesses in any order he pleases, he cross-examines them (cross-examination in our sense of the word seems unknown, as nobody ever seems to be pressed severely to tell all that he knows); he repeatedly turns from witness to the accused and demands explanations, and he recalls witnesses to elaborate points that have subsequently arisen. Before an unfair judge, under such a system, I should be pessimistic about my chances of being acquitted on any charge.

In all the war trials the Court was presided over by Senatspräsident Dr. Schmidt. Never has any judge had a more difficult task. Never have trials taken place amid such difficult surroundings. The deepest passions were naturally aroused on both sides. The German Press did its worst to create an unfavourable atmosphere. At the British trials of military offenders General von Fransecky attended the Court officially as Military Expert, and thought fit to indulge in a full-blooded justification of what we Englishmen regard as the Prussian principle of force and brutality. Defending counsel (with one honourable exception, Dr. Edgar Windmüller, of Hamburg) imported every kind of hatred and

prejudice into their fiery speeches; they were speaking to Press and public rather than to the Court, and in the last trial they were openly and severely rebuked by Dr. Schmidt for doing so. In such an atmosphere judges must be judges indeed if they hold the scales of justice evenly. Dr. Schmidt and his six colleagues had it in their power to become national heroes in the eyes of Germany's Jingoese, the sections which still sympathise with the old *régime*. These sections are powerful still, and Dr. Schmidt could easily have won their applause by taking sides with his countrymen against their alien prosecutors. On the other hand he could have earned, had he wished, the favour of the revolutionary elements in Germany by giving vent to violent denunciations of Germany's pre-war military system. What, in fact, did he do? *The Times* once described the trials as a "travesty of justice," and even the *Evening Standard* has said that "Leipzig, from the Allies' point of view, has been a farce." For myself I say frankly that Dr. Schmidt and his Court were fair. I should be willing to be tried by Dr. Schmidt on any charge, even on one which involved my word against that of a German. It was no cowardice or willingness to please the English that prompted the German judges to convict the men accused of brutal and inhuman conduct. It was merely the fact that the legal mind seeks justice though the Heavens fall. As a lawyer myself I felt, and feel, proud of the legal mind. The decisions of the Court are open to many serious criticisms, and there is little doubt that the trials are a disappointment from the standpoint of jurisprudence. But no serious complaints have been made in this country against the integrity or impartiality of the Court. This is as it should be.

It is, I hope, a British characteristic to give honour where honour is due. I say frankly that I learned to respect Dr. Schmidt, and, personally, I am convinced that he performed his difficult task without fear or favour. Nothing showed this more clearly than his reception of evidence in which complaints were made about food in prison camps. Picture the scene—it is well to try to look into the mind of one's opponent. England had been blockading Germany (with perfect justice in the opinion of every Englishman); Germans had been deprived of all luxuries and of many necessities; largely thanks to the blockade Germany lost the war. Now British ex-prisoners came to Germany with complaints that they did not get coffee, etc., at a time when, in fact, nobody in Germany had such things as coffee; even now only the rich can afford to buy them. It is necessary to explain that such complaints were made incidentally only, and formed but a very small part of the charges. The German Press was jeering at such complaints. Defending counsel made great play with

them, so did General von Fransecky. Dr. Schmidt would only have been human if he had lost his temper; he, too, had been deprived of coffee, etc. But he remained serene. The complaints about food were properly investigated.

When I first saw Dr. Schmidt, a few minutes before the opening trial, I confess that I was not optimistic. The face is severe. The manner of his reception of the British Mission was very formal and a little stiff; he, like the German officials, was obviously dreading the ordeal which awaited him. But he quickly responded to the chivalrous note struck by the British Mission, and an hour had not passed in Court before one saw the real man. The cloak of German formality and stiffness seemed to have disappeared when the judge donned his crimson robes. The strain upon Dr. Schmidt must have been tremendous. Day by day he bore the burden of these trials. The Court usually sat from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. and from 4 p.m. to 7, 8, or even later, and upon Dr. Schmidt fell nine-tenths of the work. The strain upon us British was great, but we at least remained silent. Yet Dr. Schmidt maintained throughout the same patience and good nature. There are many among us to-day who have not yet lost the habit of regarding all Germans as brutes, but I confess that I touch my hat to a man, of whatever nationality, who can leave aside all prejudices and recognise the truth from wherever it comes. Dr. Schmidt rejected a good deal of the British evidence, but he was throughout honestly endeavouring to find out the real facts. In many German circles to-day Dr. Schmidt will assuredly be the most hated and despised man in Germany. I knew pre-war Germany well, and I recognised in Dr. Schmidt the type of man who could have saved Germany from her present degradation and the world from the miseries of 1914-1918. He is of the type which Germany needs to-day in order to be led back to the paths of true progress.

It should never be forgotten that these war criminals' trials were trials, just as any other trial. They involved, not the automatic registration of a verdict, but the acquittal or condemnation of the accused according to the evidence. When the trials were first mooted an ignorant public had visions of drum-head courts-martial which would sentence Hindenburg, von Tirpitz, and perhaps the ex-Kaiser too. When the British Mission went to Leipzig, many at home were still living in the atmosphere of 1918, and expected it to bring home chargers full of German heads. This might have appeased the very natural lust for revenge, but it would have been a terrible set-back to the revival of civilisation. No such result could ever be got by judicial trials. It may have been a mistake to have had trials and to have allowed lawyers

to conduct them. This is, of course, the very opposite of my own view. But, whatever sections of the public may have desired, there is no doubt that neither the British Mission nor those who sent it were under any such delusions. The British Mission went, not to any kind of "Direct Action Justice," but to trials. This implied two things. The accused were innocent until they were proved guilty, and they could only be proved guilty by our witnesses convincing the Court that they were speaking the truth. Secondly, the prosecutions had to be prepared for trial with just the same care as is given to an Old Bailey trial at home.

With regard to the first point, as I have said, it was for the witnesses to convince the Court. Listening to our witnesses, officers, N.C.O.'s and men, I felt proud to be British. There was not a trace of the swelled-headed conqueror in them; their evidence showed no malice and very little exaggeration. These splendid men, a heterogeneous collection of British manhood of all sorts and from all parts, just gave an account of what they had seen. They were plain, blunt men, typical of our race. They had not been coached in the slightest degree; they had been merely warned not to say more than they really knew. The German accused were defended by counsel and by the military expert, both of whom made several speeches in their support. The British witnesses merely had the moral support of silent, though vigilant, British counsel, who took no active part in the proceedings—they merely listened, and, when necessary, communicated informally with the German Public Prosecutor. Our witnesses were, therefore, purely in the hands of the German Court. In many instances their evidence was corroborated by German witnesses, many of whom had also suffered from the inhumanity of their superiors. It stirred my blood to see our men confront the brutes who had made their lives a veritable hell on earth. Yet, when there was something kind to say, our men said it. Over and over again British witnesses went out of their way to tell of some redeeming incident; over and over again they refused to bind themselves definitely to the accusation that it was the accused who had done this or that. A witness in the *Llandoverry Castle* case told of how he was ordered out of his lifeboat on to the submarine, as the commander wanted to interrogate him. It is not easy, I should imagine, to climb on to a submarine in mid-ocean. The witness told how, while he was clambering up, a young officer took hold of his arm and flung him down on the deck, breaking his leg. Dr. Schmidt asked whether the witness could identify the officer who had done this. It was obviously Boldt, but the witness hesitated and would not speak definitely. I heard Dr. Schmidt say quietly to the next judge, "You see, this

man will not say more than he knows." It was because this was the spirit in which the British evidence was given that Dr. Schmidt and his colleagues believed our case. The accused for the most part vehemently denied the stories that were told—the word "ausgeschlossen" (impossible) still rings in my ears. Quite early in the Heynen case, and many times later, Dr. Schmidt turned angrily to the accused and told him bluntly that it was useless for him merely to deny the charges, as the Court was convinced that the British witnesses were honest men telling the truth.

Let it be fairly admitted that in Heynen's and in Neumann's cases our prisoners were a very difficult lot of men to rule. They, thank Heaven, were men of spirit, unaccustomed to the Prussian idea of blind obedience in whatever circumstances. Sergeant Heynen and Private Neumann, both of whom had been in charge of British prisoners, made serious cross-allegations of disobedience, and even of mutiny, and General von Fransecky made great play with any truculence that the prisoners had shown. Heynen and Neumann only had one idea, to compel obedience by brutality. But Dr. Schmidt got down to the real facts; he understood the psychology of the situation, and, while sometimes criticising the conduct of the prisoners, was unceasingly bitter against the brutalities inflicted upon them. Let one instance be cited. A witness had spoken to having been hit by Neumann with the butt of his rifle. The judge turned to Neumann. "This is the man who flirted with women," said Neumann angrily, and he justified his brutality by the necessity for preventing so outrageous a breach of discipline. Imagine the scene. The prisoners had worked in a chemical factory; all the local German swains were at the war; human nature triumphed, and an Englishman, a handsome country lad, had made himself pleasant to a German woman working in the factory. To Neumann and to General von Fransecky this was a crime. Dr. Schmidt merely smiled; he at least was a man, and not a military automaton. He understood human nature.

With regard to the second point, that the cases had to be very carefully prepared, two considerations should be borne in mind. No effort was spared to collect evidence for our cases on every relevant point. As an instance I would recall the fact that three weeks before the *Llandovery Castle* trial essential witnesses were scattered over sea and land thousands of miles away. Major Lyon, a doctor on board the ship at the time of its sinking, lives in the west of Canada, and his address was not known in London. A Marconi operator, who had also been on the ship, was on the point of sailing from New York to South America. There was

firing on the lifeboats) seemed to me less guilty than either Boldt or their absent commander, Patzig. Had Dithmar given evidence, he might well have been able to minimise his responsibility for the joint crime. But both he and Boldt refused to speak as to the happenings of that godless night, so both shared the same fate.

Dealing now with the sentences, I say frankly that to any Englishman they must appear unduly lenient. But there are many factors to be considered. In the first place by no means all the charges were proved. A careful reading of the judgments will show this clearly (the British judgments will have been published officially before this article appears). For many of the stories of our witnesses there was no corroborative evidence, and a British Court would also have given the accused the benefit of the doubt. Secondly, we should realise what a sentence of imprisonment passed on a German soldier or sailor means in Germany. Six months' imprisonment means far more than a year's detention in a fortress. The Germans always have had strange ideas about service "honour," and this "honour" is mortally wounded by a sentence of imprisonment such as mere civilians receive. The Court itself was unconsciously obsessed with this false idea of military or naval "honour." Thus in several of its judgments it pointed out, when convicting the accused of horrible brutalities, that their "honour" was untouched. In Müller's case the Court said in its judgment: "It must be emphasised that the accused has not acted dishonourably, that is to say, his honour, both as a citizen and as an officer, remains untarnished." Yet the Court went on to explain that it must order imprisonment rather than detention in a fortress, because "There has been an accumulation of offences which show an almost habitually harsh and contemptuous, and even a frankly brutal, treatment of prisoners entrusted to his care. His conduct has sometimes been unworthy of a human being." Within a few lines come these words: "When he mixed with the prisoners there was seldom anything but angry words, attempts to ride them down, blows and efforts to push them out of the way; he never listened patiently to their complaints; he had no eyes for their obvious sufferings," and, finally, the Court found that Müller had made "a deliberate practice of domineering disregard for other men's feelings." Yet his "honour remains untarnished." Only to those who knew pre-war Germany well is this at all intelligible, but, whether intelligible or not, this admission that conduct "unworthy of a human being" is compatible even now with military "honour" is a sad revelation. Germany, in my opinion, will never win back her good name until these false standards of honourable conduct are set aside.

Finally, in judging the leniency of the sentences, it has to be remembered that, if we accept the principle of trial and punishment in Germany by Germans, we deprive ourselves of the means of enforcing punishment. Had the accused men each received sentences of ten years' imprisonment, we could never make certain that such sentences would be carried out. To my mind the real importance of these trials lies in the condemnation of a system rather than in the punishment of individuals. The German Court has severely condemned what, through the mouths of General von Fransecky and Admiral von Trotha, the German Army and Navy still applaud. Therein lies our victory. This is much more important than the length of sentence passed upon the wretched offenders. But, whatever views we may hold about the sentences, the important fact to realise is that we can now only interfere in the sentences by condemning the trials.

How were these convictions and sentences received in Germany? While in Germany I read most of the comments in the German papers. The local paper, the *Leipsiger Neueste Nachrichten*, is a Jingo organ of little importance in framing German public opinion. In it, of course, there was little trace of shame at the horrible revelations which had convinced the German Court. But even in influential organs I could find very little genuine regret. The line adopted by the best German newspapers and by many individuals to whom I spoke was, "All this may be true, and we deplore it, but why should only Germans be tried for their war-crimes?" Day by day the newspapers published counter-lists of alleged atrocities by the Allies. Most of these were charges against Frenchmen; the *Baralong* case was almost the only one charged against England. I argued this point with several fair-minded Germans, and could see how deeply they felt the apparent injustice of this "one-sided justice." But the answer was easy to give. War and individual atrocities are probably inseparable, but only Germany made a system of atrocities. The speeches of General von Fransecky, the military expert, justified this "one-sided justice." He applauded Heynen's and Private Neumann's brutalities, and described the latter as "a pattern of what a German soldier should be." Admiral von Trotha in the *Llandovery Castle* case said that anything was justified if it benefited the Fatherland, regardless of questions of humanity. It was in the endeavour to destroy this abominable exaltation of brute force that the Allies insisted upon holding these trials, and the proceedings at the trials have, I submit, justified them. The doctrines expounded by General von Fransecky and Admiral von Trotha are still the greatest enemies of Germany and the world. Time has yet to show whether they are being rooted out in Germany to-day.

I confess myself here an optimist, for I believe that they are, and that the next generation of Germans, freed, thanks to the Treaty of Versailles, from the barbarism of three years' compulsory service, will not tolerate the serfdom which the old military system of Germany demanded.

Summing up the results of these war trials, it cannot be claimed that results of great legal value have accrued. The science of International Law has not been materially advanced. The laws of sea warfare still remain to be established. And the vital question of the extent to which soldiers and sailors can plead the orders of their superiors is left in a very unsatisfactory state. In the *Dover Castle* trial, and also in the *Llandoverly Castle* trial and in that of Private Neumann, this issue was raised, and the decisions of the German Court cannot be acknowledged as settling the question. The *Dover Castle* trial was concerned solely with this question, but it lasted only two hours. The Public Prosecutor pleaded for an acquittal, and vital legal problems were never even argued. The Court took a narrow view of its duties, and based its decision almost solely upon German military and criminal law. The decision is of no value in building up the Law of Nations. These questions must be settled, but they are, I suggest, questions for international decision rather than for the judgment of any national court.

Disappointing as the trials undoubtedly are from the strictly legal point of view, valuable moral and political results have been obtained. There is no doubt whatever, in my opinion, that the reputation of England stands very high in Germany to-day. Many people in this country will regard this fact as proof that we have been disloyal to our war-time convictions and to our quondam allies; I regard it as the most hopeful proof of our country's common sense and instinct for statesmanship and fair-play. The opening of the war trials coincided with Mr. Lloyd George's strong speech about Silesia, in which he said that England would enforce the Versailles Treaty where it favoured Germany just as sincerely as where it was to her disadvantage. When we were first in Leipzig—it was my first visit to Germany for nine years—British troops were crossing Germany to defend Silesia against Korfanty. Many factors have contributed to the high reputation in which England is held in Germany to-day, and not the least of these has been the conduct of the British Mission at the war trials. Sir Ernest Pollock, Solicitor-General, made an immense impression upon the German Court, the officials and the public. There was dignity and firmness without swagger or the slightest desire to humiliate. The Mission behaved, just as

people at home would have expected it to behave, as the representatives of a nation of gentlemen. Official calls were made upon the President of the Court, the German Attorney-General, and others, and these calls were promptly returned. Whenever the President and his fellow-judges entered or left the Court, the British lawyers were the first to rise and bow to them. The Germans do not easily understand this kind of chivalry. From the moment when it was my duty at the German frontier to seek out the officials who had been sent to meet us, I gathered the impression that the Germans were dreading the whole proceedings. Confidence was soon won, and throughout the trials the relations between the British Mission and the Germans were both dignified and easy. The effects of this were obvious during the trials, for every suggestion which the British representatives had to make was readily adopted. At times Sir Ernest Pollock had to be severe, but he was always candid, so the Germans always knew of his criticisms in time to put matters right. The British Mission was perfectly ready, should necessity arise, to make protests against the way in which the trials were being conducted, and, presumably, to withdraw if it was convinced that the trials were unfair. But judges, like prisoners, are innocent till they are proved guilty. From the outset the British Mission acted on the assumption that justice would be done. As a result there was not one unpleasant incident from beginning to end, and the trials were conducted in an atmosphere of mutual confidence. The German judges and officials were convinced that the British witnesses had come to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and that the British lawyers honestly wanted to do all they could to help the cause of justice. This may sound treason to the minority in this country who thrive on hatred and yearn for revenge, but I have no hesitation in saying that the way of the British Mission was best.

If the object of these Leipzig trials was revenge and punishment, then undoubtedly the British Mission failed. It secured the conviction of five men, and sentences of in all nine years and ten months. If the object was to convince present-day Germany of its crimes during the war, then, again, there was little success, for, as I have said, the German Press showed very little trace of penitence, and the public shelters itself behind the apparent, though non-existent, injustice of only trying German war criminals. But if our object was to establish a principle, to put on record before history that might is not right, and that men, whose sole conception of duty to their country in war-time is to inflict torture upon others, will be in danger of being put on their

trial, then, indeed, these trials have not been held in vain. The fact remains now, for all time, that German soldiers and sailors have been put in prison by their own countrymen, who acted through no slavish coercion by a successful enemy, but because their own consciences were outraged by evidence which their own honesty forced them to accept. History will pay far more attention even to sentences of six or ten months' imprisonment passed by a German Court, than it would to longer sentences passed by "military tribunals" of the "Allied and Associated Powers," to quote Article 229 of the Versailles Treaty.

CLAUD MULLINS.

THE WORK OF THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.¹

THE Council of the Society for Psychical Research has been impressed lately with the ignorance shown by the general public of its aims and methods. The Society suffers on the one hand from a great deal of misconception and ignorant scoffing, and on the other from an extravagant expectation of its powers, and a consequent sense of disappointment in its supporters' minds that the existence of the soul, or messages from the dead, or even a second Advent, are not at once proclaimed.

Perhaps the very nature of the inquiry makes misunderstandings inevitable, but excessive hopes are in a way less absurd than constant gibes at the supposed credulity and self-deception of members of the Society.

The idea, therefore, was welcomed that someone like myself, who had never taken any share in the administrative side of the work or ever written a paper for the Society's *Proceedings*, but had long been interested in the subject, should try to give a simple account of some of the Society's past and present efforts, and a personal estimate of possible future lines of development.

The Society for Psychical Research claims to be a scientific body, working in just the same way and with the same methods as any other scientific society. Psychical phenomena appeal in a thousand ways to the superstitions, terrors, and religious beliefs already planted in men's minds. And while to see a ghost, or to hear a supernatural voice, does not require scientific training, to investigate, classify, and frame theories from such occurrences, needs real scientific detachment and open-mindedness.

Conditions essential for the manifestation of certain results can be reproduced when desired in many researches, but in psychical experiments it is rare indeed that demonstrations can thus be given at will. Yet no occurrences demand more explanation, and, it may be said, none receive more, mostly of an ignorant and absurd nature.

I remember seeing in the *Daily Express*, many years ago, that a professor of German at Harvard University was said to have poisoned his wife in order to watch the flight of her soul. The professor was deeply attached to her, but he believed that he had perfected a means of proving the existence of a soul, and that at the death of someone he loved, a vaporous substance would cling to his own body.

(1) A Paper read before a Meeting convened by the Society on July 13, 1921.

I remember, too, being told in Uganda of a black king with theories about the existence of the soul. He, having absolute power over the life and death of his subjects, tried many experiments of killing men in different ways, hoping that in some new form of death he might, as it were, catch the soul on its passage from the body.

And there are other theories and experiments which seem quite as foolish as these. But however absurd the white professor and the black king and others may seem, they belong at least to those rare intelligences who try to explain, and to prove their beliefs, while the majority are content with assertions or denials.

When the S.P.R. began its labours it was obliged to demonstrate the very existence of those psychical phenomena which were constantly, and, indeed, still are, vehemently denied.

In spite of the evidence of men of great scientific repute, such as Sir William Crookes, Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, Professor de Morgan, Sir William Barrett, the educated world hardly believed there was anything to investigate, unless it were ignorant fears and superstitions which they considered had been for ever cast off by the emancipated mind of man.

As an example of the contempt with which the whole subject was treated, I may recall the fact that Sir William Barrett read a paper on thought transference to the British Association in 1876. Though he had the support of people like Lord Rayleigh and Sir William Crookes, the paper was refused publication, and a request for a committee of scientific experts to examine the question was rejected.

Sir William Barrett, influenced by the above incident, proposed to one or two of his friends, Frederic Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, Edmund Gurney, and others, that a Society should be formed with the object of examining and sifting the evidence for supernatural phenomena, and of gathering the threads of the scattered investigations together.

Anyone who has attempted, even in the humblest way, to get at the truth of a so-called supernatural occurrence, must have met that offended dignity of the believer in a divine manifestation, or that derision of the scoffer who brands every inquiry as a weak truckling to the folly or fear of man. It is the misfortune of the subject to be inextricably entangled with human terrors and hopes, for man has not yet lost the nervous fear of anything which he does not understand, and he still prefers to rest his hopes on intuitions and longings, and resents critical inquiry which he fancies may deprive him even of these.

No doubt many members of the Society believed that further study would reveal the baseless and, in the main, futile character

of most of the phenomena; others, on the contrary, felt convinced that further study would throw a wonderful new light on the constitution and destiny of man. But from whatever angle the subject was approached by its members, the Society as such preserved its detached and scientific attitude, has always done so, and does so to this day.

When these pioneers set to work they were obliged to investigate and sift a mass of contradictory assertions and beliefs. The labour of forty years has resulted in a great accumulation of knowledge about actual occurrences, and many individual attempts to frame theories and demonstrate laws.

Well-recorded cases of veridical phantasms, both of the living and the dead, exist; instances of warnings, premonitions, foreknowledge of events, are in the opinion of some well authenticated; "physical phenomena," such as levitations, noises, lights, even materialisations, with every allowance for fraud, seem actually to occur. It is not proposed in this paper to give instances, although there are many exceptionally well attested in all these classes, for it would take too long.

A great advance has certainly been made in the direction of testing the existence of what is generally called telepathy. The S.P.R. has investigated numberless cases.

Quite lately one or two remarkable series of experiments have been made: that between Professor Gilbert Murray and his daughter, for instance, when the transmission of ideas from his mind to hers without speech, sight, or touch was demonstrated; and another, between two people very slightly known to each other, Mr. Wales and Miss Samuels—described by the former in his paper published in S.P.R. *Proceedings* in November, 1920. No one who reads this paper can fail to be impressed by the closeness of the correspondence, and it can be recommended to anyone who is interested in, and desires to study, telepathy. The value of this particular series seems to lie in its transmission of trivial and unimportant impressions without any conscious effort on the part of either sender or receiver. Most people are inclined to suppose that strong emotion accompanies telepathic manifestations, but the evidence goes to show that emotion is by no means an essential factor. I have myself experienced instances of telepathy, and as a personal account always has a certain interest of its own, I give two of them, though there are many much more interesting cases on record.

In 1913 I was putting on my walking shoes, I think at about three in the afternoon, when suddenly I saw on the floor a little fire. I specially noticed a piece of skirting board painted white sticking out of the flame. The vision lasted only a moment—I

laughed at it and went out. That evening I received a letter from my son, saying that there had been a fire in his rooms at Cambridge very early in the morning, and that he had been wakened by a passing postman. The skirting board of his sitting-room, painted white, was burnt and charred. It is hardly possible not to connect the hallucinatory fire with the real one—even though the impression was deferred.

The second instance I give was purely trivial. I was writing out of doors, and let my secretary go without telling her I wanted more envelopes. I was annoyed with myself, but I said nothing aloud. In two or three minutes she came back and asked me why I had called her. I said I had not (and if I had it is hardly possible that she could have heard me), but she declared she had heard me call her by name quite distinctly. So I asked for my envelopes and thought telepathy was useful.

Naturally, non-experimental and isolated coincidences of this kind have been put down to chance, but it is a general opinion that enough experiments have now been made to establish the fact that thought can affect another mind from any distance on this planet, and apparently under almost any physical conditions. At any rate no set of definite conditions which help or hinder has yet been formulated.

It may be said that the discovery of telepathy does not carry us much further. We are apparently in possession of some faculty of whose processes we know nothing, and meanwhile the word telepathy has become a kind of shibboleth. For directly a fact is admitted, its cause and its implications have little interest for the general run of people. Thus, telepathy is glibly given as an explanation of many obscure happenings: the origin, the influence, limitations, and the possible developments of telepathy itself, are neither questioned nor tested, but simply ignored.

Yet how stupendous, how revolutionary a discovery is involved. What force conveys the message? What instrument receives it? Why is its manifestation so sporadic and uncertain that for centuries its existence has hardly been suspected? All these questions await answers.

The bearing of this great discovery on the deeply interesting question of the possibility of communication with the dead is very important. The realisation of the powers of telepathy has furnished an explanation for many utterances of mediums and automatists which might otherwise have been accepted as communications from a disembodied intelligence. For under conditions which preclude fraud, but under the guise of messages from discarnate beings, mediums have shown an intimate and detailed knowledge of the life and circumstances of a sitter, whose identity has been

carefully concealed from them. Sufficient veridical detail has been given in this way to convince many people that they have been in communication with someone who is dead. They are impatient if any doubt is cast upon the validity of the evidence, and to question the whole actuality of communications irritates and repels them.

Yet psychometrists declare that mere contact with an object which has belonged to someone, whether dead or alive, enables them to give many correct descriptions of the owner, and details of his or her experience. Clairvoyants and thought-readers, without claiming that they are assisted by spirits, sometimes accurately describe people quite unknown to them, or reproduce the thoughts and preoccupations of their sitters. Similarly, trance mediums and others, while quite genuinely convinced that they are instructed by spirits, may in reality be using the little understood faculty of telepathy, and exploring with an uncanny thoroughness the remote recesses and memories of their sitters' minds.

Yet facts which seem at first to destroy a theory may eventually provide a deeper and firmer basis for it. This may be the case with telepathy. True, that it robs most supposed communications from the dead of their evidential value, but if the action of telepathy had not been discovered and investigated, believers in the spiritist theory would be plunged by this time into still deeper perplexities. For there are other difficulties inherent in the theory of spirit communication. Long elaborate messages, verifiable and correct in many details, and often deeply impressive to those most interested, claiming to come from a discarnate intelligence, are yet overlaid sometimes with all sorts of baseless assertions and puerile attempts to prove identity;—attempts to deceive which can be detected. How can this be accounted for? What are we to make of communications compacted of supernormal knowledge which proves to be correct, and of lies? The obvious fishing for facts, the mistakes—all these perhaps produced by a medium who is beyond the suspicion of fraud—how are they to be reconciled with the proofs of identity which have been sufficiently veridical to convince the people most interested? Are we driven to account for them by asserting that, not only are men foolishly credulous, but all mediums are frauds, and that a wide system of espionage exists, marvellously organised over many years, with the sole intention of fraud? Or can we by further research demonstrate, not only the influence of telepathy between incarnate minds, but the influence of telepathy between incarnate and discarnate minds; and can we, by learning more about the powers and faculties as well as the limitations of the unconscious

portions of our being, find some theory which reconciles all the divergent facts?

Meanwhile all evidence for spirit communication should be deemed inadequate, so long as without undue strain it can be explained by telepathy between the living.

These considerations seem to point to the conclusion that the main work of the Society for the next few years should be to investigate the obscure functions and powers of the subconscious mind, and among these the most important may prove to be the action of telepathy.

The attempt to establish the fact of communication with the dead, with all that such a fact would imply, is probably the portion of the Society's research which interests the greater number of people, and therefore a short sketch of the work which has been going on in this connection will now be attempted.

The wide range of telepathic operation being recognised, the problem which has to be faced, in order to demonstrate that communication with the dead is possible, is that of obtaining such communications free of any telepathic taint from the living. This is a formidable, and, in many people's opinion, an impossible task.

The difficulty has only to be stated to be realised. It is to prove the existence of something by eliminating the very process through which its existence has been surmised. In other words, to demonstrate the existence of telepathy between the dead and the living by entirely excluding telepathy between the living.

One may imagine how at first, and when the wide range of telepathy was understood perhaps as little by the discarnate as by the incarnate, those making an attempt to communicate from the other side may have deemed it sufficient to eliminate knowledge in the mind of the sitter and of the medium through whom the communications were to be transmitted. An attempt would therefore be made to send a message containing some small detail known to the discarnate being, but unknown to the sitter and the medium, and yet capable of subsequent verification. This would have seemed to provide evidence that the communicator must have lived in our world and retained memory of it.

There have been cases of this kind where a certain detail has been given through a medium which was unknown, not only to the medium, but to the sitter and anyone present at the sitting.

A lady, who shall be called Mrs. Mordaunt, allows me to describe a case of this kind which happened to her, provided that substituted names are used.

Mrs. Mordaunt was having a sitting in 1918 with the medium Mrs. Leonard, when the communicator, purporting to be her son John, told her that he had brought a friend who was known to

them both. Mrs. Leonard then drew with her finger in the air the name "Vanessa," and said once or twice, very emphatically, "Van—Van," this being a familiar abbreviation. Mrs. Mordaunt said that she knew who was meant. The medium then continued: "There was something about her hair, do you know about it?" Mrs. Mordaunt replied "No." The medium went on: "Then it will serve as a test, John says; write it down and ask her aunt when you see her. Something about her hair that was very vexatious to her; she was so angry with them. Her aunt will know, write it down, it was just before she died. She says it's all right now, but just before she died she was so troubled about something to do with her hair." Some weeks after the sitting the lady spoken of as Vanessa's aunt came to see Mrs. Mordaunt and was shown the record of the sitting. This lady then stated that the night before Vanessa died her feverishness had caused her to be very restless; her head was continually thrashing the pillow, and her very fine hair had become so enmeshed and matted that the doctor had rebuked the nurse, and insisted that it should all be combed out. But Vanessa could not tolerate this, she cried about it, and begged to be left alone; at last her aunt told the nurse she would take the responsibility, and Vanessa's hair was not touched. The next day Vanessa died. The fact of the condition of her hair was certainly unknown to Mrs. Mordaunt. Vanessa's aunt corroborates this incident, and I possess a letter from her saying that it was known only to the nurse, the patient, the doctor, and herself. The medium had never seen or heard of Vanessa.

Anyone who has studied this medium—Mrs. Leonard—and her work, will admit that the explanation of conscious fraud must be excluded. But there remains the possibility of unconscious fraud. Now the attempt on the part of the medium to deceive, however unconscious, involves first the creation by her of a fictitious communicator in the son "John." This, it must be admitted, is a possibility. For the study of the subconscious mind has revealed a part of ourselves which, when released from the control of the conscious mind, is so impressionable and easily deceived, or so irresponsible, that any folly, credulity, deception, is possible to it. Mrs. Sidgwick's exhaustive study of the trance-phenomena of Mrs. Piper, and other investigations, furnish us with many instances of the marvellous power of dramatisation possessed by the subconscious mind, its wriggles and excuses when confronted by disturbing facts, being just like the efforts of a very clever child to give circumstantial and convincing evidence that his romance is true. But even if it be admitted for the moment that John was a fictitious personality

—a product of the medium's subconscious mind—let us examine what the theory of telepathy between the living as an explanation of the medium's knowledge would involve. The medium would have had to learn the identity of Vanessa from Mrs. Mordaunt's mind; then would have had to discover the existence of the aunt who was not mentioned by name. Further, the aunt's mind would then have had to be explored for some detail unknown to the sitter, Mrs. Mordaunt, which could be used as a fraudulent piece of evidence of identity.

Surely a great strain is imposed on the theory of telepathy between the living. It seems easier to believe that a communicating intelligence contrived to send a message about a small detail as evidence of identity.

Nevertheless, the difficulty in this sort of case, however well authenticated, is to be certain that the recipient of the message is really ignorant of the fact imparted, and had not merely forgotten it. The difficulty, in fact, is so great that it must require a large accumulation of scrupulous testimony to produce any impression on the general mind.

We can imagine, then, that a band of discarnate minds, grappling with the task, might realise that the problem must be attacked in some other way than by merely attempting to give evidence unknown to the sitter. Could evidence of design, of intelligent direction, be shown through sensitives without their knowledge; evidence, also, which would exclude by its very nature dramatisations and fabrications of the subconscious mind?

There has been a series of communications, extending now over several years, for which it seems difficult to account in any other way than as a deliberate, carefully planned effort to get evidence of identity through the minds of sensitives without their knowledge. It is interesting that this attempt was not recognised or understood for a very long period. It was only gradually that a certain similarity of subject and of treatment in the communications of various sensitives was noticed; coincidences, too, of expression and imagery far beyond chance. An extraordinary amount of ingenuity has been revealed. It would be impossible in this paper to give a real example, for the very manner of the communications, which must be long and intricate, forbids it. But let us take an imaginary instance by way of illustration, and suppose that there is an attempt to prove the identity of a communicator, who had been, when alive, especially interested in machines. The method of cross-correspondences would lead us to expect that for months and months, even years, allusions to machinery would appear in the scripts of various automatists until someone noticed and began to com-

pare scripts ; gradually, if there were indeed an attempted message, certain cryptic references to the name of the individual would appear, so wrapped up and hidden that without the clue it would be impossible to recognise them. Suppose such allusions coming through as many as three or four automatic writers, and one or two trance mediums, all quite unaware of the purport of their fragmentary allusions. Suppose that the investigators, once in possession of the clue, and prepared to give long and patient labour, discover gradually that over and over again, in different ways and through different people, and under different symbols, the same messages are coming, all pointing to the identity of the man interested in machines. The conclusion would seem irresistible that some intelligence has devised this method of defeating the telepathic explanation.

Now this imaginary instance is not unlike the type of message, now called cross-correspondence, which has been occurring.

Mrs. Sidgwick, in a paper read to the Society in 1917, drew attention to the two kinds of cross-correspondences : "The simple type, where the same message is given through two different automatists, and what has been called the complementary type—one part or one aspect being given by one automatist, and the idea completed, or another aspect of it given by another automatist, and this in such a way as to indicate a purposive distribution of the parts, in other words, intelligent design."

Miss Johnson, in a paper on cross-correspondence, says of the second, complementary, type :—

"The characteristic of these cases, or at least of some of them, is that we do not get in the writing of one automatist anything like a mechanical verbatim reproduction of phrases in the other ; we do not even get the same idea expressed in different ways, as might well result from direct telepathy between them. What we get is a fragmentary utterance in one script, which seems to have no particular point or meaning, and another fragmentary utterance in the other, of an equally pointless character ; but when we put the two together we see that they supplement one another, and that there is apparently one coherent idea underlying both, but only partially expressed in each.

"It occurred to me then that by this method, if any, it might be possible to obtain evidence, more conclusive than any obtained hitherto, of the action of a third intelligence, external to the minds of both automatists. If we simply find the same idea expressed—even though in different forms—by both of them, it may, as I have just said, most easily be explained by telepathy between them ; but it is much more difficult to suppose that the telepathic perception of one fragment could lead to the production of another

fragment which can only, after careful comparison, be seen to be related to the first."

I believe Miss Johnson, who was till lately secretary of the Society, was the first person to detect the existence of complex or complementary cross-correspondences in the scripts of the various automatists, whose phenomena have been studied by the Society. With a view to encouraging the production of more cross-correspondences of this type, in the winter of 1906 a message in Latin was addressed to the Piper-Myers control: that is, to Mrs. Piper in trance when purporting to be controlled by Frederic Myers. The message was given in Latin because Mrs. Piper did not know Latin. In English this message ran: "We are aware of the scheme of cross-correspondences which you are transmitting through various mediums, and we hope that you will go on with them. Try also to give to A. and B. two different messages, between which no connection is discernible. Then, as soon as possible, give to C. a third message which will reveal the hidden connection." A series of cross-correspondences of the type suggested appeared in 1907-1908. Since then many fresh examples of what I may call jig-saw puzzles have been traced in the scripts of the various automatists and successfully pieced together; and though ingenuity of interpretation may account for some of the results, those who have given most study to this difficult problem consider that in many cases the evidence for design is conclusive.

It is, then, the evidence of design, far more than the actual message, which at the present stage of the research is important. No message, however original, however august, would contain *in itself* scientific evidence of a supernormal origin. It might found a new religion, it might institute a new morality, but these achievements would not prove an origin beyond human power. Design, co-ordinating intelligence, outside medium and sitters, has to be demonstrated, and demonstrated through instruments which are fitful in their operation, disconcertingly susceptible to all kinds of impressions and influences, and therefore unreliable. And it is just here where the difficulties seem most insurmountable, that an explanation of many inconsistencies can be found. It may be that only so highly suggestible and uncontrolled a fragment of mind as the subliminal self is capable of receiving impressions from another category of being, and that all follies and discrepancies are due to the nature of the instrument itself, and not to the impressions received.

Another curious development of the apparent attempt to give evidence of intelligent action, difficult, if not impossible, to attribute to the medium, has arisen in the last three or four years,

which goes by the name of "Book Tests." Here, again, we are confronted by much the same questions: Can every case be accounted for by telepathy between living minds, and if not, then what is the explanation?

Let me briefly describe what a book-test seems to aim at, however familiar the subject may be to most of my readers. Through a medium there purports to come from some disembodied intelligence an instruction to find a certain book on an indicated shelf, and on a specified page to look for a message bearing on a matter which is mentioned. The essential point is that the position of the book must be accurately described, and the page, when found, contain more than a vague allusion to the topic mentioned—such an allusion, I mean, as might fit almost any general idea or emotion.

A critical account of the book-tests which have already been published by Lady Glenconner will not be attempted, nor more than a mention made of the brilliant analysis of another series by Mrs. Sidgwick, which has lately been published in the *Proceedings* of the S.P.R.

From this volume I will take one case, in as concise a form as is compatible with including the important points.

Mrs. Beadon, in a sitting with the medium Mrs. Leonard, received the following communication, purporting to come from her husband, Colonel Beadon, through Feda.

"In a squarish room some books in the corner, not quite in the corner, but running by the wall to the corner from the window a row of books. (Feda indicated by a gesture of her hand a shelf across a corner, and said, 'it is not that.') Counting from right to left the fifth book, p. 71. Feda is not sure if it is 17 or 71. (After repeating both numbers several times Feda says she is sure it is page 71, second paragraph, or about middle of the page.) On page 71 will be found a message from him to you. The message will not be as beautiful as he would like to make it, but you will understand he wants to make the test as good as he can. On the same shelf is a book in dirtyish brown cover and a reddish book and an old-fashioned book.

"(1) It refers to a past condition.

"(2) But has also an application to the present.

"(3) It is an answer to a thought which was much more in your mind at one time than it is now—a question which was once much in your mind, but is not now, especially since you have known Feda.

"(4) On the opposite page is a reference to fire.

"(5) On the opposite page is a reference to light.

"(6) On the opposite side is a reference to olden times.—These have nothing to do with the message but are just tests that you have the right page.

"(7) On the same page or opposite page, or perhaps over the leaf a very important word beginning with S."

(Asked if it was the top shelf, Feda said "Yes." It turned out that there was only one shelf.)

VERIFICATION.—All seven points were interpreted. Mrs. Beadon was staying with her mother, and a room in the house was squared one end, the other end being octagonal. There were volumes as described, and the fifth book from right to left was a volume of poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Mrs. Beadon had never read his poems. Pages 71 and 17 had the same thought expressed in both.

Page 71, second paragraph, has the following:—

6

“ The weary pilgrim slumbers,
His resting place unknown,
His hands were crossed, his lids were closed,
The dust was o’er him strown;
The drifting soil, the mouldering leaf
Along the sod were blown,
His mound has melted into Earth
His memory lives alone.”

Colonel Beadon was killed in action in Mesopotamia.

All traces of the grave had been carefully obliterated to avoid desecration by the Arabs.

(1) “Refers to a past condition.” The poem refers to early settlers in America.

(2) “Has also an application to the present.” The position of Colonel Beadon’s grave is unknown.

(3) “Answer to a thought in Mrs. Beadon’s mind at one time, etc.” She used to feel concerned that his grave was unmarked, but had latterly thought very little of that.

(4) (5) (6) On opposite page references to “fire, light and olden times.”

On the opposite page is the following verse:—

“ Still shall the fiery pillar’s ray
Along the pathway shine,
To light the chosen tribe that sought
This Western Palestine.”

The references to “fire, light and olden times” fulfil (4), (5) and (6).

(7) “. . . perhaps over the leaf a very important word beginning with S.” On the next page, at the top, in capital letters, are the words “THE STEAMBOAT,” and the page is all about steamboats.

Mrs. Beadon felt at first that (7) was hardly fulfilled, but later thought the letter S was the one intended. The statement made about it was correct, for it is an important letter on the page, though not connected with the message, and may have been given like (4), (5) and (6) as “tests that you have the right page.”

It is difficult to think that chance can account for the seven

different points. If telepathy between the living is to be given as an explanation, we must suppose that the mind of the medium learned from her sitter of a book, in a house the medium had never entered, discovered an appropriate quotation from poems the sitter had never read, and succeeded in conveying seven different indications of the chosen passage.

If this were a solitary case, we might shrug our shoulders and let it pass, but it is only one of many.

In the *Journal* for May, 1921, will be found an account by the Rev. C. Drayton Thomas of a remarkable set of "Newspaper Tests" given in Mrs. Leonard's trance and purporting to come from Mr. Thomas's father. This paper is well worth study. A newspaper-test has an advantage over a book-test in that it reduces the possibility of fraud. I am not aware that conscious fraud has even been alleged as an explanation of the book-tests already described, but it is valuable, nevertheless, to have the record of a set of experiments where conscious fraud is almost out of the question. In this series statements were made by the medium that names of people and places intimately connected with the supposed communicator would appear next morning in a specified column of a specified newspaper, on a specified page, and certain conjunctions of words were indicated. Telepathy between the living can hardly account for the selection of appropriate names and sentences from a newspaper not yet printed to be given to a sitter whose identity in at least one recorded instance was unknown to the medium.

If telepathy is to provide an explanation it would have to be surmised first that the medium's mind could reach and read the mind of the unknown sitter; then read the mind of the compositor in the newspaper office, or see clairvoyantly the type being set up; select appropriate words, and use them for the purpose of leading the sitter to the belief that proof of identity was being given; the whole elaborate process used for a fraud, the motive for which is—what? Simply mischief? Evil desire to bewilder and delude, or a wish to further the general interest of mediums by deluding even scientific minds?

But there is no need to search for a motive, say some; the whole thing is produced in answer to the need for some evidence that cannot be explained away as telepathic or clairvoyant, and is merely a dramatised response. But cross-correspondences present another difficulty to this very strained argument. Elaborate and intricate correspondences conveying evidence of identity were going on for years before anybody discovered them. They could not, therefore, have been consciously suggested, and subconscious minds would have to be deemed still greater culprits than in the

case of book-tests, and perhaps to have not only prepared the response, but suggested the demand. In fact, it would have to be conceded that not merely have the subconscious minds of some automatists responded to the needs and the suggestions of some living mind or minds, but that they had themselves conceived and organised an intricate hidden fraud, elaborated over a long series of years, in preparation for the time when suggestions *would* be made which required response.

These suppositions are difficult to swallow. Again, it seems easier to accept the statement of the supposed communicator that an attempt is being made to provide evidence of the continued life and identity of those who have died to our life.

This is, of course, only a personal conclusion, and in no sense that of the Society. A great deal more work has to be done before any conclusion of the kind could be announced by a scientific body.

Before making an appeal for help and interest from the general public it would be as well to try and summarise briefly what has been already said.

First, then, it may be stated that the Society has established beyond any question that some of the supernormal phenomena they started to examine exist—apparitions involving some veridical element have been seen, both of the living and the dead; noises and movements not easily accounted for have occurred, apparently in connection with some mediumistic person; trance mediumship sometimes exhibits powers of telepathic knowledge far beyond the ordinary normal intelligence; automatisms of various sorts, table tilting, planchette writing, automatic writing, occasionally show signs of telepathic, even possibly of premonitory, power; that clairvoyants, crystal-gazers, etc., also occasionally exhibit supernormal power. These are established facts.

The transmission of thoughts and ideas otherwise than through the channels of the normal senses has been demonstrated, and side by side with the wonderful advances of the last twenty years in the study of psychology, the careful and patient work of the Society has explored the subconscious mind and discovered many of its strange and unsuspected powers and habits. Evidence has been found of design in cross-correspondences exhibiting connections between the scripts of several people, not only unknown to each other, but quite unaware of the meaning of their phrases, those phrases, however, fitting into the interpretation of a commentator in a way beyond chance. Book-tests, which in many cases have been given by a medium with no knowledge of the books or places involved, and newspaper-tests, which greatly heighten the improbability of any normal knowledge of the text, have conveyed messages singularly appropriate and evidential. All these happenings

need examination, experiment, and classification. Some people feel that the key to much is already discovered, and that while in the telepathic powers of the subconscious mind will be found the explanation of the irrelevances and inconsistencies and trivialities of many so-called communications, in it also lies the faculty of catching influences from an order of being beyond our normal reach.

Out of the accumulated facts some law, some principle, will emerge, for nothing is really sporadic and unrelated to any law. No fact, however small, but has its significance in the order of life. The Society has its hand now upon a thread to guide it through some of the maze; it has helped to demonstrate the transference of thought and the impressionability of man's mind, and in that very demonstration has come upon traces of what seem extraneous influences, intelligent, co-ordinated, and directed to the purpose of proving that personal identity continues beyond this grave at any rate. But more help is needed, and in all kinds of ways, and from all kinds of people.

I say from all kinds of people because, so long as the Society is left free and unhampered in its investigations, those who wish to help by time, work, or money, can do so from every kind of motive. There are many whose desire is purely to get at the truth; there are others who, while prepared to accept any truth of which they are convinced, yet only care to help forward one particular theory which interests them. Such are they who wish to destroy what they call superstitions or delusions. Such are they, too, who long for scientific proof of existence after death. To these diverse kinds of people the Society can make its appeal.

Certain phenomena exist and require fearless study if they are to be understood and explained, and for this inquiry courage, persistence, and detachment are needed. Money, of course, is always necessary, for no continuous research work can be carried on without it, but I am speaking at this moment of another form of help than that of the provision of funds. Advance is made by the patient collection and assembling of all forms of psychic experience, properly attested and recorded. Almost everyone now and again comes across, either in their own experience or someone else's, some strange or inexplicable happening. At first the mere occurrence may have a great influence, and modify the attitude of those affected, but the tendency is always for the impression to fade; it is not related to everyday ordinary life, gradually loses all colour, and is hardly remembered. That is, perhaps, comparatively unimportant for the individual, but it is constantly a loss to the research.

Certain suggestions may be offered to those who are interested

and wish to help. First acquire the recording habit. If you are apt to have dreams which seem to foreshadow events, write down any which particularly impress you before you mingle with other people, and carefully date them; tell your dream also to one or two others; should your dream come true, as the saying is, you will have witness. Record telepathic impressions of your own, or of others, and note verifications, being careful also, should the origin or meaning of a telepathic impression never be elucidated, to record that fact also. If you come across unexplained phenomena, apparently affecting the material world, such as knockings, or movement of objects; or if you meet with apparitions, so-called spirit lights, visions, or instances of clairvoyance, psychometric knowledge, table-turning, planchette, and other automatic writings, record them carefully, date them, and get the signature of other witnesses if possible. Should interesting results, confirmation of unknown facts, and so on, come to light, as they often do, when careful record is kept, then send these facts to the secretary of the Society, who will judge and give valuable advice as to further work. Many people find they possess what are loosely called psychic powers quite unsuspected by them, till chance, or perhaps some great emotion, betrays them. We touch here on a difficult side of the question. So-called psychic gifts in themselves may have no particular value. We are not convinced of the presence of discarnate entities because a table rocks, or raps are heard, or a pencil moves automatically, held either by a hand or by some instrument; nor do the utterances of trance mediumship carry any assurance in themselves that they are more than the product of some portion of the medium's mind. On the other hand, the power to do some of these things argues a certain sensitiveness to impressions which may extend to impressions outside normal reach.

Great caution is necessary, for though the subconscious part of the mind may really be capable of catching words, ideas, messages from the dead, they will probably be intermixed with dream-like suggestions or fragments. Many people visit mediums; will they record the trance-utterances and make careful notes also of what they have said to the medium, both before and after trance, and try to say as little as possible themselves. Will they record with great care everything they themselves say in answer to supposed communications during the trance. Will they, whenever possible, follow up any directions which concern identification. If the results seem interesting, will they communicate with the Society.

The secretary is always ready to see people by appointment and talk over cases, and give advice. There is no risk whatever of

confidence being betrayed, or of publicity without consent. More investigators with trained minds, with interest and leisure to give; more collectors of authenticated incidents and experiences are badly needed. Thousands of cases of all kinds are lost because they were not recorded or witnessed at the time, or because the Society was not at once communicated with. The criticism has been made that the Society is chilling in its reception of such things, but this remark is really not justified. People, when deeply impressed by some incident, are apt to resent the detached impersonal attitude necessary to any critical inquiry; they do not remember that to make their individual experience of value to others and to the research, the utmost care in investigation is needed.

For all these forms of help, then, earnest appeal is made. Those outside the work of the Society will come to realise that here is no body of foolish and credulous people, but an association of men and women who have already, by their combined efforts, contributed some positive discoveries to the study of the mind and its powers, and are at present engaged on researches of many kinds which may have wide and far-reaching consequences.

The truth is our goal, and a fearless acceptance of whatever it may imply our intention. No prejudices, no beliefs, no fears, shall stand in the way: ridicule and contempt have been faced, and will probably have to be faced again, but the Society for Psychical Research will continue to investigate, sift, and classify. My own belief is that definite scientific proof of the existence of what we call spirit will be attained; that we shall get "authentic tidings of invisible things," and by the help of scientific inquiry and study "the full trim of inexperienced hope" will bear our vessel into a harbour of certainty.

EDITH LYTTETLTON.

STATE AID AND THE FARMER.

THE end of the war found agriculture on the summit of expectation and in the summer of 1919 the control of the old Board was transferred to a man of great personality, large vision, and a capacity for endless work. Lord Lee of Fareham, of whom this description may be upheld, succeeded Lord Ernle (Mr. R. E. Prothero), who perhaps has a riper knowledge of agriculture than any living man, and has, beyond all question, written on the subject the most fascinating books and essays that have seen the light since the time of Cobbett. He had a charming personality, he commanded the unswerving loyalty of his Department, and every civil servant who had worked under him regretted his departure, but he was not temperamentally adapted to bring about the culmination of the forceful policy that his successor had already inaugurated at the Food Production Department. Ruthless methods, while they were an offence to countless farmers and landowners, and occasionally to the laws of good husbandry, were undoubtedly justified by the results achieved and the season of their achievement. The Food Production Department rode rough-shod, but it reached the goal before the enemy.

It is stated, I believe on excellent authority, that before Lord Lee took office he received the Prime Minister's definite assurance that agriculture should be supported, and Mr. Lloyd George promised to address a meeting of farmers, and outline the general principles of an agricultural renaissance, in the early autumn of 1919. Had this meeting been held as arranged at first great results would at least have been possible, because it was timed for a moment when farmers had not committed themselves in regard to their area of winter corn, and it was possible that the acreage might have been increased considerably. Unfortunately the railway strike intervened, the meeting was postponed because farmers could not travel to and from town, and November came before the Prime Minister, speaking in Caxton Hall, foreshadowed the dawning of a new day for what he described as the greatest of our national industries. Gradually, in the wake of the speech, the machinery required for a big development was assembled; agricultural needs were canvassed in every aspect, particularly in the light of war-time experience. Lord Lee stated publicly that there was a time when submarines had left us with just three weeks' supply of corn in this country, and he pointed out that it was the bounden duty of every patriotic citizen to support steps that would place this country beyond the reach of similar dangers.

in times to come. The general public, urban as well as rural, was in receptive mood; lessons of the war were fresh in memory.

The plan of the Agriculture Act, legitimate successor to the Corn Production Act of 1917, was comprehensive enough. It gave the farmer a guarantee against loss on two of his three cereal crops, wheat and oats—the original intention had been to include barley, but this was dropped at the eleventh hour for financial reasons. In return for the guarantee the farmer was to submit to a measure of control that was designed, in the first instance, to compel him, if necessary, to keep a certain proportion of his land under the plough. To this proposal the House of Lords demurred, and there was very little of it left when their lordships had expressed their opinion of clauses that sought to diminish, *inter alia*, the hereditary rights of landlords. (This attitude has been emphasised during recent debates in the Upper House.) But the guarantees were accepted, and with them, as a corollary, the Agricultural Wages Board was maintained, while some of the insecurity that besets the tenant farmer was removed by the second part of the Act, which remains to this day. The result was that the farmer found himself under some obligation to the State in respect of his acts of husbandry, under a definite obligation to those he employed, and in receipt of guarantees that would enable him to face foreign competition in wheat and oats.

To meet the new conditions the aid of Parliament was invoked. In December of 1919 Royal Assent was given to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries Act, one of five Acts that sought to benefit agriculture and reached the Statute Book in that year.¹ It raised the status of the old Board of Agriculture, and gave it a place among first-class departments, while establishing Councils of Agriculture for England and Wales and an Agricultural Advisory Committee which was to function as a Cabinet to these Councils. Under the Act every County Council was required to establish an Agricultural Committee, of which it might appoint up to two-thirds of the members, the remainder being nominated by the Minister. In actual practice the members appointed by the County Council were selected from among the nominees of agricultural organisations, and in this way the influence of each body was strengthened. The Committees were empowered to administer the Small Holdings and Allotments Acts, the Diseases of Animals Acts, the Destructive Insects and Pests Acts, the Fertilisers and Food-stuffs Act, the Rats and Mice (Destruction) Act, and part of the Land Drainage Act (1918). They were to be responsible for the County Live-stock and Horse Breeding Com-

(1) The others were the Land Settlement (Facilities) Act, the Forestry Act, the Agricultural Sales Act, and the Rats and Mice (Destruction) Act.

mittees, and, in addition to their other work, had a part to play in the supervision of the agricultural education in their county, while they were asked to foster rural industries and schemes for the betterment of social life in rural areas. Down to the present the sense of responsibility for reducing expenditure has retarded progress.

At the same time the Ministry of Agriculture sought to delegate rather than to centralise authority. "I do not think the Ministry should be either a controller or a wet-nurse of British agriculture," said Lord Lee of Fareham less than a year ago; "it is agriculture's representative in the Government, its spokesman in Parliament, and should be, when occasion demands, its big brother in both these bodies." He went on to say that the principle he had advocated consistently was that free conditions breed enterprise, and that he was opposed strongly to control in any form other than control of bad farming. His general policy embraced the steady, unimpeded development of research and education; the protection of the industry from epidemics, diseases and pests, complete county organisation in order to atone for the misfortune that in this country agriculture must always be in the minority, and consequently is always suspect in the urban eye because the town demands cheap food and is not concerned with its production. The new county committees were to be the eyes and ears of the Ministry in the counties, the International Council of Agriculture was to be their agricultural parliament, and the Central Advisory Council, as stated above, was to be that parliament's cabinet. Of the Agriculture Act, now in large part repealed, he stated that the Government was pledged to it up to the hilt, and would leave no stone unturned in order to get it through. Another point he emphasised, with the breadth of view that marked all his dealings with agriculture, was that the labourer must have the full share to which he is entitled in the prosperity of the agricultural industry. The labourer, he declared, had had a lifelong grievance as a class, and now the sins of the fathers were being visited on the children. He urged farmers, who might be inclined to revolt against new and inevitable conditions, to hesitate before they created an army of landless men, men who understood the work of a farm, and who, failing a fair deal, would make an irresistible demand, with justice behind them, to have land broken up and given to them to deal with as small-holders. Finally, he urged both masters and men to take every opportunity of getting together for the discussion and understanding of each other's difficulties, because all sections of the agricultural community must work and stick together, since they alone could settle their own differences. "Do

not look to the Government; do not look to any outside tribunal in this matter; get together and thresh out your difficulties." The speeches of politicians are words and nothing more; the speeches of statesmen retain their savour: there is very much in the address to the Leicestershire farmers that the agricultural interest throughout this country would do well to ponder to-day, when causes unborn only a year ago are making for effects that threaten the new agricultural policy with extinction.

What are the prospects before those who must carry the burden of an agriculture entirely decontrolled? The position of the landlord who, in spite of ever-growing outlay, has elected to keep his own land, cannot be considered hopeful. Rents will not rise as a result of decontrol, they will tend to fall, and during the war the returns of the landlord went down steadily; figures obtained by the Institute for Research in Agricultural Economics at Oxford establish this fact beyond the shadow of a doubt. The class that used to receive most from the tripartite division of the land's assets must now be content with least. Those landlords who either lacked serious interest in their land or were unable to retain it in view of falling rents and rising prices, sold out, and, on the whole, did well. I think it is correct to say that one leading firm of estate agents sold over four million pounds' worth of agricultural land in 1920, while the sales in 1919 were not inconsiderable. It is probable that sales in the immediate future will be brought about only at a declining figure. There will be little confidence in the industry for some time to come, and while it is comparatively hard to sell agricultural land to-day, it is impossible to obtain the prices that ruled only fifteen months ago.

The farmer who bought his land is in no very enviable position; he is carrying burdens that he never knew while he was a tenant-farmer, and it was one of these buyers who is reported to have said, more in sorrow than in jest, that he was the worst landlord he had ever had. Farmers bought at the top of the market, although some old-fashioned landlords made special and generous terms to sitting tenants, and many outside buyers refused to bid against them. A considerable proportion of the purchasers had not sufficient money to complete payment and carry on their work, so that they were compelled to borrow from the banks at a high rate of interest. They are faced with the landlords' property tax, with the tithe rent-charge, with repairs, which are about three times what they were, and with those other charges of lesser import that wait upon the man who owns land. Some of the farmers claim, and probably with justice, that but for the Agriculture Act, or the Government promises that preceded it,

they would not have been landlords. Everything they have to buy has gone up : the shoes for their horses, the twine for their binders, the "artificial" for their fields, the cake for their cattle, and while the prices of agricultural produce were certainly very high down to the autumn of 1920, the harvests of the last three summers have been disappointing. The average returns of wheat, barley and oats have been low, and though the hay crop has been good it was not saleable until the drought set in because, with the growth of motor traction, the number of horses in this country tends steadily to decline, and the costs of cutting out, tying, carting to the station, and transport by rail, have gone up by leaps and bounds.

The men who have made money have been those who have raised stock. The price of milk, beef, mutton and veal has been, and remains, very high indeed, although shortage of feed will send much unfinished stock to the markets. Cattle and sheep show a marked decline in numbers. Unfortunately, too, the demand for veal has led to a ridiculous and excessive slaughter of calves, more than a million having been butchered during 1920. While this thoughtless and wasteful killing is keeping up the price of beef and the price of milk, and threatens us with a grave shortage of both in the near future, it has led to a widespread demand for the introduction of foreign store cattle which, if it is permitted, will strike a serious blow at the various schemes for live-stock improvement initiated by the Ministry and now making good headway, in spite of the ever-present economic difficulties. Only a year ago Lord Lee warned the farmers of their danger and urged them not to sacrifice substance for shadow. At the time of writing a Commission is considering the question of altering a policy that has been in force for twenty-five years, and has permitted cattle to be brought from abroad only for slaughter at the ports. The demand for the removal of the embargo has been strengthened by the fashion in which farmers who might have reared heifer calves to advantage have sold them for veal.

The case of the tenant-farmer is on the whole happier than that of the farmer-owner. Landlords have done little to raise rents; they still have the burden of tithe and repairs and property tax to meet. The tenant-farmer's chief concern has been with his labour bill and the new hours of farm labour, which are at present fifty in summer and forty-eight in winter. It is very easy to justify the existing wage, which works out at little, if anything, over the pre-war standard when rising prices and depreciated money values are taken into account, but the farmer with a dairy herd which must be milked in the early morning and the late afternoon finds it almost impossible to bring these operations

within the compass either of the new day or the minimum wage. He has to pay overtime and special overtime for Sunday labour. The farmer who does not keep cows but has other stock to feed must also pay a considerable bill for overtime, and it is against these conditions rather than the minimum rates of pay, that all decent farmers save some of the small men with inferior land are in revolt. Taken as a class the farmer has never been enamoured of the Agriculture Act, though as a business man he is quite prepared now to declare that its repeal lands him in extraordinary difficulties—of which he is careful to avoid any too precise definition. What he really wanted from the Government was the measure of security of tenure that is given to him by Part II. of the Agriculture Act, and this remains. It was on this side of the bargain that the Farmers' Union, a powerful body, was specially insistent. Given security the farmer is prepared to take his chance and make his own bargain with his men, because he knows that if under new conditions arable farming does not pay he can turn to grass and to stock raising, and carry it on at small expense. The fact that he will not be using the land to the best advantage does not weigh heavily with him, he does not accept the theory that the State has a right to supervise acts of husbandry, nor does he pause to think that when everybody starts to raise stock the price must decline, with or without the introduction of store cattle from overseas. He is safe for two or three years, and there is no reason to think that his vision has a longer range. Individualism has its stronghold in rural areas where the farmer tills the land that his direct forbears tilled before him, where he has certain accepted theories concerning his fields, and believes quite honestly that modern investigation and research have done nothing, and can do nothing, to modify conditions that he and his fathers have only discovered by personal and often costly experience. Men of this type are perhaps the last of their kind; education and scientific knowledge are reaching their children. They will denounce the repeal of the Agriculture Act in the market place, and perhaps at the polling station, but in their private conversation one with another they will, I think, be heard to say that it is no bad thing because at least they can command the labour situation. Profits that may accrue at the end of March or April in any year for the preceding harvest are as nothing to the farmer when compared with the extra outlay that he must meet every Friday night. He has been in rebellion for a long time past, passive, perhaps, and sullen, but still rebellion, against the decisions of the Wages Board. Down to the time of the war England's agricultural labourers were little better

than serfs, and there is still a considerable class in farm land that believes, in its muddle-headed fashion, that such conditions are precedent to agricultural prosperity.

Leaving the farmer and landlord we reach the agricultural labourer, whose long night of oppression and ill-usage saw the first signs of daybreak after war began. The Agricultural Wages Board has been denounced so energetically by labour representatives from time to time that I was once asked in all seriousness by a high Government official whether I did not think that agricultural labour would be glad to see it closed down. I found some little difficulty in making him believe that the abuse showered upon it by Labour's representatives was uttered, if I may say so, in a Pickwickian sense. They knew it was good for labour; very reasonably they sought to make it better still. The effect of the Board's decisions has been remarkable. I have seen the little children of the farm labourers plodding happily to school in the rain and the mud of winter wearing, for the first time in their lives, warm coats and sound boots. I have seen weakly children showing every sign of improved health and higher spirits because they have received plenty of nourishing food. The heavy hand of penury has been relaxed throughout rural England. If the Agriculture Act has not proved the Magna Charta of the industry the Agricultural Wages Board was certainly the Magna Charta of those who did the hardest work on the farm. It has not been altogether beyond criticism in some of its decisions, because many of those who have served the Board with skill and loyalty have been unable, particularly in dealing with hours, to grasp the essential fact that the farm is not a factory. While the element of weather enters into all calculations relating to work in the open air and deprives them of stability, it is inevitable that farming cannot be carried on as if it were a manufacturing business. Professor Wibberley has devised a very clever system of continuous cropping which does something to minimise the ill-effects of rain and frost and has been studied by many intelligent farmers. Unfortunately, it is not equally suitable to all parts of England; it demands a considerable staff and a high standard of administration, factors not to be found on the average holding, and almost out of court on those uneconomic and ill-financed areas that constitute so many of our farms. I am inclined to believe that the Wages Board went too far in the matter of its time limits. A 50-hour week for farming in the summer is not long enough; it involves double shifts and practical difficulties that can be readily understood when we remember that animals know nothing of an eight-hour day and those other devices whereby it is sought to render the farm-hand's

working conditions more reasonable. A cow that is milked in the early morning is not ready to be milked again less than eight hours afterwards. It is impossible to bring the three meals that pigs require within the compass of an eight-hour day if you are to get the best feeding results. Stock-keeping, particularly in winter when animals are brought up to the yards; shepherding, particularly in lambing time—all these are tasks that demand a certain elasticity in the time arrangements. Farmers faced by a rigid application of overtime, and a spirited endeavour in some quarters to remove overtime altogether, have undoubtedly reduced their activities, and doubtless some of their economies have been compulsory. There is a decline of some four hundred thousand acres in the arable acreage since June, 1920. The fall in the number of sheep in this country may be set down, in part at least, to labour conditions, and nobody who works in the towns has realised that the farm worker, as a result of long generations of labour, has so adapted his stroke to his hours that he is able to work for ten hours without discomfort, and at the end of that time to put in such extra time as his garden or allotment may require. Unfortunately, the most energetic and capable of the workers' spokesmen have little or no practical knowledge of farming. Work in the open air is very healthy, and save at hay-time and harvest is not unduly strenuous. The urban worker cannot recognise readily how lightly certain work comes to the countryman. So far has the clamour for the application of urban rules to rural areas extended that certain advocates of the time limit have suggested, quite solemnly, that efforts must be made to restrict, in the public interest, the right of small-holders to work as long as they please on their land.

When we have a body that starts with a certain amount of the unpopularity that attaches to a new idea, however sound, it is safe to say that the smallest indiscretion of that body will be magnified out of all due proportion. In the case of the Agricultural Wages Board its time policy, which is at least open to criticism, has added immensely to the hostility of the farmers. Yet if the truth be told the Wages Board has done more for the agricultural labourer than has been done since the days when farming in common came to an end, and by putting a period to its activities the Government has incurred a very large measure of odium throughout rural England. Economic pressure, the real cause of the repeal of that part of the Act which gave subsidies and made the Agricultural Wages Board possible, will be forgotten, even by those who spend most of their energy in advocating economies, for we are all apt to regard proper economy as the saving that should be effected in interests other than our own.

The machinery of the Agricultural Labourers' Unions will be used with considerable effect to turn a matter of well over half a million votes against the Government. There are perhaps nearly 400,000 members of these unions, a majority of them being married men, there will be the wife's vote as well as the husband's to consider, and the wife knows, or will at least be quick to learn when bargaining begins, what the Agricultural Wages Board has done for her. The position of the labourer is one of peculiar difficulty, and although it is proposed to set up voluntary Conciliation Boards throughout the country, it is manifestly hard for one body of men to deal with another body if either has most of the power and all the money. Compulsion may be applied to agreed decisions, but there is no power to enforce agreement. By failure to agree, and this failure may be premeditated, the establishment of voluntary committees can be rendered nugatory.

The labour position, which demands far more attention than it has received since the decision to repeal Part I. of the Agriculture Act was reached, is complicated further by the fact that, with the withdrawal of guarantees, the farmer will be more reluctant than ever to maintain his cereal acreage: in no circumstances is he likely to increase it. So soon as he puts his land down to grass he can reduce his labour bill, and it is fair to say that in many parts of the country, where the new owner of second-class land is already in debt to his bank, there will be no safe alternative policy. It becomes a very grave question whether any man who lacks a first-class farm or a first-class bank balance can afford to carry a large area of arable in face of the possibility that Canada, the United States, India, the Argentine Republic, and, in a year or two, Russia, will be pouring corn into this country throughout the year. It is not proposed directly to tax our food imports; no Government could do such a thing and live. Those prophets of evil who are always ready to give tongue are talking glibly of the time, no distant future, when wheat will be on sale in this country at £1 a sack, or a penny a pound, or less, and it is quite clear that with latter-day taxation no farmer can stand for long against very low prices, particularly when they are associated with short hours for labour. From every point of view the position is to be regretted. The war taught, or should have taught us, that reliance upon imported food is extremely dangerous; it is not likely to be less dangerous in the future when submarine and aeroplane have reached measures of effectiveness that were only glimpsed during the Great War. Then, again, the movement towards the towns is fraught with the gravest danger to the social well-being of the whole country, because the life that men live in cities is not healthy, is not natural, and

recruitment for all the national services, to mention only one aspect of the case, depends very largely upon a healthy and vigorous countryside.

If farmers took long views they would meet labour in no niggard spirit. They would consider not only all reasonable demands, but they would seek by amalgamation and co-operation to fuse the great agricultural interests of this country into one that might speak with a single voice in the legislative councils of the nation. It is manifestly absurd that there should be a union of farmers numbering upwards of a hundred thousand men, and unions of farm labourers bringing the total number up to about half a million, and representing perhaps nearly a million votes, and that these forces, which could exercise a very powerful influence not only upon public opinion but upon legislative action, should be split and divided against themselves, and, consequently, be rendered quite ineffective. Already some fifteen thousand men have been settled on the land since January, 1919, and of those between thirteen and fourteen thousand are ex-Service men. Small settlement grows apace, and beyond all doubt if the farmers do not meet their workers in a spirit of justice and statesmanlike endeavour, the first Labour Government in this country will be urged to proceed with a policy of land nationalisation with the least possible delay. Unfortunately, the danger, though very real, is not sufficiently apparent to members of the farming community. There is among them a very deep sense of grievance against the Wages Board and its decisions, and there is reason to fear that they will take up such an attitude towards the farm labourer as will lead to widespread disturbance throughout the rural area. The wisest farmers see the danger, and will endeavour to avoid it, but there are mischief-makers on both sides, and the times afford no aid to deliberate and unimpassioned consideration of momentous questions. It would have been better if the working of the Act could have been suspended rather than destroyed. The machinery was long in the making; it was admirable when made. Throughout the war some of the best minds in the country were applied to the problem of agricultural regeneration. The Act was based upon sound principles; the promise it contained was not for agriculture alone but for the whole country, in peace and in war. To-day the whole fabric of agricultural reconstruction is in ruins, and no amount of optimism can hide the truth. Less than a year has wrought the grievous change.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

HENRY JAMES AS HUMANIST.

THERE seems to be no valid reason why the term "humanist" should be limited, as it often is, to signify one who studies the crowd, the "people," rather than one whose predominant interest is humanity undivided into classes; but we have to accept with this word, as with many others, slight perversions of meaning due to custom. We recognise ex-collegiate humanism as the science of the humanities, "the proper study of mankind"; but when we speak of a humanist we usually prefigure one whose mental vision is focussed upon democracy rather than upon aristocracy, whose chosen novelist would be Dickens rather than Meredith, and whose powers of interpretation find their more congenial activity in the "mean streets," not in manor-house and mansion.

In this sense, then, not all novelists are humanists. Many of them specialise on particular aspects of the open field—on periods of history, on districts of the country, on scenes of the race-course, on the city, the suburbs, the slums. Naturally no writer, however versatile or prolific, can take all humanity as his province, though theoretically he is presumed to do so; but there are certain authors whose comprehensive knowledge of widely separated spheres surprises us, much as though we had found an electrical engineer cooking an excellent pudding, or an expert rose-grower expounding old church brasses. How did they gain this skill? How was it that Henry James, for example, who, as we might have assumed, wrote easily of leisured lives, wrote with equal ease and unfailing accuracy of the smoky, beery gatherings of a set of London Socialists and revolutionaries; of a poor little post-office clerk with a grocer's assistant for a lover and a whisky-drinking mother; of the daily round of Fleet Street's lower levels; of housekeepers and dressmakers and cockney girls? The only answer to this question is his genius, his positively uncanny gift for penetration, for exploring the minds of persons in positions remote from his own. With a "situation" in view, Henry James was as restless as a prospector who sees a vein of precious metal; its locality mattered little. He tracked it down—though not for financial gain—assayed, analysed, refined it, and gave us his impression of its value, for us to accept or reject, as seemed best to us.

It is an injustice, then, to represent Henry James as portraying exclusively the fortunate few of the world, as concerned entirely with folk whose dinners are produced by a *chef* and whose principal occupations are art, travel, and conversational complexities.

In the very novel which by its title, *The Princess Casamassima*, might seem to deal with this phase of society, the most active characters belong to the underworld of London. It is a novel not often discussed, being overshadowed, perhaps, by more celebrated books; and it may suitably stand as our leading exemplification of the author's wider range. The story traces Hyacinth "Robinson," son of a fleeting union between his father, a lord, and an emotional Frenchwoman who died in prison under sentence for murdering her partner, step by step in his development as a revolutionist; and it has, to begin with, a picture of a London girl which is one of Henry James's superb vindications. Millicent Henning, having achieved the metamorphosis from the "grub" stage of keen little slum-child to the butterfly stage of bold, handsome mannequin in a high-class costume showroom, visits her old haunts, and calls upon poor Miss Pynsent, Hyacinth's protectress. Noting with good-natured contempt that the same shabby pin-cushions and ancient needle-books, the same musty fashion-plates, are still in use, she reflects with complacency upon her own good fortune in being attached to "a more exciting, a more dramatic department of the dressmaking business." One sentence sums her up perfectly:—

"She was, to her blunt, expanded finger-tips, a daughter of London, of the crowded streets and hustling traffic of the great city; she had drawn her health and strength from its dingy courts and foggy thoroughfares, and peopled its parks and squares and crescents with her ambitions; it had entered into her blood and her bone, the sound of her voice and the carriage of her head; she understood it by instinct and loved it with passion; she represented its immense vulgarities and curiosities, its brutality and its knowingness, its good nature and its impudence, and might have figured, in an allegorical procession, as a kind of glorified townswoman, a nymph of the wilderness of Middlesex, a flower of the accumulated parishes, the genius of urban civilisation, the muse of cockneyism."

There are hundreds of meagre establishments in London to-day—the London of Dalston, Islington, Kilburn, Battersea—like that of Miss Amanda Pynsent. "Pinnie," as Hyacinth affectionately called her, who had "a showroom where there was nothing to show," who could only "make pensive reference to the cut of sleeves no longer worn," and whose small domestic servant wore shoes that didn't match, though they were "of equal antiquity and resembled each other in the facility with which they dropped off," appeals to our sympathies irresistibly; she is the humble sister of Miss Birdseye in *The Bostonians*, but with wits sharpened by the struggle for existence. (The two novels, it is worth while to recall, are bracketed in the author's *Letters* as books from which he "expected so much and derived so little.") Dickens would have given us an extremely amusing caricature of this poor

relation of Madame Mantalini; Balzac could have described her confused, littered rooms in a manner that would bring them before us with the detail of a photograph; Henry James, tenderly and with touches of beauty, gives the sadness while not forgetting the humour of the sordid dwelling where the art of "*Modes et Robes*" was reduced to its lowest terms in the monotonous repairing of dresses already patched. Her pluck, her steadily burning flame of devotion—she is for ever thinking of Hyacinth—her limited yet heroic outlook, her adoration of a "title," her shrewd defence of the queer fledgling who wants to be an eagle, are shown in many a characteristic passage, and she is decidedly more of a genuine heroine than the Princess herself, who, barely recognisable as Christina Light of *Roderick Hudson*, has chosen to investigate the problems of poverty from the viewpoint of cheap London lodgings—with a beautiful country retreat available in the background.

Anastasius Vetch, Miss Pynsent's friend and counsellor, violinist in the orchestra of a third-rate theatre, who watches with equally unwearied anxiety Hyacinth's career, is another fine character—a great little man; and so is charming M. Poupin, surely the most lovable and peaceable revolutionist of English fiction. "He was a Republican of the old-fashioned sort, of the note of 1848, humanitarian and idealistic, infinitely addicted to fraternity and equality, and inexhaustibly surprised and exasperated at finding so little enthusiasm for them in the land of his exile." The two men are amusingly sketched in a couple of sentences:—

"M. Poupin was a Socialist, which Anastasius Vetch was not, and a constructive democrat (instead of being a mere scoffer at effete things), and a theorist and an optimist and a visionary; he believed that the day was to come when all the nations of the earth would abolish their frontiers and armies and custom-houses, and embrace on both cheeks, and cover the globe with boulevards radiating from Paris, where the human family would sit, in groups, at little tables, according to affinities, drinking coffee (not tea, *par exemple!*) and listening to the music of the spheres. Mr. Vetch neither prefigured nor desired this organised felicity; he was fond of his cup of tea, and only wanted to see the British constitution a good deal simplified; he thought it a much overrated system."

Under these singular guardians, swayed this way and that by those whom he meets, the boy, clever-fingered and artistic, develops into a bookbinder's apprentice, and makes friends of Paul Muniment, a young revolutionary, Poupin, and a similar restless company, who all look forward to "the day" when justice shall come to the oppressed with a flourish of trumpets and a shattering of illusions, "the reintegration of the despoiled and disinherited, the revendication, the rehabilitation, the rectification," as Poupin puts it, when "they," the people, shall come into their own.

Every day on Tower Hill, at the lunch hour, debased and extravagant specimens of their kind may be seen and heard. The imperfect organisation of society is the one theme of this excitable cosmopolitan tribe, and the descriptions of the evening assembly at the "Sun and Moon" public-house are startling in their truth to life:—

" . . . The deep perpetual groan of London misery seemed to swell and swell and form the whole undertone of life. The filthy air came into the place in the damp coats of silent men, and hung there till it was browed to a nauseous warmth, and ugly, serious faces squared themselves through it, and strong-smelling pipes contributed their element in a fierce, dogged manner which appeared to say that it now had to stand for everything—for bread and meat and beer, for shoes and blankets and the poor things at the pawnbroker's and the smokeless chimney at home.

* * * * *

" There were nights when a blast of imbecility seemed to blow over the place, and one felt ashamed to be associated with so much insistent ignorance and flat-faced vanity. Then everyone, with two or three exceptions, made an ass of himself, thumping the table and repeating over some inane phrase which appeared for the hour to constitute the whole furniture of his mind. . . . When the gathering at the 'Sun and Moon' was at its best, and its temper seemed really an earnest of what was the basis of all its calculations—that the people was only a sleeping lion, already breathing shorter and beginning to stretch its limbs—at these hours, some of them thrilling enough, Hyacinth waited for the voice that should allot to him the particular part he was to play."

The voice sounded at last. Always a hero-worshipper, Hyacinth came under the spell of a notorious foreign anarchist, and was chosen—was eager to be chosen—as instrument to carry out a deed of dread, a public assassination that should ring round the world and rouse the oppressors from their state of torpid content. But at the final moment, owing to the influence upon him of his friendship for his wonderful Princess, he fails, and for him the end is tragedy.

The book is an acute and even thrilling study of a form of socialistic propaganda which is as much in evidence to-day as at the time (1889) when it was written; in fact, one feels, on re-reading it, a sense of surprise that its special interest as bearing upon problems that are now demanding immediate attention has not brought it into greater notice. And though the finish is weak—revolver-shots being out of place in the stories of Henry James—the book remains, for its precision and perception, a triumph.

The story of the little post-office clerk, entitled *In the Cage*, unknown to thousands, probably, who are omnivorous fiction-readers, is in an entirely different vein, lightly touched and full of humour, though essentially sad. Imaginative, forced by the monotony of her work to try to create some poor veil of home-made beauty through which to look at life, the girl feels the

flower of romance attempting to bloom amidst most unpromising surroundings :—

"Her function was to sit there with two young men—the other telegraphist and the counter-clerk; to mind the 'sounder,' which was always going, to dole out stamps and postal-orders, weigh letters, answer stupid questions, give difficult change and, more than anything else, count words as numberless as the sands of the sea, the words of telegrams thrust, from morning to night, through the gap left in the high lattice, across the encumbered shelf that her forearm ached with rubbing. This transparent screen fenced out or fenced in, according to the side of the narrow counter on which the human lot was cast, the duskiest corner of a shop pervaded not a little, in winter, by the poison of perpetual gas, and at all times by the presence of hams, cheese, dried fish, soap, varnish, paraffin, and other solids and fluids that she came to know perfectly by their smells without consenting to know them by their names."

She is engaged to Mr. Mudge, the grocery assistant, whose "high white apron resembled a front of many floors" :—

"It had gone a great way with her that he would build up a business to his chin, which he carried quite in the air. This could only be a question of time; he would have all Piccadilly in the pen behind his ear. . . . There were hours at which she even found him good-looking, though, frankly, there could be no crown for her efforts to imagine, on the part of the tailor or the barber, some such treatment of his appearance as would make him resemble even remotely a gentleman. His very beauty was the beauty of a grocer, and the finest future would offer it none too much room to expand. . . . She felt she would die of him unless she once in a while stupefied him."

From the telegrams of two of her innumerable customers at that cage-like desk she pieces together a love-story that far outshines her own dim, dull relation to the oleaginous Mr. Mudge, and with Captain Everard, the sender of perfect hurricanes of telegrams, she has one brief, bewildering conversation. After a meeting unsought on his part and scarcely sought on hers, since she simply passed his flat timidly at evening, a leaf blown upon the wind of romantic speculations, they stroll off together, to sit for a few minutes on a bench just inside the Park. He has seen that she takes an interest in the telegrams; he likes her, he instinctively understands; and in the faint relationship of these two half the charm of the book consists. Her memory of a telegram sent weeks before saves, in the end, the situation—which is only hinted at—and the romance is over, except for such scraps as the obscure little heroine may secure in her marriage with the terribly practical, prosaic Mr. Mudge. Mudge is a "bounder," but a well-meaning one, and the most we can hope is that his wife will inspire in him some misty comprehension of the meaning of fantasy, or that he will be able to preserve a few fragments of the halo with which, at some time or another, she must have adorned him.

The reflective reader will not seek, impetuously and superficially, to form sudden conclusions from the evidence provided by these tales themselves; he will prefer to take up a book here and there, and to turn the pages idly, thereby with a pleasant note of chance acquiring definite knowledge. Half an hour spent with *The American Scene*, as an interlude, will prove enlightening. This unconventional volume of travels was the result of Henry James's visit to America in 1904, the first for nearly a quarter of a century, and, though it is a fairly bulky record, it can be seen that the author could set down only a hundredth part of his impressions. The reason was that every sight, every sound, touched a spring which responded instantly and liberated a cloud of ideas to spread in all directions. It was what he brought with him that mattered—the overflowing storehouse of his mind; not the bare facts that autumn colourings were pretty in New Hampshire, or that an elevator is a clever mechanism, or that people at Newport have a gay time. These things we should all admit; but for Henry James they held meanings to be distilled in words that one reads with a growing sense of what life must have been to him:—

“ Half the poetry, the poetry in solution in the air, was doubtless but the alertness of the touch of autumn, the imprisoned painter, the Bohemian with a rusty jacket, who had already broken out with palette and brush; yet the way the colour begins in those days to be dabbed, the way, here and there, for a start, a solitary maple on a woodside flames in single scarlet, recalls nothing so much as the daughter of a noble house dressed for a fancy ball, with the whole family gathered round to admire her before she goes.

* * * * *

“ The sempiternal lift, for one's comings and goings, affects one at last as an almost intolerable symbol of the herded and driven state and of that malady of preference for gregarious ways, of insistence on gregarious ways only, by which the people about one seem ridden. To wait, perpetually, in a human bunch, in order to be hustled, under military drill, the imperative order to 'step lively,' into some tight mechanic receptacle, fearfully and wonderfully working, is conceivable, no doubt, as a sad liability of our nature, but represents surely, when cherished and sacrificed to, a strange perversion of sympathies and ideals. Anything that breaks the gregarious spell, that relieves one of one's share, however insignificant, of the abject collective consciousness of being pushed and pressed in, with something that one's shoulders and one's heels must dodge at their peril, something that slides or slams or bangs, operating, in your rear, as ruthlessly as the guillotine—anything that performs this office puts a price on the lonely sweetness of a step or two taken by one's self, of deviating into some sense of independent motive power, of climbing even some grass-grown staircase, with a dream perhaps of the thrill of fellow-feeling then taking, then finding, place—something like Robinson Crusoe's famous thrill before Friday's footprint in the sand.

* * * * *

“ They danced and they drove and they rode, they dined and wined and dressed and flirted and yachted and polo'd and Casino'd, responding to

the subtlest inventions of their age; on the old lawns and verandahs I saw them gather, on the old shining sands I saw them gallop, past the low headlands I saw their white sails verily flash, and through the dusky old shrubberies came the light and sound of their feasts."

Transferring the application of this rich interpretative gift to the plane of psychology, the exclusively human scene, we begin to see the force of Henry James's contention, after fifty years spent in refining to the highest art his chosen medium, the novel, that the field of fiction is hardly yet touched. He particularly illustrates this belief in his intermittent diversions to the short story. Especially in America, the subject of the short story conceived as a literary form as recognisable (apart from the mere question of length) as an etching, a fugue, or a sonnet, and with almost as many rules as a chant-royal, has been widely discussed. Clever business men, we are given to understand, engage for a moderate fee to teach young people, grouped within the excruciating title of "budding aspirants," how to write short stories and make fortunes, the two accomplishments, judging from enthusiastic advertisements, being well-nigh inseparable; and the aspirants, eager for the bud of desire to unfold into the flower whose petals are cheques, roll up in their thousands. It is not noticeable that the artistic content of the world has been enriched to any overwhelming extent by the published efforts of these pupils. Their great and innocent error is to believe that success in literature may be planned on the same lines as success in business, and is a matter of "training" and "efficiency"—blest pair of sirens, dear to super-store managers and the editors of business periodicals; the truth being that, while training and efficiency can in time enable a man to succeed passably in commercial life, or to become quite a celebrated ornament of the popular magazines, he must have just a little of that unpurchasable quality, inspiration, just a tiny gleam of vision and wonder, before he can satisfy the demands of art. He may choose his art; but his art must choose him also. Thoroughly did Henry James realise this. Little tales of good cheer; tales of conscientious artists and plausible impostors; of aspiring authors and exploiting editors; of timorous spinsters and spectral smugglers; of passionate American pilgrims and faithless Italian lovers; tales of impudence and innocence, of promise kept and vow broken; tales ethereal as a moonbeam and grim as a divorce case; tales, in sum, of an unprecedented range of emotion, imagination, and suggestion: all these he wrote, and brought to them the touchstone of his ideals. From such profusion one is embarrassed to choose pictures that shall be representative. In a former article in these pages I endeavoured to show to some extent the general

ground covered,¹ and in the present one must limit myself to a few examples emphasising the attributes indicated by my title.

In that comparatively late story, *The Bench of Desolation*, the last of the group of five collected under the title of *The Finer Grain*, published in 1910, when he was nearing seventy years of age, those who "followed" the work of Henry James were to find fresh matter for comment. *The Velvet Glove* was more ingenious and brilliant than probable; *Mora Montravers* showed the familiar hand working out, through fine stages, a peculiar human relation, but had not much warmth of feeling; the chief actor in *A Round of Visits* inspired no exceptional agitation; and *Crapy Cornelia* seemed even insipid. Had we not the fifth story to set the standard, to be, as might be said, the pace-maker of the group, the others would have shown more readily their high breeding; but in such close companionship with *The Bench of Desolation* they mark less, perhaps, than their true value. A weak creature, for a hero, is the young bookseller who strives for a decent living in the "Old Town" of fashionable Properley, and allows himself to be bled to financial death by the girl who holds over his bowed head her dreadful threat of an action for breach of promise; but he has his private reassurances:—

"That she had pretended she loved him was comparatively nothing; other women had pretended it, and other women, too, had really done it; but that she had pretended he could possibly have been right and safe and blest in loving her, a creature of the kind who could sniff that squalor of the law-court, of claimed damages and brazen lies and published kisses, of love-letters read amid obscene guffaws, as a positive tonic to resentment, as a high incentive to her course—this was what put him so beautifully in the right. . ."

He pays more than half of the four hundred pounds she demands, then gives up, and hears nothing more of her for years. He marries, miserably; time slips on, and ill-fortune spites every venture, until we see him, a poor clerk, a child-bereaved widower, seeking each evening the "Bench"—the seat at the end of the Parade, overlooking the sea, where for an hour he can dream of his shrunken, wasted life.

To him, blank and middle-aged, comes a wonderful woman—a woman who is to confess, in halting phrases and difficult, that she is well off, that she has made a modest fortune—for him—out of the two hundred and seventy pounds he had paid her all those years before; and the scenes between these two, his reluctance and her gentle, tactful pressure, her explanations and his heightened sense of past, pitiful torture and withered lives due simply to lack of money—these things are set down so surely, so confidently,

and with such a "finish," that had Henry James written no other short story he must have been acknowledged a master of the craft. The method is that of the later, more "advanced" novels, but, unlike them, it presents few exasperations to the novice. Experienced readers of Henry James are accustomed to sentences as long and hopeless—superficially—as *Cromwell Road*. We do not shrink when we are told not only what people said, but what they *nearly* said, what they would have liked to say, what they refrained from saying, and sometimes why they refrained. By the side of such attenuations the tale of our perverse pair of lovers is lucidity itself.

Méridith often put brain-work before sentiment or story; "brain-stuff is not lean stuff," he wrote in the first chapter of *Diana of the Crossways*; "the brain-stuff of fiction is internal history, and to suppose it dull is the profoundest of errors." Cleverly, in the opening of some of his novels, Meredith brings his readers up to the story in a fleet of metaphor hard driven before a philosophic storm; and having moored safely and lowered the fluttering, flashing sails, lands us on firm ground at the second chapter, maybe a trifle bewildered and tumbled. And now and then, in most of his novels, we go for a little philosophical cruise with him; "bother plots and people," he seems to say—"let us get clear of the story for a bit and have a huge talk about things." That is one way—the way of unaffected, heartily expressed philosophy; but it was not the way of Henry James at any time. It is rare to find in his books direct speech on important matters from author to reader; his philosophy is innate, almost unexpressed, lurking among the creations of his brain, in their talk and thought and behaviour, in their attitude toward one another. Therefore we sometimes either wish profanely that Henry James's muse, as Swinburne said of William Morris's, would "tuck up her skirts and step out," or that he would segregate his philosophy and merge it with his psychology in separate pages. Most of the stories I am here concerned with, however, are free from this drawback; in spite of the very obvious risk of a tangle of motives in the closing scenes of *The Bench of Desolation*, the reader is convinced, and has none of that unsatisfactory feeling signified by the verdict occasionally passed—"An excellent tale, told beautifully: but somehow it doesn't seem real."

There are three characters in *The Golden Bowl* which stand forward to demand a hearing in any exposition of Henry James as humanist. Charlotte, vivid, audacious, past mistress of intrigue, a skilful navigator among rocks and shoals and cross-currents, is an amazing personage for any author to expound. One false figure in her daily, almost hourly, calculations to deter-

mine her exact orientation in the voyage with regard to the others—one little slip in the inflection of her voice or the message of her glance, and her vessel is assured of disaster. She “keeps it up”—it is the one art in which she is perfectly accomplished; but the strain is cumulative, and we perceive her, toward the end, joyless, a soul spiritually stripped and isolated, an intellect driven half-mad by solitary confinement in its own thoughts, a body masking the dismay within by queenly semblance and specious charm. Charlotte’s torture was that she could never break down. Almost any burden can be borne if there are intervals of relief, of sympathy; but even the silent companionship of an understanding friend was denied to her—for Mrs. Assingham knew her too well to be sympathetic, and in any case silent friendship was not Mrs. Assingham’s strong point.

The other two are those inimitable associates, Colonel Bob Assingham and his wife, who act as “chorus” throughout. In his delineation of these lovable and harmonious worldlings Henry James obviously enjoyed himself. The dialogues of the Assinghams, held in all sorts of places and at all times—in cabs; on the front step; at dead of night on the stairs—have a fascinating humour. Regarding her husband as a legitimate object for affectionate sarcasm because of his obtuseness to the “fine shades and nice feelings” which she collected like gossamer threads from the surrounding atmosphere, Fanny Assingham found him nevertheless *turris fortissima* when she was particularly exhausted or exceptionally “floored.” And Colonel Bob, who was not nearly as dense as he pretended to be, smoked serenely at her when she bristled prettily at him, and occasionally came out with a sagacious remark that took her breath away and proved that for all his elaborate defences of smoke and silence he had a fairly clear notion of what was going on. Beneath all their brilliant bickerings these two have arrived at that happy stage when wordy arguments are simply the ruffled surface of a deep mutual appreciation, and their smart give-and-take when discussing the principal members of their circle is like a fitful play of light among the shadows of a story that essentially is sordid and sorrowful.

For my last example I select a very different scene—the life of Fleet Street and daily journalism. Never, we may be sure, since Fleet Street smiled on the scribes and scorned the Pharisees, were there two free-lances at all identifiable with Howard Bight and Maud Blandy, the sedate couple who hold such portentous and brain-racking conversations in *The Papers*.¹ They are

(1) The last story in *The Better Sort* (1903).

incredible; either of them could have filled capably a professorial chair or beaten the famous Harvard men at their own philosophic game. The story, however, need not be condemned on that account. It is a piece of sublimated satire, a prodigious exposure of the manner in which notoriety may be obtained by nonentities with the skilled aid of the public Press. Sir A. B. C. Beadel-Muffet, K.C.B., M.P., was "universal and ubiquitous, commemorated, under some rank rubric, on every page of every public print every day in every year, and as inveterate a feature of each issue of any self-respecting sheet as the name, the date, the tariffed advertisements":—

"He had always done something, or was about to do something, round which the honours of announcement clustered, and indeed, as he had inevitably thus become a subject of fallacious report, one-half of his chronicle appeared to consist of official contradiction of the other half. . . . It was after all not true that a man had done nothing who for ten years had so fed, so dyked and directed and distributed the fitful sources of publicity. He had laboured, in his way, like a navvy with a spade; he might be said to have earned by each night's work the reward, each morning, of his small spurt of glory. Even for such a matter as its not being true that Sir A. B. C. Beadel-Muffet, K.C.B., M.P., was to start on his visit to the Sultan of Samarcand on the 23rd, but being true that he was to start on the 29th, the personal attention required was no small affair, taking the legend with the fact, the myth with the meaning, the original artless error with the subsequent earnest truth—allowing, in fine, for the statement still to come that the visit would have to be relinquished in consequence of the visitor's other pressing engagements, and bearing in mind the countless channels to be successively watered."

It is round the career of this harmless, much-paragraphed personage that the story winds itself; it is about him that the two young people chiefly talk; and between them they arrive at the conviction that they are responsible for his fate. The news that he has been found shot, in a Continental hotel, stuns them; but the news that he is returning to London intact (Sir A. B. C. Beadel-Muffet, K.C.B., M.P., and his kind being indestructible) puts the finishing touch to their discomfiture. Other characters are sketched in; Henry James proved that he knew this world as well as he knew that of literature; but that is the main theme of this fugue on the name of Beadel-Muffet. Incidentally, the Fleet Street chop-house, the excitement of special editions, of posters, of plays produced privately by an ambitious but undistinguished author, the whole feverish flurry of life on the daily Press, are surveyed with perfect competence.

Taking these scenes and portraits that I have loosely gathered here and there, we have before us clearly, but perhaps not intimately, the strong interest of a great novelist in humanity under very varied aspects. The intimacy comes when we find, as we

easily do find, the sincerity of the man himself ; and, apart from one or two personal memories, I turn for evidence to that small but intensely "alive" volume *Within the Rim*, where readers who hitherto have regarded Henry James as novelist only may discover for themselves the humanist—the great, simple, generous spirit, unperturbed and unspoiled after fifty years of cosmopolitan life, and the kindly heart, full of sorrow for the shadows cast by war on humanity in general, and on his friends, our wounded combatants and the refugees, in particular. His tribute to the British private soldier in hospital, his expatiation upon the "ravaged and plundered domesticity" of the "first aligned rows of lacerated Belgians"; his letter to the editor of an American journal on behalf of the American Motor-Ambulance Corps in France; his love for "the rare, the sole, the exquisite England" intensified by the sinister first months of the war which was to make him one of us legally, long though he had been one with us in spirit : these things are all set down for us, modestly and in his own unmistakable way, in this book. With that, and with the two volumes of fascinating *Letters* (wherein I recall, for a final happy touch, his comical surprise at having to register his movements as an "alien"), the reader who is still unsatisfied after the evidence of the novels and stories, may realise that in the gentle soul of Henry James shone a glow of love for humanity which gives him unchallenged right to the title of one of the greatest humanists of his generation.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

LORD CROMER TO-DAY.

THE practice of our Foreign Office rarely admits ex-proconsuls to advise on the affairs of countries they have administered. There is, no doubt, good reason. One can understand that actual bearers of responsibility might think it unfair and often find it embarrassing if predecessors, *functi officio*, shared the higher control. In the late Lord Cromer's case particular reasons precluded his being excepted from the general rule. Great Britain, as an occupying, but not protecting, Power in Egypt, has had, first and last, to pursue a purely opportunist policy, in which initiative as well as conduct were necessarily left to the all but absolute discretion of her chief representative on the spot. As Lord Cromer has himself recorded, it was his consistent practice to refer no question home unless it principally affected interests external to Egypt, despite the awkward consequence that if Whitehall should be compelled to decide an internal Egyptian matter (as happened in the matter of Gordon), it would lack the requisite knowledge and experience. It was his practice, therefore, as well as its own, that the Foreign Office would have ignored by calling him into council after his retirement. Moreover, as is well known, his successor adopted from the first an administrative policy inconsistent with that not only followed by Lord Cromer, but recommended by him as imperative for a long time to come. The latter showed, and probably felt, no animus about the change. He had long foreseen that the tendency of political feeling in England (he was always alive and even sensitive to it) would prescribe some such change sooner or later; and disinclination for the experiment had as much to do as failure of health in 1907 with his persistence in resignation. Subsequently he watched Gorst's "honeymoon with the Khedive" not unsympathetically, though without belief in its bringing any good. The experiment, he thought, had to be tried, and he was glad the trial was entrusted to a younger man. But he would have been the last to expect to be consulted on its conduct.

He was not, therefore, impugning the Foreign Office when he wrote, in 1915, concerning the history of Egypt since his resignation: "I am not in possession of the material which would enable me to write it either with satisfaction to myself or with any real advantage to my readers"; or even when he said in conversation that he had not been called behind the Egyptian scenes since he left the country. But the fact must be taken into account in any consideration of what he said and wrote about

Egypt during the interval between 1907 and his death. He was expressing himself then not as a responsible official, but as a private citizen—an old actor watching from the front of the house a performance in which he had once played lead. While the play in which he figured keeps the stage it is rarely useless and usually profitable to hear what such a spectator has to say. There had been much recasting, even some rearrangement, of the piece, but up to the hour of his death the old play was still on the Egyptian boards. It is not, for that matter, off yet.

Lord Cromer died early in 1917 without apparently any anticipation of what would come to pass in Egypt two years later. He had remarked earlier in the war that it had produced not only no serious disturbances in Egypt, but even manifestations of loyalty and friendship towards Great Britain. These seemed "very singular political phenomena" to one who had written, in 1908, that loyalty to us in Egypt was not more possible than in the Punjab; and, seeking explanations, he had "no hesitation in assigning the first place to the fact that no general discontent prevailed of which the agitator, the religious fanatic, or the political intriguer could make use as a lever to further his own designs." He suggested that "the more educated classes may have recognised that the Turco-Prussian *régime*, with which they were threatened, would assuredly combine many of the worst features both of Western and of Eastern administration." Note his past tenses. He regarded all danger of Egyptian revolt as over in 1915. Nor would he before his end detect any shadow of coming events. He could not, indeed, be expected to have done so. More than another year was to elapse without the Nationalists showing their hand. It was not till, in the summer of 1918, the offensive of the Central Powers was spent and the advance of the Allies had begun all along their line, that even those posted behind the scenes in Egypt itself would suspect to what degree local peaceableness had been due to local belief in the certainty of "Turco-Prussian" victory. And they had still some months to wait before they realised how the Egyptian people, in the fullness of its disillusion, would feel about our protectorate and even our occupation.

In 1915 Lord Cromer regarded "the political destiny of Egypt" as "definitely settled." A change had come to pass which he had not contemplated when, two years earlier, he wrote in an article on the Capitulations, breaking a self-imposed silence of six years about Egyptian matters, that when Lord Kitchener's term should be up, there would be "no brusque or radical change in the general principles under which he is now administering the country." But those later words of his, after the events of November,

1914, meant no more than that the political orientation of Egypt towards Great Britain was "definitely settled." They were not intended to imply that the orientation would depend on the maintenance of the Protectorate: for he took occasion then and there to repeat the chief objections he had always held to any earlier proposals of such a change. First, as he pointed out, a Protectorate would not *ipso facto* abolish the Capitulations; yet this consummation was the primary condition of Egyptian progress. Second, a Protectorate would transform into a focus of anti-British intrigue the Khedivial family which, under the Occupation, had been a centre of "genuine national feeling which has a very fair claim to be treated with respect and consideration." He was aware that by the British declaration of November a door had been left open for reconsideration of the Protectorate when peace should come; and evidently his hope, in 1915, was for either reversion to the *status quo ante bellum*, or advance to some new relation compatible with the maintenance of exclusive British supremacy—the "corner-stone of Reform" in Egypt as in India, according to his *Ancient and Modern Imperialism*, published in 1910.

What other relation than the revival (under an Occupation continued *sine die*) of such direct government by the British Residency as Kitchener had instituted, Lord Cromer might have suggested, had he lived to face the situation of 1919, we can only guess. He was by profession and conviction an opportunist—not Cato, but Cæsar. If a policy, his own or another's, seemed without good hope of success, he was always prepared to consign it to the scrap-heap. Inborn Whiggery, confirmed by his career, disposed him to all reasonable compromises, and he never lacked strength to yield, any more than intelligence to appreciate facts. It is worth noticing, therefore, that in his *Modern Egypt*, issued in 1908, he spoke more than once of the British occupation of Egypt as a *pis aller* in inception, and an expedient in practice, not to be regarded as better than temporary. In one passage he even let it be known that, in his opinion, it might have been avoided, and had better have been avoided, in 1882 by the use of Turkish troops. With a little more goodwill on the part of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville towards Abdul Hamid, and a little less deference to France, we could have obtained, he thought, vicarious means for restoring order, and establishing sufficient British control without incurring direct responsibility. Like statesmen in the last century of the Roman Republic, he held imperial success fulfilled in a system of client States, but their conversion to provinces a confession of imperial failure. He would not, of course, have recommended a sudden and revolutionary alteration

of the pre-war sanction of British influence in Egypt—not the immediate withdrawal of British troops. But he might well have approved such gradual withdrawal after a term of years, as he had proposed long before in one of his earliest despatches to Lord Granville. Often during his tenure in Egypt he had insisted that all we required of that country amounted to just this—that no other Power should be in a position to control it, and that its reformation should continue, without interruption by a revival of Khedivial autocracy, till the Egyptians should be capable of governing themselves “as Europeans think they ought to be governed.” He admitted that the end would not be yet, perhaps not for a generation or two. The national character must first be modified by example and by pressure—a slow process which he did not believe would be hastened by any system of education that could be imported into Egyptian schools; and he confessed in 1913 that during his own Consulship little progress had been made towards real autonomy. But this was not to say that, in his view, the process must be watched to the finish by British troops. He could conceive certain possible developments in the Egyptian Constitution, under whose safeguard the Egyptians might be left to work out the rest of their salvation without the too close scrutiny and criticism of Europe.

What were these developments? Convinced though he was that East is East and West is West, Lord Cromer believed the twain could and should meet in the valley of the Nile. “Egypt,” he wrote in 1913, “is now and always cosmopolitan,” and its future lies “in an enlarged cosmopolitanism.” In order that this might be realised, the Capitulations must be abolished. Then and then only could the numerous body of European residents be brought within the polity. In the identification of their tradition and hope with the hope and tradition of Egypt lay the way of salvation. Otherwise Egypt autonomous would be as heavily shackled as Egypt protected, and the withdrawal of the last British soldier would bring her no nearer real autonomy. She would not be able to govern herself either on Western lines or on Eastern. The curse of internationalism would rest upon her still.

There spoke one who had suffered from internationalism for nearly a quarter of a century—a man whose autocratic instinct, economic sense, and philanthropic ambition had been wounded and thwarted by it time after time. Internationalism, he said, meant many men commissioned (and paid) to do the work of one. It meant everyone meddling and none responsible. It offered the worst of all possible solutions; and he would have accepted French control of Egypt before Anglo-French.

In 1913 he put forward the interesting proposal that out of the resident Europeans should be chosen a Second Chamber for Egypt; but he has left no indication whether, in his view, they must accept Egyptian nationality at the same time as equality before Egyptian laws. He was thinking primarily, no doubt, of the Alexandrian merchants of foreign origin to whom he had entrusted the first experiment in local autonomy made in Egypt—the Municipality of Alexandria. If this had been but a qualified success, notorious for factiousness and suspected of “graft,” it had kept itself and its city going. But he was thinking also of many Europeans in other parts, and of yet more whom he hoped would adopt Egypt as their home. The abolition of the Capitulations might make some more bad Egyptians; but it would double at a stroke the tale of the good, of whom there had always been too few. What Lord Cromer meant by a “good Egyptian” had not always been the same; but his touchstone at the end was what it had been at the beginning of his time in Egypt—European culture. Quarrels with Nubar Pasha in the middle 'eighties had once turned his hopes towards the unwesternised native, educated on Moslem lines; but, after a prolonged trial of Riaz Pasha, the best specimen of the type, he admitted that no progress towards what alone he considered civilisation was possible through such agents. The “Mohammedan orientalism,” towards which Riaz inclined, with his constant vision of the *Saturnia regna* of the early Caliphate, would never solve the Egyptian question. If that was to be the orientation of reform, Great Britain would either never withdraw or speedily have to reoccupy. “It is clear,” he wrote in 1915, “that the un-Europeanised Moslem is quite incapable of governing the Egypt of to-day. The Ministerial future, therefore, lies with the Europeanised Egyptian of various types.” Frankly, he had little liking for some of these types, and least for Gallicised and Levantinised varieties. But he had lived to see both of these reduced in numbers and influence, thanks to a gradual spread of Anglicised culture in Egypt; and to the growth of national spirit in other parts of the Levant, which discredited the dregs of its societies once so potent at the Khedivial Court. About the Christian types he had mixed feelings. The intelligence, astuteness and cultivation of men like Tigrane and, still more, Nubar, made them valuable instruments; but they were not long content to remain instruments. The Artin type was too rare among Armenians; and on the whole he preferred Syrians. Towards Europeanised Moslems of so-called Turkish extraction and Constantinopolitan culture he felt more kindly. Like other masterful Britons in the Near East, he had taken on early a tinge of Turcophilism; and, noting that a Turkish wife

and Turkish speech continued to be social hall-marks in Cairo, he saw political advantage in cultivating relations with Pashas, which made him take the pains to learn Turkish which he refused, for deliberate reasons, to expend on Arabic. There were not enough men, however, of this type, he thought, to take Ministerial charge of Egypt, and with the natural process of years they were becoming fewer. He underestimated the vitality of Turkish influence in Egypt. When the Sinai Boundary dispute of 1906 evoked a sudden manifestation of it, he saw a mere flash in the pan—an artificial manufacture *ad hoc* by the Anglophobe Press—a “spurious patriotism” with which it was not necessary to reckon. Writing in 1908 he recorded that it had speedily died a natural death. If he had lived into 1919, he would have confessed that, when he scouted the possibility of pro-Turk feeling in Egypt bursting into a blaze, he was not among the prophets.

With the moderate wing of the Nationalist Party—with those who were content to ensue at a jog-trot the realisation of Egyptian autonomy through British tutelage—he was in full accord. He had recognised their existence and approved their ideal as far back as the 'seventies; and throughout his subsequent residence in Egypt he remained sincerely convinced that autonomy was both the ideal towards which the British occupation ought to tend and the goal which it continued to approach. If only a little of the long road had been covered by 1907, it was the fault of other influences. Once the Capitulations* were got rid of by devolution into the hands of a British High Commissioner of all such privileges of foreign residents as needed still to be kept outside Egyptian control, when resident aliens had accepted Egyptian nationality (there he anticipated the plan of the Milner Commission), the pace would quicken. So little indeed was he a foe to Nationalism that he desired its development throughout the East as a substitute for Islamic obscurantism. It is interesting to note that he said a good word, in his *Modern Egypt*, for Saad Pasha Zaghlul as an enlightened Minister of Public Instruction, ten years before he was to take the stage as an extremist leader.

Such being the direction of Lord Cromer's thought in his latter years, and such the intelligent opportunism of his political outlook, what advice on the general lines of the Egyptian question would he probably have tendered at the present hour? He would have found himself confronted, as all of us still are, with two broad alternatives of policy. Are we to maintain the war-time Protectorate with an Army of Occupation far larger than at any period of his Consulship? or should we replace the Protectorate by an autonomy markedly in advance of the pre-war status? It

can hardly be doubted that, having read, marked, and inwardly digested the story of 1919, he would have declared for the second alternative, under certain guarantees. In general terms, on his own showing, he would advocate to-day :—

(1) Abandonment of the war-time Protectorate, as leading, not towards true autonomy, but away from it.

(2) Recognition of the sovereign autonomy of Egypt as the only possible alternative if Ottoman sovereignty is not to be reimposed.

(3) Abolition of the Capitulations, and devolution to the hands of a British High Commissioner of any extra-territorial or other foreign privileges, desired to remain in force, the degree and period in which these be maintained to be at the discretion of Great Britain.

(4) Enlistment of those, who would thus cease to be protected aliens, in the active government of the country by the formation of a Second Legislative Chamber, to which they alone would be eligible; or by some other device equally or more efficacious.

(5) Continuance of the British occupation in force sufficient to ensure the permanent establishment of the new order.

(6) Guarantee of an exclusive right of re-occupation to Great Britain if and when she withdraws her present forces.

(7) British control of the external policy and foreign relations of Egypt, and British guardianship of the neutrality of the Suez Canal.

This is a mere outline of a settlement. What detail he would have suggested to fill it in, his writings, unfortunately, do not enable us to guess.

D. G. HOGARTH.

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE, 1821-1867.¹

THE centenary of Charles Baudelaire recalls a career hardly less interesting than the troubled life of Poe. Both offer the problem of an exotic and baffling personality, a personality complicated by perverse egoism and love of pose; both attract by the mystery of an influence so widely exerted and so persistent that it seems incommensurable with the slender volume of verse from which it flows. Indeed, the pupil's influence is greater than the master's, judging by the word "Baudelairism" and the French verb "baudelairiser"; Turquet-Milnes' big octavo on *The Influence of Baudelaire in France and England* only considers the taller figures in the army of those who have paused or rested beneath the upashadow of *Les Fleurs du Mal*. Damned by the classicists, adored by the moderns, the most discussed and the most puzzling literary personality of the last two generations, Baudelaire still defies the critic's balances. Too soon to judge, it is perhaps too soon to explain. But the problems tempt, and the poet's uneasy spirit will not be denied.

I.

Every lover of Paris knows the narrow, tortuous streets along the river, west of the Place Saint-Michel. In this labyrinth of ancient buildings one seems to be dropped back into the eighteenth century. Here, in an old turreted house of the Rue Hautefeuille, Charles Baudelaire was born, April 9th, 1821. His father, a gentleman of the *ancien régime* and an amateur artist, first aroused his feeling for the æsthetic, for the poet always remembered their walks in the Luxembourg Garden and their conversations, illustrated by the statues gleaming whitely against the trees. But Baudelaire *père* unhappily died during his son's childhood, leaving him only the memory of his scepticism and his perfect courtesy of manner. His mother married again—an act which he never forgave her. "One does not remarry," he is reported to have said, "when one has a son like me." The boy hated his step-father, General Aupick, a hard-headed veteran of the Empire, and his future career was the subject of long family debates. A brilliant pupil in the Collège de Louis-le-Grand, he had failed in his *baccalaureat* examination and refused to try again. Restless, introspective, curious of pleasures not always innocent, he felt himself "misunderstood" by his schoolmates no less than at home; he grew up in moody isolation. At fifteen this brooding boy read the poetry of Byron and Sainte-Beuve, which intensified

his morbidness the while it fired his imagination. He determined to become a poet.

Partly to divert him from this intention, partly to remove him from the wild life of literary Bohemia, it was decided to send him on a long sea voyage. The boy of twenty was marooned as passenger on a sailing vessel bound for India. He visited the island of Mauritius, perhaps also Madagascar and Ceylon. He may not have reached the yellow Ganges, as has been stated, but he came to love the sea for its infinitude, and ships for their mystery and beauty; his artist's soul discovered a new world in the colours, sounds and odours of the tropical East. The enforced solitude of those ten months, coming at the period of life when one is most impressionable, seems to have turned the poet back upon himself, determining him in that habit of seeking out, analysing and recording sensations which is the source of his art, and his long days of inaction on shipboard were undoubtedly the prelude to island orgies which gave him his life-long cult of *la Vénus noire*. Traces of these revels are easily discoverable in his poems, many of which show the deep impression left by the tropics upon a soul that was always desirous of vivid experience, always eager to escape from commonplace modernity. Back in Paris, and soon after, with the advent of his majority, master of his little fortune, Baudelaire engaged an apartment in a famous old mansion of the Ile Saint-Louis, furnished it luxuriously, and set himself to acquire the technique of his art.

It was characteristic of this poet, to whom perfection of form always seemed so important, that he tried at first to realise something of that plastic ideal directly in life. Like Byron, like Musset, like the dandies of the eighteenth century, he felt that the supreme art was to be as well as to create: that self-expression might take forms more personal than poetry. So he cultivated distinction in dress and manner, tormenting his tailors with exactions of impossible elegance, until the perfect coat was realised, that he might order duplicates by the dozen. His long black frock and exquisite linen made him a noteworthy figure among the generation which still swore by the crimson waistcoat of Gautier. Distinctive, too, was his Britannic impassibility of manner, the sang-froid, the cold impersonal voice he used to heighten the irony of his paradoxes. No less than Gautier and the youthful Flaubert, he loved to "épater le bourgeois"—to set the Philistine by the ears. He was the Mephisto of the Paris boulevards.

During this season of extravagance and dissipation, in which half of his tiny patrimony was wasted, the poet composed most of the poems which make up his masterpiece, but he published

no book at all for four years. In this period he came to know the writers who were most to influence him, Gautier and Sainte-Beuve. The year 1846 brought his long-expected *début*, a volume of Salon criticism of remarkable promise, albeit too fearlessly frank to open a pathway to success. It was about this time that he chanced upon the works of Poe, in whom he recognised at once a spiritual affinity and his master in æsthetics.⁹ He began straightway that translation of Poe's Tales which naturalised the American in French literature, a translation revealing not merely a close sympathy of temperament, but a stylistic care which made Pater prefer it to the original. And through all these years he was putting the finishing touches to his book of verse, a book which sums up in its pages his life and his art.

In July, 1857, *Les Fleurs du Mal* finally appeared. The title was in itself a Romantic challenge to the *bourgeois*, and the strict censors of the Second Empire, who had just forced Flaubert to defend his *Madame Bovary*, were quick to pounce upon the volume. Its sale was interdicted, and six of the poems were suppressed. They have been restored by recent editors, and, if new, would probably to-day excite no great scandal in France. But that is partly due to *Les Fleurs du Mal*. As a whole, the book justifies its title because it is a tribute to the Goddess Ennui, and to those passions and vices whereby one escapes ennui.

The story of Baudelaire's last ten years, as we may trace it in Crepet's collection of his letters, is one of mingled literary achievement and struggle with circumstance. He wrote the fascinating *Poèmes en Prose*, more personal if less brilliant than the models set for him by the creator of the genre, Aloysius Bertrand; he finished his translation of Poe, pieced out a version of De Quincey's *Opium Eater* with a confession of his own in regard to hashesh; he wrote various pot-boilers, mainly bits of literary criticism; but a talent so deliberate in method, spending a week to find a word, a month a phrase, could look for no remuneration proportionate to the time his polished pages required. Baudelaire found himself, at the beginning of middle age, *burdened with debt and without definite hope for the future*. Now, too, his nerves, racked by narcotic excesses and exasperated by introspection, broke down; so, partly in hope of renewing health and fortune, partly to escape his creditors until he could find wherewith to pay them, he left Paris, and joined his publisher and friend Poulet-Malassis, who had moved to Brussels some time before.

Misfortune followed him, as always. His book on Belgium and its art had to be abandoned from utter lack of money; his health, still further tried by the humours of exile, was broken by

a poverty which now deprived him even of necessary medicine. Finally the destiny he had long defied overtook him : he fell stricken with paralysis on the steps of one of the old cathedrals which he loved to study. Carried helpless to the hotel, he was thence taken back to Paris, unable to express himself by word or pen. For eighteen months he lingered on in a sanatorium, tenderly cared for by his mother and his friends, and died in the arms of the mother whom alone he really loved.

II.

The puzzle of Baudelaire's personality hinges on the question of his sincerity. Was it a degraded Byronic or Mephistophelean pose which inspired his love of displeasing, his pursuit of perversity? When he horrified the café by his calm pretence of having eaten human flesh, when he took a dog's decaying carcase as a poetic symbol of earthly love, was it not through pure love of mystification? Certainly his *légende* and his best-known poems make him seem the Ajax of Romantic charlatans, a *poseur* unique and unparalleled.

This apparent uniqueness is not borne out by literary history. Virtually every phase of Baudelaire's æsthetic perversity was expressed long before him : the cult of things horrible and grotesque by Victor Hugo, the corpse and the Conqueror Worm by the poet Gautier, morbid self-analysis (*la conscience dans le Mal*) by Sainte-Beuve in his verses, and especially in his novel *Volupté*, celebrated by Baudelaire in an early poem. Most of the Romanticists delighted in shocking the *bourgeois* ; and the devil had been a familiar figure in French literature not merely since the translations of *Faust*, but since Lewis's novel *The Monk*, read by Baudelaire in his boyhood. Balzac's *Elixir de longue Vie*, Mérimée's *Mateo Falcone* and *La Guzla*, Lord Ruthwen, the vampire story attributed to Nodier, Janin's *L'Ane mort et la Femme guillotinée*, illustrate that phase of Romanticism called the *école féroce*, which led to the horrors of the monstrous newspaper serials of the 'forties. All but forgotten to-day, such books made the environment of Baudelaire's youth, and in default of his own personal testimony we have the *Juvenilia* of Flaubert, born, too, in 1821, whose lurid schoolboy compositions, including a *Rêve d'Enfer*, give ample proof of the Satanism, love of the macabre, Byronic egoism and mania for shocking which characterised the minor literature of the age. Comically truculent, yet intensely serious, they read to-day like a parody of Romantic extravagance. But they prove a *milieu*, a literary background. Those who came a decade too late, who reached adolescence after the bursting of the Romantic wave, were doomed to pass their

most impressionable years amid the *débris* and scum of its subsidence.

Among the horrors of this *bas-romantisme* Charles Baudelaire drifted perforce with young Flaubert. But the fiery Gustave rejected the poison in his twenties, for his was a sanguine temperament and a nature inherently virile and strong-willed. Baudelaire absorbed the draught even to the dregs. A worshipper of will, yet weak in this essential, except when stimulated by opposition or imagination, Baudelaire was soon further debilitated by narcotics; and, unlike Flaubert, he had the bilio-nervous temperament which does not easily rebound. "An influence will endure," he says in his diary, so full of unachieved resolutions, "in all the generation which was subjected to it in youth." In point of fact, he was not merely nervous, but congenitally neurasthenic. In *L'Art Romantique* (p. 173) he speaks of his first boyish impression of Gautier's style: "l'admiration engendrait en moi une sorte de convulsion nerveuse." In his diary, too, he refers to his hysteria—*mon hystérie*—and, after all, it matters not whether this was congenital or developed by his excesses, since these began long before his book was published, at the age of thirty-six.

On the other hand, he was true to his type. Abnormal, he cannot be denied a sort of temperamental sincerity. Sick and overstrung, he found existence, from the death of his father to the time when the sea voyage ended his misunderstandings at home and in school, a series of shocks and repressions, moral catastrophes which, in a nature not strong enough to react healthily, left a morbid desire to shock in its turn. Taine explains Mérimée's impassibility as the result of an early repression. Have we not here an explanation of the cold dandyism of Baudelaire's attitude, of the Satanic paradox which served both authors, at times, as a mask against the Philistine? Weak and overwrought nerves may find a fascination in shocking, as we see in Poe's *Imp of the Perverse*. Baudelaire's analogous prose-poem, *Le Mauvais Vitrier*, shows plainly enough that his truculence and brutality are not merely a paroxysm of revolt against Grundyism, but the index of a pathological state, predicable in similar abnormal types, and persisted in from sheer despair of his chances of attaining Parnassus by the usual paths. The hero of *La Fanfarlo*, undeniably painted from Baudelaire's mirror, makes such a confession (*Œuvres*, IV., pp. 397-8).

But, if abnormal, why should he merit notice, say the academics. Why study Poe, or Hoffmann, or Musset, or De Quincey? *Les Fleurs du Mal* furnish the answer, although not in the poems commonly quoted—the flowers which in all the bouquet glow

with the most sanguinary and factitious reds. To see clearly it were better to approach the man from the side of his prose. Nor will this be unprofitable, since few of Baudelaire's contemporaries have left more suggestive pages on the artists, sculptors and poets of the mid-nineteenth century. "It was from *L'Art Romantique* that Wilde borrowed the epigram: "In Balzac even the scullions have genius." It was Baudelaire who remarked that the Realists "mistake the dictionary of Art for Art itself." As Henry James said of his poems: "His epithets seem to have come out of old cupboards; they have a kind of magical mustiness." He speaks of the "cold astringent funereal talent of Hogarth," remarks the colour-note in Daumier's lithographs, observes the self-conscious pedantic quality of Millet's "disinherited peasants," defines the "fatiguing brilliance" of Rousseau's landscapes, the lack of vigour in Corot, otherwise very highly praised. With Gautier he is a pioneer of modern art-criticism, and the father of the impressionistic writing supposedly invented by the Goncourt brothers. Like them, he is primarily nervous, a *sensitif*; hence his insistence, with Poe, on wonder or astonishment as a necessary element of beauty; and hence, too, his love of the modern, wherein for him that element of novelty is best found. For Baudelaire Romanticism is the most recent expression of beauty, and in his verse he will try to find it even in that ugliness of which the Realists merely made bald copies.

As an art-critic Baudelaire's abnormality is only seen in his hyper-sensitivity, only betrayed by the evocative force of his epithets, the nervous fidelity with which he translates the impression. He translates it through the power of analysis applied to sensation, rising from the feeling to the idea. This is also characteristic of his poems, but the art-criticism should be read by those who accuse him of lack of intellect. He prides himself on this power of analysis and expression: his inability to define the sensation of Wagner's music "fills him with rage, curiosity and delight." He knows, moreover, that no mere sense impression can ever give, æsthetically, the effect of a sensation sublimated by thought to an impression of a spiritual order (*Art Rom.*, p. 312). He is an idealist, although often a perverted one.

There is little that is really eccentric in his critical ideas, which seem for the most part analogous to Poe's. With Poe he champions the theory of Art for Art's sake, declaring that "no work which brings together all the conditions of the beautiful can be a pernicious work of art." He abominates Realism, yet reserves for the artist the privilege of extracting beauty from ugliness by his special vision and imagination. This vision is the dower of genius, which is "childhood recoverable at will."

Therefore no dry copy of Nature can be artistic, lacking as it will be in the imagination which alone gives an evocation of the thing seen: "Memory is the great *criterium*; art is a mnemotechny of the beautiful" (*Curiosités esthétiques*, p. 138). Yet the result must have force, the force one feels in Eugène Sue's horrific novels—though not of the same sort. A true Romanticist, he confesses his penchant for the gigantic and the exaggerated; moderation, to him, is never the sign of a vigorous artistic nature. So he admires the music of Wagner, and defends it at a time when its novelty still provokes hisses in Paris concerts. He loves decorative art, the arabesque in ornament and the rococo in architecture—all typically Romantic preferences; he worships Delacroix, and is at great pains to explain the new Romantic method of drawing, in which masses of colour take the place of the hard dry outline of David and Ingres. Later, in the midst of a generation of realists, he has the courage to declare: "Pas de grande peinture sans de grandes pensées." In fine, he is a Romanticist who insists upon clinging to the flag, hostile to the age of science wherein he finds himself, hating the materialistic spirit which, to him, presages the approaching end of all things, and finding in an unsympathetic age and a life of rebuffs only reasons to confirm him in the Catholicism of his childhood, or rather in a Manichæan mysticism which assigns to the devil his part in creating the evils of modern civilisation. Rebellious and defiant, he is the first of that line of neo-mystics which leads through Barbey d'Aurévilly and Villiers de l'Isle Adam to J. K. Huysmans and Paul Verlaine.

III.

It is this Catholic conception of the world as evil, plus the ultra-romantic notion that his own time is decadent, which explains Baudelaire as a poet. From Petronius and Apuleius, preferred by him to the authors of the Golden Age, he therefore takes his cue, in order to write the poetic testament of a civilisation which he sees rushing like Gadarene swine to an appointed doom. Poetic fiction if you will, the idea underlies the plan of *Les Fleurs du Mal*, which is a diabolistic Pilgrim's Progress through the Garden of Sin, the so-called pleasures of this corrupted world. The dedication of the book strikes the keynote in a poem undoubtedly inspired by his youthful experience. It presents the sufferings of the poet—the sole idealist left—misunderstood and despised from childhood by a materialism which extends even to his mother. Like Alfred de Vigny in his *Moïse*, Baudelaire expresses the isolation of genius; but, like Gautier, he finds consolation in the attitude of a spectator. He, too, is one for whom the

visible world exists—enriched for him by music and odour—and with it the supra-sensual world of dreams. Typical of his humour, of the fever-fits of attraction and repulsion he felt toward reality, is the description recorded by Asselineau of one of Baudelaire's early studios. Over the lower part of his window the poet had drawn a heavy curtain, but in that window, which framed only the sky with its drifting clouds, he had placed a vivarium filled with curious reptiles. That anecdote symbolises Baudelaire: dehumanised idealism and a fascination with the grotesque and horrible, love of infinite spaces (the sky is the most frequent image in his verse), and a morbid curiosity which constantly craves its stimulant.

Insatiably curious, Baudelaire reveals¹ throughout the volume his sensitivity to the plastic arts. His training as critic has wonderfully sharpened his eye and his power of notation. The impressions gained in the Louvre and the Salons are translated in *Les Phares*, marvellous syntheses of the sensations he felt before the great masters of the brush, and which, as Brunetière has shown, need only the suppression of the names to become bits of pure Symbolism. Life, too, he treats as art, as a painter might. He fashions his poems like statuettes of bronze or stone; and his ideal of perfection is the sculptor's, as is seen in the sonnet to Beauty:—

“ Je suis belle, ô mortels, comme un rêve de pierre,
Et mon sein où chacun s'est meurtri tour à tour,
Est fait pour inspirer au poète un amour
Éternel et muet ainsi que la matière.”

Je trône dans l'azur comme un sphinx incompris;
J'unis un cœur de neige à la blancheur des cygnes;
Je hais le mouvement qui déplace les lignes,
Et jamais je ne pleure et jamais je ne ris.”

This makes him, after Gautier, the earliest of the Parnassian poets, since his work dates in part from the 'forties. Like the masters of that school, he lacks sentiment, or rather his feeling takes the form of concrete imagery; has he not confessed in *L'Art Romantique* (p. 338) that the songs of Madame Desbordes-Valmore translate themselves for him into the vision of a romantic English garden, an eighteenth-century garden, luxuriant and melancholy, whose tired blossoms only revive under the spectator's involuntary outburst of tears?

In fact, *le sentiment* is, in his eyes, “that power to express the delicacy of tender and melancholy moods” which he finds in Gautier's verse. Certainly no one could deny this power to Baudelaire also. Consider this sonnet, *Parfum Exotique*:—

" Quand, les deux yeux fermés, en un soir chaud d'automne,
Je respire l'odeur de ton sein chaleureux,
Je vois se dérouler des rivages heureux
Qu'éblouissent les feux d'un soleil monotone :

Une île paresseuse où la nature donne
Des arbres singuliers et des fruits savoureux;
Des hommes dont le corps est mince et vigoureux,
Et des femmes dont l'œil par sa franchise étonne.

Guidé par ton odeur vers de charmants climats,
Je vois un port rempli de voiles et de mâts
Encor tout fatigués par la vague marine,

Pendant que le parfum des verts tamariniers,
Qui circule dans l'air et m'enfle la narine,
Se mêle dans mon âme au chant des marinières."

One must go to Verlaine to match the charm of poems like *Le Jet d'eau* or *Harmonie du Soir*; *Ciel brouillé* and *Chant d'automne* are unmatched except by stronger distillations of Baudelaire's *ennui*. Take the much-quoted *Vie antérieure*, or, better:—

" RECUEILLEMENT.

" Sois sage, ô ma Douleur, et tiens-toi plus tranquille.
Tu réclamaïs le Soir: il descend; le voici:
Une atmosphère obscure enveloppe la ville,
Aux uns portant la paix, aux autres le souci.

Pendant que des mortels la multitude vile,
Sous le fouet du Plaisir, ce bourreau sans merci,
Va cueillir des remords dans la fête servile,
Ma Douleur, donne-moi la main; viens par ici

Loin d'eux. Vois se pencher les défunctes Années,
Sur les balcons du ciel, en robes surannées;
Surgir du fond des eaux le Regret Souriant;

Le Soleil moribond s'endormir sous une arche,
Et, comme un long linceul traînant à l'Orient,
Entends, ma chère, entends la douce nuit qui marche."

It is for such impressions that Baudelaire is read. He is the first of French poets to breathe into his verse—despite its sculptural form—the vague yet magical atmosphere we find in the English Romanticists. No other book of French verse contains such a range of crystallised sensations. *Les Fleurs du Mal* is a breviary of moods, unfortunately too often gloomy or sinister or tragic, but always perfectly evoked, and set in lines that gleam like bronze and ring like trumpets—clarion lines in which he rivals his master, Alfred de Vigny. Apparently objective, his poems are written in the life-blood of that heart which he declares

himself doomed by fate to devour. He may sing with imaginative sympathy and a power like Hugo's the sorrows of *Les petites Vieilles*, or celebrate the mystery and squalor of Paris, or the charms of wine and the horrors of debauch; despite the impersonality, one always feels the personal experience: the cry of anguished nerves is unmistakable. He sings of sensual love in all its phases, painting in sombre processional the types of women who have attracted him, from the too exotic Jeanne Duval to the spiritual Madame Sabatier, in whom for a moment he realised a higher passion, seen in the verses beginning "Que diras-tu ce soir, pauvre âme solitaire?" Some of these lyrics and portraits in verse are exquisite (cf. *Hymne, Le Flambeau vivant, A une Mendicante ousse, Le beau Navire*); others are less quotable, for, like the hero of Sainte-Beuve's novel which so influenced him, this poet of introspection finds in sense an escape from the tortures of analysis and the travail of composition. Baudelaire, moreover, considers life as the double service of art and love (*Le Raçon*), and woman, in whom his sensual egotism sees nothing but a Delilah, becomes in turn his goddess and his evil genius, or, perversely, goddess and demon at the same time:—

" Je t'adore À l'égal de la voûte nocturne,
O vase de tristesse, ô grande taciturne,
Et t'aime d'autant plus, belle, que tu me fuais,
Et que tu me parais, ornement de mes nuits,
Plus ironiquement accumuler les lieues
Qui séparent mes bras des immensités bleues."

Love of antithesis, romantic antinomianism, ideality and perversity—the double character of the book, which claims for poetry a whole side of human nature until then deemed beneath the artist's notice, is well enough indicated by the sub-title chosen for nearly two-thirds of the volume, *Spleen et Idéal*. Then come forty pages of *Tableaux parisiens* and five poems on *Le Vin*; *Fleurs du Mal* with its twelve (restoring the three suppressed), *Révolte* with three, and *La Mort* with six, finish the book. It is a logical progression to a logical climax: art, pleasure and vice are all invoked by this restless spirit in his vain effort to banish the chimæra *Ennui*. There is but one poem which describes directly his experience with drugs, but no reader of *Les Paradis Artificiels* can fail to see how the dreams of his hasheesh heaven gave their feverish lustre to his verse.

Although he says that hasheesh only liberates in visions the subconscious side of one's own nature, giving to all external impressions a magic intensity of interest, the rhapsody engendered suggests images which are evidently remembered afterward. Significantly, in assuming a type of subject in order to

depict the effects, he paints an idealised portrait of himself: "A temperament partly nervous, partly bilious, cultivated intellectually, tender-hearted, a sinner quick to remorse or regret, a lover of metaphysics and of that ideal of virtue of which his childhood had received the stamp, a man of very delicate senses." In the reveries induced he remarks especially the splendour added to colours and forms, the immense sharpening of all the senses. He tells of the confusion of sense-impressions wherein sounds become colours, odours music, poetised by Baudelaire as follows:—

O métamorphose mystique
De tous mes sens fondus en un!
Son haleine fait la musique
Comme sa voix fait le parfum!"

He notes the hallucination of vision which changes objects into speaking symbols, and one sees the "correspondances" of all things in allegories easy to read, used later in his famous sonnet:—

CORRESPONDANCES.

"La Nature est un temple où de vivants piliers
Laissent parfois sortir de confuses paroles:
L'homme y passe à travers des forêts de symboles
Qui l'observent avec des regards familiers.

Comme de longs échos qui de loin se confondent,
Dans une ténébreuse et profonde unité,
Vaste comme la nuit et comme la clarté,
Les parfums, les couleurs et les sons se répondent."

He remarks the power of creating his visions:—

"Mais les ténèbres sont elles-mêmes des toiles
Où vivent, jaillissant de mon œil par milliers,
Des êtres disparus aux regards familiers."

The seer even becomes the object of his ecstatic gaze:—

"Je suis la plaie et le couteau!
Je suis le soufflet et la joue,
Je suis les membres et la roue
Et la victime et le bourreau!"

Visions of limpid waters, of mirrors, of playing fountains and the moveless blue immensity of the sea (how many poems use these images!) furnish pretexts for the adept's reveries; one feels incapable of all action (*La cloche fêlée*), yet filled with will-power; time and space grow into monstrous hallucinations (*Le Vin des Amants, et passim*), infinity and eternity are all about one (these figures recur constantly in the poems). When memories act as

stimuli, remorse itself may become a cause of self-glorification, and pleasure, for the unifying spell of the drug demands that this contradiction be blotted out by casuistry; he sees himself changed into the most virtuous of men, become the centre of a universe created solely for his enjoyment, and, finally, its deity. What a parable of Romantic egoism! For a parallel to this last phase compare the ending of *L'Irrémédiable*:—

"Soulagement et gloire uniques,
—La conscience dans le Mal!"

And, as we find traces of his purchased dreams in the feverish realism of the poems, so, too, may be discovered there the reflection of his relapse into waking life, so violent that the nature he hates seems more hatefully ugly than ever; in *Rêve parisien* he describes the moment when his dreams fall to ashes, and his soul awakes to cold disgust and remorse.

In narcotics, in love, in art itself, Baudelaire seeks only a moment of forgetfulness. "One must ever be drunken," he says in a prose-poem, "lest you should be the martyred slaves of Time, be ceaselessly drunken! With wine, poetry, or virtue, as you will." But it is regrettable that this Romanticist did not find virtue sufficiently rare to be exploited, save in the life-long devotion to his mother seen in the affectionate letters lately given to the public. For wine and poetry, even reinforced by drugs, afford him no escape. As a neurasthenic, too, he pays a double price: nerves unequal to normal living are only exasperated by a sensuality which fails to appease passion. His turning from debauch to religion after using conscience to season debauch, the moments of spirituality or mysticism in which the sinner would purge his soul, follow naturally in this complex artificial personality, this wastrel of the spirit, intent, as Wilde phrases it, on curing the soul by the senses, and the senses by the soul. The morality of the theory is beneath comment, but the poetic results were original and pungent enough to attract a host of readers, and hold them, as the poet aimed to, by a spell no less than that of Eugène Sue. What Poe did for the short story, Baudelaire did for poetry.

Ennui and horror, vain aspiration and remorse or revolt—these were, sixty-five years ago, emotions as yet unsung. Chanted in rhythms one cannot forget, cunningly woven into a terrific symphony, they offered a music by which the generation of 1870, in France, might lull its humiliation and despair. The influence of this book, so morbid yet so real—the sorcery exerted by the intense, sphinx-like personality of its author—was therefore destined to endure among those born in that decade of blight.

It continued to the beginning of the present century in Verlaine and his followers—the Decadent school, which was one of the intellectual reactions of France's defeat, and which Baudelaire served as master. For a generation and more the young found an ineluctable fascination in these haunting verses, in which a poet's curiosity beats unavailing wings against the barriers of life, only to cry at the end:—

" O Mort, vieux capitaine, il est temps! levons l'ancre!
Ce pays nous ennuie, ô Mort! Appareillons!
Si le ciel et la mer sont noirs comme de l'encre,
Nos cœurs que tu connais sont remplis de rayons!

Verse-nous ton poison pour qu'il nous réconforte!
Nous voulons, tant ce feu nous brûle le cerveau,
Plonger au fond du gouffre, Enfer ou Ciel, qu'importe?
Au fond de l'Inconnu pour trouver du nouveau!"

IV.

The example of Eve in the Garden is too often forgotten by those who see in curiosity only the seed of progress. In curiosity the Romanticists did find the secret of a new beauty; but the original curse still lay upon these descendants of Eve: when Hugo and Gautier pushed the grotesque and the horrible to their limits, when Baudelaire, after Chateaubriand and Sainte-Beuve, turned the edge of his scalpel against his overstrung sensibility, he only paid for the excesses of two generations of lyrical egoism. To reduce life to art, and art to a matter of sensations and moods, is to condemn oneself for ever to the tyranny of sense and feeling—a fatality for one less vigorous than Gautier. Imprisoned in self and chained there by his own weakness, Baudelaire early acquired a conception of art and life which never gave his intellect the chance to win detachment and escape into objective activity as did the phlegmatic Théophile. Baudelaire's very thought takes its colour from his moods: he is so lacking in convictions and in character that he can "conceive how one may desert a cause in order to test the joys of fighting on the other side." A creature of moods, uncontrolled by an ethical or intellectual norm, he made shipwreck in restricting life and art to nerves all too finite in resource. The curious thing is that he foresaw the doom of sterility which was to fall upon him, making his premonition the subject of *L'Ennemi*, published in 1855:—

" Ma jeunesse ne fut qu'un ténébreux orage,
Traversé çà et là par de brillants soleils;
Le tonnerre et la pluie ont fait un tel ravage,
Qu'il reste en mon jardin bien peu de fruits vermeils.

Voilà que j'ai touché à l'automne des idées,
Et qu'il faut employer la pelle et les râteaux
Pour rassembler à neuf les terres inondées,
Où l'eau creuse des trous grands comme des tombeaux.

Et qui sait si les fleurs nouvelles que je rêve
Trouveront dans ce sol lavé comme une grève
Le mystique aliment qui ferait leur vigueur?

—O douleur! ô douleur! Le Temps mange la vie,
Et l'obscur Ennemi qui nous ronge le cœur
Du sang que nous perdons croît et se fortifie!"

This certainly seems sincere. But we may leave aside all the poems of the first edition as possibly influenced here and there by Gautier or by desire to pose, and find in those added later proof that the poet's imitation or pose had become reality. Whatever be said of the original *Fleurs du Mal*, here the note of sincerity is unmistakable, even without the confirmation of the diary. By 1859 he confesses that "le Printemps adorable a perdu son odeur," in the significant lyric, *Le Goût du Néant*; his nerves have lost their freshness of response; now he must have stronger stimuli; and within the year the horrible *Danse Macabre* is followed by *Le Squelette laboureur*, throbbing with an intensity of morbid realism which grazes the insane. "Les charmes de l'horreur n'enivrent que les forts," he cries in the former, but this is the casuistry of the drug-adept. By 1862 the sun of romance has set for him, as for the literary school he admires (*Le Coucher du Soleil Romantique*):—

"Mais je poursuis en vain le Dieu qui se retire;
L'irrésistible Nuit établit son empire,
Noire, humide, funeste, et pleine de frissons.

Une odeur de tombeau dans les ténèbres nage,
Et mon pied peureux froisse, au bord du marécage,
Des crapauds imprévus et de froids limaçons."

From 1862 also dates *Le Gouffre*, confirmed by his diary:—

"J'ai peur du sommeil comme on a peur d'un grand trou. . . .
Et mon esprit, toujours de vertige hanté,
Jalouse du néant l'insensibilité."

At the same time he writes in his journal, *Mon cœur mis à nu*:
"I have cultivated my hysteria with joy and terror. Now, I always have vertigo, and to-day, January 23rd, 1862, I felt a strange warning, I felt pass over me a gust from the wing of imbecility."

Les Fleurs du Mal contain their own antidote. But these private notebooks of the poet enforce the lesson. The final pages contain little else than his pangs of conscience, his resolutions

to work, the self-reproaches of a genius and a character paralysed by the clutches of his chimæra. "To set oneself immediately to writing," he says; "I reason too much. Immediate work, even poor, is worth more than dreams." The religious note is frequent; "My humiliations have been mercies of God. Is my egotistical phase at an end?" He even puts down his prayers, for "he who prays is like a captain who posts his sentinels. He can sleep."

Not intended for the public, as evidenced by their inchoate form and their extremely personal revelations, the diaries show the bitter fruit of his experience with a sincerity which supports the testimony of the poems. No one can envy Baudelaire the "irresistible disgust," crown of his long pilgrimage down the spiral of vice, to the Inferno which, a new Dante of the Perverse, he discovered in the abysses of his own heart. Contemplating his tomb in Paris, where, carved in stone, he lies beneath the sinister brooding gaze of a marble demon, one cannot think without a shudder of his long agony, of the hospital bed on which for nearly two years he dumbly awaited death, a spirit chained to a living corpse, a larva longing for the timeless world of shades.

LEWIS PIAGET SHANKS.

(1) *Madrigal triste.*

THE ANATOLIAN WAR.

IN the course of several articles published in this REVIEW since February, 1920,¹ I have endeavoured to examine various aspects of the Eastern question, and in particular discuss some of the complications which were and are bound up with the re-establishment of peace in the districts which used to form part of Turkey. Since the appearance of those articles the attitude of the Great Powers towards the Treaty of Sèvres, the renewed fighting between Turkey and Greece, and the position existing in Anatolia have changed the general situation in such a way as to require further discussion—discussion in the course of which I shall endeavour not only to review some of the events which have already taken place, but also a few of the possibilities of the future.

Although it proved abortive so far as securing peace be concerned, the London Conference, held in February and March, and therefore after my last article on this subject had gone to press, was most important because of its attitude towards, and bearing upon, the Nationalist movement, and because it brought out the directions in which the Supreme Council was then prepared to modify the Treaty of Sèvres. So far as the first of these questions be concerned, although the Government of Mustapha Kemal Pasha was never officially recognised, the policy of the London Conference clearly proved that it took into account the existence of Angora. Thus, whereas objection was at first made to the presence of an independent deputation from Asia Minor, and whereas throughout the meetings the Constantinople and the Angora representatives were received nominally as a single party, it soon became well known to all concerned that the Nationalists, led by Bekir Sami Bey, entirely dominated, so far as the Turks were concerned, and that the proposals made and the answers given were addressed to, and drawn up by, them and not their fellow-countrymen from Constantinople.

With regard to the proposals made for the modification of the Treaty of Sèvres, the first suggestion of the Supreme Council was communicated to the Turks and Greeks on February 24th.² Briefly speaking, it took the form of a question as to whether those parties would be willing to agree to a decision of the Powers

(1) "The Turkish Tangle," February, 1920; "The Turkish Treaty," April, 1920; "The Turkish Treaty," July, 1920; "Constantinople after the War," March, 1921.

(2) For the text see *The Times*, February 26th, 1921.

come to as a result of an inquiry made by an International Commission into the nature and composition of the populations of Thrace and Smyrna, and whether, if so, they would be ready loyally to accept the remaining clauses of the Treaty. Such a suggestion left a good deal to be desired in that it seems difficult to see how a Commission could have secured better statistics as to the nature of the populations than those which already exist, unless indeed the areas in question were to have been occupied by Allied troops and sufficient time allowed for the repatriation of the numberless inhabitants who have been driven out of their homes during recent years. On the other hand, whatever might have been the difficulties which would have beset a Commission, its further investigations upon the ground and its report would have formed the occasion, if not the actual reason, for the settlement of a question which seems almost insoluble. The proposal, however, came to nothing, for whilst Bekir Sami Bey, who voiced the interests of Turkey as a whole, agreed to the suggested inquiry and announced that "the Grand National Assembly," was ready, under certain conditions, to accept the other provisions of the Treaty, the Greeks, after the matter had been placed before the Hellenic Chamber, declared categorically that they were unable to consent to such a solution.

At the time of the delivery of the above-mentioned replies, early in March, the Turks seemed to have scored a diplomatic point, for, although they made a reservation to the effect that the other clauses of the Treaty "must be adapted to conditions indispensable to the existence of a free and independent Turkey," they came nearer to an acceptance of the Allied terms than did the Greeks. Nevertheless, especially as the Hellenic representatives declared themselves ready to transmit "any equitable proposals" to Athens, it was not unnatural that the Conference decided to make a further attempt to secure peace upon another basis, for such a reservation as that given above undoubtedly indicated a Turkish intention to procrastinate. On March 12th, therefore, a new plan¹ was presented to the Turks and to the Greeks. This plan seems to have been framed in an entirely different atmosphere from that drawn up a fortnight earlier, for, in place of confining the suggested modifications in the Treaty practically to the territorial clauses affecting Thrace and Smyrna, it included proposals quite as important to the Great Powers as to Greece. Thus, ignoring the provisions suggested as to Armenia and Kurdistan, which are not relevant here, and to mention only one or two of the new conditions, the size of the demilitarised zone bordering upon the Straits was to be con-

(1) For the full text see *The Times*, March 14th, 1921.

siderably decreased and the Chairmanship of the Straits Commission was to be conceded to Turkey, substantial financial concessions were to be made to that country, and an increase in her military forces was to be conceded. From the territorial and political standpoints, very far-reaching advantages were to be secured by Turkey at Smyrna.

My readers may perhaps be aware that I always was, and still am, opposed to the Treaty of Sèvres, and this because I think that its terms are unjust and ill-advised. This said, however, it must be markedly apparent to anybody who has followed the recent development of events in the Near East that the far-reaching revision or redrafting of such a document by the Powers was, or would be, almost as difficult and unreasonable as its original production. This is the case since, once the Greeks had been permitted to land in Asia Minor and still more to make heavy sacrifices for the pacification or the conquest of large parts of that country, it is only human, even if it be not wise, that they should resent the suggestions of, and refuse willingly to make, territorial concessions in an area which they have been led to hope would be theirs. Consequently, even if the Allied programme of March 12th left Eastern Thrace in the hands of Greece and therefore failed to gratify the Nationalists in this important direction, all true friends of Turkey must deplore the fact that she failed to seize the opportunity, which is very unlikely to recur, immediately to accept proposals which went a long way towards the satisfaction of Turkish *amour propre* and which did a good deal to modify the arrangement made for the allocation of Smyrna in the Treaty. Whilst, therefore, so far as I am aware, both the Turkish and the Greek Delegations left London without giving any formal answers to the second proposal of the Supreme Council, and on a sort of understanding that these answers would be delivered in a month, the Turks, by entering an immediate protest, certainly alienated some of the sympathy created and augmented by the moderation of their earlier conduct at the Conference. On the other hand, the Greeks, whose prestige had distinctly fallen in the course of the initial stages of the negotiations, and as a result of their failure to accept an international inquiry, scored a distinct point, for, in spite of the weighty disappointment which it entailed, there is good reason to suppose that they would finally have accepted the compromise in question.

During the interval which has intervened between the termination of the Conference and the present day it is exceedingly difficult to define exactly what has happened or to allocate blame for those happenings. The Turkish point of view, which

appears to be technically correct, is that when the Allied terms were still under consideration and within the available period for such consideration, the Greeks mobilised and subsequently attacked. The Greeks on their side argue, and this with a great deal of practical legitimacy, that the Nationalists were determined to refuse the suggested compromise, or at least to prevaricate upon the subject, and that therefore they could not afford to wait and to allow their enemies to effect a concentration in Western Asia Minor—a concentration which would have been particularly dangerous, considering that the conclusion of the Franco-Turkish agreement of March 11th was obviously destined to liberate a considerable Ottoman force from the Cilician front. From the wider international standpoint, it is suggested that, whilst Great Britain has known of, and encouraged, the Greek advance, France and Italy have supported Turkey in her attitude of persistence. However this may be, and whoever may be responsible, the fact remains that on March 23rd, and therefore within eleven days of the submission of the final terms by the London Conference, the Greeks inaugurated a new campaign upon a broad front. They took Afium-Karahissar, the junction of the Baghdad and the Smyrna-Cassaba lines, and they also occupied a part of the former railway just to the north of Eshishehr. The Turkish resistance in and near that town, which is most important as the meeting-place of the main Baghdad line with its branch to Angora, however, proved much more determined than at Afium-Karahissar, and, after fighting which lasted about a fortnight, the Greeks were compelled to withdraw along their whole front practically to the line occupied before the outbreak of the spring campaign. But whilst the Hellenic Army then met with a considerable setback, which necessitated its retirement in order to gain time to bring up reinforcements and artillery, these operations resulted in a material damage to the Baghdad line just to the south-east of Afium-Karahissar—a damage which certainly interfered with the use of that line by the Nationalists. Moreover, that the Greeks always retained the practical initiative, and that the Turks suffered heavy losses, appears now to be shown by the facts that Mustapha Kemal Pasha never took serious advantage of his success and that, when the time came, the Hellenic Army was once more in a position to assume the offensive.

At the moment of writing (August 12th) it is not easy to describe briefly what has taken place since the renewal of the fighting on July 11th. So far as the actual campaign be concerned, it would seem that, in recapturing Afium-Karahissar and in taking Eshishehr, the Greeks have really won a victory of

far-reaching military importance. The occupation of these places, which are separated by a distance of about eighty miles as the crow flies, puts them in possession of an important section of the Baghdad Railway and gives them the use of that section 'for lateral communications—an advantage heretofore possessed by the Turks. Moreover, although the exact position in the neighbourhood of Ismid is somewhat obscure, all immediate danger of a Nationalist advance upon Constantinople is at an end. Again, whilst the *communiqués* issued by the respective combatants are naturally exaggerated, no doubt rests in my mind that the Ottoman Army has suffered a very material defeat, that its losses have been very heavy, especially in guns, and that, presuming reorganisation be possible, for the moment at least the forces of Mustapha Kemal Pasha have become seriously disorganised and demoralised. Once more, even if the Turk is always a better fighter with his back to the wall than at any other time, the loss of two centres so important as Afium-Karahissar and Eshishehr, and the presence of the Greek Army in the heart of Anatolia, must have a widespread moral and political effect upon a movement in which up to now success has certainly been a material diplomatic and military factor.

Ignoring altogether the careful preparations which must have been made by the Hellenic staff and the fighting qualities of the Army, I attribute the recent development of events in Anatolia to two principal reasons. So far as the Hellenic side be concerned, whether we like to admit it or not, there is no doubt that the Greek success or the Turkish defeat constitutes a sort of final stage in the victory of the King. The Royalists made use of the continued mobilisation at the election of November last, but that this was only a party cry and that the troops were and are ready to continue under arms in order to realise a national ideal, which is represented as much, or more, in the person of Constantine than in that of Veniselos, is now proved. In spite, too, of the necessity for calling large numbers of men to the Colours, these calls have been answered more willingly and in greater strength than would, I think, have been the case had M. Veniselos been in power. Again, whilst adequate preparation is always the principal factor, it is interesting to remember that the somewhat postponed arrival of the King in Asia Minor more or less coincided with the change in the military position there. These things, coupled with the prestige and popularity of the sovereign, won in the Balkan Wars, and increased by his enforced departure from Athens in June, 1917, and with the Greek legend that when a Constantine has married a Sophia the Byzantine Empire will be re-established, are un-

doubtedly in part responsible for a Hellenic success which seemed almost unthinkable only a few weeks ago.

But if the recent trend of events is thereby partially explained, those events must surely also be due to something which has occurred in the Turkish lines—something which is still far from clear. We all know, although the principles of Bolshevism can never be really applicable to a Moslem people, and although the larger interests of Turkey and of Russia are still opposed, that the Nationalists have been compelled to turn to Moscow for support which could not be secured elsewhere. That support has been furnished, but up to the present time no reliable information is forthcoming concerning the nature of the policy by which it has been accompanied. Here three things seem possible. Firstly, the Bolsheviks, desirous of favouring any cause or people who are putting up a fight against their Western enemies (in this case the Greeks), may have instructed their local representatives at Angora to further anything which would facilitate this object. Secondly, the Soviet Government, acting in accordance with its usual principles of effecting disorder everywhere, have perhaps worked secretly for the destruction of a Turkish régime, which, were it to be really successful, would become more and more dangerous to Russia and to the expansion of Communism. And, thirdly, what seems most possible of all, the Bolsheviks, conceivably divided among themselves, may have sent two classes of agents to Anatolia, the one to work for the success of the Turkish Nationalists and the other for the obliteration of order and discipline among all classes. If this be so, it seems to me that the endeavours of the second-mentioned contingent have been at least partially successful, and that the Turks, not realising what was happening, have in fact been outmanœuvred by their supposed friends and by the skill of manipulators who doubtless understand the situation. I suggest this without laying claim to any special information, and only because it is in this way alone that I can account for a series of events which seem to indicate that counsels of folly have outweighed those of wisdom and that demoralisation preceded military defeat.

Having briefly considered the events leading up to recent developments in Asia Minor, and also certain local aspects of these developments themselves, it now only remains to discuss some of the larger and broader features of the present situation and to suggest what may be its possible outcome. Whilst I have already implied that the Greeks seem to have been really victorious during the last month, this does not mean that they should be expected now to have it all their own way, for, what-

ever may be the state of the Turkish Army, the Nationalists can certainly maintain a resistance, at any rate by means of guerilla warfare, for an almost unlimited time. Moreover, those who know the country must realise that, as the battle area passes further and further into the interior, so will the campaign become correspondingly more arduous, and that, whereas the Turkish communications become daily shorter, those of Greece are growing longer and more difficult. Again, if it be true to say that lack of money seldom governs the question of peace or war, it must be obvious that the financial burden of the present hostilities to Turkey is much less than to Greece, and that the latter country cannot afford indefinitely to prolong the present war or even the military occupation of Western Anatolia without reducing herself to a state of bankruptcy. The Greeks may be still more successful in their offensive and push back the Kemalists to Konia and Angora or beyond. But, even then, unless the Bolsheviks create utter chaos, the Turks can withdraw towards the East and keep the whole country in a state of terror by means of armed bands, which the invaders will be unable to quell, owing to their greatly extended frontier and lines of communication. This will mean additional ruin to the country, massacres which have already begun, reprisals, etc. On the other hand, should the Greeks be unable to make progress sufficient to be felt throughout Anatolia, the Kemalists will maintain, or even exaggerate, their demands. In short, all that can be said is that, in whatever light it be regarded, no solution of the problem is in sight, and that, whilst international pressure in favour of the acceptance of intervention might be brought to bear upon Greece, this would not be fair, considering the fact that a corresponding course is not feasible in the case of Turkey.

For these reasons, therefore, and when the war has once more developed into a campaign upon a large scale, it seems to me that the Supreme Council, assembled in Paris, had no alternative other than to proclaim the neutrality of the Allies, to define the terms of that neutrality, and to declare itself against mediation at the present juncture. Such an attitude was necessary of adoption because, whereas the Powers had sanctioned modifications in the Treaty of Sèvres, Greece and Turkey, in taking the field with the objects of endeavouring respectively to maintain and to destroy that document, have done so on their own responsibility and in a manner which compels the Allies to remain spectators of these endeavours. A definition of, and, at least so far as this country be concerned, a change in, the form of neutrality were also desirable, for the previously existing British embargo upon the export of war material certainly in-

flicted a hardship upon Greece, and was in distinct opposition to the principles practised in regard to arms and munitions purchased by the Allies in America during the earlier part of the war. And then, as Lord Curzon said at the same meeting, that is, on August 10th, mediation has already been offered and rejected, and therefore no good purpose can be served by the repetition of such an offer under existing circumstances. Thus, now that a decision has been sought by force of arms, it would hardly be legitimate, and it would certainly be unwise, for the Allies again to interfere until they have been invited to do so by both belligerents or until one or other is placed in a position in which terms of almost any kind would be more acceptable than the continuation of a state of war.

Although the Near East is an area in which the unexpected generally occurs, no such article as this would be complete without brief reference to a possible basis for ultimate mediation and to the kind of terms by which the present war may be terminated. In this connection I think that two conditions should be excluded. Firstly, to whatever degree one may be critical of the post-war distribution of what was formerly Turkey in Europe, it appears to me impracticable that there can be any immediate change in the status of Eastern Thrace. Such a change would not only be resisted by Greece, but it would also be opposed by Roumania and by Jugo-Slavia on account of its probable bearing upon the stability of the Treaty of Neuilly. And, secondly, however unsatisfactory the maintenance of the Turks at Constantinople may be considered by some people, this is in fact the least objectionable settlement of a very complicated problem, and as such it must not be upset either by handing over that city to Greece or by appointing her a sort of mandatory for the protection of the freedom of the Straits. This said, much as I have been opposed to Hellenic expansion into Asia Minor—an expansion as dangerous to Greece as to Turkey—I recognise that a definite and far-reaching victory by the former country would of necessity change the position and entitle her to advantages which otherwise might not have been hers. Hence, whilst I still feel that in any eventuality King Constantine would be well advised to adopt an attitude of strict moderation upon territorial questions, it is obvious that this ruler would lay claim to the maintenance of many of the principles of the Treaty of Sèvres, if not to the very letter of that document itself. For example, whatever might be the exact line of demarcation between Ottoman and Greek territory, adequate safeguards would surely be demanded for the protection of the Ottoman Christians. In addition, even if the Greeks were prepared, some months ago,

to consent to an augmentation in the strength of the armed forces of Turkey, such consent would hardly again be forthcoming, considering what has since taken place. And, lastly, although it seems difficult to see from what quarter compensation can be anticipated, it is not unnatural that Greece should endeavour to save herself from the necessity of bearing the military expense of operations for which she disclaims all responsibility—operations which she contends have been carried out largely in the interests of the Allies as a whole.

The above remarks are sufficient to prove, that the present situation is complicated in the extreme and that it is exceedingly difficult to forecast, still less to suggest, what will or should be its solution. On the one side there are diverse world interests which mitigate against Allied unity, and on the other there are Balkan rivalries, enmities and hatreds which react to the disadvantage of those concerned. All that can be said, therefore, is that there will be no successful mediation until there is international and national accord upon the matter, and that, whereas such mediation ought not to be proffered before the Turks have liberated all the Allied prisoners now in their hands, it should not be withheld or influenced in any way as the result of the former policy or of the return of King Constantine, who is now the *de jure* and *de facto* ruler of Greece. Locally speaking, on the other hand, the Turks and the Greeks will do well to remember that, in any event, they must remain neighbours, and that, whatever be the position of their common frontiers, each party must inevitably leave a number of its co-nationals to maintain their domicile in alien territory. Consequently, even now the peace of Anatolia and of the surrounding countries dictates the necessity for a display of moderation, conciliation and indulgence by the Great Powers and by the belligerents—a display of which virtues is more important to-day than heretofore.

H. CHARLES WOODS.

THE NEW VENICE.

ALL old Venetian history is one long cinema of cloaked tragedies, masked tribunals, midnight daggers, and the flotsam of corpses. But I wonder whether the romances were truly much worse than average Venetian life during the great war. The new atmosphere was certainly thick with spies and plots, while fulminating fires rained down incessantly from the sky. The damage was miraculously slight, as the Patriarch told us in the finest sermon I ever heard, attributing the glory to our Lady of the Redentore, who also stayed a plague in the Middle Ages. More victims, it seems, were claimed by dark lagoons than hostile shells, and few of the famous monuments or fanes have suffered serious harm.

But industry and commerce went instantly to pieces at the first whisper of war. All traffic was paralysed, docks were deserted, no more steamers came to espouse the lagoons. Venice had been living mainly on tourists and small industries—lace, glass, mosaics, fanciful furniture, all the lusts of our eyes. The gentlest, kindest people on earth, with their soft dialect, which has inspired literature, and their serenading ways, which have inspired poetry and art, suddenly found themselves in the van of Armageddon. Courage there was in plenty, but starvation stared in the face. Hotels became barracks, lace-makers started to knit comforters, small industrials emigrated to Tuscany. A new plague called for a new intervention of our Lady of the Redeemer.

But Venetians hold traditions of an Imperial Republic, all that serenest Tory-Democracy. None fainted or faltered. Theirs but to wait and see. They heard of Caporetto, and almost saw bloody Croats battering at their gates, with an Austrian exequatur for executions. And now that Italy has won her war, the triumph of civilisation brings a share in the hideous problems of reconstruction. Refugees have returned and work with negroid zeal and mediæval skill. Back at Murano Island are all the masters of ancient craft, people who begin their apprenticeship at six years of age, people with countless ancestors in the Golden Book of venerable guilds, forging glass as great, natural, traditional artists, and finding Americans with sacks of dollars waiting to give their firm orders months—yea, years—ahead. The manager of a bead factory told me he had recently sent off a thousand letters refusing orders, and I hear of firms selling off cellarsful of old unfashionable glass, which would otherwise have been melted down to make medicine-bottles. Sweden, France, and Brazil are

also buying ahead, but England holds strangely aloof, in spite of a tempting exchange.

Last April our sovereign fetched 100 lire instead of the normal 25, and I am amazed by the bargains I see on every hand. Wonderful old lace, doubtless worth its weight in gold, is to be had in large quantities at very low prices in our currency—old lace bound to rise in value like old wines : all manner of beautiful and fantastic designs, recalling mediæval tapestries or stained glass ; ecclesiastical vestments fit for cardinals or museums ; veils for the nuptials of queens ; damasks, fans, table-centres, set pieces beyond compare. Then there is an abundance of artistic leather work, richly and exquisitely stamped in gold, that might have come straight out of the Grimani breviary, all at a third or a quarter of Bond Street prices. Bead-bags of the most fashionable tints and shapes, as light as butterflies and exquisite as pearls, are almost given away ; gloves, imperishable, washable, dainty, always an Italian specialty, offer pre-war value almost at pre-war prices. Artistic furniture in these days of furniture famine ; ornaments for Italian gardens, such as John Evelyn loved, mosaics of every kind, from housemaids' brooches to façades for cathedrals, painted velvets that I want to frame for my castle in Spain : there is no end to the temptations for such as wish to lay up treasure on earth.

But I think I rejoice most in the toys, remembering the old monopoly of Nuremberg. I admit that German toys were very cheap and sufficiently quaint to amuse children, but they lacked the artistic qualities which are important at an impressionable age, and Venice is finding a golden opportunity to snatch the toy-market of the world. Dolls in shop-windows seem almost alive, and unite grace, symphonies of raiment, a spirit of mischief with the whimsicality which seemed peculiar to *Alice in Wonderland*. In a factory I was invited to dash chubby babes upon the concrete pavement, and verily they proved unbreakable. There were also *papier-mâché* animals varied enough to stock a Zoo, and so real that the camels enjoy prime popularity in Egypt. Every kindergarten needs them, and they would fill any nursery with joy.

Best of all, perhaps, are the marionettes, worked with wires, and Punch and Judy puppets that perform wonders on outstretched hands. Marionettes, I maintain, were originally an English inspiration of the good old times, and they have been too long neglected at home. I have seen them act more convincingly than most mummers, dance ballets, perform on the tight-rope, give pantomimes and melodramas in most of the big towns of Italy. But small versions of them, costing a few shillings

the dozen, find their way into almost every family, and the children never tire of making them play their parts. They are made by a real artist, who has devoted most of his life to their creation, and their variety is only surpassed by their ingenuity. First, of course, come the Venetian masks, which are intimately associated with the history of the Republic, at whose secret tribunals councillors presided in dominoes, and with the masquerades of her famous carnivals. Every Italian town has a traditional type, familiar to every child: Bauta, the official mask of Venice, and Pantaloon, her honest merchant; Harlequin of Bergamo, the greedy liar, who espoused Columbine; Pulcinella of Naples, the progenitor of Punch; Brighella, the bad boy of Ferrara. Then there are characters of everyday life: monks, cooks; mothers-in-law, policemen, long-haired painters, dandies with eye-glasses, fat profiteers; the once-upon-a-time folk: fairies, ogres, wizards, alchemists, and giants. I am promised a Lloyd George and a Peter Pan for the English market. Little stages are sold with changes of scene, wings, curtain, all complete and certainly contribute to the precocity of Italian imagination.

There are factories for toys and other small industries, but they are largely served by home-workers, and many families ply their arts and crafts without capital or organisation. Schemes are afloat for concentrating them on the Giudecca Island, and most are agreed that new times have imposed new needs, which include technical and administrative organisation, a concerted choice of better markets and fresh fields of action, a new spirit of collaboration, a better system of credit. But it will be difficult to persuade a conservative people to change residence, a people that regards a parish patriotically and defends parochial traditions and customs as though a parish were a nation. Venice is determined to reassert herself, but our hasty democrats, who flatter themselves that they won the war, have yet to realise that God and kings and inexorable destinies have a playful way with the best-laid plans of mice. Venice will assuredly reassert herself and rule Adriatic waves as she did of yore, but patience remains a virtue. This the wise directors of Venetian ambition realise. They stimulate a turmoil of tunnels and new ports and garden cities, out of which grand changes may eventually emerge, but they direct their shrewdest energies to practical progress, uniting idealism with economic realism. Money is all too scarce, but credit is good where all are full of zeal, and judicious loans from banks or corporations have helped many lame, well-bred dogs over ugly stiles.

Take the fishing industry. None can call it small in a peninsula of such infinite coasts and secular seafaring traditions. But

there are murmurs in Venice about Government neglect of a craft that is the historic backbone of Italy, as it is of England, who derived and still shares the sporting instincts, the sailor manners, the marine civilisation, the insular and peninsular traditions of Italy. From the days of Attila to those of Francis Joseph, fisheries have saved Italy from hunger, and the fishers are proving, now that they possess grit enough to dispense with State help, that Bolshevism can find no foothold in salt waters. Government departments have appointed commissions, and printed circulars, and consulted experts, and wrestled with red tape without depriving a single fish of the fullest freedom of the seas. Italy is still restricted to nets and smacks that have remained unaltered since the days of Pelasgians and Phœnicians. Other producers all over the world have multiplied strikes at a time when every instant of labour was essential to the common weal. Meanwhile, despite every discouragement, Venetian fishers have persevered in their labours with self-sacrifice and unremitting activity, formed themselves into co-operative societies, taught themselves to preserve transport, and scientifically increase their draughts with only themselves to thank. The sea-folk of Venice are, perhaps, the most typical of her citizens, and their patriotic pluck is of happy augury for the future of their race.

They have manifested this pluck conspicuously in their maintenance of small industries against every obstacle, and it is well for them to insist upon the importance of their work. Besides the artistic productions I have mentioned, there are characteristic crafts in 650 out of the 800 communes of Venetia, distributed among 4,000 firms as well as isolated families, affording employment to more than 80,000 workers, and representing a capital of tens of thousands of lire. Such crafts include wickerwork, cordwaining, jam-making, the preservation of meat and fruit and vegetables, wood-turning and carving in the mountain districts; and all their products appeal specially for export at a time when exports are essential to the purchase of raw materials and the rehabilitation of a disastrous exchange. The difficulty is that small industrials are backward in organisation at a time when the very pickpockets have their trade union; they have no organs in the Press, no noisy deputies to plead their cause; indeed, they have more enemies than friends, for bigger capitalists resent the dissemination of capital and socialists deprecate all freedom of labour.

Yet there should be ample room and verge enough for the utmost diffusion of capital and labour at this crisis in the world's markets, and we must open our eyes very wide at the news of 7,000 unemployed in Venice when tens of thousands are needed

for carrying out all the great schemes of reconstruction on which Venice has set her heart. It is not as though incentives were lacking, with high wages offering to mitigate high prices. Hand-workers—and what workers!—earn what they will. A boy of fourteen, for instance, receives as much as 25 lire a day in a bead-factory. Head-workers earn what they can and are driven to wretched strikes, which sometimes lead to petty bloodshed and always exasperate the sufferings of the poor. Postal officials, for instance, are charming individuals, lightning-conductors of correspondence, yet half-starved at present prices, penned in unclean palaces, an easy prey to all the heresies of Socialism. With the best will in the world, they cannot guarantee the delivery of a parcel to England within three months, and the consequence is that commerce is in the article of death, dying when, if ever, it should be galvanised into feverish life. A clever journalist, who has all European politics at his fingers' ends, knows languages, understands his sorry trade, tells me he can never make more than fifteen lire a day, say, three and sixpence, half the wage of a carpenter, and on that he proposes to marry next week, after a Biblical courtship of seven lean years.

There is no Bolshevism yet in Italy, but there is very natural unrest, sometimes approaching perilously to a nervous breakdown. In Venice the other day a soldier was shot in prison for gross breach of discipline. The Labour Party at once proclaimed a general strike in protest, the whole civic life was subdued, officers were cast into canals, and I saw sentry-boxes burnt in the Square of Saint Mark. Machine-guns had to be dragged forth and there was a score of casualties.

Such effervescence, however, is sporadic, and there is every hope of reconstruction when patience returns. Throughout Italy the great chance lies in the spirit of co-operation, which is inspiring the masses to take (more or less) peaceful possession of the means of production, distribution, and exchange. Profit-sharing schemes have always failed in England through the advocacy of dusty professors and the hostility of interested Socialists. In Italy they have transfigured Bolshevik instincts into the oddest, most seriously democratic Toryism. There has sometimes been violence. Workmen have taken over factories, labourers appropriated estates, but only with the intention to assume co-ownership and defend new rights with most conservative tenacity. The idea is to respect the expropriated with generosity and assume the deposit of all their traditions: new proletariat may become old aristocracy writ large. Such a peaceful revolution may strangle the spirit of revolt for centuries.

In smiling, once somnolent Venice, the spirit of revolt is superseded by a sense of awakening. Hooligan outbursts find no echo in the real workers of any class. Foreign mistrust, as illustrated by fantastic fluctuations of the exchange, is met by grim determination to set noses nearer to the grindstone.

A wonderful asset in the struggle for reconstruction has been found in the Institute of Labour, organised by the shrewdest citizens with unflagging patriotism. It has taken up the cudgels for demobilised soldiers, whose grants were unduly delayed, providing capital for their industry on the security of their State policies and individual character. It has established new guilds and assisted old ones, financed small firms and given subventions to others at times of stress; founded manual, commercial, and industrial schools; issued a newspaper; opened exhibitions; instituted a sacred communion between the healthiest factors of capital and labour.

The traditions of Venice are glorious and at the same time Oriental. Byzantine dreams threaten to overshadow Venetian art and industry. But a careful modernism is adapting itself to the charm of old times. I remember how, some thirty years ago, there was an outcry against the arrival of penny steamers on the Grand Canal. Now there are motor-boats everywhere, flecking dark waters with surges of foam and horrid waves, but palaces are not shaken to their foundations, nor are gondoliers cursing in the back-wash. Indeed, there is talk of motor-gondolas, for gondoliers, like every other patriotic Venetian, are realising that Venice must move a little faster with these troublesome times, shake off a little of the Oriental lethargy which she caught in her Oriental conquests. Besides, a great historic city cannot submit to remain a Swiss or water carnival for loungers with red guide-books and blue glasses. The dreariest foreigner will always be welcome to gape at Venetian glories and welcomed with right Venetian grace, but Venice cannot afford to leave her revenues at the mercy of hostile rumours of war, or strikes, or cholera, or smells, or mosquitoes.

Armageddon caught Venice at a crisis in her evolution, wrestling to re-solve the most serious problems of her long life, and now that the period of asphyxiation is past, she is recovering perhaps more briskly than any other corner of the globe. Returned refugees are now at full steam with all energies intensified by privations and alarms. They have felt the stronger pulse of more fervent provinces without losing their genial qualities, and they are fired to expand their appreciation of new needs imposed by new times, technical and administrative organisation, the choice of better markets, a new spirit of collaboration. Bold transformations can

now supplant a pernicious quietism. Industrial Venice need not impair Venice as Queen of arts and fancies.

The last lingering disaffection of Italy towards Britain is our hesitation to supply coal when coal is all too short at home. But Italy is perhaps the richest proprietor of "white coal" in the world. White coal means the immense reserve of water-power and fluvial communications which can enable the country to dispense largely with combustibles. What boots it to lament the passing of Mr. Watts and all his cumbrous, smoky infelicities of travel, prime glory of dreary *novocento*, if men can revert to Nature with full Roman genius and harness Nature's forces so that river-gods supersede steam-demons, canals cut out rail-tracks, even land-locked Milan blossoms into a sea-port? Senator Marconi subdued the spirits of the air to serve our most distant whispers, and his countrymen are completing the conquest of barbarians by a new triple alliance with the Jinn of land and water.

Which of us who visited Venice half a century ago can ever dispel from his mind the wonders of arrival, those sensations which the very Venetians have been driven to envy? Even before that bewitching plunge from hot dusty trains into the cool silence of lullaby lagoons, there was the unique joy of approach. As one began to rumble away from the mainland one espied not only the mystic, beckoning illumination of the Serenissima, as she hugged herself in a golden vesture that danced in the clutches of her sea-spouse, but also a strange threshold effect of sentinel marshes and mudbanks, amphibious stretches of vegetation ever ready to take cover at the first whisper of approaching tides. Coot and wild duck were on guard, challenging intruders, suspicious also of Venetian sportsmen, who crept out at dawn on prehistoric sandolos, rowing upright with two oars, stalking the seas, finding refuge against storms in straw huts or brick barns near the old Roman road, where civilisation fled from Attila to hospitable lagoons.

To-day a new spirit of fancy is abroad. Coot and wild duck have been scared away by the rumble of machinery, sea-flowers and land-weeds have been swallowed up in the battle of hostile elements, the Roman road has been buried in gravel and consigned to eternal rest beneath a cenotaph of railway sleepers. Dredgers and Decauvilles, cranes and clanking chains and screeching engines, all the restless, feverish heralds of new Venice, roar their ruthless dirge for the passing of the old.

Old Venice has been compared to a queen's boudoir, packed and littered with daintiest gewgaws, a hopeless habitation for all the big rough workers called in by the spirit of progress. She

was too small as well as too beautiful to house them, and with the best will in the world they smashed priceless treasures at every turn. She entertained them as long as she could, contenting herself with a sigh when they upset lace-like palaces, trampled down mediæval gardens, supplanted Carpaccio bridges with utilitarian iron; murmuring perhaps that new lamps give better light; but lose the magic of the old. Then she awoke and flung open her windows, calling for more air. The honest louts must go, but they were needed for the perpetuation of her glories, so she found them fine open spaces outside and bade them make themselves at home. That is to say, on July 23rd, 1917, heedless of all the tumults of continents, the Municipality signed an agreement with a rich local company for the foundation of the new industrial port of Venice.

Caporetto came to Venice like the earthquakes to Messina and Lisbon, calling a sudden halt to brightest hopes, but the resiliency of Venice is unique; and soon the work of this new port will be in full swing once more. The transit port, connected with the new commercial port at Mestre on the immediate mainland, is at Alberoni (Malamocco), on the extreme end of the Lido, that outer sandbank where Byron rode and generations have bathed and Huns have built hotels. Alberoni port will allow vessels to discharge into lighters for the service of the river and canal communications which are marrying Venice to Lombardy and Western Europe. The prime point is that ships will be spared the need of penetrating into the port of Venice. It will be easier for Venice to export goods; unloading will be quicker and cheaper. To use a clumsy summary, Alberoni will be a fluvial maritime advance-port, feeding that of Malghera, where the new Venice will arise, the modern industrial and commercial city, aloof enough to disturb no poet or lover, busy and active enough to command the trade of the Levant. History repeats herself inexorably, generating good from evil, progress from disaster. The old Huns created the old Venice by driving coast-dwellers to build a city of refuge in the lagoons; now the new Huns have frightened Venetians into creating a new city in the sea. And now behold her engineers digging out new canals, laying foundations of freshly excavated mud, building docks and wharves with patient skill. The physiognomy of the new metropolis can already be discerned, and in five years, if all goes well, it should be complete, doubling the size of old Venice and covering an area of ten million square metres. The industrial quarter, covering 1,200,000 square metres, has already been rented by public companies for shipbuilding and various factories; and the urban quarter, which will house the whole of the popula-

tion depending on the port on an area of 1,500,000 square metres, is being mapped out on garden city lines with three and a-half miles of roads and streets. The original idea was to apply 50,000 workmen to the task, but funds have so far been found for only 1,200, and there seems a likelihood of delay. Venice, however, has usually contrived to realise her dreams. And those dreams of commercial imperialism promise her a flourishing place in the sun. Mestre is being annexed to Venice as Brooklyn was to New York. Alberoni, the extreme point of Lido Island, will be her water-gate, while the Lido, connected with Venice by a tunnel, will form the eastern tentacle of the great octopus, lurking to capture the trade of Eastern waters.

One point has wisely been emphasised by Venetian imperialists: Venice cherishes no rivalry against her sister-ports of Trieste and Fiume d'Italia. They constitute three distinct elements in one system of communications connecting the Adriatic with Eastern and Central Europe, and each of them is destined to serve distinct objectives which integrate and complete one another. Venice is indicated for the traffic of old Venetia, much of Lombardy, the Trentino, parts of Switzerland *via* Arlberg, and (since the Verona-Munich line is in Italian hands up to the watershed on the Brenner Pass) of all Tyrol and Bavaria. New railways are also contemplated to shorten the journey to Innsbrück and make competition possible with the ports of the North Sea. Trieste is railhead for Julian Venetia and (through the passes of Pontebba, Tolmino, and San Pietro) for Styria, Carinthia, Bohemia, and parts of old Austria. Fiume will serve Croatia, Slovakia, and Hungary by way of Lubiana (Laibach). Trieste now ranks next to Genoa among Italian ports, and is likely to retain her position even after the expansion of Venice, especially as railway communications, already good, are to be extended with the development of the port, and are assisted by marvellous natural conditions. Her tonnage in 1913 amounted to 5½ millions, of which 4¼ millions were Austrian, 600,000 British, and 376,000 Italian. The tonnage of Venice in 1912 was 2,250,000, of which 850,000 were Austrian and 600,000 Italian, her exports being chiefly cereals. Fiume had a tonnage of 2,800,000 in 1913 (45 per cent. Hungarian, 29 per cent. Austrian, 7 per cent. Italian). Her port is full of powerful, modern works, and primarily interests old Austria, Hungary, and Italy, then Britain in a less degree, Jugo-Slavia scarcely at all. She needs a great development of railway communications to unite her with Trieste, Dalmatia, Carniola, and Hungary; fluvial development with the Save and Danube; and an agreement with neighbours about railway rates. Some think that she should be made a free port in order to facilitate and

expand a zone of influence in a variety of States. In any case, the three ports, belonging as they do to one sole dynamic system of traffic, must, in the interests of their hinterlands, belong to one single State in order to assure the regulation and co-ordination of their service.

All three ports—Venice probably most of all—are looking to Britain for financial and moral support at a crisis in their history. Before the war Venice was becoming more and more entangled in the meshes of Austro-German commerce, degenerating from a tributary into a vassal or a protectorate. Big businesses, shops, hotels, banks, agencies, were to a great extent in German hands. Notices were put up in Italian and German more often than in Italian and English. German tourists lorded it in every public resort. The war provided a healthy purge, but I now detect symptoms of a return of the old complaint. Seeking rooms in a big hotel the other day, I was greeted by a sleek manager and secretary, who spoke perfect Italian, and it was only later that I found they were Viennese. I saw an odd little man in my restaurant mixing aniline dyes in tumblers after lunch. He annoyed a lady, had his nose pulled, and merely smiled when he was called a coward. So I was not surprised to learn that he came from Leipzig. Until July, however, I heard very little German spoken in the streets, though I was told at the Questura that they had come in hordes. They slink about with humble mien, though by no means with contrite hearts. Then, after a short absence, I found them everywhere, pushing, jostling, shouting, domineering, quite in the old *ueber-alles* way. And, unless the friends of Italy awaken to the urgency of the opportunity, the trade and commerce of Venice may slip back into German hands. In spite of murmurs of new poor, there remains plenty of British capital seeking profitable investment, and in Venice it may combine patriotic gratitude with every confidence in the future of a great port, whose geographical position, native enterprise, and imperial traditions afford every warranty for a rich and glorious future.

HERBERT VIVIAN.

THE PLAYER AND THE PUBLIC.

LIKE the gate of Janus, the theatres were kept open all through the war, and peace now seems to have closed many of them. But audiences are no doubt temporarily affected by the world-wide atmosphere of unrest. Unable, therefore, to concentrate their minds on the argument, they desert the playhouse for the palace of variety that changes not and makes no demand on the intelligence.

To keep *en rapport* with the actor and be sure of missing no point in the play, a sustained mental effort is necessary on the part of the spectator. The audience to-day is not so much out of sympathy as out of touch with the players, being too listless or too preoccupied to take up those impalpable waves of magnetism that start on the stage and gather force from the receptive attitude of the "house." Playgoers, however, no longer appear to feel the contact of elbows that gives a subtle electric thrill, but respond only to the stimulus of what may be called "direct action." And it is just in this sixth sense that the theatre should excel the picture-house, where the individual admiration may be as great, but there is far less collective enthusiasm.

The film star cannot be encouraged by applause to higher efforts; and, the actual person being absent, much of the so-prized "personality" is lost. But the playgoer has a larger share in the performance than he imagines, and his influence on the players is all-important. Exactly what happens when they have a "good house" is hard to estimate. It may indeed be a phenomenon of the fifth dimension, combining time, space and motion, but it is certainly the principal factor of their success. And signs are not wanting that the public will resume its subconscious activity in the playhouse after a season of passive entertainment elsewhere.

The present vogue of the inconsecutive is satisfied by revue, which tends less and less to reflect contemporary events—apart from its "stop-press" allusions. Here, of course, there is much to please the eye and little to offend the ear. Drink remains a fountain of mirth that apparently never goes dry. The red-nosed comedian may be a back number, but knock-about business, "slap-stick" fun and cross-talk humour still attract. At a picturesque but uninspired performance of *The Tempest* the other day, during the serious fooling and foolish seriousness, languor

stole over the house. But the audience immediately sat up again when love-making or pageantry, song or dance was toward. And one was tempted irreverently to think that if Shakespeare, who did not disdain word-play and who loved the topical hit, had once discovered how fatal plot may prove to interest and how unfunny comic relief often is, he must inevitably have discovered revue, unless, of course, it had already been killed by the costly masque.

At this moment the so-called super-production looks as if it would eat its own children. Incomparably the best, as well as the most successful, of these prodigies is *Chu Chin Chow*. Carried to the clouds by the magic of Mr. Frederic Norton's music and the exotic charm of its pictorial setting, it was a triumph of expert stage-direction. But the Frankenstein who creates such monsters in America has made them on an ever-increasing scale of splendour that must eventually beggar even Midas. For the price of everything in the theatre has soared sky-high, while that of admission to it has, for the most part, stood still. Yet the public is taught to want more for its money every day, so that one of these colossal shows must draw absolutely full houses for six months before the *impresario* gets a penny. And if it fails to "play to capacity" so long, his losses will easily run into five figures.

A pleasing form of spectacle has been the Christmas pantomime; but it is doubtful if this hardy annual will always survive the growing cost of labour and material. The artist who plans the productions at Drury Lane has become his own most formidable rival, as he is practically forced to make each more magnificent than the last. Their success is, beyond question, great, but the margin of profit must, nevertheless, be small. For the simple, old-world fairy-tale gives place nowadays to glorified musical comedy, or transcendental revue. So that, even if the children have got out of the habit of taking their parents, the grown-ups can go "on their own," since most of the fun is to their address. Thus one misses the ripple of laughter that used, like Dick Whittington's cat, to run round the dress-circle, when it was filled with jolly little people. For it called up memories of the agile Fred Vokes, the humorous Mr. Harry Nicholls, and that comical stentor Herbert Campbell. Nor without a pang does one note the passing of the Principal Boy—a superlatively beautiful figure, almost essential to these dazzling realms of travesty. But it is hard to bring back the delight of other days. The sacred lamp of burlesque, relit at the Gaiety, soon flickered out, being over-filled with oil at a time when, unluckily, fuel economy was indicated.

A healthful symptom is the present obvious popularity of melo-

drama, since a revival of interest in theatrical art must begin in its most violent manifestations. The strong story, taken at break-neck speed that gives no time for reflection, seldom fails to grip. Here, as at a horse show, it is pace and action that tell, at any rate with the groundlings. It must, of course, be played in the free-and-easy modern style, without mouthing the heroics or attitudinising, more weight being given to things done than spoken about. For your true melodramatist is a man of a word and a blow, with the accent on the blow, as he can count on that for a striking effect. Mr. Gerald du Maurier is *facile princeps* in this genre, as he not only can put up a good fight, but can also be deadly without being deliberate.

If the problem play has been somewhat neglected of late, it may be because our serious playwrights are inclined to take themselves a trifle too seriously. Whenever they forget, for a moment, that they are the high priests of some occult art, their work is taken more seriously by the public. With the exception, perhaps, of Sir James Barrie's *Mary Rose* and Mr. John Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*, nothing of any permanent value has been seen in the theatre here since the war. But in *The Skin Game* Mr. John Galsworthy came near to writing another play that should hold the stage. Taking the old subject of the "new man," and discarding the rules that Joubert calls difficult and useless, he boldly mixes heavy tragedy with light comedy. And in an auction scene, which is so like the real thing that the onlookers want to bid, he employs the familiar artifice of revue. Portions of this play are vastly improbable, but it hangs together fairly well as a whole.

A little comedy of great merit, called *The New Morality*, was left by Harold Chapin, making his death in action, so young, doubly sad. Such spontaneous humour is most refreshing after the studied grimaces of an intransigent jester. For people are tired of being forcibly fed with inverted platitudes, and have ceased to believe that a thesis must be both new and true because it sounds paradoxical. Flat-footed satire being, therefore, what our American cousins call "a bromide," fancy now may have its fling. With *The Blue Bird* M. Maeterlinck secured a freehold in that fantastic world in which he out-babies Barrie. And its sequel, *The Betrothal*, so brilliantly staged here, will long be remembered for the shrouded figure of Joy, which, when unveiled, discovered the Madonna-like beauty of Miss Gladys Cooper, as the universal mother. Fairest of the fair, this charming actress is equally successful in a diametrically opposite rôle as she gives a fatal fascination to the little minx in Lord Dunsany's amusing dream-play, *If*.

Domestic infidelity does not seem quite so attractive nowadays as of old. Though divorce is in the air, it only fills the house when treated in an almost tragic manner. Miss Clemence Dane's painful study of a husband who has lost his reason in the trenches appears to clash with her purpose. It may be the hard case that makes bad law, but to take all hope from such a hero could not be good. This workman-like little play is, however, a big advance on the frivolous trifling in which all concerned pledge each other not to tell the truth about anything, no matter how innocent. Here the hall door of a spacious flat usually opens into what is styled in advertisements "a bed-sitting room." It has several other doors; and rapid movement between them is supposed to make the fun fast and furious. A no-longer-light comedian metaphorically skates over acres of thin, not to say rotten, ice. But there is little danger of a frost, provided his female companions are not too warmly clad.

To do risky things in earnest, the play must first be labelled propaganda, when a special licence for garbage-sifting will be granted. *Les Avariés*, of M. Brioux, is an example of this war-time relaxation, which would, of course, be justified if it brought one shipwrecked soul to land. The censor has, indeed, travelled far from the days when poor James Mortimer used to arrive at the stage door on the morning after a *première* with the manuscript of *Heartsease*. This was his version of *La Dame aux Camélias*, and it could not have been done as permission had not yet been given even to play the original in French. Still, the manager learned then that his new piece was a dead failure.

The attention recently given to Shakespeare by the public, as well as the players, is encouraging, since it shows that the keystone of the theatre has not yet been cast aside. A pre-war attempt to gild the faces of his characters did not bring much gold into the treasury. And for some time Mr. Gordon Craig has only been "heard of." Meanwhile the Old Vic. has done good spade-work, and the memorial performances at Stratford have been picturesque. Mr. William Poel, pioneer of the back-to-Shakespeare movement, has artistically exploited the Elizabethan apron-stage. But the most satisfactory all-round productions have been those at the Court Theatre, where leading players have taken part. A Yiddish Shylock was the chief discovery, but the dignified Othello of Mr. Godfrey Tearle agreeably surprised this popular young actor's oldest admirers. And *Henry V.*, when done by the naturally heroic Mr. Robert Loraine, will bring fresh laurels to the Bard.

From the United States has come much that is new, including the Jazz-dance, now said to be in its death agony. The drama-

tists, like the golfers, are coming on in America. But their plays, though often pleasant, have not been noteworthy. The highest point of a low range was possibly reached in *The Man Who Came Back*, which introduced Miss Mary Nash, a fresh and interesting actress with considerable emotional power. Through the rest, crooks, graft, the third-degree police-captain, get-rich-quick "bunco-men," and the wild Irish girl have run their normal course. For years, however, New York has cried out at the mountain of Franco-British theatrical rubbish shot on Broadway every autumn. It is but fair, therefore, that the over-production of the American play market should now be dumped here. Moreover, the United States have sent us Mr. James K. Hackett, once a *matinée* idol, but to-day the most respectable of Macbeths, with a rich voice and much energy. Nor must that *énergumène*, the hustling stage-manager, be forgotten, for to him and his megaphone we owe the clockwork beauty chorus who so joyously walk the plank in a distracting full-dress parade.

Paris is said to be living on its reputation as the hub of the theatrical world. But some recent plays show that the invention of French dramatists is as lively as ever. *Le Retour*, for instance, is a piece of well-timed and good-natured irony. The ultra-modern fun of *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* will soon amuse a London audience. The indefatigable M. Henry Bataille has put comical sentiment into *La Tendresse*, and made *L'Homme à la Rose* a sentimental comedy. There has of late been a run on Don Juan, this diabolically attractive rôle having, indeed, been reduced to an absurdity by a female impersonator. In *Le Marquis de Sade* the Grand Guignol had a first-class "shocker." The moonlit, blue marble staircase in *Arlequin*, soon also to be seen here, is the last word in artistic stage decoration. Mlle. Mistinguett, the pole star of *Paris qui Jazz!* is long overdue in London. That closed house, *Le Théâtre de "l'Œuvre"*, achieves the ambitiously grotesque with *Le Cocu Magnifique*. Possibly, having the obstinate success of *Phi-Phi* in mind, *La Vie Parisienne* suggests that the run of a piece is in inverse ratio to the amount of clothing worn by the actresses. But this may also be the naked truth at home. In the revues of Rip, at any rate, there is a novel comic motive. And the alleged super-saturation of love-interest in the French drama is, perhaps, less evident since the war.

Paris has welcomed the "Theatre of the Bat" that came from Moscow last year, and is about to fly over here. It tends towards Futurism, but does not exclude on occasion a wealth of rococo detail, and even descends at times to sordid realism. Directed by M. Nikita Balieff, the company ranges from sentimental ballads to the grim humour of a country dentist. They represent old-

fashioned Vaudeville, a comical modern choir, choice Italian comedy, burlesque photographs, the theatre of Molière, Empire episodes, Far Eastern legend, romantic silhouettes, and gypsies of 1840. The scenery and costumes designed by M. Soudeikine and M. Remisoff, both brilliant colourists, often have a bizarre beauty.

The Theatre of the Bat should be no less welcome in London, where people are still as mad as ever about foreign artists. This craze springs from a wish to be amused vicariously. We are too busy, it seems, to do such trifles ourselves, and too proud to display any prejudice in favour of native talent. Foreigners also, perhaps, possess, in a higher degree, the art that conceals the lack of art. For example, there is no length to which that spoilt child of "All London," the Russian ballet, may not go without being found out. Its latest exhibition of artfully artless simplicity, verging on the imbecile, is looked upon as a revelation. *Chout* does indeed show how easily we are fooled. A childish joke, not in the best taste, is here overlaid with crude Cubism. For the very last thing these noisy modernists wish to provide is a background, being anxious at all costs to catch the eye.

Compared with such feverish enthusiasm, the reception of the great French players who have lately come to London has been lukewarm. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was acclaimed as much as a symbol of the *Entente* as for her matchless art. In a poor play she once more showed that her golden voice has not lost its spell over the heart. M. Sacha Guitry, with his sprightly wife and distinguished father, gave a wonderful display of versatility as an actor-author: and in *Pasteur* he breaks new ground with startling success. The beautiful Mlle. Madeleine Lely and M. André Brulé, beloved of *midinettes*, made a big impression in an up-to-date study of the Parisian under-world. And for half an hour one was privileged the other day to hear Musset's graceful prose spoken by three prominent members of the Comédie Française, only to regret the more that never-to-be-forgotten visit of the entire company forty-two summers ago.

The acting in London to-day is not uniformly so effective as it was before the war. There is a deliberate tendency to "under-playing." Inarticulate actors seem to glory in keeping the author's words to themselves. Sentiment having been laughed out of court, the "straight" love scene has become unplayable. So it is only after a sort of sparring match that the young people come to close grips, which they then maintain laughably too long. Players sometimes appear unaware that, as in golf, "pressing" defeats its purpose, and the comedians literally fall over themselves in an attempt to force the fun. They also forget that the

less notice they take of the audience the more, as a rule, it will take of them. Moreover, they seldom seem inspired or even easy on a first night. The all-pervading "producer" has made everybody self-conscious and produced nothing but "rehearsal conditions." He is, in fact, an interior decorator, who thinks more of an article of *vertu* than of a *beau geste*. The author nowadays is neither allowed to expound his text to the players nor given a chance of adopting their often valuable suggestions. No one may speak but Sir Oracle.

The English theatre has suffered an incalculable loss through the untimely death of Sir Herbert Tree. For no one is left now to fix a standard. His always-thoughtful productions were bitterly abused by certain superior persons, and bitterly did he resent this carping criticism. But the public liked his stage pictures, in spite of their beauty, and it liked him because he was such a thorough sportsman, being not only a good loser, but, what is far more rare, a good winner.

It is difficult to speak with impartiality of the post-war German stage, but, judging from a so-called "expressionist" drama and a less violent piece of morbid psychology seen here, it must have sunk as deep as Hauptmann's bell. In Vienna, Schnitzler, no longer satisfied with the poisoned sweetmeats of *Anatol*, has strung together the unadulterated filth of *Reigen*, though not without encountering strong opposition. But in Prague there is an undoubted crystallisation of national art. The setting of *The Hussites* shows how a Futurist can paint novel yet natural scenes; and this historical pageant is full of moving situations, as well as of striking mass-effects. It is a feather in the cap of gallant young Czecho-Slovakia.

The war has brought that paragon, the business man, into the theatre as into the affairs of State. Certain simple people seem amazed, however, that he should deal in the things he understands, like solidly built scenes and diaphanous draperies, rather than in such imponderabilia as the swiftly moving story and progressive characterisation of a play with less expensive trappings. As he has no knowledge of theatrical values, he naturally looks more at the setting than at the gem. Meanwhile there has been the same frenzied speculation in playhouses as in other houses, but without the same protection for tenants. Nothing short, therefore, of a landslide in rents will now serve to eject the man-in-possession. Still, this is only a passing phase, while all the time the films are educating a new race of playgoers. And the best book is dry compared with the worst-acted play. Plays, however, are harder to read than novels, since one must supply so much and can skip so little.

Our greatest actors, of course, never appear on the stage, but employ their histrionic gifts to much better advantage as popular advocates, statesmen, physicians, soldiers and preachers. Yet, if only a second-best, the professional actor must have more than average ability. His salary has risen automatically of late; but he is far from being the lofty, impossible personage some managers would have one think. More often, indeed, he is an artist in despair of his art. And he gives so much of what is most precious in life—his youth, enthusiasm, ideals, and even his emotions—to the public, that the public may well try to make him some return in kind. All that he would ask, however, of those who come to see him play is an appreciation of honest work.

“GERALD MAXWELL.

QUATRAINS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

JULIAN THE PREFECT.

COME fill the Cup with Wine : all Mortals must
Themselves assume the Mantle of this Dust.

"Drink"—from my Grave beneath I still will cry
As oft I chanted ere my Voice was hushed.

Anth. Pal., vii., 32.

BESANTINUS.

"Alas for cruel Age," I heard One sigh.

"Alas for Youth," soft Echo made reply.

No hour for blissful Tarrying may we know,
Youth swift has flown and swift Age draweth nigh.

A. P., ix., 118.

PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA.

Let Life spell Pleasure, while the Wine Cup flows
And Maidens dance and Garlands love the Rose.

Away with Grief—one hour and we are gone;
Enjoy To-Day ; To-Morrow no man knows.

A. P., v., 72.

CRINAGORAS.

How long, poor heart, these Dreams of Wealth? how long
These empty Hopes that to the Clouds belong?

Dost think at ease to gather Riches in?
Leave Gold to Fools, and take God's Gift of Song.

A. P., ix., 234.

AMMIANUS.

Dawn follows Dawn, until the Dark One come
To drive us scattered to our Common Home.

Heedless we play, while Water, Wasting, Fire,
To this one and to that he gives for Doom.

A. P., xi., 13.

F. A. WRIGHT.

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY.—(VIII.)

At last we are beginning to see in front of us the end of the curious intervening period between the old era and the new which has lasted ever since the Armistice; a period dominated by the war and its memories. The gates of the temple of Janus are still open, but we are beginning to realise that the old god looks forward as well as backward, and that if we look ahead we can see opening up before us the new problems of a new era. They are not, of course, uninfluenced by the war, very much the reverse; but they are concerned essentially with different material from those of the war and the peace. Our relations with Germany are seen to be only one of many factors of our principal problem, and not really the most important. Our connection with France has already been strained almost to the breaking point. That relationship, we are beginning to understand, has something fundamentally wrong with it; it must be put upon a new basis if it is to endure. After the Armistice it seemed as if the Allies were all-powerful, and the world plastic in their hands. They had only to exercise their invincible authority and to create the new Eden in which the nations were to live. Now it has been realised that the power was illusory, because it was based solely on force, and the weapons that constituted that force were too heavy for the victorious Powers to wield any longer. Nor were they in the least agreed on the sort of landscape gardening to which they wished to set their hands. Now, however, the British people, at any rate, has begun to understand what has happened. It sees that its Empire is not, and cannot again be, quite the same thing that it was. It realises also that a new Europe containing a notably different Germany, a still more notably different Russia, and a disconcertingly unchanged France, has arisen, and that its relations with this changed continent have to be thought out afresh. Lastly, and in some ways most important of all, the Pacific and its problems have loomed into the foreground, presenting a completely fresh aspect of the relations of the Great Powers to one another.

The Government is now in negotiation with the leaders of Irish and Egyptian nationalism. During the month of August it met the French on the Supreme Council to face the issue of Silesia, an issue which has for months brought the two parties into acute conflict. It is committed to a conference with the United States and Japan in Washington, at which the vital question of naval power will have to be discussed in the open. The outcome of these varied negotiations will determine no less than the position of Britain in the world for the next generation or more. It will probably determine the future of the British Empire as an Empire. It will also have a far-reaching and possibly final effect upon the future of existing

civilisation. For although the subject-matters of the different questions to be settled are apparently quite different, the essential question is in each case the same. It is whether the wit of man is equal to the solution of the problems his progressing civilisation has created; whether, now that the efforts of multitudes of enterprising people have created an interdependent structure of civilisation, far more complicated and more modern than the rival political systems in which they have been content to live, those systems can be adapted so that the salvaging of that civilisation may be possible; or whether civilisation must smash, and mankind start again far back towards its beginnings. If it is to be saved, there must be a definite will to save it strong enough to rule out many old political ideas and methods; there must be a readiness to recognise that force can only destroy, and that it cannot maintain or create, that for the final arbitrament of force there must be substituted a permanent willingness to compromise, to reconcile conflicting interests, even sometimes to give way on points which, according to the old theories, may seem almost vital. It is not possible for Britain to solve these problems single-handed, but, just as her Empire straddles across the world, so her policy pervades the whole of world politics. She has a pull on all the strings, and her policy matters in consequence more than anyone else's. It is for her to give a distinct and significant lead, and to say: "This is our definite view of what the future needs; we are prepared to work with all comers along these lines."

So far as the Irish negotiations are concerned, it is probable that they will reach a more definite phase before these paragraphs appear, for after the full session of the Dail Eireann, which the Government has wisely permitted, Mr. de Valera will almost certainly make some public pronouncement. It is important, nevertheless, that our hopes for the success of these negotiations should be informed by knowledge of the brute facts which underlie them, facts which, being static, can be recognised but not changed. Much of the controversy is concerned only with words. The importance of words can easily either be exaggerated or be under-rated. They break no bones, but they may well serve as a salve to wounded souls. To England they matter practically not at all, to Ireland considerably, and we both can and should, therefore, be very generous in the concession of any form of words which may be needed to satisfy the Irish national spirit. They are, however, facts that no words can change. They are that Ireland lies under the shadow of Great Britain, and cannot by any effort get from under it; that she threatens our essential lines of communications; and that she is bound to us by economic and personal ties which can only be broken at the expense of the greatest loss and inconvenience to herself and, in a lesser degree, to ourselves. As there are some sentiments which are so strong that from the political point of view they have to be acknowledged as facts, we can include as such that the Irish resolutely demand the recognition of their essential claim to nationhood, and that Ulster as

resolutely declines to be anything but British in nationality. Yet it is certainly a fact that the political separation of Southern Ireland from Ulster would be disastrous for both. If these facts are not recognised, they will either hinder a settlement or assert themselves awkwardly after it has been concluded, and their recognition would seem to dictate a settlement on Dominion lines. So far as our own attitude is concerned, and it is desirable that we should concentrate on the beam in our own eyes, the point to bear constantly in mind is that words do not matter, and that the important thing to us is not how and under what form Ireland is governed, but what Ireland does.

In Egypt the problem is simpler. Egypt never has been part of the Empire, and there is no sort of reason why she should become so. Great Britain has one serious interest in Egypt that must be safeguarded, namely, the Suez Canal. She is entitled, therefore, to stipulate that adequate guarantees must be forthcoming for the safety of that vital waterway. Those guarantees must include the right to garrisons which can protect it, and the conclusion of a Treaty which will give us some control over Egyptian foreign policy, otherwise Egypt should be allowed to go her own way, the principal difficulty being the reconciliation to her new status of other Powers which have rights under the Capitulations. We need to understand that we cannot any longer govern a large part of the world by force. We can afford neither the men nor the money. The Empire and its appendages must therefore be held together by consent. Fortunately the manifest advantages of a common citizenship, of the elimination of all forms of international friction over a very wide area, of the mutual protection and strength which all the members gain, and of the assistance Britain is able to give out of her ripe experience in government, are bonds which should be quite sufficient to hold it together, provided there are no unsatisfied ideals striving to pull it apart. It should be our constant preoccupation to see that there are none. We shall then be able to feel at peace with ourselves, and at the same time to confront the world as an organisation which bears no resemblance to a military empire in the older sense, which threatens no one, and stands across no one's path, but which does on the other hand present a striking example of the benefits which unity and co-operation can bestow. For an Empire of that sort there should be a great future, for unity and co-operation are what the world most sorely needs. For one of the older sort, it is difficult to foresee any but a disastrous future, in which the one thing certain is that Britain herself will sink under the weight of her obligations.

It would be of great advantage to us if the setting in order of our own house could reach an advanced and promising stage before the assembling of the Washington Conference. Americans take the keenest interest in Ireland, and if we are to establish good relations with the United States, it is essential that the Irish war should not

begin fresh. We have also to remember that the United States originated in our one great imperial failure, and that although Americans long ago began to readjust their historical views so as to fit in with events later than the War of Independence, nevertheless their attitude towards the British Empire as an institution cannot but be affected by that struggle. They are naturally apt to have a ready sympathy for any community which shows any desire to break away. I repeat, therefore, that if we could contrive to let it be clear before the Washington Conference meets that the Irish and Egyptian questions were well on the way to settlement, it would be of enormous advantage to us at that Conference. It is also desirable that we should, if possible, get out of our not very edifying squabble with the United States over the exploitation of oil resources in Mesopotamia and elsewhere, though on that point the Washington Government seems to have taken up a position exceedingly difficult to sustain in argument.

How important the Washington Conference may be for us, we begin to realise when we read the speeches at the last debate on the naval estimates early in August. The Government then announced that battleships built before Jutland are already obsolete, as helpless in the presence of the great leviathans of the post-war period as any old battleship became when the Dreadnoughts first appeared. Japan and America are both apparently committed to the construction of sixteen of these monsters, which may cost anything from six to nine million pounds apiece. At present we are only to lay down four, but they will cost us some £30,000,000. A new battle fleet comparable to those the Japanese and Americans at present propose to build would cost us some £150,000,000. It can safely be said at the very outset that we simply cannot afford any such sum for that purpose; it would be, of course, in addition to the ordinary naval expenditure on maintenance, manning and the building of essential small craft, including vessels of such trifling importance as submarines have proved themselves to be! Yet Mr. Churchill tells us that unless we have a fleet second to none, our Empire will continue to exist only on sufferance, that we shall be able to keep ourselves alive "only by goodwill," and that such would be "a melancholy sequel to the glories of the Great War."

There are many technical aspects of this theory which have not yet been adequately discussed. Apart from possible developments of the aeroplane and the submarine, no one has yet explained how these vast vessels, hitherto only used by belligerents confronting each other across narrow seas, are to operate across the Atlantic or the Pacific, steaming with their escorts of destroyers and cruisers for thousands of miles before there is a possibility of an action. These considerations, however, are matters for the expert, and I do not propose to do more than draw attention to them here. What we

have a right to know, however, is the purpose of building super-super-Dreadnoughts in competition with Japan, who is our ally, and America, who is our close friend. We know what such competitions mean; they expand in an ascending scale. The first programme may be sixteen, but there will be further programmes to follow, all in units costing some £8,000,000. The finances of Japan are her own concern, but it is necessary that Mr. Churchill should understand that if the British Empire can only exist, except "on sufferance," by putting down a stake of £8,000,000 every time America does the same, then it can only exist by the "sufferance" of America. It is merely a matter of arithmetic. It is indisputable that the United States could still, with an effort, go on "seeing and raising" us long after we were at the end of our financial resources. But such a devastating war in the counting-house would indeed be "a melancholy sequel to the glories of the Great War."

At all costs we must go to Washington with a better message than this. Our minds must be made up that, disarmament or no disarmament, we are not going to break ourselves by playing a game of naval poker against America. Nor shall we lose anything by saying so; a little more sincerity, especially in admitting the obvious, would make diplomacy more rapid and more fruitful. We ought to make it clear that if America desires the expensive luxury of possessing the largest navy in the world, especially at a moment when the ships under construction are sure to be obsolete before they are needed, we do not intend to contest her wish. We only propose to have a fleet adequate to protect our communications, and we do not regard her as a possible enemy. There remains Japan. Japan has now for many years been our ally, and our very loyal ally. The alliance may or may not be renewed; even if it is not, there is no reason why our relations should not remain as good. On the other hand, the relations between America and Japan are not cordial, and American public opinion is apt to look askance at our alliance. It is clear enough already, but it should nevertheless be made even more clear, if that be possible, that in no circumstances whatever will our co-operation with Japan in the Far East be allowed to draw us into hostility with the United States.

Even though that be done, the attitude of watchfulness of one another which America and Japan maintain, and their present naval programmes, do stand to some extent in the way of the organisation of international relations on a better footing. There is also—it is no use refusing to face the fact—a possibility of a conflict of interests over the racial question between Japan and Australia. The problem of the Pacific is a real problem, and it may not be very easy to solve. Yet upon its peaceful and quick solution may depend in great part the future of civilisation, for disarmament and co-operation must be world-wide or nothing. I said at the outset that Britain cannot solve

the world's problems unaided. She is in a position to render the greatest assistance, that is all. Fortunately, there is no reason to suppose that she will be unaided. After all, America has invited the Powers to the Washington Conference, and she has presumably not done that for nothing. She has invited them to discuss the question of disarmament, which is the crucial question on which everything turns, for the choice is between the reign of force and the reign of reason. We should therefore go forward in the expectation that America intends to assist towards disarmament. We should make our own anxiety for the attainment of that end clear beyond the possibility of doubt. We should also use all our influence with Japan in order to secure her close and cordial co-operation. At present her attitude is a little cautious and non-committal.

-We cannot sincerely be surprised at this attitude, for Japan's position is exceptionally difficult. She has suddenly swung into the orbit of the Great Powers, but there are greater Powers than she, and her position is not very secure. Moreover, her population expands; she needs room and she needs the potentiality of wealth, for she is not really rich enough to carry the military burden she has assumed. Yet owing to her late arrival on the scene she is cut off from nearly all possible colonies. Her situation, in fact, is explosive, and she has real grievances which are felt keenly by a proud and martial people. When we are apt to be critical of her inroads upon China while the other Powers were occupied elsewhere, we should remember these facts. An overflowing pool must find an outlet, whether it be in a quietly flowing river or in a flood over the countryside. If we are to achieve the reality of disarmament, this difficulty must be dealt with, and it calls for reasonableness and concession on both sides. Japan must realise already that she cannot compete against America, much less against America and an Australia with Britain behind her, in a race to build a navy. On the other hand, we and the Americans together must understand that both the world's peace, and common justice to Japan herself, demand that we should recognise the reality of her difficulties, and help her to surmount them. The problem is one which requires real statesmanship on all sides, and real statesmanship is rare. But in this case the consequences of failure are sure to be so disastrous to everyone concerned that we must hope that the hour will produce that statesmanship.

Our task at Washington is to prevent at all costs the development in the Pacific of the rivalries that have reduced Europe to ruin, and then, if we can, to call in the New World to restore to the Old its sense of balance. Our immediate task in Europe is to prevent gross injustice being done, which will gravely prejudice the peace of future generations, and to persuade the Continental nations to put the war behind them, and to settle down into a permanent and peaceful relationship. Unfortunately France cannot be persuaded that a

mutilated and resentful Germany is far more dangerous to her than a Germany a little larger and stronger but reasonably contented could ever be. For a year or more now Britain and France have been pulling in different directions over almost every question that has arisen. Some of the pitfalls in the way of the Entente, notably that of reparations, have been safely surmounted, but two of supreme importance still gape before us. As I write the statesmen of the two nations are openly emphasising their differences over Silesia, and the question of the cancellation of the sanctions inflicted on Germany at the time of the reparations crisis is likely to lead to differences just as acute.

On these issues the point of view of the ordinary Englishman is quite simple and quite sound. He remains cordial in his friendliness towards France, though he is beginning to lose, as is his habit, the bitterness he once felt against Germany. He realises and sympathises with the fears of renewed German aggression that France feels, and is anxious to find some method of relieving those fears. But he regards it as the merest insanity to make such a renewal almost inevitable by provocative prolongations and extensions of the occupation of purely German territory, and by the creation of a new Alsace-Lorraine in Silesia. Mr. Lloyd George expressed this feeling forcibly and well when he said at the Supreme Council that "Britain would always stand by France if she were unjustly attacked, but the nations of the British Empire would not be dragged into a war arising out of the oppressive use of superior force, or abuse of justice in the hour of triumph, by any ally." As to the justice of the matters in question, there cannot really be two opinions. Whether the votes are reckoned individually or by communes, there was a substantial majority in Upper Silesia for remaining German. In the case of the individual votes there was a majority of seven to four. It cannot possibly be just, therefore, to give the greater part of the province to Poland. The Allies are bound by the Treaty of Versailles to take economic and geographical considerations also into account. Of necessity, if the bulk of the province is to go to Germany, these considerations must tell in her favour rather than the reverse. There is little more room for difference of opinion over the sanctions imposed in the spring of this year. A customs cordon was set up on the Rhine, and fresh German towns were occupied, in order to force Germany to accept the reparation terms. She accepted them, and no one suggests that she is not honourably fulfilling her bond. She has therefore the right to demand that the customs shall be removed and the towns evacuated.

France, however, does not look at these questions in that light at all. She sees that she has now the opportunity to do damage to Germany. She thinks that if Germany is territorially and industrially weakened, her own position will be made more secure. She

wishes Poland to be as strong as possible, and to take the place of Russia as her ally on the Eastern frontier of Germany. The whole of her policy on the Rhine is influenced by the powerful school of French thought which desires a permanent frontier on that river. M. Tardieu, one of the French delegates to the Peace Conference, has made clear in his recent book, *The Truth about the Treaty*, how strong this party is. He indicates, moreover, that the trouble over the occupation of the Rhine is likely to extend far into the future, for he regards the Anglo-American treaties that were to guarantee the future integrity of France as a *quid pro quo* received in return for the surrender of the claim to a frontier on the Rhine, and argues that, as those treaties have not been ratified, the occupation of the Rhine may be prolonged beyond the fifteen years prescribed in the Treaty. To this policy the only possible answer for any British Government, the answer which, if not made now, will have to be made some time in the future, is that the British people will refuse to guarantee its results. No Government could commit them to any such course; they would repudiate the obligation as soon as they realised what it meant. France must choose between a policy that is just, sane, and pacific, which will endeavour to obtain from Germany in the immediate future the reparations she undoubtedly owes, but which will otherwise enable all the European nations to settle down in amity to restore their mutual prosperity; and a policy which will maintain the bitterness of the war and the peace conference far on into the future, until another war destroys European civilisation. If she will choose the first, she will have the cordial and determined support of Great Britain and of all its citizens. If she insists on the second, she may perhaps have the backing of Poland, but Great Britain will be quite unable to collaborate with her. The Entente, like all such alliances, must have its basis not only in a common sympathy but also in a real and solid policy pursued whole-heartedly by all its members. Otherwise it will die, and though the day of its death may pass almost unobserved, the hour of trial will prove it to be lifeless enough. It has been in danger all through the past year, and a serious effort is now required to save it, but it cannot be saved by any more evasions and compromises, but only by sincerity and plain speaking.

In the Pacific and in Europe the statesmen of all nations need to keep before their eyes the lessons driven home by the war, namely, that even a victorious war is a stupendous disaster. Somehow they must settle their differences, even though they be very real differences, in another manner. This very trite proposition they all profess to accept, but their acquiescence does not carry them very far in action. It is clearly only too possible that we shall see in the Pacific the development of a policy of reliance on naval strength, and in Europe the continued operation of a policy based on the assumption that Germany will one day try to reverse the last decision

against her. Yet all that makes life worth living to the individual German must be destroyed, even if Germany were to attempt such a coup, and to succeed; and reliance on the strength of navies is altogether too apt to lead to a situation in which a desperate trial of that strength is the only hope that remains to at least one of the competitors. It should be the task of British statesmanship to work unremittingly for a different international relationship; to emphasise at every available opportunity that force has failed, and must fail more dismally still in the future, to solve any of the problems that the varied grouping of humanity presents, whether they be concerned with the rivalries of independent nations, or with the adjustment of the relations between the nations within our own Empire; and to make it clear that the dominant note of our future policy will be to seek solutions of all outstanding problems of different lines, to avoid all obligations which seem likely to lead even to a far distant war, and to further any well-founded scheme which promises to guarantee and safeguard the world's peace.

H. B. USHER.

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AMERICA LOOKS AT EUROPE.

SOME exceedingly significant facts which tend to alter the relations of America and Europe—or at least to crystallise and consolidate Americo-European relations—have occurred during the past month or two. Washington lies across the water ready to welcome French and British delegates and the delegates of other countries; but it would be folly to believe that for Europe the political centre of gravity is shifting, and that, instead of holding Supreme Councils in London, we are now about to hold Supreme Councils at Washington and incidentally obtain for them the participation of America. The Washington Conference, I am afraid, will only confirm America's political aloofness from Europe. Not by Europe going on a round trip to America is America brought permanently back to Europe. It would be better to have no illusions on this score. A very good American of generally sound judgment has at each successive stage of American separation assured me that America did not really mean it, and was merely hanging off in order to find a better way of coming on. That is because he has become an enthusiastic European, and is, moreover, an economist. The travelled American (speaking broadly) begins by being a European: then he allows his Americanism to disdain and reject Europe; and, finally, in some cases, atavistically grows more European than the European.

It is certain that economically the whole world is one, and that eventually, if America considers her true interests, she will return to the fold. But in the first place no nation considers its true interests. Every nation has been behaving in the most stupid, sentimental manner. In a remarkably clear survey of the European field, which he has entitled "Balkanised Europe," my friend Mr. Paul Scott Mowrer—one of the few Paris journalists who matter—makes a capital point when he insists that we shall be led astray if we suppose the world thinks in terms of economics

and of material interest. Could European countries and America agree to do the sensible thing, the riddle would be solved to-morrow; and there would be no starving, apathetic Austria, no swashbuckling Poland, no tangle of States cutting themselves off from their means of livelihood in their distrust of their neighbour, and looking beyond their neighbour to their neighbour's neighbour—who is also the enemy of their nearest neighbour—for an ally. All the military and tariff walls could come down: there could be a comfortable intermingling and inter-trading that would be to the profit of everybody: and the^obad strategic frontiers and the impossible geographic unities and the speckled ethnic maps and the absurd industrial divisions, would be of no importance. Anyone could make Europe happy—if only Europe would consent to be happy. The trouble is that we are not ruled by reason, nor even by economic necessities, but, by politics; and we insist on cultivating our sense of nationality and our hatred of those who are of alien race; and we seek combinations for our security and try to turn mountains round away from their valleys (peopled by foreigners!), and endeavour to make rivers run uphill, and make agricultural land building land for factories, and grow wheat on iron mines—and, in short, do any complicated, mad thing, because it is political, rather than the right thing, because it is simply economic. Europe is politics crazy, and offers an amazing spectacle of foolish antagonisms and still more foolish exclusive friendships; of fears, of ambitions, of attempted self-sufficiencies, of armed vigilance.

But if what is wrong with Europe is that we have the political mind (which means a mind filled with a strange mixture of panic and pride, of uncharitableness and of envy, of selfishness and self-righteousness, and of belief in cunning and force), it is equally true that America has not yet acquired the economic mind. Had she the economic mind, she would realise that she must lend a hand in putting Europe straight, since Europe is a customer of whom she has need. Had she the economic mind, she would realise that she could indeed drive out the devils in Europe; for enervated Europe would listen to her, would respond to her, provided she remembered that it is a political rather than an economic disorder—that economic disorder is not so much a cause as a consequence of political disorder, though they react on each other in a vicious circle—that afflicts the Old World.

But there are, as I have indicated, no signs that America yet understands the psychology of Europe or that she will, at Washington, have a wider vision of the world. Mr. Wilson failed utterly at Paris: the greatest tragedy of an ideal in the whole history of mankind was followed by a deliberate narrowing of

outlook. America had looked at Europe and was not encouraged to do more. There was a revulsion against Wilsonianism. America preferred violently to stay at home. The United States is swept with great waves of opinion stirred by great gusts of passion; and after the wave of internationalism comes the wave of nationalism. But there are many Americans—most of the best Americans—who are aware that America is not a continent in a vacuum, but is an integral part of a greater whole; and that it is not independent, but is interdependent. The solidarity of the universe is not to be argued about: it is a fundamental fact. The time is not yet ripe to attempt to persuade the bulk of Americans that cancellation of war debts is not only fair but is good business; that in the long run the non-cancellation of war debts is not only unjustifiable, but is a luxury that not even America can afford. (Just as long persistence in Europe of a policy of impossible reparations and sanctions and hostility will be absolutely ruinous.) Europe for that matter is not yet ripe for cancellation: it is regarded as pro-German and unfriendly in many quarters even to mention the possibility of cancellation, because Germany might suggest that the corollary is a more co-operative and less unilateral arrangement in Europe. Nor is the time ripe to urge that America should shoulder what are, after all, her ineluctable political responsibilities in Europe. But there is a growing feeling among Americans that it would be better to face the mondial situation as it is; and in part, I am assured, the Washington Conference is an attempt to begin to get in touch again, to reverse the declared Harding programme of Americanism in its most cramped sense. New contacts will be taken, and a more cautious propaganda for Americo-European union doubtless initiated.

It is nevertheless necessary to see what is happening clearly; and, however vaguely universal may be the objects of the Washington meeting, the practical issue is likely to be the Pacific issue. It is not my purpose to discuss that subject: but if it is indeed possible for America, England, Japan, and perhaps China, to come to an understanding, the Washington Conference will be a great triumph. More competent pens—such as that of Mr. Archibald Hurd—will deal with the naval aspect of the problem; but in these days, when, in spite of the lessons of the last war, we find American publicists (Mr. Frank Simonds, for example) openly writing of the inevitability of conflict in certain circumstances, proclaiming the readiness of America to fight if other methods are ineffective, it would be a deep satisfaction to all men of goodwill, who fear that the muddled world only requires for its complete inextricable confusion and final collapse

the exhaustion of the comparatively fresh and unhurt nations, to know that this ultimate nightmare has been safely stabled. Failure at some agreement will intensify the menace. If it is publicly announced that America and Japan are irreconcilably opposed, then the catastrophe will be brought measurably nearer. England will be regarded with distrust as an Ally of Japan. It seems impossible that the principal parties would have consented to such a meeting, it seems incredible that President Harding would have proposed such a meeting, were not some solution in sight. I have had opportunities of "sensing" American political feeling, and everything leads me to believe that already an agreement is virtually and tacitly assured. Were it not so, the world would seem to be determined on suicide; and one could only ask what madness had overtaken men. It is hardly necessary to add that the whole weight of British influence, which in this matter is considerable, will be employed (to use a permissible pun) to keep the Pacific so.

The Washington Conference in a month's time will then be more than justified. But if optimism in this sense is not fatuous—is indeed a duty—for the rest it is scarcely likely that valuable conclusions will be reached. The rest is Europe. There have been nebulously spoken of in connection with the Conference two subjects which are essentially European. They are land disarmament and the League.

Now these two subjects involve a discussion of the whole condition and policy of Europe with its baker's dozen of countries of vital importance nearly all with differing aims, nearly all with implacable animosities and ineradicable distrusts and complicated schemes which depend upon present or potential military force for their execution. Naval disarmament can be treated as a separate and definite question, on which only three countries have to signify their desire to come to terms, to avoid a devastating race with a calamitous goal, for it to be settled. But it appears hopeless to talk about land disarmament; and it is certainly inopportune to consider the formation of a new League or an Association of Nations while the existing League is under sentence of death—reprieved for a few months, given an opportunity of saving itself by making good, but strongly suspected, even by its best friends, of being a hotbed of diplomatic intrigue. It also appears hopeless to try to interest America in European affairs at this moment when she is preoccupied with her own, and when she has just seen the Supreme Council write as its own epitaph a gigantic question-mark. No other kind of writing than honest frank writing is, in my opinion, of any consequence, and it is advisable to look at the exhibition presented by the Paris

Supreme Council, and the subsequent proceedings, as they appear to the impartial observer.

The impartial observer may be taken to be Mr. Ambassador Harvey. Every American journalist in Paris who heard him repeat the short lapidary phrase with which he greeted the decision to refer the question of Upper Silesia to the League of Nations was struck by its scornful importance. I believe it was not taken much notice of in England. There are several reasons for this, but the chief reason is that its significance depended upon the emphatic air of finality with which this condemnation was pronounced. The words spoken, though obviously ironical—American pleasure in the relegation of the problem to a body with which America is not associated; confirmation of the American opinion that this is purely a European problem, which implies that European problems are no concern of America—were capable of being underlined. Mr. Harvey certainly dotted all the "i's" and crossed all the "t's." He left no doubt in the minds of the statesmen, as he subsequently left no doubt in the minds of the pressmen, that America will assume no responsibility of any kind for whatever may come out of these clashes of European policies. It was with some hope that Mr. Harvey was welcomed by the Supreme Council. Personally, I anticipated that his mere presence would have a restraining effect. There is a special meaning in the word Observer—almost a sinister meaning. Mr. Harvey was there to observe—to observe how European diplomatists do their business, what their relations are, what their intentions are: to observe the difficulties, whether real or fictitious, whether political or material, of the Old Continent. It was hardly possible to put a more instructive example of the problems and of the methods under the eyes of this newcomer to the Conference. Upper Silesia is an illuminating instance of how financial interests collide, of how contrary political plans prepare an uncertain but probably sanguinary future, of how all kinds of reasons except that of justice (for even a relative justice could not be on both sides of the "industrial triangle") are openly or occultly invoked. I cannot conceive a more unfortunate debate to have chosen for the initiation of Mr. Harvey in the mysteries of European diplomacy. Any of the previous Conferences would have been less damaging. I could not help magnifying Mr. Harvey to immense dimensions. He grew into a terrible, gigantic, sphinx-like figure: silent, enigmatic. He grew into the embodiment of a nation. For me, he was America come to look at Europe.

This rôle of Observer was then supremely important: one regarded him almost in alarm. One felt that it depended on

what he saw and heard whether the last hope of America recovering her interest in Europe was to be lost or saved. It is singularly unhappy that the virtual dissolution of the Entente, the divergence of views between the two countries which for the moment dominate the Continent, and the consequent confusion and uncertainty respecting the future of Europe, should have been painfully manifested. Even when the Upper Silesian problem, which the bankrupt Supreme Council could not solve, was handed over to the League of Nations, it was not the end of intrigue, but to all appearances the beginning of intrigue. I for one have been an ardent and consistent supporter of the League idea, but I did not dream of expressing jubilation that the League was to have its chance. I find it difficult to understand the sentiments of those supporters of the League idea who rejoiced. Rather it filled me with anxiety. Plainly the statesmen acted out of no love for the League, but had only the immediate object of veiling a grave rupture. Plainly the League, as *pis-aller*, is not likely to gain any lasting laurels. That business of nominating a reporter to the Council was ugly—not because I would suggest that the Governments directly intervened and attempted to “noble” the judges—ranging the representative of this or that country on their side by promises or subtle menaces—but because most of the comment in the newspapers and in political circles was hard-faced speculation of a purely diplomatic kind. There were calculations about whether the Spanish delegate would be favourable to France: the situation in Morocco, which ought to have nothing to do with the situation in Upper Silesia, was examined with its possible repercussions on the Spanish verdict. The newspapers all assumed that the refusal of Senor Quiñones de León was due to the instructions of his Government not to offend either France or England. They all wondered what effect the nomination of Viscount Ishii, whose Government is frankly friendly to England, would have. Whether Brazil would be induced to take the British or the French view; whether Chinese interests would affect the vote; whether Belgium would consider it better to placate England or to line up with France—this was the only kind of talk to be heard. There was a disgusting incitement to petty intrigue, to the formation of combinations, that convinced me that while the League is composed of ex-diplomatists, ex-statesmen, men in close touch with politics, more or less direct delegates of their Governments, influenced, even unconsciously, through long habits of thought, by regard for the policy of their country, the League is not the organ which was desired—it is not a desirable organ. Remark that I do not assume that any delegate received

instructions, or that either France or England in fact exercised political pressure : I know nothing of these things, and certainly prefer not to credit crude allegations. It is not because there were or were not overtures and private conversations, not because there was or was not diplomatic interference : it is because the publicists and politicians openly and almost startlingly approached the problem in this manner, and were concerned at what might or might not be done to deflect judgment—thus revealing a deplorable state of mind—that I conclude that in present circumstances a League of Foreign Offices is not and cannot be the impartial authority, the superior tribunal that Mr. Wilson intended. The spirit displayed in nearly all quarters was essentially the old Machiavellian spirit. Men have not yet put aside the guiles of diplomacy, even when it is a question of the League. This revelation—which was not really a revelation but only a confirmation—almost destroyed for many people besides myself faith in the League as constituted, instead of strengthening confidence in the League. I repeat that I am making no reflection upon persons many of whom I personally know to be men of the highest conscience, but one has a right to assert, after the cynical public discussions, that the League, whatever the result of this reference, gives no assurance of being different from any other diplomatic conclave. I cannot see America being induced to reconsider her resolve not to join the League. Nor can I see America starting another organisation on similar lines.

Not long after this disastrous Supreme Council, America indeed quite definitely signed a treaty with Germany which made an end of the League so far as she is concerned, and made an end of many other hopes of American participation in Europe. I confess I did not understand many of the reports which placidly asserted that the Germano-American treaty was a sort of replica of the Versailles Treaty—or at least was based on the Versailles Treaty. What was left out of this short document was absolutely everything that interests Europe. The League Covenant is left out : obligation of any kind for the present boundaries of European countries is left out : and purely American rights are all that is preserved. What advantage is there in concealing this vital truth, or in attempting to gloss it over as did a comically satisfied article in the *Matin*, a journal for whom everything that America does is exuberantly excellent? America has, of course, behaved quite properly from her national point of view ; but her detachment from European complications is undoubtedly proclaimed in unmistakable acts.

If we start from this point, there is some chance of realising

that Europe must work out her own salvation and must expect no miracle. Miracles have been looked for too long. Happily, when the European field is surveyed, many signs will be seen that justify a certain optimism. For the first time France, who, after all, will for many years determine the course of events in Europe, is definitely turning to a policy of co-operation with Germany. This is a fact of first-rate importance. Mr. Harvey may have occasion very shortly to modify his impression of the helplessness of European statecraft. France is recovering a healthy sense of self-reliance. She refuses—in my opinion rightly—to be ridden by British policy. Previously, however, when she revolted against British direction, she revolted in a wild way. The struggle was made to appear to be between the British policy of reason and the French policy of force, between the willing agreement of victor and vanquished, and sheer coercion and hostility. England has managed to assume the *beau rôle* of the forgiving country, anxious for true peace; and has managed to place France in the position of an irreconcilable country with one eye on her Army and the other on the Ruhr. I have long maintained that this was a false situation, and it has been apparent for some time, in spite of heroics, that ultimately France would realise that it was bad business to be forced to fight England on this ground. Quite clearly there now appear two tendencies in France. The first still favours the policy of distrust and disruption; the second favours the policy of mutually beneficial economic accords with Germany—economic accords not concluded under the ægis of England, but in separate face-to-face negotiations directly pursued with Germany. Personally, while believing that politically (that is to say, psychologically) the first attitude was explicable, if not justifiable, I think the second, which takes count of economics, is infinitely more rational.

It is rather odd that at the same moment the political aim should be made so apparent in the central dispute about Upper Silesia, and the opposite economic aim should be manifesting itself in the Loucheur-Rathenau accord. The *Temps* the other day put the case of France admirably when it said: "Beginning with a world-wide alliance, we end—let us have the courage to recognise—with quasi-isolation. Certainly it is not entirely our fault that such a great change has been produced. Neither events nor men outside our country have furnished us the aid on which we might legitimately have counted. But our diplomatic situation would perhaps be more favourable—let us admit it—if the voices which have spoken in the name of France, or which have been raised in France [it might be added, the voices of British

apologists of the wiser French policy], had always given to the world the impression of good sense, of measure, of that pacific spirit, thrifty and laborious, which forms in reality the fundamental character of our race." When I read these excellent phrases—which express what the best friends of France have long felt, friends who have not flattered her diplomatic aberrations or curried favour at the Quai d'Orsay, but have remained convinced of her sound sense at bottom—it seemed almost good that the brutal shock of the Germano-American peace, which rejects obligations and conserves rights, should have awakened such reflections. There may be many fluctuations—German militarism may provoke a return to the policy of menaces—but from now onwards I am convinced we shall gradually move more and more along the lines of the Loucheur-Rathenau accord. France will imitate America in independence—even though the Treaty is thus superseded and the Entente partnership broken—but will obtain what she can obtain from Germany by means of voluntary arrangements.

The period which is now passing was inevitable: hopes of complete reparation were followed by cruel disillusion: hopes of security by a world pact were followed by disillusion which were still more cruel, since they left France alone before her hereditary enemy. With America, France has endeavoured always to maintain specially amicable relationship, and the French newspapers have (since the disastrous Wilson days, when they helped, by girding at Mr. Wilson, to turn American opinion against him and so to drive America from Europe, reject the Treaty, and conclude a separate peace) kept a civil tongue in their headlines; and, indeed, are meekly and drolly thankful for all estranging signs of America's attitude. But towards England the anger of France turned: England had let France down both in respect of reparations and in respect of security, and England was still checking French action irksomely. I think that not too much notice should always be taken of these querulous expressions of discontent. They are bad-tempered and regrettable; but what is more important is the truth of the allegation that everywhere do French and British policies collide. Partly the leaning towards America—who deserted France much more certainly than England has done—is the result of a semi-conscious desire (sometimes conscious and avowed in such journals as the *Intransigent*) to play off America against England; but chiefly, of course, it can be explained psychologically on the ground that, if there is to be a divergence of paths, it can be accepted if it is a clean break—as with America—but cannot be accepted if the companion—England—is nevertheless bound by contractual

ties and is always tugging France in the opposite direction. The grievances of France against England are many: England is against a policy of coercion and occupation and dislocation; England is pro-Arab and anti-Turk, pro-Greek and anti-Polish; England tries to make friends with the new Russia; quickly attempted to reverse her war conceptions of Germany; was rather pro-Slav in Central Europe; and generally—in the first place rather by instinct or by hazard—took an opposite view on most things in post-war Europe to that taken by France. With Italy turning towards Germany and Russia, with Rumania—a non-Slav country bordered by Slavs—beginning to look Greecewards, with Yugo-Slavia concerned about French policy in Hungary, and Czecho-Slovakia sympathetic to Russia, it was not unnatural that France, menaced with isolation, seeing the game going against her in a deplorably egotistic continent, should have stiffened her back, sought *points d'appui*, and determined to keep her Army for protective purposes and to use it if necessary to squeeze whatever could be had out of her spoliator and debtor and to smash him up at need.

That was the first stage; but it is foolish to imagine that policies are fixed and rigid and that what was true yesterday is true to-day, or that what is true to-day will be true to-morrow. Already, in this tentative search for a policy, all European countries have changed their tactics several times; and always should it be remembered that two years is an enormously long time in international politics. The factors of the sum are constantly altered. Who would have dreamt even a year ago that England might be accused of being the enemy and the friend of the enemy? How many people believed me when six months ago I intimated that France would soon be entering into separate economic arrangements of a co-operative character with Germany? At present we find two currents which are opposed in France. First the realisation of isolation drove France to assert herself, to reply to the British veto by a number of threats, which the other day were summed up by M. Gustave Hervé as follows: "Our security is the Rhineland; we occupy the left bank and we will occupy the right bank—the region of the Ruhr—if Germany does not keep her engagements. The day that manifestly Germany refuses to execute the Treaty we will make of Rhineland—the right and left banks of the Rhine—a neutral independent State, detached from Germany, as the Allies, victors over Napoléon, detached Belgium from us in 1815 to punish us and enfeeble us." At the same time France sought alliances: she had an idle dream of Danubian aid, of forming a Confederation of which Hungary should be the centre; but before the

instances of the *Petite Entente* (the Slav States of Yugo-Slavia and Czecho-Slovakia joined by Rumania, equally alarmed), and also before the obviously dangerous character in other respects of this move, the dream was quickly dismissed.

It was then Poland which, for this particular French policy, became the pivot. To my mind, a policy which turns on Poland is doomed to failure. It grew into its present importance by the accident that France beat back the Bolsheviks from Warsaw, and ever since Warsaw has had a hypnotic effect on certain French dignitaries. It is, I suppose, possible to conceive Poland taking the place of Russia in a combination against Germany, and at the same time holding back a hostile Russia from joining with Germany against a victorious France. But it is, for me, obvious that France can render no effective help to Poland when Germany and Russia are at all re-established; and Poland will have to choose between a *rapprochement* with Germany (economically ineluctable) and a *rapprochement* with Russia (detested, but, after all, the chief member of the same Slav family to which Poland belongs), or find herself crushed between the upper and the nether millstones. Nothing, in my opinion, can save her—certainly not France—if she remains at once the enemy of these two incomparably more powerful neighbours, having indisposed Russia by taking great tracts of Russian land, having injured Germany by taking mines and factories rightly or wrongly claimed by Germany. She is bound to provoke a coalition against her; and the disarming of Germany will be of small importance a generation hence if Germany is forging her arms in Russia, is indeed forging Russia into an arm. These are considerations which cannot be overlooked by any serious political thinker; and true friends of Poland would counsel moderation; and politicians who rely upon Poland should ask whether they are certain that Poland will not have become (hard as it seems to imagine it at the present moment) on terms equivalent to terms of alliance with one or the other, perhaps both, of these great neighbour countries, or else will be gasping out the painful last breath of a miserable and muddled life a score of years hence.

But all this implies armed vigilance in Europe, all this means that discussion of land disarmament at Washington is useless; since several of the conquering countries have doubled or trebled their pre-war armies in sheer fright of the unknown future, in the flux and reflux of pan-Slav, of Danubian, of Germanic, of French, of British, and of a score of fluid national policies, seeking combinations for *revanche* or for common defence, or, as in the case of Greece, who is still fighting her fight, for conquest. It is useless for England or for America to preach

disarmament to France when the Three-Power military pact collapsed, and the League was emasculated, and Britain has spoken (accidentally and lightly, perhaps, but nevertheless significantly) of new friendships, and America has ostentatiously renounced all obligations to uphold even the existing French frontiers on the Alsace-Lorraine side. It would be folly for France to disarm unless—unless, perchance, she makes a sudden *revirement* and by an economic friendship and collaboration with Germany places peace upon the solid ground of a paying proposition.

I look on objectively: I must be taken to be merely recording tendencies; but certainly this Loucheur-Rathenau accord betokens a turning from politics (in the narrow sense) to economics. Quite frankly it has been stated in leading French organs that, as the benefits of the victory dissolve, as the Entente grows more frigid, as the Allies separate, as France is left more and more alone, the distance between the vanquished and the victor must diminish. France and Germany, finding themselves face to face, virtually alone, will begin to talk together. It would be wrong to dramatise the situation or to push matters further than they are; it would be wrong to let imagination loose, and, as the *Temps* says, conceive already immense Franco-German trusts which will be able to beat any other combinations in Europe. It would be wrong to suppose that in the twinkling of an eye sentiments can be changed, and that big business can oust fears and hatreds. But I think the second stage has been reached. The first result of Entente quarrels and the dissolution of the Alliance was to make France sharpen her sword and to set her diplomatic wits to work. The second result may well be to ask if there is not an alternative. M. Loucheur has indicated the alternative. M. Philippe Millet, I remember, when these Wiesbaden negotiations began—and M. Millet is certainly the soundest and sanest and fairest-minded French journalist I know, and may be taken as an authority on the Loucheur programme—hinted at something much wider than the accord which would have Germany supply material and goods for the ruined North, hinted at commercial collaboration and the Franco-German exploitation of Eastern European markets. Sentimental politics may lead to France being left outside Russia, while America, England, and Germany, with more realist minds, walk in. Sentimental politics may find England, driven by economic necessity, acting fruitfully with Germany. There are things which no one is yet daring enough to say: they shock; but from henceforward events will move, in one sense or another, even faster than they have hitherto moved in Europe. The

Loucheur-Rathenau accord implies much : it implies that France is not to be tied for ever by the Treaty to British apron-strings ; it implies that the reparation myth (with its astronomical figures) is dissolving, and that separate practical arrangements, limited in area and in time, are being found better than nebulous Treaty promises ; it implies that the bankruptcy of Germany and default under the London agreement may not provoke France to action, provided, as is just, she secures the means of rebuilding the North from Germany ; it implies that the Treaty and all its creaking machinery is being scrapped ; it implies a new spirit and new possibilities ; it even implies that sooner rather than later—though not at Washington—some measure of disarmament may be practicable ; it implies, in my opinion, not the slightest unfriendliness towards England, but rather the promise that, no longer condemned to live unceasingly in each other's company, in the same divided house, no longer robbed of a relative independence, France and England may be better friends. All this is not yet, but it is the business of the politician to take heed of the turns of the tide and to foresee how things will fall.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

PEACE AND THE BAGHDAD RAILWAY.

I.—THE PAST.

IF Belgium is "the cockpit of Europe," there is little doubt that the territories lying between the Ægean Sea and the Persian Gulf occupy a similar position in relation to Asia. It is possible to trace the conflicts which have laid waste this region back to some 2,500 years before the Christian era, and the manner in which history has repeated itself is truly remarkable.

Generally speaking, Syria and the central portion of Asia Minor has been held by one Power, while the Mediterranean and Mesopotamian seaboard, with considerable tracts of country stretching inland from them, have been in the hands of other races or kingdoms. The result has been that the kingdoms at either end of Asia Minor have been open to pressure and attack from countries further inland, while the inland Power itself has had, so to speak, both flanks in the air. Consequently, century after century has been a record of attacks, counter-attacks, and offensive and defensive alliances, varied occasionally by the appearance of an entirely new element which has swept away existing States and for a greater or lesser period held the stage as the dominating Power.

But through all the ages and amid all the strife of the ancient world, ~~the~~ salient fact stands out—that no kingdom has ever lasted which did not hold both the Mediterranean and Mesopotamian ends of the 2,000 miles, or thereabouts, lying between Constantinople and Basra. When we come to consider the present and future of the Baghdad Railway, it is important to bear in mind this historical fact.

The earliest association of the Turks with Asia Minor is found about the middle of the sixth century, when they conquered a district on the River Oxus in Central Asia, but by 610 A.D. they were assisting the Byzantine Emperor Heraclius against the Sassanians (of Persian origin) in the prolonged struggle for the mastery of Upper Mesopotamia. At the close of that campaign the Turks began to penetrate further west, usually in comparatively small bodies, but by the early part of the eleventh century they were firmly established in Asia Minor and had become known as the Seljuk Turks. In 1071 they turned the tables on their former allies by defeating the Byzantine Emperor, a victory which enabled them during the next few years to advance still nearer the Bosphorus. Their capital was established at Iconium (the modern

Konia), and gradually they gained control of the whole of Asia Minor.

The Seljuk Turks, as they came into contact with Arabs and Persians, embraced Mohammedanism, and, in 1096 began the desperate attempt by the Crusaders not only to rescue the various holy sites from the Moslems, but also to preserve the Near East for Christendom.

In 1219, however, when the efforts of the Crusaders were nearly spent and the Sultan Saladin had captured Jerusalem itself, the Seljuk Turks were in turn swept out of power by the Mongol invasion under Jenghiz Khan. This flood poured over Asia Minor and by 1260, when Jenghiz Khan had been succeeded by his brother Helagu Khan, the caliphate of Baghdad had fallen to the east, while in the west both Syria and Palestine had been invaded and Egypt was threatened.

The lucky star—or perhaps one should say crescent—of the Turks was, however, in the ascendant. Another sect—the Othmanli Turks, now commonly known as the Ottoman Turks—were driven from their lands in Central Asia by another Mongol horde, and after a pause not far from the eastern shore of the Black Sea, spread westwards until they reached Angora, where they came to the aid of the sorely tried Seljuk Turks, and the combined forces utterly defeated Helagu Khan in a great battle near the town.

After this victory there was no stopping the Turks. By the final decade of the thirteenth century they had defeated the last of the Crusaders, and in under fifty years they had reached Haidar Pasha, facing Constantinople, the present terminus at the European end of the Baghdad Railway.

Further great advances across the Bosphorus into Europe followed, but, while Turkey in Europe grew stronger, a sense of false security in Asiatic Turkey led to disaster, and the whole Turkish Empire was swept away by yet another Mongol invasion under Timur, who usurped the throne and power of the reigning Sultan Bayezid. The hopes of the Crusaders revived and the possibility was considered of Timur being converted to Christianity and so rescuing Asia Minor from Moslem hands after all, but he, true to the Mongolian character of raider rather than empire-builder, withdrew from the country as suddenly as he had entered it to seek fresh fields of conquest elsewhere.

Throughout these periods the one fact which stands out is that as soon as a Power lost its grip upon the stretch of country corresponding approximately to the line of the Baghdad Railway its end was near.

The Crusaders had an opportunity of renewing their efforts in

Asia Minor on the collapse of the Turkish Empire and the subsequent withdrawal of Timur, but failed to take advantage of it, and in ten years the Turks, showing remarkable recuperative powers, had regained part of their hold and subsequently began anew their advance into South-Eastern Europe.

Constantinople fell in 1453, after having successfully withstood several previous sieges, and so the gateway to the overland route to the East was definitely wrested from European hands.

The Turks now passed from triumph to triumph, and by the end of the reign of the Sultan Suleiman I., surnamed "The Magnificent," their Empire reached almost to the German frontier.

However, history repeated itself once more, and extended power in Europe again led to weakness in Asia, where the Turks were constantly engaged in the suppression of local risings, especially in Mesopotamia, which appears to have been a sort of Turkish Ireland.

Gradually Turkey in Europe was whittled down by a succession of treaties until Constantinople and its neighbourhood almost alone remained, and in 1798 the expedition of Napoleon to Egypt gave an unmistakable sign of the intention of European nations to recover, *via* Syria, the mastery of the short overland route to the East. After the battle of Aboukir nothing more came of Napoleon's scheme, but from that time onwards the energies of the Great Powers were devoted to obtaining a footing in the Near East.

The loss by the Turks of their control over Egypt, followed by their defeats at the hands of the Egyptians, still further weakened the Turkish Empire, which was on this occasion saved only by the intervention of the Great Powers—intervention which rapidly led to protectorates and "spheres of influence." So, by the middle of the nineteenth century, the fate of the Near East lay again in European hands, and it was at this juncture that the Baghdad Railway project first began to take shape in its earliest form.

England, profiting by the lessons of history and realising the menace to her Eastern possessions from which she had escaped through Napoleon's failure to continue his Syrian invasion, took immediate steps to secure a firm hold on one end of the short overland route, a position which the experience of centuries clearly showed would prevent complete control of the highway by any other Power.

A British Resident was established at Baghdad in the same year that Napoleon attacked Egypt; he was shortly afterwards recognised by the Turkish Government, and in 1834 was transferred from the control of the East India Company to that of the Government of India, and vested with Consular powers. No other

Power appointed a Consul at Baghdad for nearly fifty years, so that these steps established England at the head of the Persian Gulf well ahead of all possible rivals.

Good use was made of the interval. Navigation rights on the Euphrates were obtained from the Turkish Government by the famous British firm of Lynch Brothers, and subsequently extended to the Shatt-el-Arab, and the firm's steamers are still plying to-day.

Between 1835 and 1837 a survey of Mesopotamia was undertaken by Colonel Chesney, on behalf of the British Government, and twenty years later, in 1857, he, in conjunction with Sir John MacNeill, presented a memorandum on the possibility of building a Euphrates Valley Railway, having its starting point at the port of Alexandretta and running, *via* Aleppo and the Euphrates Valley, to Baghdad. This scheme had the great advantage, from an engineering point of view, of avoiding the costly cutting and tunnelling of the Taurus Mountains, and followed a generally easier route than the present line.

The scheme roused considerable interest, and was supported by those in touch with British interests in the East, but particularly by Sir William Andrew, a leading Indian railway official, whose efforts led, in 1872, to a Committee of the House of Commons being appointed to consider the project. This Committee reported favourably, the Turkish Government raised no difficulties, but unfortunately the glorious opportunity was missed, as the Suez Canal scheme began to fill the public eye. To a Sea Power, a short route to the East by water appealed perhaps more strongly than a railway, and the subsequent *coup* by which England obtained control of the canal, coupled with her occupation of Egypt, thrust the Euphrates Valley Railway into the background, from which it was to emerge in after years in the somewhat altered form of the Baghdad Railway.

Several small railways were built prior to the main project, but these were mostly in the coastal regions and are mentioned only because in every case a scheme, successful or otherwise, was put forward at one time or another for their junction with the Baghdad line.

The first railway built in Asia Minor was that from Smyrna to Aidin, with a subsequent extension to Ergerdir. This line was sanctioned in 1856 and completed in 1866, though the Ergerdir extension was of later date. The work was carried out by a British company without any guarantee from the Turkish Government, and, including four small branches, had a total length of rather over 350 miles.

Thus British enterprise was first in the field, and this railway was still in British hands on the outbreak of war in 1914, but it

was the sole remaining British concern of its kind, and so the first British railway in Asia Minor proved also to be almost the last. Its extension to Konia was refused by the Turkish Government in 1891, but only two years later permission was given for the Smyrna-Kassaba line (also a British concern at that time) to be extended to Afium-Karahissar, where it forms a junction with the Baghdad Railway. No sooner had this extension been completed, however, than the Turkish Government exercised its right of purchase and immediately transferred the line to French control.

Another small coast line ran from Mersina to Adana, and was opened in 1886 by a Franco-British syndicate, but was later sold to the Turkish Government, and eventually re-transferred to the Baghdad Railway Company. The first portion of what subsequently became the main line of the Baghdad Railway was from Haidar Pasha to Ismid, where the Sultan Abdul Aziz had a shooting-box. The line was for his convenience, and was built by the Turkish Government, but in the light of after-events it is interesting to note that the work was under the superintendence of a leading German engineer—Dr. von Pressel.

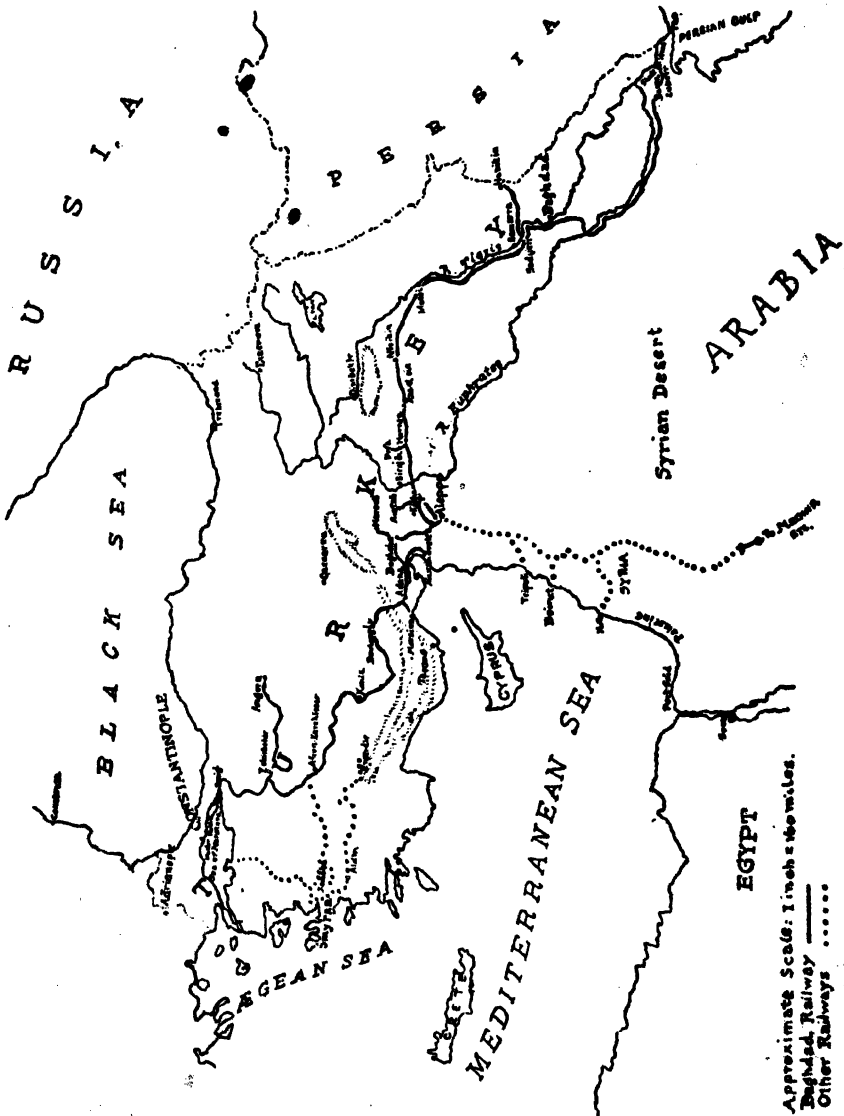
Fifteen years after the completion of this short length of track, a purely German concern was floated, under the name of the Anatolian Railway Company, and obtained from the Turkish Government a concession to build a railway from Haidar Pasha to Angora. The existing line from Haidar Pasha to Ismid was taken over, and the extension to Angora completed in 1893. Three years later two further concessions were obtained—the first to build a branch from Eskişehir, on the Angora line, to Konia, and the second to extend the main line from Angora, *via* Caesarea, to Diarbekr and Baghdad, thus forming the first definite proposal to link Constantinople by rail with the approaches to the Persian Gulf.

The Konia branch was duly constructed, but instead of being, as originally intended, merely a branch, circumstances arose which eventually converted it into a section of the Baghdad main line, following a revised route. The original plan, as shown above, was for a more northerly route, finishing along the valley of the Tigris, and if this had been adhered to the whole scheme would probably have retained its commercial aspect, and the southern part of Asia Minor left free for the natural railway development of French and British interests.

At this juncture, however, the Kaiser appeared upon the stage, and, obsessed by his mania for *welt-politik*, introduced far more ambitious proposals.

Following on a visit to the Sultan Abdul Hamid in 1898, con-

cession No. 2, referred to above, was abandoned, and instead, the erstwhile branch from Eskişehir to Konia was to become the main line, *viâ* Adana, Aleppo, Mosul and the Tigris valley, to Baghdad, and thence along the Euphrates valley to Basra. The



original main line meanwhile became a branch from Eskişehir to Angora.

The new plan added enormously to the engineering difficulties and cost of construction, but the political and military value of

such a line to Turkey and Germany, who had by then supplanted England as the guardian of the Turkish Empire, was immense, while it effectually stopped any eastward extension of French or British lines, across the course of which it directly cut.

The undertaking was considered too great for the Anatolian Railway Company, and consequently it was succeeded by another German concern called the Baghdad Railway Company. The interests in both companies were the same, the chief being the Deutsche Bank, and the only real result of the change was to strengthen the backing of the scheme both financially and politically, and to provide opportunities for financial deals between the nominally different companies to the advantage of the promoters.

The scheme itself compels admiration. Not only did it provide for the main line from Constantinople to the Persian Gulf, but also for no less than seven branches of varying length and importance linking up the Baghdad line with other systems both existing and contemplated. These were as follows:—

1. Toprak-Kale (near Adana) to Alexandretta.
2. Haran to Urfa.
3. Bagche to Marash.
4. Killis to Aintab.
5. Sadijeh (near Baghdad) to Hanikin, with the intention of connecting with prospective Persian railways.
6. Muslimiya to Aleppo, connecting with the Syrian lines and the Hedjaz Railway to Damascus, Medina and Mecca.
7. Zubeir (near Basra) to some point on the Persian Gulf.

All these branches were included in the Convention of 1903 between the Baghdad Railway Company and the Turkish Government, which was surely one of the most amazing documents ever produced. From the company's point of view it was the game of "Heads I win, tails you lose," raised to a fine art. It is too voluminous to deal with in detail, but one or two extracts will show the type of agreement it was. Article 29 prohibits the working of any section between Basra and Baghdad before the line to the latter place from Konia is completed. As any trade in Lower Mesopotamia at the date of the Convention was almost exclusively British, the rapid construction of that end of the line would have benefited England. On the other hand, the gradual approach of a railway from the north under German control would have an exactly opposite effect, and hence the restriction.

Further, Article 9 aims a shrewd blow at the Lynch Brothers' monopoly of navigation rights, for it provides that "during construction" the company may acquire and use both steam and sailing vessels, not only on the Tigris and Euphrates, but on the Shatt-el-Arab also. Even slight knowledge of the power of

bakshish among Turkish officials and the difficulty of loosening a German foothold in commerce when once obtained is sufficient to show that this Article would have reduced Lynch Brothers' concession to waste paper.

The kilometre guarantee by the Turkish Government does not last, as one would expect, merely until the company is a paying concern, but for a period of ninety-nine years!

It is estimated that from the loan floated in Berlin, and the low cost of constructing the first section of the line owing to the easy nature of the country, the promoters made a clear profit of £1,250,000 on a working capital of £300,000!

The length of each section is fixed at 200 kilometres, and, as Article 2 of the *Cahier des Charges* regarding the Convention does not provide for contour plans, it has been possible to avoid expenditure on tunnelling, etc., near the end of an otherwise cheap section, by making an unnecessary curve and so maintaining the expected balance credit out of the kilometre guarantee for the promoters' pockets.

Enough has been said to show the general trend of this astounding production, and in certainly the early stages of the scheme, when the German commercial magnates set out to "do down" the Turk, the well-known act of falling off a log was a difficult process by comparison. However this may have been, the publication of the terms of the Convention caused great jubilation in Berlin with corresponding fury in London and Paris. The French and British Governments were fiercely criticised for failing to safeguard better their interests in the Near East, while it was freely asserted that the Baghdad Railway constituted a direct menace to India.

Although such a threat was only to be contemplated when the railway became an accomplished fact, there was a strong feeling that the British control of the Suez Canal was in a fair way to being discounted to a great extent, and that at a not very distant date our short cut to the East might be supplanted by a still shorter, but having its starting point in Berlin instead of London. By way of *camouflage*, the German promoters of the scheme drew special attention to its "international" character and invited financiers of all nations to participate. Having been badly jockeyed out of position, both the British Prime Minister of the day (Mr. Balfour) and the French Foreign Minister (M. Delcassé) were inclined to participate, taking the view that a limited share in control was better than none, but were compelled to bow to the weight of public opinion, which was entirely opposed to having any dealings with the company. The deciding factor, however, was in all probability the fact that no amount of

participation could remove control from German hands, for, under Article 12 of the Statutes, a permanent German majority on the Board of Directors was assured.

Originally there were to be eleven directors, of whom three were nominees of the purely German Anatolian Railway Company, and three more were Ottoman subjects. As the Turkish Government was bound hand and foot by the terms of the Convention, these latter were merely puppets manipulated by German wires, so that a solid bloc of six votes out of eleven was assured to Germany from the beginning. The remaining five seats on the board were to be allotted according to the financial interest taken by the various nationals participating, of whom Germany could safely count upon providing or controlling one or two, so that for all practical purposes the company was bound to be a German concern, whatever happened. However, the decision of the French and British Governments not to participate simplified matters, and the scheme was begun as a frankly German undertaking.

The first section from Konia to Boulgourlu was opened for traffic at the end of 1904, but the second section presented considerable financial and engineering difficulties. After over three years of negotiations, the Convention was modified to allow funds to be provided for building almost three sections at once instead of only one at a time.

The Young Turk revolution of 1908 delayed matters further, and it was not until 1911 that work was resumed after a lapse of seven years. In the interval additional capital had been obtained in other countries, including France, where no obstacle to private participation was raised, although no Government interest existed.

Naturally this led to modifications in the Board of Directors, and on the outbreak of war in 1914 the number had increased from eleven to twenty-six, distributed as follows: German, 11; French, 8; Turks, 4; Swiss, 2; Austrian, 1.

From this it is apparent that, although the company had by then assumed a more international aspect, the German grip had not been relaxed, as that nation controlled eighteen votes out of twenty-six.

Considerable progress had been made with the construction, and the second section from Boulgourlu to Adana was within thirty miles of completion, while at the other end of the line the seventy-five miles from Baghdad to Samarra had been finished.

The outbreak of the Great War is a convenient point at which to break off the narrative of the Baghdad Railway in the past, and to include the years from August, 1914, up to date as "The Present."

II.—THE PRESENT.

Although not strictly accurate in point of time, it is convenient to include under the above heading the period from the outbreak of war in 1914, because the entry of Turkey on the side of the enemy, and the subsequent British operations in Mesopotamia, have had considerable bearing upon the progress and present position of the Baghdad Railway.

During the war the remaining twenty or thirty miles of the section from Boulgourlu to Adana were completed, and the succeeding sections were pushed forward to a point beyond Nisibin within 100 miles of Mosul, so that of the whole vast project only this stretch and the section from Mosul to Samarra remained unfinished—a total distance of something over 250 miles.

In addition, many miles of railway were built in Mesopotamia in connection with the British advance, but what their exact relation may now be to the Baghdad system, and how far they are likely to be left *in situ* on the British withdrawal, no certain information is available.

There is reason to believe, also, that the Turks constructed a branch from Ras-el-Ain to Diarbekr, but this again is uncertain, and it is not known whether, if constructed, the branch was left intact on the Turkish retreat. Such a branch would involve either a considerable *détour* or somewhat costly engineering on account of local hills, so that unless some very strong military or political reasons existed for connecting Diarbekr with the main line, it seems that the trouble and expense would scarcely have been incurred, especially during the course of a great war.

The branch to Alexandretta was subjected to a British bombardment early in the war, but no evidence is available as to the extent of the damage done or whether it was ever repaired.

The unsettled state of Asia Minor and Mesopotamia since the Armistice makes it extremely difficult to write with any degree of certainty as to the real position to-day of the Baghdad Railway or the type and whereabouts of its rolling-stock.

The action of the Greeks against the Kemalists has involved severe fighting at two important junctions (Afium-Karahissar and Eskişehir), and it may safely be assumed that neither they nor the lines in the vicinity have escaped serious damage.

In this connection it is interesting to recall the stipulation, attributed to the Sultan on the occasion of the Kaiser's momentous visit, that no portion of the proposed main line should be within reach of a naval bombardment—a condition fulfilled by practically all parts of the system except the Alexandretta branch referred to above. Since that date, however (1898), gunnery has made

such advances, and the advent of aircraft so revolutionised warfare, that almost any railway is now a particularly vulnerable target, although greater safety in this respect would have been gained for the Baghdad line if the original route in the northern part of Asia Minor had been adhered to. There is no doubt, however, that the existence of the Baghdad Railway, even in an incomplete state, was of great value to the Turks during the war, and it is a somewhat melancholy reflection upon the original protestations of the German promoters that the line was a purely commercial undertaking that it has, in fact, never been used for any but military purposes and is so being used to-day.

Treaties are commonly supposed to be agreements under which the upheavals of war are to be smoothed down and normal conditions resumed as rapidly as possible, but the Treaty of Sévres has, so far, merely been used as a starting point for further argument and negotiations, and few, if any, of the provisions regarding railways in erstwhile Turkish territory have been complied with. For a short time after the Armistice the section of the Baghdad line from Haidar Pasha to Ismid was more or less under Allied control; beyond that point it has been, and still is, in the hands of the Turkish Nationalists. The French have been using the system in Cilicia and Northern Syria, but only under great difficulties, as the line has constantly been cut by raiders and reliable communication has been impossible.

During the closing months of 1919 it was possible to travel by rail between Constantinople and Aleppo with some degree of safety, but this did not last, and, although the journey could still be made in the early part of 1920, it had become an extremely hazardous undertaking. Shortly afterwards the service, such as it was, had to be suspended, and since then direct communication between French Syria and Constantinople has been impossible. Various stretches of line have been worked in an intermittent way, but solely for military purposes by the troops of the nation occupying the particular area concerned, and there has been no attempt to work the Baghdad Railway as a unified system even up to the existing railhead near Mosul.

The most promising report refers to the Mesopotamian end of the line. The prolonged British occupation of Baghdad and the measures needed to pacify the surrounding country necessarily involved the use of railways to a considerable extent, and the lines built for war purposes will probably be found of great commercial value when the proposed Arab administration is firmly established, although in Mesopotamia, as elsewhere, the raiding proclivities of the Arabs have made anything like a reliable service a matter of great difficulty.

It is on this part of the system that the only practical steps are at present to be found in the direction of commercial development. There have been, of course, for many centuries, irrigation systems for the encouragement of agriculture, of which the remains are still apparent, and future plans on modern lines were foreshadowed by the action of the Turkish Government some twelve years ago in commissioning Sir William Willcocks, the famous authority on irrigation, to proceed to Mesopotamia and devise a scheme of reclamation of what would otherwise remain a desert region.

The war stopped many practical results, but the fact is mentioned as an indication that development is possible of considerable portions of the country on either side of the Baghdad line in Mesopotamia.

The volume of trade prior to the war was by no means negligible, and probably 80 per cent. of it was British, but the waterway and port of Basra were sufficient to cope with it, and, indeed, local conditions made water-borne traffic actually more convenient in some respects than the operation of a railway. But there is good reason to believe that such conditions will no longer obtain for any length of time. Prior to the war a concession was granted to a British company to exploit the oilfields between Baghdad and Mosul, and since the Armistice the German interests in the concern have been transferred to the French Government. The nearest point for shipment would naturally be the Persian Gulf, which would result in considerable traffic of a sort which could not be dealt with readily by means of the river route, which has many drawbacks of various kinds; but the terms on which the French Government obtained the interests included the provision by them of facilities for the transport of Mesopotamian oil to Mediterranean ports. This could only be effected by means of the Baghdad Railway, which, as shown above, is already within 100 miles of the town of Mosul itself.

The United States are also interested in the project, and, as the various interests are now under discussion, it is hardly too much to hope that the remaining miles of the section to Mosul may be completed at an early date with a view to opening up this new oilfield by direct communication with Europe as soon as the intervening country has resumed a settled state. Generally speaking, then, the present position of the Baghdad Railway is unfavourable, but the great point is that, except for a comparatively few miles, it is in existence, and, given energetic and careful management, its possibilities are much greater than in the past. The crying need is for the pacification of Asia Minor, the enforcement of the Treaty of Sévres with whatever modifications

may have had in the Baghdad line as a whole on August 1st, 1914. The remainder of the capital is to be divided equally between the three groups.

This clause is worded in an extraordinarily loose way, and apparently opens the door to considerable argument.

In the first place, if "interest" is to be taken as meaning financial interest, neither England nor Italy had a penny in the Baghdad Railway Company, while French capital was confined to private investment without any Government backing.

French capital was represented to the extent of about 30 per cent., unless this was increased on the raising of further capital between 1908 and 1911, so that the remaining 70 per cent. will presumably be divided, giving each country $23\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. to find, France getting a total share of $53\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. If it is held, however, that the actual sum put up by the French group in 1910 is to be reckoned as the amount of "interest" held in August, 1914—and reckoned, presumably, at its 1910 value—it is impossible to estimate the shares of the respective countries until the amount of capital to be found by the new company is fixed.

Then, again, what is meant by the Baghdad Railway "as a whole"? Is this to include its predecessor, the Anatolian Railway, which, incidentally, is mentioned as a separate concern in this Article of the Tripartite Agreement?

The French Government has the right to take over and work all or any lines within the area of Turkey in Asia where its interests are specially recognised, in which event the amount of capital allotted to it in the new company will be reduced according to the value of the lines taken over. At present this option only applies to a comparatively short stretch of the main Baghdad line and the Mersina branch, but should the alteration in the Syrian frontier be confirmed and the actual railway be on the Turkish side, then France can, under this clause, take over practically the whole of the main line and branches from just east of Adana to Nisibin. It is obvious that France will work this portion of the line in any case, for a period, as she is the mandatory Power for Syria, but that is a very different matter to acquiring exclusive rights over a promising portion of the system opening up the enormously fertile Cilician plain.

Further, how is the value of such lines to be estimated, and on what data? The Baghdad Railway has never been worked as a commercial undertaking, even so far as constructed, and if the cost of construction and the skeleton service run over the earlier sections prior to the war is to be used as a basis, we immediately come back to the iniquitous terms of the Baghdad Railway Convention mentioned in Part I.

Under this precious document annual guarantees were found by the Turkish Government both for construction and working expenses *for each section*, in addition to an issue of bonds for the building of the line *in each section*. Consequently, the less spent on construction and working expenses the bigger the margin of profit for the shareholders from the annual guarantees, while the proceeds of the bonds issued for each section might, and did, remain absolutely untouched (except by the shareholders) for any section costing less than the combined guarantees for construction and working. To make still more certain of profit, the Baghdad Railway paid to itself, in the shape of its predecessor, the Anatolian Railway Company, an annual sum per kilometre to work the line on its behalf. This annual sum was £32 per kilometre less than the working guarantee received by the Baghdad Company from the Turkish Government, so that the shareholders pocketed what amounted to a bonus of £6,400 per section.

It follows, then, that as the Baghdad Railway Company kept construction and working expenses down to a minimum, to its own advantage, so correspondingly low will be the value of the line if based upon these figures, and so much less will be the reduction of French capital interest in the new company.

This arrangement also seems to allow France to take over selected sections which are likely to develop into commercial successes, leaving the unprofitable desert stretches to be financed by the new company as a whole, in which the amount of French capital interest rests largely with the French Government.

This aspect of the problem alone provides a considerable basis for negotiation before the pious aspiration to a unified control can materialise, and there remain, in addition, three further considerations of primary importance to the successful development of the Baghdad Railway into a commercial success. These are population, immigration and protection. Most railways do one of two things: they either open up a district where natural or manufacturing resources are already being developed and need railway transport for further progress, or else bring to a virgin area the population and machinery necessary for its exploitation. The peculiar climatic and ethnological conditions of the wide area to be served by the Baghdad Railway have hitherto formed a barrier against the performance by it of either of these functions.

Asia Minor as a whole is very sparsely populated, and Hogarth, in his work *The Nearer East*, gives statistics showing that a population of even seventy and over to the square mile was then (about fifteen years ago) confined to a very few small areas in the coastal regions, while the greater part of the country through which the Baghdad line now runs was populated only to the

extent of five or ten to the square mile—in other words, desert. The Turkish birth-rate has shown a steady decline for a considerable period, and incessant warfare of one kind or another has certainly not tended to remedy the population question in recent years. Immigration is the most obvious solution, but here one is faced with climatic difficulties and problems of race and psychology. In years gone by the Turkish Government toyed with this question and offered grants of land in really fertile regions of the interior which had remained almost entirely undeveloped. A certain number of immigrants from Macedonia and elsewhere availed themselves of this offer, but the length of the journey and the inevitable failure of the Turkish Government to pay any of the promised allowances usually resulted in only a fraction of the parties reaching their destination, and then in such a destitute condition that their utility as settlers was almost entirely discounted. But this certainly seems the most promising method of populating at least the more fertile portions of the country served by the Baghdad Railway, and the chaotic state of Roumania and what was formerly Montenegro, to mention but two of the Balkan States, suggests a possible source of immigrants of a sturdy, agricultural stock who would, perhaps, be willing to settle in Asia Minor in a district under the protection or supervision of a Great Power. The Syrians are unlikely to leave their own country, especially since it is to become independent. Greeks usually stick to the coast, and their inclination, generally speaking, is towards sedentary occupations rather than manual labour. The unfortunate Armenians have almost ceased to exist, and even the establishment of an Armenian State, where a process of recuperation might have been hoped for, has not prevented the race from falling a prey to the flowing tide of Bolshevism, which even the all-providing Treaty of Sévres failed to cater for.

The Kurds are a truculent race, very self-centred in their own communities, and, while the Baghdad Railway would encourage more activity in the districts they inhabit, it is unlikely that they would be willing or suitable as settlers in other less productive parts of the country. There remains the Arab, to whom work is anathema. He prefers to exist in abject poverty rather than to develop natural resources which may exist at his very door. The limit of any ambition he may have in this respect is to acquire just enough sheep to eke out an existence, assisted by the proceeds of any robberies he may successfully carry out, and varied by occasional fighting with neighbouring tribes. It is a simple life, admirably described by Mr. Lowell Thomas in his well-known *Travellogues* thus: "You are born. After a bit you grow up; after a bit more you die, and that's all there is to it." Not quite the spirit for the commercial development of a railway.

However, the fact remains that the Arab is the only person who can stand the climate of all parts of Mesopotamia at all times of the year, and it may be that British enterprise and organisation will bring about a psychological change in the inhabitants which could scarcely have been hoped for through the mere passage of time.

Turks are to be found in most of the railway country, but they aim at official employment of any sort, and, beyond providing the raw material for the railway staff and police, do not hold out much prospect of producing successful commercial undertakings of any sort.

From this somewhat gloomy review of the population question it is clear that immigration, having due regard to climatic and racial considerations, must be one of the earliest problems to be faced when the provisions of the Tripartite Agreement come to be put into operation, and success in this respect would go far towards solving the general population question. There remains protection. For hundreds of miles the Baghdad Railway runs through country of the wildest description, inhabited by races to whom battle, murder and sudden death is all in the day's work. Holding up trains for loot or raiding the railway for any useful material required would doubtless prove a very popular amusement so long as swift retribution did not result. The Arabs, in particular, have had considerable practice at the game during the Mesopotamian operations, and would be able to turn their experience to account. Therefore law and order must obtain along the railway, whatever may happen in remoter districts. In Mesopotamia a blockhouse system was established on the lines adopted in the South African campaign, and this could be extended throughout the railway, although at the European end such precautions would probably be unnecessary for some distance from the coasts. The old system of Turkish guard-houses could be revived and improved, with special attention to such vulnerable points as bridges and junctions. The garrisons of the guard-houses in days gone by were wonderfully loyal; they were frequently forgotten and remained without reliefs for long after they were due, while a total absence of pay was almost a matter of course. The revival of these garrisons in the form of the *gendarmérie*, for which the Treaty of Sèvres provides, would be of great value to the railway, while fair and regular conditions of pay and reliefs would produce a reliable force. The establishment of *gendarmérie* barracks at each station, from which reinforcements could be sent promptly to aid any post attacked, or to intercept raiders, would add to the feeling of security and make the Arab realise that the game had become less one-sided and more risky than formerly,

while it would also be highly desirable to instil firmly in the mind of each Turkish local authority the fact that an attack on the railway within the limits of his jurisdiction would be an event for which he would be held responsible.

In the early stages of operating the line it would be advisable to have an armoured truck at each end of a train, on the South African principle, while passenger trains might, at first, be conveyed by an armoured train running just ahead, as the mail trains used to be in parts of South Africa during the Boer War.

Given protection, the development of certain 'selected districts should be taken in hand, but care in selecting these is necessary, because increased prosperity in a certain area, following on railway activity, might have the very undesirable effect of drawing population away from other areas in which the time for similar development was not yet ripe. It seems necessary, therefore, to select the areas chosen for the earliest commercial operations at fairly regular intervals along the whole route, so far as natural conditions permit. Under normal conditions of peace time the section from Haidar Pasha to Ismid is already a very paying concern. Passenger trains are crowded, and there is a large volume of goods traffic in the shape of general trade.

The plateau to which the line rises after leaving Ismid is extraordinarily fertile, but almost entirely undeveloped. The line runs across this plain to Afium-Karahissar, where it connects with the Smyrna system of coastal railways and on to Konia, while the Angora branch from Eskishehr runs through equally rich country. This would be an admirable district for an immigration scheme on a large scale. The country is, normally, in a peaceful state, and there is direct access to many ports for the produce.

Beyond Konia, however, is a very unproductive section, much of which lies in the Taurus Mountains, and its development at any time seems impossible unless prospectors should, in the future, discover mineral deposits of some kind. *

East of Adana the line taps the Cilician plain—one of the richest districts, probably, in the world. Although its agricultural resources have been developed to a considerable extent, vast tracts still remain practically untouched. The population question is not acute, though there is room for considerable improvement, and the crying need is for modern methods and machinery. Before the war many European companies endeavoured to obtain concessions in Cilicia, but met with all sorts of difficulties with the Turkish Government, and in most cases abandoned the attempt. The climate is exceptionally favourable for cotton growing, and the report of the Empire Cotton-growing Committee to the Board of Trade last year mentions that, prior to the war, the annual

output of the Levant was 100,000 bales of 500 lbs. each of Grade IV. American cotton, much of which it can safely be assumed was grown in Cilicia.

The importance of the question of whether much of this plain is to be in Turkey or Syria is now apparent, and the future of the port of Alexandretta, which is easily accessible to the whole district, is deeply involved.

The remainder of this portion of the line is unproductive and mountainous, with the exception of a long valley of pasture land between the Giour Dagh and Kurd Dagh, where enormous numbers of cattle form an obvious and remunerative traffic for the port of Mersina. From Aleppo, through Killis, over the Euphrates (spanned at Jerablus by a mighty bridge) to Harran, the line runs through fertile valleys and the two great plains of Serouj and Harran, all of which are well populated and developed, while improvement is still to be expected with the advent of the railway as a commercial undertaking. East of Harran the valleys continue almost unbroken to within a few miles of Mosul, but lack of population makes them quite unproductive, although the soil and general conditions are otherwise similar to those previously mentioned.

Beyond Mosul the desert is encountered, and the possibilities or otherwise of Mesopotamia have already been discussed, but from the foregoing it is clear that considerable tracts of country exist along the Baghdad Railway at fairly regular intervals which could be exploited successfully and without causing undue concentration of population at the expense of other equally promising districts.

Of mail or passenger traffic it is, perhaps, premature to write. Judging by the pre-war passenger service, the journey from Constantinople to Basra would take as long as the sea route *via* the Suez Canal, but on certain sections local passenger traffic should pay nearly as well as between Haidar Pasha and Ismid. From Hanikin to Baghdad and the holy cities of Kerbela and Nedjef the pilgrim traffic would pay and the junction at Aleppo with the Hedjaz line to Medina would, for the same reason, be successful. The original *Cahier des Charges* will require revision, and it is to be hoped that European control may reduce the wholesale bribery and corruption invariably associated with Turkish officialdom, for nothing would do more to popularise the railway than the knowledge that honesty in its dealings was to be found under the new régime.

Much criticism of the Baghdad Railway has been offered in the past. Its obviously political aspect since 1898 has been held to discount any chances of its paying as a business undertaking.

and under the old Turkish *régime*, backed and bound by German influence, this was probably correct. By a turn of Fortune's wheel the whole project, ready made, except for a comparatively few miles, has been torn from its creators and dropped into the laps of England, France and Italy. Such things do not often occur, and hypercriticism of obvious defects would, under the circumstances, be base ingratitude. Rather should the advantages be seized upon and made the most of at the earliest opportunity. With Asia Minor in its present state, practical steps are impossible, except, perhaps, in Mesopotamia, but much can be done by way of preparation for the time when peace is restored and the Tripartite Agreement has to be transformed from words into deeds.

Presumably the new Near Eastern Department of the Colonial Office will be charged with England's share of the proceedings, and as certain important decisions have to be taken within one year of the conclusion of peace with Turkey, our policy and preparations should be taken in hand at once. With Bolshevism rampant in Asia, with the Indian frontier almost permanently "up," and agreements being made between Turkey and Afghanistan, a grip on the line of the Baghdad Railway and its firm establishment as a trade route instead of a military is as essential now to those who would control the destinies of the East as it has been through all the centuries of the past.

DAMON.

A NEW ERA IN GERMANY?

A NEW era, an era of unparalleled economic endeavour, seems to have opened in Germany. The country has become a working hive. Politics have receded to the background. Herr Erzberger's murder has aroused indignation, but has not deflected the people from their main purpose of re-establishing their former greatness by hard work.

After their defeat in 1918 the Germans hoped and plotted for a long time for a war of revenge. Having discovered that England was a particularly dangerous antagonist, they wished to be on good terms with the English. They felt confident that they would be able to defeat France and Poland provided England kept neutral. With this object in view German diplomats endeavoured to divide the Allies, and official and unofficial leaders strove to prevent the disarming of Germany. Weapons and ammunition disappeared from official custody, partly because the bonds of discipline had been weakened, but chiefly because their distribution among the people in general would enable the leaders to re-create the nation in arms at any moment. Germans comforted one another with the idea that they were the only warlike nation in the world, that their opponents would rapidly disarm, and that, at the psychological moment, the German nation would spring to arms and recover in a glorious campaign all it had lost. However, the Allies did not allow themselves to be hoodwinked. They insisted with energy upon the handing over of Germany's armament and upon the dissolution of the various new formations which were springing up everywhere. Germany's disarmament seems to have been carried out very thoroughly. The German Press published on June 28th an official statement, according to which the following arms and munitions have been handed over for destruction up to May 1st, 1921 :—

Guns and Gun Barrels	50,489
Gun Carriages	26,880
Trench Mortars and Barrels	22,778
Machine Guns	91,042
Rifles and Carbines	4,808,300
Artillery Shells and Mines	36,800,000
Hand Grenades and Rifle Grenades... ..	14,650,000
Fuses	55,150,000
Cartridges	390,000,000
Flying Machines	13,379
Flying Machine Engines	28,999

The arms and ammunition enumerated have been destroyed. In addition to these, huge quantities have been given up.

The significance of the figures given may be gauged by comparing them with those relating to the war material which had to be handed over according to Article 4 of the Armistice Treaty of November 11th, 1918. That instrument demanded the surrender of—

5,000 Guns,
8,000 Trench Mortars,
25,000 Machine Guns,
1,700 Flying Machines.

Apparently the disarmament of Germany is being carried out with the greatest thoroughness. Even the most reckless hot-heads of the country must recognise that a war of revenge has become impossible. The gigantic quantities of guns, rifles, ammunition and aeroplanes required in modern war cannot be improvised. Unfortunately there are still a good many weapons in the hands of the reactionaries.

Although thinking Germans recognise their military impotence, they have by no means abandoned their hopes of revenge. After all, revenge may be obtained not only by war, but by other means. The economic weapon can be wielded with as terrible an effect as the sword. German students of history are aware that most great States and Empires have been destroyed, not by military and naval defeat, but by economic causes. The fact that the Germans cannot reconcile themselves to their defeat may be seen from the bitter tone of their Press. Even the more moderate newspapers endeavour unceasingly to keep alive hatred of the Allies, and particularly of France and Poland. However, while the Allies are held up to hatred and contempt, we read no longer that Germany should arise in her might, tear up the Treaty of Versailles, and brave the consequences. Instead we read innumerable admonitions to the people urging them to preserve order and to work, because only by hard and unceasing labour can Germany hope to re-establish her former prosperity, power and prestige. The Germans are perfectly correct in their view. In the age in which we live nations can establish their supremacy by the superiority of their industries. Germany's physical and human resources are so valuable that the Germans may regain their preponderance in Europe, notwithstanding their disastrous defeat.

After the defeat and the revolution Germany's position seemed hopeless. Disorder and lawlessness were general, men were unwilling to work, the country seemed likely to lose some of its most valuable territories, the State seemed about to disintegrate and to be dissolved into its component parts. Since then an extraordinary improvement in the position has taken place. Law

and order have been re-established, the Germans have thrown themselves into work with the utmost energy, prosperity is returning to the country, its unity seems likely to be maintained, and, owing to the short-sightedness and folly of the Poles, the Germans may be able to retain Upper Silesia, perhaps the wealthiest part of the country.

Relatively speaking, Germany is at present far more prosperous than England. At the end of the war this country seemed likely to experience a period of unparalleled prosperity. The world was starving for manufactured goods. The mines and factories of Belgium, Eastern France and Poland had been destroyed. The industrial districts of Germany, Italy and Czechoslovakia lacked raw materials and coal. The post-war boom in England seemed to be fully justified. The unreasonableness of English labour, which demanded higher and ever higher wages in respect of an ever-shrinking production and unceasing strikes, led to unprecedented unemployment in this country, while the good sense and the good will of German labour brought about a totally unexpected expansion of the German industries. Recently it was stated that there were in England ten times as many unemployed workers as there were in Germany.

While for many months the British workers have been agitating and striking for higher wages, and particularly for reduced hours, the German workers have been agitating and striking for greatly increased working hours. On June 3rd the *Times* quoted a report of the Wurttemberg Inspector of Factories that serious opposition to the compulsory eight-hour day was developing throughout Germany among the workers themselves, who desired to earn as much as possible and who did not mind working any number of hours in excess of eight per day. Since then Mr. P. H. Middleton, a representative of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, one of the leading American banks, has given the following noteworthy account of the industrial position and of the labour position in Germany:—

“ Travelling to Berlin from the Dutch border by way of Osnabrück, Minden, Hanover, Lehrte and Stendal, the whole route to the German capital seemed to be an unending panorama of waving grain. The crops are unusually far advanced. Rye and wheat crops are very promising, and the outlook for sugar beet is also very good. As compared with Holland there is a marked absence of cattle and horses, and much of the labour of the fields is being performed by women. Germany is suffering from a considerable shortage of phosphates.

“ On this particular route one does not pass very many industrial districts, but wherever there was a chimney stack it was belching smoke.

“ In Berlin the hotels are crowded. There appears to be an ample supply of food of all kinds, and even fresh milk is now available for families with

children; those without children are using tinned milk. As a result of the work of the Hoover Relief campaign there are about thirty brands of condensed milk on the market at the present time.

"Through the courtesy of Mr. A. Dunning, secretary of the American Association of Commerce and Trade in Berlin, I was able to visit Krupps' works at Essen, and on June 16th was taken over the various workshops by Mr. Herman von Verschuer. In the great locomotive shop heavy locomotives are being turned out complete at the rate of one a day. In another shop goods wagons are manufactured at the rate of eight a day, and in another 5-ton motor lorries are being manufactured alongside of small motor scooters. Every part of the lorries is made in this shop, with the exception of the rubber tyres. The manufactures of Krupps' works cover a surprisingly wide range. They include railway supplies of all kinds, machines for textile and paper industries, dredges, floating docks, pneumatic tools, surgical instruments, Diesel engines, doors for safes, cash registers and adding machines, apparatus for moving pictures, etc. They are also manufacturing machines for making artificial teeth, and in fact artificial teeth themselves.

"At Krupps' Germania Shipbuilding Plant in Kiel they are building passenger and freight steamers. These Krupp works are turning out this large variety with the same workmen who made war munitions, and to-day they are actually employing more men in these works than they were before the war.

"I also visited the Rhein Metall Fabrik, Düsseldorf. This plant had also readjusted its operations from a war to a peace basis, and is to-day one of the leading railway rolling-stock industries of Germany. In less than a year they have turned out a thousand locomotives, a thousand goods wagons, and their present monthly production is 30 locomotives and 300 freight cars. Like Krupps this concern employs more men to-day than it did in 1914, and is executing a large volume of foreign orders.

"The German Labour Situation.—The eight-hour day introduced immediately after the revolution is still generally in force, but the introduction of piece work on a larger scale than ever before has resulted in some cases in a ten, twelve, thirteen and fourteen-hour day. The interest in the so-called Workmen's Councils is waning, because when these meetings are called during working hours the men are unwilling to leave their work, and thus decrease their earning power."

While English workers consider the eight-hour day the absolute maximum and insist upon a seven-hour day or even a six-hour day, the Germans are working up to ten, twelve, thirteen and fourteen hours per day, according to the highly qualified special representative of the American bank mentioned. The Treaty of Versailles, the most extraordinary diplomatic document known to history, contains a special part superscribed "Organisation of Labour." That part is the most unfortunate portion of the Treaty, and it is ominous that it bears the unlucky number XIII. The idealists responsible for the provisions relating to labour laid down in Article 427 :—

"The High Contracting Parties, recognising that the well-being, physical, moral and intellectual, of industrial wage-earners is of supreme international importance, have framed, in order to further this great end, the permanent machinery provided for in Section I, and associated with that of the League of Nations.

"They recognise that differences of climate, habits, and customs, of economic opportunity and industrial tradition, make strict uniformity in the conditions of labour difficult of immediate attainment. But, holding as they do that labour should be regarded merely as an article of commerce, they think that there are methods and principles for regulating labour conditions which all industrial communities should endeavour to apply, so far as their special circumstances will permit.

"Among these methods and principles, the following seem to the High Contracting Parties to be of special and urgent importance. . . .

"Third: The payment to the employed of a wage adequate to maintain a reasonable standard of life as this is understood in their time and country.

"Fourth: The adoption of an eight hours day or a forty-eight hours week as the standard to be aimed at where it has not already been attained. . . .

"Seventh: The principle that men and women should receive equal remuneration for work of equal value."

No part of the unfortunate Treaty of Versailles is treated with greater disrespect in Germany than the lengthy Part XIII., which was inspired by political dreamers and Socialist schemers.

Opinions are divided as to whether Germany is prosperous or not. Attention has been drawn to the fact that in certain branches of industry earnings and dividends have improved. If we wish to ascertain whether industries as a whole are prospering in Germany, it will be best to concentrate attention not upon some selected industry or industries, in which the position may be anomalous, but to take note of the conditions prevailing among the banks, for the prosperity of the great banks depends, of course, upon the prosperity of the industries in general. No. 462 of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, dated June 29th, gives a detailed survey of the banking year 1921. The article, after referring to the inflation of the Germany currency, states:—

"In the reports of the leading banks, some of which have been published with unprecedented delay, attention is drawn in most cases to the fact that the banks have derived rich revenues from all branches of their business, which, however, were to some extent absorbed by greatly increased expenses. That statement is certainly true. However, a glance at the trebled profits shows that the past year has been a period of good, of very good, earnings. . . .

"If we study the balance-sheets of the banks we notice that the policy of combination among them has progressed particularly energetically during the past year, and that the number of branches has greatly increased. While the banks have striven to broaden their base and to strengthen their position, quite a number of them have increased their share capital. . . . The additional capital raised was largely used for absorbing other banks. Besides in many cases shareholders were given the right of subscribing for shares on favourable conditions instead of increasing the dividends by leaps and bounds."

Many English papers have drawn attention to the fact that, measured by a substantial increase in the dividends paid, German industry and commerce have experienced good times. However,

the full extent of the progress made has been very largely disguised by giving shareholders comparatively small dividends in cash and very large ones in the form of shares, which were distributed among them far below the market price. The true position of affairs may be seen from the following statement contained in the *Kölnische Zeitung*, which relates to all the principal German banks :—

	Net Profits		Dividends Paid	
	1919.	1920.	1919.	1920.
	M.	M.	Per cent.	Per cent.
<i>Berlin Banks.</i>				
Deutsche Bank	64,500,000	185,100,000	12	18
Dresdner Bank	50,700,000	144,200,000	9	12½
Diskonto Gesellschaft	53,500,000	160,100,000	10	16
Darmstädter Bank	20,900,000	58,800,000	8	10
Berliner Handels Gesellschaft	20,100,000	37,000,000	10	12½
Nationalbank für Deutschland	15,700,000	46,600,000	7	10
Kommerz und Privatbank	16,300,000	66,800,000	9	12
Mitteldeutsche Kreditbank	5,800,000	16,700,000	8	10
<i>Provincial Banks.</i>				
Allg. Deutsche Kreditanstalt	16,600,000	52,200,000	9	12
Schaffhausen Bankverein	14,300,000	33,600,000	8	12
Rhein. Kreditbk.	12,600,000	27,500,000	7	10
Barmer Bank	14,600,000	39,700,000	8½	10
Essener Kredit.	12,000,000	32,000,000	9	11

The table contains the names of all the principal Berlin and provincial banks, as given by the *Kölnische Zeitung*. It will be noticed that, whereas dividends have increased, as a rule, only from 25 to 33 per cent., the net profits of all the principal German banks have increased by about 200 per cent. The figures relating to all the leading German banks show that the German industries as a whole have prospered greatly during the past year, for banking prosperity depends on industrial and commercial prosperity. The one is not possible without the other. The advance made by German industry and trade since 1919 is obviously very much greater than appears from the increased dividends paid by the industrial and commercial undertakings.

Attention has been drawn frequently to two curious phenomena—to the fact that the German undertakings have been able to distribute greatly increased dividends, and to the fact that German goods are sold freely both in England and in neutral countries at prices far below those at which they can be produced in this country. It has often been stated that the Germans can sell their wares vastly below the British cost of production only by selling them at a loss. The dividend record of the German banks and of other German undertakings clearly shows that they are sold at a very substantial profit. How, then, can the Germans sell their goods at a large profit, sometimes at two-thirds and sometimes at half the British cost of production? The Germans

have been able to undercut, and in many cases to displace, British goods with fatal effect to the British industries and to the workers engaged in them; for two reasons. In the first place, German labour is willing not only to work hard and to work very long hours in order to cheapen production, but it is also willing to work for a very low wage. While the British workers have greatly reduced their output and have been demanding ever-higher wages and an ever-improving standard of life, the German workers work harder and work longer hours than ever before for a bare subsistence. There are, of course, exceptions. Still, on the whole, it may be said that, whereas the English worker lives better than ever before, the German worker lives more frugally than ever before. In the second place, the industrial power of Germany has been vastly increased by most gigantic subsidies which are paid by the German Government.

The German Government, while complaining unceasingly about its poverty and the exactions of the Allies, is willing to spend unlimited funds for the promotion of industry and trade, and in order to disguise the fact it gives to a large portion of these subsidies the form of deficits. With this object in view food and coal have been sold far below cost price. Rents were fixed as in this country. However, as the value of the mark has sunk to less than one-tenth, rent in many cases amounts to considerably less than one-tenth the economic rent. In addition to these subsidies, gigantic subsidies have been provided by running the State railways and the State Post Office at an enormous loss. The prospective loss on the State railways during the present year will be Mk.14,368,000,000, and the Post Office deficit is estimated at Mk.4,515,000,000. Rent, food, coal, transport, postage, etc., are provided at a gigantic loss, which is made up by the general taxpayer. In other words, the property-owners are plundered in order to enrich industry and commerce, and the middle classes are ruined by the depreciation of the currency consequent upon unlimited note-printing. The way things are managed may be seen from the following example. In this country the postage on foreign letters has recently been raised from 2½d. to 3d. in order to avoid a loss. In Germany the postage on foreign letters has recently been raised to Mk.1.20, which would be equivalent to 3d. if the pound was worth Mk.96. At the present rate of exchange the Germans pay on their foreign letters not 3d. in postage, but considerably less than a penny. All other interests are subordinated to the great task of re-establishing the commanding position which German industry and trade occupied previous to the war. The finances of the country and the great middle class are suffering. Capital is transferred in huge slices

from the investors to active industry and commerce by the means described. Hard work, low wages and unlimited subsidies have made the German industries extraordinarily prosperous.

The German Government and people mean to regain by industry and trade what they have lost by their Army and Navy. The German merchant marine has been handed over to the victors. However, the German Government has compensated the ship-owners with the utmost lavishness, and within a few years the Germans should have a far larger merchant marine than before the war. Arrangements have been made for trebling and quadrupling the shipbuilding capacity of the country. Standardised fabricated ships are to be turned out in the inland works and to be rapidly assembled on the seaboard. Arrangements have been made with the United States whereby an identity of interests has been established between the two countries. Among the States of the world Russia possesses probably the greatest potential wealth. The Germans are preparing to exploit that gigantic country. It seems likely that a partnership will be established between the two. Germany can provide guidance, technical ability and manufactured goods, while Russia can supply land, agricultural products, raw materials and labour.

A curious change has taken place in Germany's attitude towards the indemnity question. For a long time the Germans have protested that they ought not to pay, that they could not pay, and that they would not pay. The Wirth-Rathenau Government has proclaimed that Germany will try to pay and is anxious to pay. The pronouncements made are not merely the result of fear. Mr. Rathenau is one of Germany's most eminent business men. He recognises that the indemnity payments demanded from Germany can be made only in the form of exports. Gigantic German exports would destroy the industries of Germany's competitors. The indemnity payments may therefore be highly profitable to Germany's industry and trade, and may be ruinous to the nations which defeated her.

The short-sightedness and folly of the Poles have been of the highest advantage to Germany by discrediting their claims to Upper Silesia. Upper Silesia contains within a narrow area extraordinarily great resources which may be converted into abounding wealth. It contains apparently more coal than the whole of the United Kingdom. According to Frech, *Die Kohlen-vorräte der Welt*, Upper Silesia possesses 52·37 per cent. of Germany's store of fuel. Before the war Upper Silesia produced two and a half times as much coal as the whole of Austria-Hungary, twice as much coal as the Russian Empire, and as much coal as France. At the recent rate of production the coal of

Upper Silesia would last for twelve hundred years. Vast quantities were exported, especially to Poland and Austria-Hungary. Between 1887 and 1913 exports to the Dual Monarchy increased from 1,931,000 tons to 8,307,738 tons. Owing to the Silesian coal, on which they depended, Austria-Hungary and Russia became subservient to Germany. The retention of the Silesian coalfield will not only vastly strengthen Germany's industry, but increase her power of penetration towards the south and the east.

In addition to a gigantic store of coal, Silesia possesses vast deposits of zinc and lead, and it is rich in other minerals and in timber as well. In a pamphlet entitled *Oberschlesien und seine Bedeutung für die deutsche Volkswirtschaft*, recently published, it is stated correctly:—

"Upper Silesia disposes, as is shown by the details given, within a narrow area of mineral riches which are unequalled in Eastern Germany and even in Europe as regards both variety and magnitude. Upper Silesia possesses not only the largest European coal-field and the largest deposits of zinc and lead in Europe, but it has also a remarkable wealth in lime of every sort. Upper Silesia is consequently the natural purveyor of Eastern Germany and is the indispensable basis of most industries situated east of the Elbe. Owing to the extraordinary wealth of its resources it can fulfil that task for generations."

The potentialities of the Upper Silesian coalfield may be seen by the fact that between 1871 and 1913 coal production in that district has increased from 6,532,000 tons to 43,031,148 tons. In the past the expansion of the Silesian industries was hampered by two factors: by the policy of exclusion followed by the Russian Government, and by Germany's desire to develop principally the coal mines and industries of the Ruhr Valley. The exploitation of Upper Silesia has only begun.

If we wish to glance into the economic future, we must remember that Germany is naturally by far the richest country in Europe. She possesses extraordinarily great mineral riches. She has more than twice as much coal as the United Kingdom, unlimited quantities of potash and other precious salts, and is rich in zinc, lead, copper, lignite, etc. Nature has meant Germany to be a great manufacturing and trading nation, and has endowed the country not only with all the raw material, but with the most precious site in Europe and a large, hard-working population. The central position is of commanding importance both in war and in trade. Germany occupies the same place in Europe which the City and West End occupy in London. Piccadilly and the Strand are reproduced by the Rhine and the Elbe. These deep and gently flowing rivers, which are navigable for hundreds of miles by large ships, open up not only all Germany, but also the

lands beyond. The extraordinary importance of Germany's inland waterways is illustrated by the growth of Germany's inland shipping, which has increased as follows :—

			Ships.		Tons.	
1887	20,390	2,100,705
1897	22,564	3,370,447
1902	24,839	4,877,509
1907	26,235	5,914,020
1912	29,533	7,394,657

Before the war the tonnage of Germany's inland shipping was twice as great as that of her great merchant marine. The German rivers carried a large portion of the trade of Russia, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Switzerland and France. Additional canals, the improvement of existing ones, and the deepening of rivers will vastly increase the importance of the German waterways. Strasbourg may become the most important harbour of France, and Mannheim the most important harbour of the lands on the Danube. Within a few years sea-going ships may ply not only to Mannheim and Strasbourg, but even to Basle. The development of Germany's coal resources, water-power resources and inland waterways have only begun. The burdens laid upon the country may not prove a handicap but a spur to the people. If the present spirit should continue to animate the Germans, they may before long occupy a far more important position in Europe and in the world than they did in 1914. By concentrating upon economic development and abandoning their military traditions and ambitions, they may destroy their old opponents far more effectively than by military and naval action.

In the past Prusso-Germany has been a warrior State. Soldiers and soldier-princes managed the country. They have become discredited. After a short interval, during which revolutionaries and labour leaders were in control, the great merchants and industrialists have taken the place formerly occupied by the soldiers. They aim at re-establishing Germany's supremacy by means of the economic weapon, and they may succeed if peace and order continue to reign in the country. The doctrinaires and revolutionaries who came to power after the downfall of the monarchy weakened against their will the forces of revolution and of disorder. Guided by abstract reasons, they insisted upon equal political rights for both men and women, forgetting that women are conservative in character. Thus the revolutionaries themselves destroyed the revolution, for the vote which has been given to the women of Germany cannot be taken away from them. The German periodical *Wirtschaft und Statistik* pub-

lished recently an investigation which shows that at the German Federal Election the two sexes voted as follows :—

	Female votes.	Male votes.
Roman Catholic Centre Party	59 per cent.	41 per cent.
German National Peoples Party (Conser.)	56 per cent.	44 per cent.
German Peoples Party (Heavy Industries)	51 per cent.	49 per cent.
German Democratic Party	47 per cent.	53 per cent.
Majority Socialists (Moderates)	43 per cent.	57 per cent.
Independent Socialists (Extremists)	41 per cent.	59 per cent.
Communists (Bolshevists)	37 per cent.	63 per cent.

The largest percentage of women's votes was given to the Centre Party, which represents the most conservative element in Germany—the Roman Catholic Church. Then comes the Old Conservative Party, the party of the Junkers, which has assumed a new title. In the party which represents large capitalistic interests, and which is dominated by men such as Stinnes, the women are in a small majority as compared with the men. The number of women voters rapidly shrinks when we look at the more advanced parties. It declines from 47 per cent. in the case of Democrats to 37 per cent. in the case of the Communists.

Woman, as Bismarck frequently stated, is a conservative factor. Women fill the churches in all countries. They are religious, and incline towards the defence of existing institutions. In Germany the female element is now particularly influential, because not only have the two sexes been given identical political rights as voters, but also because women representatives are in large numbers in the national and local Parliaments and Assemblies. In the German Reichstag there are at present thirty-six women members, and in the Prussian Landtag there are forty women members. Owing to their influence, both as voters and as legislators, the stability of Germany should be strengthened and the sense of order, duty and discipline should grow. Germany, after having been a perfectly organised army and a military camp, may become an equally perfectly organised economic entity. The Germans hope to regain in peace what they have lost in war, and they may well succeed in view of their physical and human resources, and in view of the spirit which animates the people, unless the Erzberger murder should lead to violent commotion and the disruption of the country. The reactionaries who caused the deed may endeavour to overthrow the Republic. They will scarcely succeed in this, but they may inflict the most serious injury upon the German body economic and may destroy themselves.

J. ELLIS BARKER.

THE BIOLOGY OF SPITSBERGEN BIRDS.¹

ICEFJORD, SPITSBERGEN, *July, 1921.*

HERE in Spitsbergen one realises with full force the biological advantages of birds. A bird, like a mammal, is an evolved reptile, although the ancestral stocks among the Reptilia were wholly different for the two groups. The transition from reptile to bird is marked by the acquisition of two qualities in particular—greater mobility and a constant temperature. The evolution of feathers and the transformation of fore-limb into wing gave them powers of locomotion over the earth's surface unrivalled by any other group; and the capacity for regulating the temperature of their bodies to a constant and high level enabled them to maintain themselves in regions impossible to reptiles or to any other cold-blooded creatures, whose activities rise and fall with the outer temperature. Add to this the third fact—that they have kept their hind limbs free from participation in flight, unlike all other flying vertebrates, be they bats or pterodactyls or flying squirrels; this enables them to be free of earth, air, and water at will.

Mechanical laws prevent them from combining flight with great size, so that they could not hope to compete with mammals in power and in variety of terrestrial adaptation, but, if we omit man from consideration, it would be very difficult to say which of the two divergent branches of the vertebrate stock, the Mammals or the Birds, is to be ranked biologically higher. That is true for the world as a whole; but here in the North the birds are unquestionably the dominant group. During the Ice Age Spitsbergen was buried, probably in its entirety and through all the year, under a mantle of ice and snow from which only a few high rock-peaks can have protruded. Many naturalists believe that no species, whether of plant or animal, could have survived this time; in any event, there can have been but few. Further, the country was depressed, so that all connection with the mainland was severed; and so all, or almost all, the present animal inhabitants must be immigrants across several hundred miles of sea. Some among the lower orders have no doubt been drifted here by currents; others carried on the feet of birds, some blown by the wind as egg or perfect animal. The reindeer and fox must doubtless have found their way across the ice from Nova Zembla. (Seals, walruses and Polar bears we do not reckon, for they are marine.) Apart from these two mammals, birds are the only creatures which have reached Spitsbergen by

their own efforts. But, unlike the mammals, they can by their own efforts leave it again each year when the polar winter starts.

As a result, the archipelago boasts a list of about thirty species of birds, not counting casuals and stragglers. Of these, it is true that more than half gain their food wholly, or almost wholly, from the sea, while about a quarter—the waders—help themselves indiscriminately from seashore, fresh water and land. Only three species—the Spitsbergen Ptarmigan, the Snow Bunting and the Snowy Owl—are true land forms. The Skuas are in a sense land forms—they live by robbing other birds of food, of eggs, of young; but they are close relatives of the Gulls, and are, if the term be allowed, parasites upon marine birds. Yet almost all the species of the region are much less aquatic than any seal or even polar bear. Even if we cut out the true swimmers and divers, we should still have an abundance both of species and of individuals far outnumbering the mammals; all other land vertebrates—reptiles and amphibia—are wholly absent.

If we except a possible few Fulmars, the Ptarmigan (and probably the Snowy Owl that preys upon the Ptarmigan) are the only birds which winter here; they drive burrows under the snow, and eat the green-stuff preserved in cold storage below. All the rest leave the country as soon as their young are able to fly, and spend the winter further South.

Of all the birds, the most aquatic are the Puffins, Auks and Guillemots. The extinct Great Auk, of course, had become as truly aquatic as the Penguin, and had quite lost the power of flight; it is interesting to see what steps in the same direction have been taken by its relatives. When the ship approaches too near a Puffin or a Guillemot, it makes off. But instead of rising almost at once like a Gull or Tern (by the way, I have seen a Grey Phalarope raise itself vertically into the air from the swimming position), it splashes off along the surface, using both legs and wings, for what seems an interminable time.

Often it will not rise into the air until it has thus flapped, or flopped, two hundred, three hundred, or even four hundred yards, and often, instead of flying at all, will end with a sudden dive. The wings seem to be used more as flippers to help it move hydroplane-wise over the surface than as organs of flight. Once these birds do rise into the air, however, their flight is strong enough. They may all be found nesting at a good height, up even to one or two thousand feet above sea-level, on the cliffy bird rocks, and will often throw themselves into air from their breeding ledges, and circle round, apparently just for the love of the exercise. But their wing-beats are very rapid, and they are not built for long or sustained flight. On their travels they

use the surface of the waves as a resting place, and so can afford to be less powerful fliers than are most migrants.

However, we may safely prophesy that this tendency towards flightlessness will never go any further in these, or indeed any other birds. With the advent of man, the whole biological environment has changed, and is still changing, and flightlessness is a path to almost certain destruction. Witness the fate of the Great Auk, killed by sailors for their meat.

Man, indeed, is introducing many changes even into Spitsbergen bird life. While the sea fowl and some of the geese breed on their precipices, the Terns and Eiders breed almost exclusively on islands. In the first instance this was due to the prevalence of foxes, which would exterminate any conspicuous bird nesting on accessible ground. But now man is here; and, although he is unable to affect the cliff-birds, his presence reverberates disastrously enough upon the Eiders. These were accustomed to nesting by the hundred upon their grassy and rocky holms, in a security broken only by the attacks of robber Skuas and Burgomaster Gulls. But they have no defence against man. For possible foxes they are endowed with the instinct of feigning injury when scared off the nest. True, they do it in a ridiculous and unconvincing manner, simply waddling along with foolish wings flapping against the ground, but no doubt such a sight would tempt even the most cunning of foxes. Man, however, laughs at the trick, and gathers both eggs and eiderdown. The professional hunters keep on returning to an island, always taking most of the down and all the eggs but one. The bird continues to pluck down from herself and to lay, and so by the end of the season is pretty well drained dry and stripped bare. At the close the men do not kill the goose with the golden eggs, but let her bring up a family. The same method is practised by the more astute of the settlements; although a few inexperienced or ignorant bodies of men will clean up an island altogether at every one of their frequent visits, and leave the birds no chance of bringing off their young. Even the less brutal practice, however, must have an effect upon the birds; it is an instructive commentary upon it that, whereas clutches of four, five, and occasionally six eggs are the rule in the frequented parts of Spitsbergen, yet in the rarely visited Liefde Bay the regular numbers are found to be seven, eight or nine. In some places the birds are even forsaking the islands and taking to breed in scattered spots upon the tundra; this may well prove to be the lesser of two evils, since man's activities affect foxes too, and in a way favourable to the Eider.

It is characteristic of many birds in this remote region that

they show much less fear than in populous countries. Terns and Skuas attack the intruder on their breeding grounds; Little Auks—these comic miniatures—sit quiet on their ledges while a man comes up to ten or twelve yards' distance, and will even fly still closer for an inspection of the strange object. The Fulmars, too, often stoop close to one with a swish of wings as they fly over the tundra, to satisfy their curiosity. Phalaropes are notoriously tame, and the Grey Phalarope, though not so fearless as our own Red-necked, scarcely resents the presence of man until within a few yards. The Purple Sandpiper, too, is not wary like waders on the beach at home; if you come too close, he lifts one wing erect, white under-side showing, and runs a few steps. Ptarmigan are so tame as to be stupid. They will suffer an approach to within a foot, may sometimes even be caught by hand, and do not object in the least to repeated stone-throwings—until one at last finds its mark.

Even the Divers, when brooding, are bold; and only the Geese cannot belie their cautious wary natures, *honking* off at the first approach of danger.

There is one general point concerning distribution which deserves notice, and that is the complete absence of any Raptorial birds. There is the Snowy Owl, but none of the true Accipitres, the Falcons, Hawks, Buzzards and Eagles. This must presumably be due to the fact that they are not migratory birds, although one could have expected that species like the Peregrine Falcon would, in the course of their wanderings, have reached the island. The country would undoubtedly support such birds, for Greenland is inhabited by Falcons up to a very high latitude. The only explanation that can be advanced is that they have never reached Spitsbergen. Whereas Greenland is in close propinquity to the American mainland, Spitsbergen is separated from Europe by over four hundred miles of sea, and has been so separated since the Glacial Period.

The place usually filled by birds of prey in the economy of bird life is not, however, vacant in Spitsbergen. It is filled by the Burgomaster Gulls and the Skuas. The Burgomaster or Glaucous Gulls are even more predatory than our Greater Black-backed Gulls. The eggs and young of any species, and even the adults of some, find their way into their devouring maws. An Eider Duck can scarcely leave her nest uncovered before the Burgomasters will be at it. The Skuas are as bad in their way, although not so powerful. They are very abundant, as is the Burgomaster—an abundance undoubtedly to be correlated with the absence of Falcons and Hawks. Upset the balance of Nature in one way, it will redress itself in another.

One of the most interesting fields of biology is the study of variation and evolution as it occurs in Nature, in the light of what we have discovered through experiment in laboratory and botanic garden. Birds provide a rich harvest of material in this field, for they have been worked out more accurately and in greater detail than any other group of organisms. It is a general rule, with exceptions, to be sure, but very distinctly a rule, that both mammals and birds, as we pass from low to high latitudes, become both larger and paler. This has been especially well worked out for American forms by Allen, but holds good equally in the Old World.

The Puffin of Spitsbergen, for instance, while differing in no important structural character from the ordinary European form, is separated off as a geographical race with notably greater size as its chief differentiating character. Then there is the Glaucous Gull, or Burgomaster. This fine creature, pale silvery grey above and white below, recalls the Herring Gulls in some respects, the Great Black-backed in others. But it is a size larger even than the Black-backed; and its pale silver grey mantle is lighter than that of any temperate Gull.

Neither Herring Gull nor Black-backed occur in Spitsbergen except as accidental stragglers; and the Glaucous is obviously a quite separate and distinct species. Here, therefore, the process of differentiation has gone far further than with the Puffin; the continuous chain of interbreeding individuals has been long ago broken, and a well-marked northern species exists in place of the two southern ones.

A similar but intermediate state of affairs is to be found among the Guillemots. The European Black Guillemot or Tystie is represented in Spitsbergen by a distinct geographical race known as Mandt's Guillemot, in which there is more white on the wing; here we have a parallel with the Puffin. But the Common Guillemot does not occur in Spitsbergen at all. Its place is taken by Brunnich's Guillemot, a bird very like it in many respects, but with a shorter and broader bill, differences of colour in the mandible, and so forth. As regards these two forms, an interesting fact is to be noted: although they must have diverged but recently from a common stock and now never interbreed, their nesting ranges have come to overlap, possibly by the northward extension of the Common Guillemot as the Ice Age has given place to a climate gradually growing warmer. On Bear Island, half-way between Spitsbergen and Norway, the two nest side by side on the cliffs; and, interestingly enough, their breeding dates appear to be different; the Common begins to nest on the average well before Brunnich's. This is probably to be cor-

related with the lateness of the Arctic summer, high northern forms being held back by a necessary instinct from early breeding.

Another and wholly different form of variation is also to be found among the Guillemots. The so-called Ringed or Bridled Guillemot is a variety of the Common, and is characterised by a line of white encircling the eye and prolonged backwards across the side of the head. No structural character, and indeed no other character whatever, separates it from the Common form, and there is undoubtedly no important difference of physiology or habit between them. They certainly interbreed; in England they are usually found scattered singly among birds of the ordinary type, but on Bear Island our party often found them showing a tendency to become segregated into little groups all of their own kind, although isolated birds are also to be found.

There is every probability that the difference between the two forms is due to a single Mendelian mutation, which happens to be neither advantageous nor disadvantageous, and has persisted in the race. It should be mentioned that in the ordinary bird a line is marked in the feathers in the same position as the "bridle" of the ringed form, but is of the same colour as the rest of the surrounding plumage. Lloyd, in the rats and other rodents of India, found analogous cases; sporadically there came to light not isolated individuals, but groups of individuals all showing some unusual character like white belly, hairless tail, and so forth. On this very trip of ours we saw the same occurrence among plants. Near Advent Bay the common Purple Saxifrage of the Arctic (*S. oppositifolia*) occurs abundantly in a white variety; elsewhere the white is also found, but merely in small numbers only. Twice we found white specimens of the red Cushion Campion (*Silene acaulis*), and both times in groups of several plants. Near Cape Boheman we found patches of another variety of the Purple Saxifrage with notably narrow petals, giving the flower a quite different look.

Finally, there is another sort of variation, which we saw, for instance, in the Geese, the Skuas, and the Eider Ducks. Instead of closely related forms inhabiting different tracts of the earth's surface, we find other related creatures inhabiting the same region, but adapted to slightly different modes of life—kept distinct by difference of habits, not by mere physical separation. The Barnacle Goose, for example, nests upon cliffs, the Brent on low islands; and this difference is associated with others in manner of feeding and way of life. The rarer Buffon's Skua appears to keep more to the hills than the common Richardson's Skua, while the King Eider has only so far been found nesting

singly on the tundra, not together in multitudes on islets like the Common Eider.

These facts corroborate the results of recent experimental breeding. It would appear that the raw material for evolution is given for the most part by small mutations effecting slight though definite changes in the creatures' constitution and appearance. Such of these mutations as are favourable or neutral may survive and meet us as apparently accidental variations, as in the Ringed Guillemot. When such mutations lead in the direction of new instincts and new habits of life, we may and often do get a division of the old stock into two varieties or species leading different sorts of lives, as with the Geese. When, on the other hand, a species spreads over large tracts, the mutations which happen to crop up at one end of its range get little or no chance of becoming incorporated in the constitution of the members of the species at the other end of the range—for the young tend always to return to their old homes. Thus a diversity arises depending solely upon the accident of what mutations have cropped up here, what there; this is, of course, greatest when a part of the species inhabits some clear-cut isolated piece of ground, as with the Spitsbergen Puffin or the St. Kilda Wren. Furthermore, such variations as will best help the birds to meet the particular conditions of climate will be preserved, so that the northern and southern, the eastern and western individuals of a single species with a large range will very likely come to differ in ways which are adapted to their particular surroundings.

In the laboratory or the lecture room, Evolution often seems to elude the mind, to become a doctrine, rather than a reality. If this happen, we lose touch not only with the keystone of biological science, but with the most important and interesting process which we know—blind forces working so that a definite direction is the result, struggle and death leading slowly but surely to progress. One turns to Nature, and it becomes a reality once more. Here in the open one sees its slow finger at work, and realises that, with time, all things are possible to Life.

JULIAN S. HUXLEY

*(Member of the Oxford University Expedition to
Spitsbergen).*

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD WOLSELEY.

THERE is at present no record of Lord Wolseley, who died just too recently to be included in the latest Supplement of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. His memory loiters in the limbo which always surrounds the famous dead for a few years after their decease. Then follow, in due course, the official Life and the selected correspondence; and so finally the monument is unveiled for the pigeons of the Press to perch upon. To my friends, Sir Frederick Maurice and Sir George Arthur, have been entrusted the duty of arranging the memoirs of our greatest modern soldier, and their work will be formidable, for the Great War, of which Wolseley, in flashes of genius, had prescience, has swept over us, and has confused the landmarks of our memories. I feel sure that they will bring judgment and discretion to their task, which is a noble one. But they will certainly, and properly, be inclined to concentrate their effort on the military aspects of their subject, since Lord Wolseley was a soldier before everything else; and so completely a soldier that other aspects must be dwarfed in contemplation of his military glory. These may easily, indeed, be excluded altogether, and I therefore venture to recall, before it is too late, certain scenes which I observed during a prolonged and delighted acquaintanceship, in which the sword ceased to be "vambrashed," as the Elizabethans used to say, and in which the great general was simply an amateur of letters, eager to talk about books and even ambitious to write them. I shall not fall into the error of describing him as a great author, but I think that it may be amusing to preserve some intellectual sketch of a character essentially imposing in very different surroundings.

Lord Wolseley was not prominent before the world as a man of letters, and I shall not pretend that he could claim that particular distinction, though he wrote easily and well. Of his best books I shall have something presently to say. But I think it is known to only a very few survivors that he had a predilection and even a passion for literature which he shared, I should think, with no man of action of his time. He was an insatiate reader, and his reading covered a surprising range. For a man to whom life offered excitement and animation in almost every direction, it was notable how much time he found to spare for intellectual amusement. He attributed his love of reading to the influence of his Irish mother. He said once to me, "I would sooner live upon porridge in a book-room than upon venison and truffles

where books were not," and this meant much from one who was by no means indifferent to the truffles and the venison of life. The curious thing is that this obsession with literature nowhere peeps out in his published works, and is notably absent in his autobiography, *The Story of a Soldier's Life*, where we should particularly expect to find traces of it. For this defect in the general portraiture of that book there are reasons, upon which I may touch later on. It is a useful chain of military records, but it is a portrait of its author in full uniform, with cocked hat and sword. It was my good fortune to see him always in mufti, and if I essay a snapshot of him I am bound to show him with a book in his hand.

My acquaintance with Lord Wolseley began in 1888, and I owed it to a common friend whom I never cease to deplore, the ever-ingenious Andrew Lang. I have forgotten how these two came together, but they had a great appreciation of each other's company. Wolseley was now just fifty-five, but he looked much younger, and he flashed about as though the spirit of April still laughed in him. The first thing which struck an observer on meeting him was that he had the gestures of a boy; the elastic footstep, the abruptly vivid movements, one would almost say were those of a happy child. In 1888 Lord and Lady Wolseley were still inhabiting a small house in Hill Street, but immediately after I first knew them they moved to the Ranger's House in Greenwich Park, the scene for me of delightful memories during the next two years. Wolseley was at that time Adjutant-General of the Forces, under Mr. Stanhope (I am sure), and then Lord Lansdowne (I think). He worked hard every day at the War Office, and came down to Greenwich in the afternoon like any civil servant or bank clerk. His life at that time was marked by the serene and unaffected simplicity which always seemed to me the cardinal feature of his personal character. Much in Wolseley had an appearance of inconsistency. For instance, it cannot be questioned that he demanded a great deal from those who worked under him professionally, nor that he was careful of his own prestige. But when he was released from his military work, he became the least assuming of mankind. Moreover—and this makes the attempt to paint him particularly difficult—he was not, to the public eye, conspicuous, as other great generals have been, through demeanour or appearance. I used often to be surprised, when we were walking together in the street, to notice how few people recognised him, although he was then at the height of his celebrity.

In September, 1889, when my wife and I were going over to the Continent, we observed a shortish gentleman, in tourist

dress, pacing the deck of the steamer, and we said to each other : "Does not that man remind you of somebody?" Presently he stopped before us, smiling, and it was Wolseley. He was going alone to Metz, from which point he proposed to make a tour of personal observation round all the battlefields of 1870. He said that there were inconsistencies in the published accounts, and that he had meditated over them till it was impossible for him to rest until he had settled his difficulties by independent inspection. He told us not to say we had met him, and it was an example of that want of conspicuousness, which I have noted, that, although it was broad daylight, and he then one of the most famous figures in England, no one else did seem to recognise him. He had theories about the Franco-German campaign for which he sought confirmation. I begged him to let me know what the result might be, and so he wrote to me, from Brunswick, on October 4th :—

"I postponed writing to you until my tour round the battlefields should have finished, as I could not tell what to write upon the subject until I had studied the ground. I need scarcely tell you that I knew the chief episodes of each great fight very well before I came abroad. The German account of the events is so full and truthful that no student of war has any excuse for ignorance. With that book, and maps and plans, I have carefully studied every phase of every battlefield from Sedan in the North to Strasburg in the South, and I find I could not write upon the subject without expressions of opinion that would be very unpleasant to many men now alive. The Germans outnumbered the French in nearly all those battles to a large extent, and though the French allowed themselves to be surprised, and their leaders committed every possible mistake, the errors of the Germans were very glaring upon many occasions. Almost all their battles were not only fought in a manner entirely different from what was intended, but, in nearly every case, they were brought on without, and on some occasions contrary to, the positive orders and intentions of the Generals."

When I saw him at Greenwich soon after his return he spoke more plainly still. He said that he had found, to his great surprise, that the Germans, whose luck, he declared, had been incredible, had been very nearly defeated more than once or twice. He had been particularly excited by his inspection of the battlefield of Gravelotte. If that battle had not, he said, been won by what was really "a fluke," the day would have closed upon the German Army in about the most unfortunate position an army could possibly be placed in. All this struck me, ignorant of tactics as I am, as so very interesting that I entreated him to change his mind and write a complete record of his observations on the battlefields. But he said that the praise of German strategy had reached such a pitch of infatuation in England that he should be "accused of all sorts of things." Nevertheless, I pressed him to write down his experience, even

if he kept it private. He finally promised that he would do so that winter, but I never heard any more about it. His last words were "I dare not publish my views," and presently he had to go off to Newcastle on military business, which quite diverted his thoughts. It must be observed that we trusted in those days wholly to German historians, and that the French account, which confirmed Lord Wolseley to the letter, was not published until ten years later.

It was while I was walking with him in Greenwich Park one afternoon about this time that I first realised that he had any literary ambition. He acknowledged a constant temptation to use his pen. I had thought of him as a reader, but hardly as a writer, although he had published his soldiers' *Pocket-Book for Field Service* some twenty years before. I learned afterwards, from Andrew Lang, that Lord Wolseley had produced a novel, under a feigned name; this I had never seen, and Lang did not encourage me to hunt for it. But now, with considerable leisure, he was ready to be encouraged to write on matters at the fringe of his daily occupation. He did not, however, see any particular theme lying in wait for him. During a visit I had lately paid to the United States I had enjoyed a good deal of conversation with two of the leading generals of the Civil War, with Philip Henry Sheridan and with William Tecumseh Sherman. It was Sherman who made the celebrated march to the sea from Atlanta to Savannah at the end of 1864; his tenacity and clairvoyance delighted Wolseley, who was nevertheless inclined to blame Sherman for an excess of ruthlessness in his methods. He laughed when I told him that I had heard Sherman, when teased at a supper-party for destroying some town, first deny the charge, and then, when it was daringly repeated, turn round on the railer like an old snow-leopard, and cry: "Next time I'll burn the whole damned city to the ground."

With Sheridan, Wolseley was in much more complete sympathy. He set him on the very summit as a fighting general, and he said that he had contrived a mobility of cavalry in action which was unprecedented. I think he had known Sheridan personally in his early days on the frontier. I remember his saying that, if he himself were conducting a great battle, he should like nothing better than to have the victor of Opequam on a camp-stool by his side. His memory took fire at what I was able to recall of the conversation of the two great American generals. His chief hero, however, was Lee, and I remember that he put the Confederate general by the side of Marlborough and far above Wellington. I used the occasion to suggest to him that he should write down his ideas regarding the strategic

careers of these Americans. He liked the notion, and Mr. Rice, who was then editing the *North American Review*, having been communicated with, an invitation came to Wolseley which he accepted, and wrote, in 1889, one or perhaps several articles, which have never, I think, been reprinted. The life at Ranger's House was very quiet; the Wolseleys rarely dined in town, and the General's existence was almost that of a recluse. I remember we were all very much amused when his valet, a dashing character, suddenly gave warning, his sole cause of complaint being that he was losing caste by remaining in the service of "so very quiet a nobleman, who does not even go to the races!"

All this was completely changed in 1890 when Wolseley was appointed Commander of the Forces in Ireland. He wrote to announce the fact to me in July, and said that it was "rather a wrench going," but that he felt he should like it when he got to Dublin. "A more active, out-of-door life will be good for me," he opined. It was a great business moving all the family possessions, for both husband and wife were ardent collectors of bric-à-brac, and the treasures went by sea. The gallant couple, whose nostrils snuffed adventure as wild horses do their pasture, thoroughly enjoyed their position at the beautiful Dublin house, depressingly known as the Royal Hospital. Wolseley took to getting up at 5.30 every morning, and no day was long enough for his activities and his hospitalities. The political crisis was more severe than usual, but Wolseley cared very little about politics, and his buoyant energy and boundless good nature made his house the one bright spot in an otherwise dismal Dublin. That, at least, is how it struck me during an enchanting visit I paid to the Royal Hospital in the midst of the resistance to Lord Rosebery's "predominant partner." Wolseley gave up any thought of periodical literature; when I urged it he said he was "always being attacked for writing." I do not quite know who can have "attacked" him or why, but he had other things to attend to.

He was not, however, unoccupied. It was while he was in Ireland that he composed his *Life of the Duke of Marlborough*, of which he finished two volumes in the spring of 1893 and published them a year later. The notes for it had occupied him for many years, he said, "on board ship, in camp, and often at long intervals of time when on duty abroad and in the field." He made a tour, as I well remember, to the scenes of Churchill's childhood, before he left Greenwich in 1890, and his descriptions of Ash House and the valley of the Axe were jotted down on the spot. The *Life of Marlborough* is Wolseley's principal contribution to literature. It is characteristically written, with

that buoyancy and freshness which were inherent in his nature, but which do not appear so vividly in his other publications. The account of the Battle of Sedgemoor, which occupies an entire chapter, is almost a masterpiece; this is Wolseley, the writer, at his highest level. Unfortunately, this admirable book is, and will remain, a fragment, and posterity has a prejudice against what is unfinished. The second volume closes in 1702, when Marlborough's political intrigues had come to an end and William III. was placing him at the head of the allied forces in Flanders. This was, of course, the division of his career, and naturally closed a volume. But the military fun was only just going to begin, and what everybody wanted from Lord Wolseley, of all men in the world, was an account of the great campaigns.

This, however, was never performed, why, we can only conjecture. The book was, on the whole, very well received, but, naturally, everyone noted that it stopped in the middle of the story. In answer to an anxious inquiry which I sent off on receiving my copy of the two volumes, Wolseley wrote :—

"I hope the book will pay the publisher. If it does, I shall write the military part of Marlborough's life, which, of course, would be to me a more interesting undertaking than describing my hero through a period already well known from the pages of our greatest historical novelist, Macaulay."

This shows that, in April, 1894, no part of the continuation was actually written, but I doubt not that he had made copious notes of some of the 1702-1710 campaigns. Indeed, on one occasion much later, when I was trying to urge him to return to so congenial an enterprise, he told me that the Battle of Malplaquet was actually finished. This chapter must surely exist among Lord Wolseley's MSS., and I urge Sir George Arthur to make careful search for it. It ought to be well worthy of publication. That, at the age of sixty-one, and in active State employment, Lord Wolseley did not feel able to pursue his hero over the innumerable battlefields from Venloo to Oudenarde is easily comprehensible, but that he should have stopped just where he did is lamentable. We may wish that he had been inspired to start, instead of stopping, at 1702.

A side of Lord Wolseley's mental temperament which was little known was his sympathy with the imaginative literature of the East. He could not, I suppose, be called a scholar, but he had more acquaintance with Oriental languages than was generally suspected. In particular, the poetry of Persia exercised a great fascination over him. He studied both Persian and Hindostani for a couple of years, and kept a learned Munshi

with him all that time as a travelling tutor. This man had a passion for the poets, and, as Wolseley told me, constantly held him in conversation on the subject of Persian history and made him read Persian books. Wolseley learned quotations from the poets by heart, and afterwards, in speaking with exalted or highly educated natives of India, he found that the apt introduction of such tags from the classics was greatly appreciated, and was made the subject of compliment. Wolseley was very amusing about this.

As I happened to be President of the Omar Khayyám Club in 1897, I thought that a speech from the Field-Marshal at the annual banquet would introduce a charming novelty into that mild orgy of red wine and red roses. Although very busy, for he had lately been made Commander-in-Chief, he "jumped," as we say, at the invitation, and made his appearance as the Guest of the Evening. It was not for me to hint procedure to so illustrious a visitor, but I confess I dreaded lest the clash of swords might jar a little on our floral festivity. I need have had no fear. When the moment came for Lord Wolseley to rise (he had told me that he felt so shy that his "heart was in his mouth," but he showed no sign of discomposure) he assured the company that he had been misrepresented as a man of blood, but that he was, on the contrary, a lover of roses and red wine. He confessed that he knew Omar only in the translation of FitzGerald; I was aware—but kept my counsel—that he had only known that since his invitation to dine. He said that in India he had never heard the name of Omar pronounced, but he expatiated largely on those of Hafiz and Firdousi. The rules of the Club excluded reporters, and I have always been sorry that no record survives of this charming little discourse. What does survive is a delicious poem in Austin Dobson's best vein, which was handed round to the guests in privately printed form. This piece described the scene and those present, beginning with

" I note

Our *Rustum* here, without red coat,

a touch which pleased the Field-Marshal.

Lord Wolseley had taken a leading part in the Chinese War of 1860, and I remember his telling me that on his appointment as deputy to accompany Sir Hugh Grant to Hong-Kong he ransacked every library and bookshop in Calcutta for books about China. His account of the campaign, up to the surrender of Peking in November, 1860, was published in his *Narrative of the War with China*, a work founded on the letters he sent home by each successive mail; it can conveniently be read in Chapters

XXVII. to XXXI. of *The Story of a Soldier's Life*. But what is not told there is that he preserved to the end of his days a very sympathetic interest in the civic manners of the Chinese, whom he preferred to any other Oriental race, having at one time or another tested them all. In his published writings Lord Wolseley dwells mainly on the perfidy of the ruling classes in China, and on the ease with which Lord Elgin allowed himself to be taken in by the treacherous Chinese Ministers. He expressed horror at the crime of the escort who beheaded Captain Brabazon at the Pa-li-cheau Bridge, an event which had a peculiar effect on Wolseley, because it was by a mere accident that Brabazon, at the last moment, had taken Wolseley's place in his absence on another business. The want of elementary scruple in the Chinese authorities was shocking to a straightforward British soldier. But, after all, we were at war with them.

On the other hand, what Wolseley loved to expatiate on in private conversation was the sterling virtue of the ordinary Chinese civilian. I recollect how on one occasion, when Sir Francis de Winton was dining at Ranger's House, and expressed some views over-indulgent to the Turks, Lord Wolseley turned upon him, sparkling with indignation, and swore that no Turk could hold a candle to a Chinaman, the cleanest, the most temperate, the most philosophical creature in the world. In vain did De Winton protest that he meant no dishonour to China. Wolseley was started on his hobby-horse, and gave us no peace till he had delivered quite a little oration on the wonderful merits of the disciples of Confucius. This was in 1889, and long afterwards the zeal for China was eating him up at intervals. I find a letter to myself, dated April 17th, 1901, in which he tells me that he is reading Professor H. A. Giles' *History of Chinese Literature* :—

"I wonder how deep he has gone in it. The only man I ever knew who had more than dipped into that vast subject was Sir T. Wade, an old friend of mine. I have known many men who spoke Chinese well, some even spoke it fluently—Sir Harry Parkes, for instance—but Wade was the only Englishman I ever met who had probed down deep into the Chinese classics. He often laughed at the notion of any *Fan qui* being well acquainted with them, so great was their volume and so numerous the works to be studied. Indeed very few Chinamen are thoroughly well read in their own classical literature. When we moved upon the Summer Palace in 1860, the Emperor fled in haste, leaving upon a little table the book he had just been reading. I always regretted not having taken possession of it, instead of letting it be destroyed. It was a classical work."

On the night of October 12th, 1899, when the Boer War was declared, my wife and I shared with Lord and Lady Wolseley

a box at the performance of Shakespeare's *King John*. Like almost everyone else except Kitchener, the Commander-in-Chief, assured us that the war would be a short one; he was radiant and calm on that memorable evening. There were many verses in the play which seemed appropriate to the occasion, and when King John declaimed—

"Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment."—

Wolseley whispered "and Victoria for Mr. Krüger!" It was exhilarating, though as it turned out not wholly satisfactory, to listen to King John's proud reply to Chatillon:—

"For ere thou canst report, I will be there;
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard—
So hence!"

But I must not trespass within the circle of our coming disenchantment.

A few months later Lord Wolseley handed over the Command-in-Chief to Lord Roberts, and he presently retired to a farmhouse at Glynde, near Lewes, where he resided for a number of years, more and more secluded from the world, but devoted to his garden and his books. Once more he became a voracious reader of miscellaneous literature. Here he liked to be informed of what was going on in the world of letters, and to see as frequently as he could a few friends who wrote. Among these, I think there was none whom he valued more than Henry James, a very old friend, earlier, I think, than Andrew Lang or myself. It might be supposed that there was little in common between the active soldier and the exquisite and meticulous dreamer, but, on the contrary, their mutual esteem was persistent, and Wolseley delighted in the conversation of Henry James, although he sometimes allowed himself to smile at the novelist's halting and deliberate utterance. Wolseley, on the other hand, was an emphatic, spontaneous talker, not very particular in selecting the very best word or in rounding the most harmonious period. It was amusing to hear them together, the one so short and sharp, the other so mellifluous and hesitating, yet their admiration, each for the other, was continuous.

I do not think that Wolseley was ever more happy than in the first years of his residence at Glynde, the world forgetting, by the world forgot. But a certain insidious melancholy soon began to invade him. He gradually cut himself off from all his round of London engagements, and he never once, if I remember rightly, attended the House of Lords after his retirement from

the War Office. He was not in the least degree invalided or deprived of nervous energy, but he felt that in the long, strenuous years of service he had earned a holiday, and now he took it. He made, perhaps, few new friends, but he was careful to cultivate the old ones, and no one was ever more assiduous in the art of friendship. He clung to old associations and to old faces—"they can't escape me," I remember his saying. He liked to see them at Glynde, where they always received a glowing, almost a boisterous, welcome. The house lies in a sort of glen between two ranges of the beautiful Sussex downs, and Wolseley loved to climb these eminences with a familiar companion. He was particularly apt to take such a friend eastward along the lanes to Fittle and then up to the summit of the beacon above Alceston. This was one of his favourite afternoon excursions, and from this vantage he would sweep the coast-line from Seaford to Pevensey, and dilate on its strategic capabilities.

Of such excursions as these I have the happiest memory. The exercise always seemed to stir the General's brain to especial activity. His rapid, vehement voice rang out in full sonority in the silence of the great rolling Down, and his thoughts seemed to move with more ease than usual in the high, cold air of autumn. His imagination worked with a vitality which almost persuaded his ignorant companion that he also was a strategical genius, so easy did the problems of military movement seem when outrolled by Wolseley's warm voice and punctuated by the sweep of his walking-stick. It was impossible not to feel that "this exceptional combination of mental gifts with untiring physical power and stern resolution" made our wonderful friend unique in his class and time. One was amazed to find one's self entrusted with the professional secrets of which one was really so unworthy a recipient. But it was characteristic of Wolseley that, with all his fire and abruptness, he was incapable of the smallest element of patronage. He lifted his friends, in a whirl of generous illusion, up to a level with himself, and insisted on their sharing his conceptions. No one ever possessed a more fascinating gift for persuading the person he talked with that the friend's powers and capacities were equal to his own. The impression could only be momentary, but it was extremely grateful while it lasted.

Few things in private conversation are more winning than lack of discretion. I cannot pretend that Lord Wolseley was a cautious speaker, and I think his company would have been much less entertaining than it was if he had minced his words or hedged his opinions. He had spent twenty years or more of his life in a prodigious enterprise, no less than the entire

remodelling of the British Army. He had seen with Napoleonic clearness what sweeping reforms were needed, and he had not felt the smallest hesitation in setting about their introduction. But he had originally been quite alone in this perilous enterprise. Hercules had come to the cattle-yard of Augeas and had found it clogged with the mire of generations. He set about turning the course of Alpheus and Peneus, rivers of Whitehall, and he sent their waters rushing through the stable. With his besom he began to scrub the refuse out of every corner. But the old-fashioned stablemen were not pleased to be disturbed, and Augeas, in consternation, refused to give Hercules his reward. Thereupon there arose loud and lasting clamours, in the midst of which the work, frustrated as far as mediocrity found possible, went forward steadily, but in a wind of exasperation. There was rage on both sides, recrimination, injury; and even the monarch of Elis was not disengaged from the struggle. If these things are an allegory, it is a very transparent one, and it need not be translated. It suffices to say that he would have little insight into human character who should express surprise at any vehemence of expression, with regard to those who opposed his cleansing activities, which the Nemean hero might give way to in private conversation. He was tired with fighting those of his own household and he was sick from the stupidity of persons clothed with brief authority.

If, however, Lord Wolseley expended the treasures of what could at call be a very lively vocabulary on the men who had hindered his life's work, nothing could exceed his loyal memory of the few who had found courage to support him. Among the latter, Mr. Cardwell and Lord Northbrook stood pre-eminent, particularly the former, of whom I remember many tributes of the warmest appreciation. I have often heard Wolseley say that he came back from the Crimea with a sense of horror at all the shortcomings of our military system, and that his criticisms met with none but the most languid attention except from Cardwell. It was a highly fortunate circumstance that these two came together, for Cardwell at home in England had come to the same conclusions as Wolseley had in the four quarters of the globe. He was able, as Secretary for War from 1868 to 1874, to put into practical shape the ideas which Wolseley had, by his high gift of imagination, seen in the field itself to be necessary. Wolseley believed that, but for Cardwell's unflinching support, his enemies would have contrived to have him honourably deported to some command at the Antipodes where his tiresome brain would have ceased to worry the War Office. The fiercest of the fight gathered about the year 1872, when "the old school" would hardly believe

that anyone calling himself a gentleman could make himself so intolerably objectionable as did this horrible Sir Garnet Wolseley. At this time Cardwell, in the face of every species of intrigue and resistance, shielded his assistant from his opponents. Later on he helped him to collect around him the ablest soldiers of promise on whom the army of the future depended. I never heard Wolseley speak of anyone with so much regret as of Cardwell, cut off, by failing health, in the midst of his labours.

It was Lord Northbrook who chiefly aided and abetted Wolseley in his scheme for sending General Gordon off up the Nile. When the tragedy was complete, Lord Northbrook inclined to think that their action had been "a terrible mistake." But Wolseley never would admit that it had been a mistake. He persisted that it was the only thing to do, and that the responsibility for failure rested on Mr. Gladstone and his Government. There was nothing that Wolseley loved better than to recount the adventure of his seeing Gordon off to the Soudan on November 18th, 1883, and his dramatic conversation at the London railway-station. Gordon was settled in the train when Wolseley asked: "By the way, General, I suppose you have plenty of money?" "Not a penny!" And Wolseley would recount how he dashed in a hansom to his bank, and brought back the bank-notes just in time for the perfectly indifferent Gordon to slip them into his pocket as the train went off.

Before he left town in 1900 Lord Wolseley had begun, at the suggestion of some of his friends who regretted that so much high experience of life should be wasted, to prepare his own autobiography. As I took a special interest in this project, I was told (December 1st, 1900) that he had "written, at odd moments, many pages for the Memoirs, but, of course, they have still to be pumice-stoned down and put into shape." The sudden cessation from all administrative activity had threatened to be rather disastrous, but, as I have said, he took his retirement to Glynde very serenely, and this business of the autobiography promised to be the best antidote to languor. When one saw him in the next years, it stood always in the background; its progress was reported like the growth of a slow fruit, which stuck on the bough, but was not swelling as it should. At last, in his seventy-first year, I received, not without surprise, the announcement that it was ripe and ready for the market. A little further delay, and there appeared, in two fat volumes, *The Story of a Soldier's Life*. The copy which reached me from the author generously acknowledged the "valuable advice" that I had "so often kindly given." But I dare not take this tribute to my soul, for, as a matter of fact, the book bears no trace of

external advice. It is a very strange production, and may be succinctly described as an editing from earlier records by himself of fragments of a story the details of which the author had forgotten.

There is no question that, as an autobiography, *The Story of a Soldier's Life* is disappointing. It was undertaken too late, and it could never have been written at all, save for the fact that Wolseley had, in earlier years, kept copious journals and written long letters when he was abroad on his various campaigns. These letters and journals were collected and typed, and a secretary helped to put them together and give a certain amount of cohesion to the narrative. The book was strangely edited; the preface appears in the second volume, the dedication is repeated twice, there is no account whatever of the circumstances in which the Memoir was compiled. What is more serious is that the personal and intimate life of the author is entirely neglected. When he had not before him letters from the Crimea or the Red River, from China or Ashantee, he had nothing to go upon but the newspapers.

The sad cause of all this cannot be concealed. Although his physical health, and indeed in essentials his mental health, were unimpaired, he had begun to suffer from a radical decay of memory. This was already becoming obvious before 1903, and it grew rapidly in intensity. It was a very curious infirmity, for it dealt chiefly with what I may call immediate memory. For instance, in these later years, if an old friend came to see him on a carefully prepared visit, he would recognise him instantly, with the old ardour, but would say: "I'm delighted to see you, no one told me you were coming!" If a little later on the same occasion he was called away for a few minutes, he would return with a repeated welcome: "Oh! how nice to see you—nobody told me you were coming!" This painful affliction has to be mentioned, if only because it explains the strange construction of *The Story of a Soldier's Life*. It grew upon him, until it wove a curtain which concealed him from all intercourse with the world. In perfect physical health, but needing and receiving the most assiduous attention, he lived on, mainly at Mentone, until he completed his eightieth year. But his wonderful and beneficent life had really come to an end ten years earlier.

EDMUND GOSSE.

THE ETHICS OF SUICIDE.

THOUGH no action of our own we have been accommodated with a material body, composed of a varying assemblage of atoms of matter, wherein to develop and grow an individuality or persistent personal character. The opportunity so afforded us lasts as long as the material instrument continues in good order. It may be shattered by an accident or a crime, or it may be injured by poisons secreted by those parasitic organisms which are commonly known as disease-germs, or it may simply wear out and cease to work. Under such circumstances the personality so far developed is set free, and continues as best it can without either help or hindrance from the material vehicle which has served its turn and which was automatically constructed for its use and training.

This episode of incarnation, this opportunity for terrestrial existence in association with matter, is evidently to be appreciated as one of high importance in the total scheme—of which we know so little; and it is universally regarded as reprehensible in the extreme to do anything that shall curtail the laborious opportunity so provided. Whether a second chance is ever accorded to an undeveloped personality, is a subject open for discussion; but anything like a conclusion is at present very uncertain. Many, perhaps most, think that the opportunity is unique and cannot be repeated. On the other hand, some there are who think that incarnation is often repeated, and that a gradual rise of the individual in the scale of existence is thus accomplished. Let us leave the question open. Until we know more, safety lies in the middle path. It seems to me likely that a second opportunity may be permitted under exceptional circumstances, but that reincarnation cannot be counted upon nor arranged for. All I know is that existence undoubtedly continues; and I suspect that the special opportunities afforded by association with matter are not likely to recur.

If that be so, the heinousness of murder is amply accounted for; and self-murder is only one degree less criminal than the murder of another. In either case the period allowed for terrestrial life is violently cut short; and irreparable injury may be done to a growing and developing personality.

Why should anyone attempt such a thing? The usual excuse is,—a fit of madness. But such madness may be the result of untrammelled long-cultivated passion, and therefore may be essentially blameworthy. Self-injury is unnatural, though in cer-

tain moods it is possible. No one surely really wishes to injure himself, not his essential self. He may mutilate his body, he may try to destroy it, but it must be because he thinks he sees the way to some higher good or to some lesser evil. Or he may mistakenly think that he can secure eternal unconsciousness and extermination, and thus end both his joys and sorrows. But the unconsciousness sought will only be temporary. A person in violent unbearable pain, or smitten with an incurable disease, or—as we have seen in the war—so shattered as to be a useless and helpless hulk, may seek release from suffering not only by temporary unconsciousness, as by drugs, but by what is thought to be the permanent unconsciousness of the grave. Piteous indeed it is to hear of a soldier deprived of limbs, and it may be of sight too, begging for death as a merciful release. Depend upon it, the essential and permanent horror of such incidents recoils, not upon the unfortunate victim, but upon the swollen arrogance of those who, to serve their own ends, have caused humanity to endure such things. These evils, artificially and purposely caused, come not by the will of God, but by the devilish malignity or criminal stupidity of man.

Eliminating extreme cases, such as these of painful and incurable disease or mutilation,—on which it ill behoves us more favoured persons to sit in judgment, or even to form a general opinion apart from each individual case,—there are a multitude of comparatively minor troubles for which relief is sought in suicide, which certainly do not justify such a misguided and irreparable act. Financial embarrassment is one such trouble; social stigma is another. The former more frequently affects men; the latter women. In addition to these, there is a kind of acute depression, resulting from some pathological condition, such as colitis, for instance, in which the unfortunate patient feels that existence is only a misery to which he desires to put an end. But that is beyond his power. Escape from financial embarrassment he may—though he usually leaves enhanced trouble to others; escape from social stigma, or at least from conscious subjection to it, may be possible likewise; but escape from existence is a hopeless pursuit. We no more escape from existence when we die than when we emigrate. We change our surroundings, not ourselves; and in so far as our trouble is intimately associated with our own defects, our faults of character, our weakness, or our clinging vice, we shall find on arrival “at the other side” that all these things are still with us, that we have committed a futile crime; we must suffer punishment beyond what we had anticipated, and carry on an existence intensified by the pangs of helpless remorse.

To die, to sleep;

To sleep! perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause."

That is the rational conclusion, even if the "country" be regarded as still undiscovered, and if the testimony of returned travellers be not accepted. If any voice from the emigrants be admitted, the conclusion is rational still, but it is emphasised and enforced by direct testimony that the act of self-murder is not only rash or risky, but positively detrimental and definitely wrong.

Let us remember, however, in thus stigmatising the refuge apparently afforded by the violent destruction of our human body, let us always remember the grievous trouble through which people must have gone, and the most painful depression which must have preceded such an act ; and let us be full of pity for those who feel driven to it. Perhaps we all have had moments or short periods during which we knew something of such depression and can sympathise with its victims. A fellow-feeling should make us wondrous kind. Above all, let us not in our corporate capacity help to drive people to despair by inflicting so strong a censure on any fault that murder and suicide are liable to be seized as ways of escaping from the penalty which society inflicts. When mother-love is so perverted, so poisoned by social ostracism, that a child is killed by its natural pro-

tectress, as well as ignored or neglected by its natural protector, —there must be something grievously wrong, something which, it is within human power to remedy.

Fault there may be, sin to be repented of, much of evil to be overcome—but crime is no remedy: it is a hideous and unnatural aggravation of the offence. No human being should be driven to crime by parental harshness or social stigma. Bad should be made better, not worse. Live and atone—help others—perform your duties;—those are not counsels of perfection, they are counsels of common sense. Shirk no responsibilities; live out your life to the utmost. Oblivion is inaccessible. You cannot attain it. It is selfish as well as futile to wish for it. The consequences of your acts remain: why should you alone escape them? In the effort to attain the impossible you are courting disaster and plunging yourself into agonies of remorse. If you have led an ill-spent life, reform it; do not seek to terminate it by a still more ill-advised death. You think that you will not know of the troubles which you have left behind for survivors,—but you will. You will see the results, and bitterly lament them. Too late you will long for the power to make things better,—a power which you have flung away.

But some desperate souls may say—"We don't care, we are in hell now, if we are in hell hereafter it will not be worse."—But it will. The torment of hell is not so easily to be realised. Do not imagine that you have qualified for that awful condition, the condition of a lost soul.

You are wretched, but while there is life there is hope. You cannot grasp it; you do not see any way out of misery. No, but be patient. Endure to the end. Who knows what may come? Stand up and confront adversity. Think not of yourself alone. Cease thinking of yourself. Face the mystery of existence. You are in this Universe, a part of it, a part afflicted with pain: be assured you can live it down, you must: you cannot cease to exist: sooner or later things will mend. Sooner than you think, if you take the right steps. The wrongest step of all is to be so eaten up with your own calamity as to be led into crime. The temple of your body is sacred; it was not yours to give, it is not yours to destroy. Let time work its perfect work: be not deceived by apparent wreckage. "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." We only see a fraction of existence now: could we see the whole we should be satisfied. Think of all the untold beauty of the Universe, the possibilities of life, how great they are, even

so far as we know them; and how many we have missed! Listen to the wholesome apostrophe of Browning:—

“ Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith ‘A whole I planned,’
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be afraid!”

PART II.

It may be asked by readers who have followed some of my psychic work whether I have ever had communication from one who had taken his own life. Well, I have. The earliest case was that of a brilliant young fellow, a student of science and a keen experimenter, who was overweighted with the undoubted difficulties of his subject, and who overworked at unwholesome hours and led a life not conducive to longevity. A most impulsively generous man he was—I never knew a man to whom money meant less, nor one from whose pockets it more speedily evaporated. It was not that sort of thing that troubled him at all: he was devoted to science and in a minor way was very ambitious. Probably the ambition was not “minor” at all, but I thought it was. He had no belief in a future life, nor any ideas about religion—at least not to my knowledge. He was not what is called a saint, but no one could have been more kindly disposed nor better hearted. What, then, caused the calamity? I can think of no reason save hopelessness to rise to the heights of his ambition and master the intricacies of his subject. He would live and sleep in the laboratory, having rigged up a hammock for that purpose, but he could not do mathematics, could not even read them, beyond the elements of school work.

Was it this that depressed him? Or had he a taint in his blood? I know not; but he made several attempts to kill himself during a tour abroad, and at last succeeded.

What was his experience after? He found himself in captivity, in some sort of reformatory, apparently. He momentarily escaped, to speak to me, rushing impulsively and affectionately forward, as was his wont; but he was taken back, and I have not heard from him since. I trust that he has recovered his balance, that he has realised his mistake even more clearly than he did at first, and once more has become his old and better self. Peace to him, and Goodwill.

I have spoken to others, also, who shortened their own life: but one or two of those who succumbed to the temptation were

suffering from a miserable condition; and these are apparently treated leniently. Recovery in this case may be rapid. There are evil things which damage only the body, of which shot and shell are the most conspicuous; and if relief is sought from the hopeless consequences of these, no great damage seems to be done to the permanent self. But there are other evil things which assault and hurt the soul: and defect of soul must be remedied here. Suicide is no remedy for that. It does but aggravate the evil, it may make it more persistent, and undoubtedly pains and penalties must inevitably follow. Not for always! No, by no manner of means! There is no condition of utter hopelessness. Even the worst characters must have glimmerings of good; and these are fostered and strengthened wherever they show themselves, whether here or elsewhere.

"The soul is its own star.
Our acts our angels are,
For good or ill."

"When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness
and doeth that which is lawful and right he shall save his soul
alive."

Ancient sayings of this sort sum up racial experience, and surely convey a large element of truth.

Depression is due partly to something bodily wrong, no doubt; but how much of depression is the result of unwise or ill living? There are ways of destroying the body without actually killing it. Its health may be impaired, its power of resistance weakened, its organs inflamed or reduced to impotence. All this is in our power, and all this is folly little short of crime. There have been those who have abused their bodies hoping to strengthen their souls: but this, too, is a blunder. The episode of incarnation involves the interaction of soul and body together—that is what our earth life is for,—and to abuse or lower the vitality of either is a form of blasphemy. Let the lower be subject to and serve the higher, by all means, but do not seek to escape from the privileges and opportunities afforded by their conjunction,—a conjunction which has enabled our short life on this wonderful and beautiful planet.

The possibilities of existence are infinite. What they can be at moments we already dimly realise. We have all had instants of insight bordering on ecstasy. Why should these be so few and fragmentary? They show what is possible. The possible may be made actual. And when Saints tell us of the mystery of Deity, and of the Beatific Vision, surely something of what is here suggested must be meant. Not something for which we

have no imagination nor any trace of experience, but something to which we only attain at our very highest moments, and then only for a brief instant. Deity may, nay must, involve more than we can even conceive,—human experience is sadly hampered by our animal ancestry and manifold shortcomings,—but that it rises to the highest of our conceptions we may confidently expect; and as we rise in the scale of existence this it is which will become to us more and more real. The value and worth-whileness of existence cannot be over-estimated. The very pains and sufferings of this present life are a witness to the grandeur of that for which it is a preparation. Those who arraign the Deity for allowing human suffering, little realise what the future has in store. Many lofty souls must have already risen to the conception and to the experience; only they are beyond our ken. Existence is surely as large and magnificent now as it will ever be in the future; the universe is a going concern. Existence, yes, magnificent enough: but not our individual existence,—not yet! The realities are all there, it is we who must attain to them. We can only do so by obeying the rules, by doing our bit, by biding our time. There is no short cut, there is no hurrying the eternal process. Our spirits must work out their appointed destiny; and the period spent in a material body is a valuable and helpful contribution to the progress of the soul.

That is why,—as I said at the beginning,—that is why we must see it through; suffering pain if it must be, loss and suffering and bereavement if they come; secure that the end will justify all the labour and travail which precedes it.

But mark! If death is offered to us on our way, we need not shirk it. That may be one of our highest opportunities. The self-foreseen death of the man or woman who risks life at the call of duty—be it that of physician or nurse or soldier or fireman or sailor or mine-rescue-worker—that is no suicide. Such a death may rise to the heights of heroism, and may shine as an inspiring example down the ages. Yea, has not such a death been universally regarded by Christendom as the most effective, the strongest, agency towards the salvation of mankind?

OLIVER LODGE.

THE DEAD SEA AND A BIBLICAL PROPHECY: A PROJECT FOR ZIONISM.

SOME years ago it happened that the present writer had occasion to investigate the possibilities of certain suggested industrial developments on the shores of the Red Sea, in Palestine, and some other parts of the Near East. Nothing came of those investigations: the political conditions obtaining at the time in the regions concerned were not favourable to any propositions of the kind contemplated, however promising they might appear to be. To-day those political conditions are changed; and what was, doubtless, visionary, even twenty years ago, may now, perhaps, fall within the ambit of practical affairs. That remarkable movement of our time which we know as "Zionism," itself, it may be, but the beginning of the realisation of old prophetic visions, has associated with it men who can find the means to carry out any practicable proposition calculated to advance the social and economic interests of the ancient home of the Jews.

Among the projects considered at that time was the possibility of converting the Dead Sea into a useful and beneficial water. At this moment that remarkable sea serves no useful purpose in the economy of human progress. On the contrary, it is justly associated with the ideas of pestilence and death; it has had that character throughout historic time. The idea of converting it into some useful body of water appears to be entirely new, so far, at any rate, as modern history is concerned. A careful search through the literature of the Dead Sea has failed to discover any suggestion of this kind. Nevertheless, such a transformation could be made at, probably, a very moderate cost, and one that might well have a profound and immensely beneficial influence on the future development of Palestine; and not of Palestine only, but of the entire region of the Near East.

What is more, while the idea of effecting any such transformation does not appear to have occurred to the mind of any modern traveller who has explored the region of the Dead Sea and recorded his impressions, the idea is distinctly shadowed forth in, perhaps, the last place where one would think of looking for it—the Books of the Prophets of Israel.

It is unnecessary to dwell here on the geologic or physiological features of the Dead Sea or upon the probable mode of formation of the sea itself; but a brief note may be desirable. This singular water occupies the deepest section of a narrow depression in the earth's crust, following the line of a great

fault, extending from the north of Palestine to within a short distance of the head of the Gulf of Akabah, a total length in a straight line of about 220 statute miles; the section south of the Dead Sea forming the Wady el Arabah. The whole of this depression, which has the character of a chasm at the Dead Sea and for the greater part of the Jordan valley, is below the level of the Mediterranean; the normal level of the Dead Sea itself being 1,292 feet below. This depression appears to have been, at one geologic period, continuous with what is now the Gulf of Akabah, and was thus probably merely the tapering end of an enormous valley, a continuation of the ocean bed, which is now partly filled by the Gulf of Akabah and by the Red Sea. At a later period, the earth movements, the cooling and consequent contraction and folding of the earth's crust, formed a ridge obliquely across this valley and lifted it above the water at a point about forty miles from the head of the Gulf of Akabah, thus cutting off the northern section of the great valley from the ocean. It would appear probable that the northern extremity of this depression was connected at one time with what is now the Mediterranean, and that this connection was also severed by the gradual uplifting of the intervening land. It is unquestionable that there remained, for long geologic ages, an inland sea filling the Jordan valley and extending far south of the southern extremity of the Dead Sea, upon the shores of which there grew a vegetation far surpassing in luxuriance anything to be found to-day in those regions. Only gradually did this great inland sea shrink to the dimensions represented by the Dead Sea of history and of our time.

It would not be difficult to reproduce, more or less, the prehistoric conditions which have just been indicated; to recreate the great inland sea and to make it a new maritime thoroughfare between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. From the western shore of the Sea of Galilee to the Mediterranean coast in a direct line is no more than about twenty-seven miles; while from more than one point on the western margin of the valley of the upper Jordan, a line can be drawn to the Mediterranean, not exceeding about forty miles in length, along which the floor, for a considerable distance, is below the level of the Mediterranean, other sections being at or about that level, while no portion is more than 200 feet above it. A similar line may be drawn from the southern end of the Dead Sea to the head of the Gulf of Akabah. It does not appear likely that any special engineering difficulties would present themselves during the process of cutting through the comparatively narrow stretches of land which at present intervene between the head of the valley of the Jordan

would be filled; the Dead Sea would no longer be a geographical but merely a historical expression.

As to the benefits which might flow from this realisation of a simple engineering proposition, let us see what a great Hebrew prophet has to say about them.

In the Book of Ezekiel, Chapter XLVII., we read as follows—the prophet is concluding his vision of the future Sanctuary and organisation of his restored people :—

“ Afterward he brought me again unto the door of the house (connected with the Sanctuary) and behold waters issued out from under the threshold of the house eastward; for the forefront of the house stood toward the east and the waters came down from under from the right side of the house at the south side of the altar. Then brought he me out of the way of the gate northward and led me about the way without unto the utter gate by the way that looketh eastward; and behold there ran out waters on the right side. And when the man that had the line in his hand went forth eastward, he measured a thousand cubits and he brought me through the waters; the waters were to the ankles. Again he measured a thousand, and brought me through the waters; the waters were to the knees. Again he measured a thousand and brought me through; the waters were to the loins. Afterward he measured a thousand and it was a river that I could not pass over; for the waters were risen; waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over. And he said unto me, Son of man hast thou seen this? Then he brought me and caused me to return to the brink of the river. Now when I had returned, behold, at the bank of the river were very many trees on the one side and on the other. Then said he unto me: These waters issue out toward the east country, and go down into the desert, and go into the sea (the Dead Sea), which being brought forth into the sea the waters shall be healed. And it shall come to pass that everything that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live, and there shall be a very great multitude of fish, because these waters shall come thither; for they shall be healed and everything shall live whither the river cometh. And it shall come to pass that fishers shall stand upon it from En-ge-di even unto En-eglaim; they shall be a place to spread forth nets; their fish shall be according to their kind as the fish of the great sea exceeding many. But the miry places thereof and the marishes thereof shall not be healed; they shall be given to salt. And by the river, upon the bank thereof, on this side and on that side, shall grow all trees for meat; whose leaf shall not fade; neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed; it shall bring forth new fruit according to his months: because their waters they issued out of the Sanctuary; and the fruit thereof shall be for meat and the leaf thereof for medicine.”

The picture which is unrolled in these words of Ezekiel constitutes, perhaps, the most remarkable “vision” to be found in any literature. Biblical commentators, without exception, treat this vision as an allegory, and find in it a spiritual meaning only. They expend much labour and ingenuity in connecting it with the spiritual life; but the vision is remarkable and singular in this, that it can be fully explained by natural phenomena and

physical possibilities alone. There is no suggestion in the words themselves that their author intended them to be read in any spiritual sense whatever; Ezekiel saw a purely material transformation which he felt assured, by supernatural inspiration or by other reasons, would one day take place. His language is naturally florid; he was a preacher and not a scientist; and doubtless the sense is strained here and there. Thus, he sees the waters which effect the great transformation flowing into the bed of the Jordan from the west, and he makes them pass through the Sanctuary; but he is not the only seer of history who has more or less wrested a natural phenomenon from its normal aspect and made it serve the interests of his priestly order. In the circumstances we are to expect more or less of poetic licence, and not scientific exactitude, in the prophet's language; though, when we remember what the circumstances were, his description is astonishingly precise and accurate. What he describes is in all essentials just what would happen if the barrier which now cuts off the valley of the Jordan from the Mediterranean should be broken through as suggested in this present writing. The waters would flow from the west; there would be, at more than one place, the shallow but gradually increasing depths through which the prophet was taken by his guide until suddenly a river which could not be crossed was reached; the waters would flow into the Dead Sea and into the desert—that is, into the Ghor at the southern end of the Dead Sea and into the Wady el Arabah; the waters of the Dead Sea would be "healed"; the new sea or river would contain abundance of fish; and these naturally would be "as the fish of the great sea"—that is to say, the Mediterranean. This remarkable expression would suggest that the prophet knew that the transforming waters had their real source in the Mediterranean, although he might make them derive immediately from the Sanctuary. One of the most curious features of the vision is to be found in the reference to the "miry places and the marishes." These were to remain and to be "given to salt," which is precisely what would happen. At this moment a certain amount of salt is extracted from the deposits at the southern end of the Dead Sea. These deposits would be, more or less, submerged in the formation of the new sea or river, but "saltings" would certainly be formed at some point or points along the shores of the new water where salt would be produced as it is to-day at parts of the Mediterranean coast.

The Prophet refers to two rivers of the transforming water; both, in his vision, flow from the east. It might perhaps at some period be found worth while to make two separate connections

from the Jordan valley to the Mediterranean ; but the conception of the "double stream" would be realised essentially by making a channel to the head of the Gulf of Akabah as well as one to the Mediterranean. He sees the shores of the new river covered with luxuriant vegetation ; the picture might be completely realised in all essentials. The new sea, or river, or strait, or whatever it might be called, would certainly flow through some stretches of desert in the southern part ; but, otherwise it would be overlooked by high lands where systematic cultivation might produce wonderful results. The new water would be comparable, not with such a desert channel as the Suez Canal, but rather with the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus, with this difference, that its climatic conditions would be even more favourable to luxuriant growth. The entire margin of the new water "on this side and on that side," to use the language of the Prophet, from the southern end of the Dead Sea round to Haifa, where touch with the Mediterranean would doubtless be made, would admit of profitable cultivation—there might presently be found along it some of the richest vineyards, orchards, and fields of the world, flanked by valuable forests on the mountain slopes. Nor would there be any reason why the southern portion should not also become the centre of a rich agricultural region, where a new and still more famous Petra might arise. Prosperous towns and villages might dot the margin of this new channel throughout its length ; important ports would develop at its extremities ; while Jerusalem herself might have another at her gates. Finally, while the new channel would not be likely to enter into formal competition with the Suez Canal, it would, as a matter of fact, provide an alternative route which in circumstances easily conceivable might prove of very considerable value.

This vision of "healing waters" set out by Ezekiel 2,500 years ago suggests many speculations which it would be interesting to pursue if space permitted. Ezekiel spent much of his life as a captive of the Babylonians among a people of great intelligence and high scientific attainments. Had they recognised the raised beaches of the Jordan valley standing high above the level of the water of the Dead Sea, and concluded from their observations that at one time the entire valley was filled with water ? Or had they some intuitive or instinctive knowledge of a remote geologic past when a great sea occupied that region ? Or had legends of such a sea come down to them from primitive human inhabitants who had occupied those regions during, say, the Glacial Period ? And did Ezekiel, who was certain, from the position he held during his captivity, to be acquainted with those

legends or familiar with that knowledge, merely reason that what had been in the past might return? Or did he owe his "vision" of a great material transformation which is certain to be made by human agency, sooner or later, to some supernatural inspiration? However these questions may be answered, the vision does admit of practical realisation in the manner which has been indicated in these notes.

It is not possible to give here particulars of any useful estimates of the probable cost of constructing this new maritime channel. The cost need not be large; even though a considerable amount would be required by way of compensation for disturbance of the inhabitants of Tiberias, for example, and of scattered hamlets, which would be submerged; and for their removal and resettlement on sites above the new water level. It is possible that some of the work of excavation might be effected by the aid of electrical power developed by water brought from the Mediterranean. This water, after having served its purpose in the power stations, would pour down into the Dead Sea or into some portion of the Jordan valley and thus begin the filling up of those depressions, which would necessarily be a slow and prolonged operation. In any case, the entire cost of constructing the necessary works would be more than recouped by the appreciation which would speedily develop in the value of the land which would form the borders of the new water; apart from the economic value of the general stimulus to industry, to social progress and intellectual development throughout the entire country traversed by it, which the new water would most certainly provide.

During the Great War the present writer had special opportunities of witnessing the splendid patriotism, as British citizens, of distinguished members of the Jewish people, some of whom are associated with Zionism; and would like here, by way of some acknowledgment of that self-sacrificing patriotism, to offer and commend the project which has been roughly sketched in this writing to the authorities of the Zionist movement, in the confident assurance that it will one day be taken up and carried to a successful issue, with great and lasting benefits to mankind.

A. J. LIVERSEDGE.

THE TRAGIC YEARS OF HENRY MOSSOP.

IN reviewing the story of the three famed and closely associated tragedians of the mid-eighteenth century, it cannot but strike one as remarkable that, while Garrick and Spranger Barry have their pride of place in Westminster Abbey, Henry Mossop lies in an unknown grave. On closer inspection, however, this disparity proves to be only one of the many illustrations of a fact never thoroughly grasped, viz., that the malignant fate which pursued the disdainful Irish tragedian through the last lustrum of his life did not cease its operations when the curtain went down and the lights were lowered. In nothing has the peerless Coriolanus and Zanga of his time been unhappier than in his biographers. The story of his decline and fall as told by them is a tissue of fabrications. In their littleness they have obscured a nobility they did not understand. What was severe tragedy they have turned into rank melodrama. They blind our eyes with red fire and drug our common sense with the throbbing of the violins. Yet, if there was ever a case calling for the trained investigator rather than the unscrupulous seeker after the picturesque, this was one. As matters stand, various dates are given for Mossop's death, and all are wrong. Even the meagre contemporary obituaries are in conflict on the point. My purpose now is to rectify the manifold errors of the tradition-mongers in their narrative of the dread closing years of Henry Mossop, and, especially, to determine when he died and where he was buried.

Not all things are given to all men, and many as were the endowments of Churchill, the satirist, he had not the gift of prophecy. Nothing could have been wider of the mark than his pronouncement in 1761 in "The Rosciad":—

"From Dublin, fam'd in legends of romance
For mighty magic of enchanted lance,
With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
And like a flood rush o'er the land of Love,
Mossop and Barry came, names ne'er designed
By fate in the same sentence to be join'd."

So far from this being true, the two great compatriots had been destined by fate to prove mutually destructive, and, by an irony of circumstance, they had already set out upon their deadly course. The woeful rivalry of Barry and Mossop as Dublin managers, which was to end in the ruin of many besides the

protagonists, began in November, 1760. The town at once took sides, and although the sternly intellectualised Mossop lacked the golden tones, the impassioned style and the personal magnetism of his handsome rival, his cause was championed by quite as many ladies of distinction as rallied to the trumpet-blast of the great Romeo. Unfortunately, his principal patron was also his evil genius. The Countess of Brandon saw to it that the coffers of Smock Alley should occasionally be replenished in order that the tragedian should not lack funds to be rooked of at her gaming tables. Tate Wilkinson relates of him how many a night he had left the theatre and repaired to my Lady's mansion on Lazar's Hill with a hundred guineas in his pocket, but, being a novice at cards, mostly returned home empty-handed and with an aching heart. Meantime, his players went unpaid and lived goodness knows how.

Yet, strange to say, it was Barry who first cried "Hold, enough." In 1767 he confessed defeat and left the country. Mossop on his part had gained but a pyrrhic victory. Overburdened with debt, he struggled on gamely for a few years, meanwhile encountering other rivals, only to meet with direr disaster. When at the height of his powers, chance rung down the curtain on his stage career with woeful suddenness. Early in the spring of 1771 he rose out of a sick bed to superintend the rehearsals of an important spectacle, with the result that he contracted a severe chill, and lay for weeks between life and death. Worry had already made grave inroads on his constitution, and he was never afterwards the same man. This was the beginning of the end. Fortune had ordained it that his last appearance before his illness was to be his last in actuality. It was made at Smock Alley on March 9th, 1771, as Belcour in *The West Indian*, one of the few comedy parts in which he proved acceptable. Shortly after his recovery he repaired to London to engage performers for his winter season, but had not long arrived when he was arrested for debt at the instance of Graham, the player, that erstwhile member of his company who had destroyed the domestic happiness of John O'Keeffe, the dramatist, by eloping with his wife. There was widespread indignation in Dublin when the news reached the city, and a rumour went round that Dawson, the Crow Street manager, who was then in London on an errand similar to Mossop's, had instigated the arrest of his rival. So strong, indeed, was the feeling that Dawson deemed it expedient on his return in November to make and publish an affidavit averring his entire innocence in the matter.

From the time of Mossop's arrest till his death trouble trod

on trouble's heel. Other detainers began to flow in and immediate release became hopeless. Thomas Blakeney, of Grafton Street, the wily Dublin attorney, in whose hands the unfortunate tragedian placed the control of his Irish affairs, played him false. Of the profits of the two benefits which Ryder, of Smock Alley, arranged for his late chief on the reopening of the theatre in November, only a modicum reached his pockets. Lee Lewes, on whose account of Mossop's closing years in his *Memoirs* little, if any, dependence is to be placed, states:—

"He had some friends in London, from whom he accepted now and then a small sum to subsist on. He was necessitated to rip the lace off some clothes he purchased for his wardrobe; he sold it, and by that sale announcing himself a dealer and a chapman, he had a commission of bankruptcy issued out against him, and made a resolution of never returning to Ireland."

Whether this was or was not the reason, Mossop became a bankrupt. On January 18th, 1772, he attended at the Guildhall for examination by the Commissioners, and delivered up a gold watch, a forty- and a ten-pound bill, and about £130 in cash. The creditors gave him back his watch and the bills. Garrick, with whom he had formerly had notable associations at Drury Lane, attended to prove a debt of about £200, said to have been money lent to bolster up his failing Irish management. Victimised by a haughty temper, his judgment warped by ill-health and ill-fortune, Mossop deeply resented Garrick's act and took injudicious means to vent his spleen. The Reverend David Williams, a clever and not too scrupulous young Unitarian minister, took up the cudgels on his behalf, and in March issued a mordant pamphlet, entitled "A Letter to David Garrick, Esq., on his conduct as principal manager and actor at Drury Lane," which created considerable talk and soon reached a second edition. In this, Williams not only glorified Mossop as the leading tragedian of the day, but scarified Garrick for his vanity in continuing to act youthful characters now that he was no longer able to look them. An attack such as this was little calculated to further Mossop's interest with the potentate of Drury Lane. Garrick's reply was to secure the services of Spranger Barry and his wife for his ensuing season, and at Old Drury the Barrys remained till Mossop's death. Thus was set up a grave barrier to the unfortunate tragedian's return to the London boards. With Colman of Covent Garden he would not, as he told his lifelong acquaintance, Francis Gentleman, for some private reason, negotiate; and neither his poverty nor his pride consented to an appearance at Foote's little theatre in the Haymarket.

Meanwhile his old associates at Smock Alley continued to commiserate his distresses, and, on March 23rd, 1772, gave another performance on his behalf, when an appropriate address was delivered in which it was asked :—

“ Shall Mossop, then, beneath the iron hand
Of Malice languish in a foreign land?
There fall a victim to oppression base—
Oppression hated by all human race—
But most abhorr'd in this enlighten'd clime,
Where justice felt, when rigid, is a crime!”

A week or two later we hear of his removal to his new apartments in the rules of the Fleet. Then the god out of the car came on the scene in the person of Captain Smith, an old, well-to-do friend, who sought to rouse him out of his melancholy and carried him off to sunny France. In August we find him in Paris, seemingly in good spirits, and writing to Dean Marlay in Ireland telling him how delighted he was with a comic opera he had seen, and how he was fashioning out of it a play for production on the London stage. This was in all probability the play he left on his deathbed to Garrick for performance on behalf of his creditors, but which never saw the light.

• Smock Alley gave its old manager still another benefit on February 20th, 1773, when it was announced that he had been to the South of France by order of his physicians and had now recovered. Wilkes, the historian, in writing to Garrick from Dublin at this period, tells him : “It is said you have engaged Mossop; he did not get above thirty pounds by his benefit.”

Whatever sum he got, it was the last that came to him from this source. Presumably he had now returned to London in the hopes of employment, but from this period until his death we know nothing of his plans or his movements. Undue credence has long been placed in the dubious narratives of his closing months that have come down to us. Where they can be scientifically tested they prove to be wrong. Davies, in this respect, is a prime offender. Though his *Life of Garrick* was written within a lustrum of Mossop's death, he is only a trifle of thirteen months astray in the date given for that event. In Lee Lewes' case it is not so much a matter of blundering as of sheer romance. We can believe with him that Mossop, like Chatterton, perished in his pride: that would have been in character. But the circumstances of his death as he relates them—so frequently iterated by later peddlers of stagiana—can be authoritatively contradicted. We are asked to believe that Mossop, on his return to London, disdained to make personal application to the various managers, thinking the mountain

should come to Mahomet, and, on finding they made no move, resolutely decided to starve himself to death. Also that, despite all the remonstrances of a kindly Chelsea landlady and his faithful friend Smith, he locked himself in his bedroom and accomplished his end. This is simply not true. The details do not harmonise with the account given from personal knowledge of Mossop's last hours by the Rev. David Williams in his letter to Garrick, a letter which I shall presently quote. We cannot for a moment question Williams' accuracy, as there was nothing to be gained by deceiving Garrick about the matter.

The greatest puzzle is to determine the date of Mossop's death. Even the *Dictionary of National Biography* gives it up in despair, proffering the consultant his choice of November 18th, 1773 ("in the Strand"!), or December 27th, 1774. Contemporary obituaries are in mysterious conflict on the point. All agree that the tragedian passed away in December, 1774, but diversity exists about the day of the month. In *The Gentleman's and London Magazine* for February, 1775, occurs a memoir of Mossop, with portrait after Hickie, in which the date of his death is given as December 18th. This date is seemingly corroborated by a letter of Garrick's addressed to Colman from the "Adelphi, Dec. 20, 1774," given in Peake's *Memoirs of the Colman Family*. Writes Garrick:—

"A most disagreeable affair has happened; Mossop, on his deathbed, sent me his play, begging that I would ease his mind in his last moments by taking it, and doing all in my power with it for the service of his creditors. He is dead, and I have the comedy. I have not yet read a speech: a friend has, and says it is like *The Patron*, without the humour."

Peake thinks that Garrick was somewhat premature in announcing Mossop's death, since that event, to his mind, occurred on the 27th following, but, although some support can be found for Peake's date, it is difficult to see how Garrick could have blundered. On the other hand, *The Gentleman's Magazine* records the sad event under "December 27th," and under that date, too, *The Hibernian Magazine* for January, 1775, has: "Died of a consumption in the 52nd year of his age, at his lodgings in Chelsea, Henry Mossop, Esq. He has bequeathed to Mr. Garrick a comedy in trust, the profits of which are to be divided among his creditors."

At first sight the later of the two dates would seem to be substantiated by the circumstance, now first revealed, that, according to the Register of Chelsea Old Church, Henry Mossop was buried there on January 1st, 1775, the position of the grave being given as "48 feet from West wall and 17 feet from North side of the Church." But, if there be any truth at all in the

traditional account of Mossop's end, there is some reason to believe a delay occurred in the interment of his remains. It is said that he died penniless, and that no one for a time took the responsibility of laying him to rest. Garrick, we are told, offered at length to defray the expenses of the burial, but a maternal uncle of the dead man, a Benchler of the Inner Temple, who had refused to have anything to do with him while living, finally fulfilled the last sad office.

Two letters preserved in *The Garrick Correspondence* somewhat complicate the issue. That of the Rev. David Williams, from "Chelsea, January 7, 1775," relating to Garrick his conversations with Mossop on his death-bed, is of vital historical importance. It enables one to nail Lee Lewes' base coin, now so long current, to the counter. Williams began by explaining to Garrick that the death of his wife was the cause of his not writing to him immediately after Mossop's end, a prelude which unfortunately affords no clue to the date of the event. He then goes on:—

"I had it not in my power to attend him in the first days of his illness. I found him preparing for death with that extraordinary solemnity which accompanied all his important actions. He had gone through the general forms of the church; but I believe only as religious and edifying forms, and unattended with any discourse on the state of his mind. His conversations with me were the most interesting that can be well conceived; and from the extreme dejection of my own mind and the high and tragical tone in which he expressed himself, they made a dreadful impression on me. His religion was tinctured by the characters he had studied; and many of the attributes of God were the qualities of a Zanga or a Bajazet.

"Among other things which gave him uneasiness, and made him greatly apprehend the displeasure of that God before whom he was going to appear, his behaviour to you, was not the least distressing. He accused himself severely of having attributed motives of conduct to you which he firmly believed you incapable of. He had thought himself neglected by you in his distress, and that you sent him terms which you knew he could not comply with, because you did not wish to see him on the stage. He saw that he had been deceived by an excessive pride; and lamented the injustice he had done you, not only in some pecuniary articles which he did not thoroughly explain to me, but in giving ill impressions of your character to his acquaintance. The very night in which he died he renewed the conversation. He often cried out, 'O my dear friend! how mean and little does Mr. Garrick's present behaviour make me appear in your eyes, to whom I have given so different an idea of him! Great God, forgive me!'"

Garrick's reply does credit to his heart, of which one believes it to be a genuine outpouring. It absolves him from the slanders of those who, for the pitiful purpose of extracting the last drop of pathos out of what has been called "the most touching episode in the annals of the stage," have laboured to place his attitude towards Mossop in an ill light. The truth of the matter is that

the "high-breathing" Irish tragedian (to quote Tate Wilkinson's epithet) was one of those proud, fierce spirits who resent compassion and whom it is impossible to help.

"I thank you" (replied Garrick) "for your most affecting letter. Your account of poor Mossop's death distressed me greatly. I have been often told that his friends never spoke kindly of me; and I am now at a loss to guess what behaviour of mine from the first moment I knew him till the time of his death could have given him that unkind, and, I hope, unmerited turn of mind against me. With regard to his returning to us, it was his own peculiar resolution of not letting us know his terms that prevented his engagement at our theatre. Had I known his distress I should most certainly have relieved it. He was too great a credit to our profession not to have done all in our power to have made him *easy* at least, if not *happy*."

"The money transaction is past; he is gone, and I had long forgotten that I thought in that instance he behaved not kindly to me. Let me once again thank you for your very polite and agreeable manner in giving me this intelligence of our departed friend, for he was truly *mine* in those moments when the heart of man has no disguise."

It is difficult on reviewing all the evidence to pin one's faith to one or other of the dates given in the contemporary obituaries as that of Mossop's death. The earlier of the two seems the less likely; but, unless we can conceive that Garrick blundered in dating his letter to Colman, or that Peake misread its date, the weight of evidence is in its favour. That a slightly later date crept into one or two of the obituaries might be accounted for by the obscurity of the tragedian's death, together with some misleading delay in receiving the intelligence. In this connection it is noteworthy that the earlier date was given only in a belated Irish memoir, as if based on first-hand information. With no great confidence in my choice, I elect to believe that Mossop died on December 18th, 1774.

Is it useless, one may ask by way of pointing a moral, to plead to the traffickers in theatrical old ale for the exercise of discrimination and clear-sightedness in dealing with the chronicled gossip of the bygone green-room? Must we always have that red fire and the throbbing of those violins? It would be refreshing for once to have a theatrical biography written untheatrically. Possibly I may be in a hopeless minority in giving expression to this opinion. There are certainly numbers of sentimental tradition-mongers who will dub me iconoclast for publishing the results of this investigation. Not to them, but to the seekers after the truth at all costs I offer this paper, "as reflecting" (in the final words of Williams' letter to Garrick) "some honour on the memory of a man who, though he was unfortunate and faulty, possessed many great and good qualities."

W. J. LAWRENCE.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE PANAMA-COSTA RICA BOUNDARY DISPUTE.

THE history of this long-outstanding dispute may be said to have begun in the year 1502, when Christopher Columbus on his fourth and last voyage discovered that part of the coast of Central America which he was pleased to call *terra firma*. We read that this was afterwards named Veragua. He looked upon the discovery of this territory as one of his finest achievements, and expressed a wish that it should be placed under the jurisdiction of an official whom we should term the "Admiral Commanding the West Indian Station." So much respect was paid to the wishes of the great discoverer that the King of Spain, on July 27th, 1513, when appointing Piedrarias Dávila, Commander-in-Chief of Castilla del Oro (*i.e.*, Panamá), stated, in a Decree limiting the area under the jurisdiction of Dávila:—

"The district of Veragua is not to be included, since the Government of this district comes under the jurisdiction of Don Diego Colon, because the discovery thereof was effected by his father in person."

In December, 1534, under a second "Cedula real" (Royal Decree), this right of the Columbus family—now represented by Don Diego Colon, the second Admiral of that name—was expressly preserved; and later Don Luis Colon, his successor, was given by the King of Spain the title of Duke of Veragua, which brought with it the over-lordship of twenty-five square leagues of territory, including Admiral's Bay, the Bay of Cera-baro, the town of Nata, and the lagoon of Chiriqui, with contiguous territory reaching the river Sigsaula, or Sixola as it is now called; all this territory is related to the present dispute.

Eventually, on the death of the third of the Columbus family, these lands were returned to the King of Spain, who transferred their administration to the Governor of Nata, a town which is in Panamá to this day.

Two interesting historical facts worthy of note are: (1) that the whole of the district of Veragua in which these places were, was part of the province of Panamá and (2) Panamá was a province in the Viceroyalty of Santa Fé, which in turn formed part of the Kingdom of Granada, afterwards called Colombia.

Now in the year 1534 a certain Felipe Gutierrez obtained what we would nowadays call a Charter, and in this Charter a statement appears which indicates that Cape Gracias a Dios (a point further north than the territories already mentioned) was to be included in the district called Veragua. And on December 1st, 1573, a Charter was also granted by the King of Spain to a

certain Diego de Artieda, in which it is clearly laid down that "the territory of the province of Costa Rica began at a place called Chomos, and extended towards the Chiriqui Valley, reaching as far as the province of Veragua." In addition to these two very famous Charters, many of the same nature were granted to other individuals, particularly that to one Nicusa in 1508. All we can conclude from them is that, so far as geography is concerned, the King of Spain and his various lieutenants at that period in that part of the globe, or, in other words, the supreme legal authority and his competent representatives on the spot, *did not appear to know where one province began and the other ended.*

We have seen that certain territory, which for convenience we shall call the "area in dispute," would appear to have been defined by the King of Spain, who fixed the borders thereof; and that the same King of Spain granted Charters to certain individuals, which Charters did not take account of the frontiers already fixed by himself as supreme authority. In fact, these Charters contained conflicting views of the delimitations of the territory in question.

Before proceeding any further we must examine the status of Charters, or, as they are more comprehensively termed now, Chartered Companies. All international lawyers and juriconsults say that they are *not States*. Thus a great association of merchants incorporated, first by the Crown and afterwards by Parliament, for the purpose of carrying on trade, even whilst exercising powers of war and peace in any part of the globe without the direct control of the Crown, cannot be considered to be a State when forming part of any control. But the lawyers also say that redress for wrongs in a Charter may be sought from the principal granting that Charter. This helps us a little, for we may conclude that the Charters granted to Gutierrez and Artieda were merely local arrangements between these individuals and their Governments solely for the convenience of trade, and they cannot be considered as authoritative in fixing political boundaries, and, furthermore, we have already seen that they contain certain geographical errors which only tend to render them useless for the purpose of guiding us towards a decision as regards the boundaries of the territories to which they refer. We may also definitely conclude that the error was made by the Spanish Government, and to the Spanish Government we may apply for any redress which may be sought.

The claim made by Costa Rica in 1899, which was placed before the President of the French Republic for his arbitration, was largely based on the Charter granted to Artieda in 1573;

but we have seen that this cannot be considered as a valid argument, and that the Spanish Government of the year 1573 would best be able to explain the discrepancy—that is, if it were possible to make representations to such a Government. Its successors seem to be as much in the dark as we are on this subject.

If we go back to 1537, we find that Gutierrez did not execute his Charter to the satisfaction of the Spanish Government, and the then King of Spain issued a Decree on March 2nd of that year, at Valladolid, stating that “all territory of Veragua, which included the Cape Gracias a Dios, should thenceforth come under the jurisdiction of Panamá.”

Now a Royal Decree as authority for the marking of boundaries must be considered in a different category from a Charter, and it is authoritative in fixing territory; so we may consider this as a valid proof of delimitation.

This Decree was ratified by a later King of Spain, Carlos II., in 1680, and a full explanation of the whole controversy, with definite markings of boundaries, appears in a great legal work entitled *Recopilación de las Indias*, which is, in fact, a collection of Spanish statutes relating to the West Indies. Later, in 1803, another Spanish Royal Decree ratified the previous mandates of the Crown of Spain, and declared that from Cape Gracias a Dios to Chagres on the so-called Mosquito coast came under the Viceroyalty of Santa Fé de Bogota; and the Republic of Colombia, before the secession of Panamá, represented the territorial rights of Santa Fé. Thus, Colombia has been able to prove by certain valid arguments that historically she had a claim to territory which is now part of Costa Rica and concerning which there is no longer any dispute; but here we might note that Costa Rica refused to recognise this claim, saying that the Decree on which it was based had been abrogated—not a convincing statement since no law cancelling it has been cited. “*Leges posteriores priores contrarias abrogant.*”

The fact is that during these years the Colombians (now Panamanians) began to occupy and develop certain districts claimed by Costa Rica, notably Coto on the Pacific seaboard; and at the same time many Costa Rican citizens progressed on a lesser scale into the corresponding district of Colombia on the Atlantic side, viz., in Chiriqui district; thus we are now confronted with what is the real problem to this day, viz., a frontier line which has been laid down by various Decrees during the domination of the Spaniards; but, because the territory was occupied by the people of the same race, no great attention was paid to this frontier line. It is easy for us to understand this carelessness; it would be difficult to imagine any serious attention

being paid at that period by the British people, or, in fact, the British Government, to a question involving the delimitation of a border line between, for example, Leinster and Munster. Another parallel may be found in the fact that in the United States of North America to this day there exists some doubt as to the exact borders of some States. On the whole the Spaniards were not careless in such matters, and the fault, if any, is a pardonable one.

But in 1810, when these countries obtained their independence from Spain, it was thought to be necessary to come to some definite agreement as to political boundaries; other Latin-American Republics settled this problem amicably, but it would appear that the Costa Ricans and Colombians did not reach a satisfactory agreement, perhaps because of the conflicting Charters to Gutierrez and Artieda.

Throughout the nineteenth century various attempts were made to settle this question, but always without success. The matter was eventually referred to President Loubet of France in 1898, and his Award was given in September, 1900. This was really the first occasion on which the whole history of the case was investigated, and the decision was, as regards the frontier, that a line drawn from Cape Mona on the Atlantic seaboard to the valley of the River Tiriri, a tributary of the Sixola, and thence on to 9° north latitude—Cerro Pando—then following the mountain range on to Cape Burica on the Pacific coast, would appear to be the correct interpretation of the problem. The status of the various islands, both on the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard, was also fixed in this Award, but this present article does not pretend to deal with the islands; the Loubet Award has been considered final so far as they are concerned.

Apparently very little attention was paid to the decision made by President Loubet, although we know that to reach it a vast field of research work had been covered. Colombia did not confirm it, nor did Costa Rica, and so, with the secession of Panamá in 1903, this new Republic inherited the necessity of solving with Costa Rica the problem of boundary. It has been stated, both by Costa Ricans and Panamanians, that the Loubet Award could not possibly give satisfaction to both parties, since it assigned to Colombia, or later Panamá, territory inhabited by Costa Ricans, and to Costa Rica territory inhabited by Panamanians; and this is, in point of fact, true. The true explanation of the continuance of the dispute is that the frontier from the Pacific to Cerro Pando is natural, whereas on the Atlantic side it was, under the Loubet Award, artificial. We know that in Europe and in most other parts of the world an artificial frontier

generally causes disputes and often wars, and this case is no exception.

In 1905 three conventions between Panamá and Costa Rica were signed (*ad referendum*), and they declared the question of right as regards the boundary had been settled by the Loubet Award, and they set forth that the two Governments adopted as the boundary a line marking out their actual position with certain deviations; the third convention dealt with the demarcation of this boundary. These three conventions were definitely approved by the National Assembly in Panamá in 1907; however, they were never acknowledged by Costa Rica.

At this stage the United States, remembering the Monroe Doctrine, seemed to think that it was high time this problem was settled. Accordingly, this caused the renewal of representations, with the result that an agreement between Panamá and Costa Rica was signed at Washington in 1910, declaring that the boundary line designated in the Loubet Award was fair, and indisputably from Punta Burica on the Pacific coast to a point beyond Cerro Pando, near the 9° of north latitude. But no agreement could be reached in respect to the interpretation which ought to be given to the Loubet Award as regards the boundary line from Cerro Pando to the Atlantic, and therefore it was agreed to submit the following question to the decision of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States of America :—

"What is the boundary between Panamá and Costa Rica under and most in accordance with the correct interpretation and true intention of the award of the President of the French Republic?"

Chief Justice White, in a very business-like manner,* gave a decision which might be summed up as follows :—

1. "That a certain spur marking the line of boundary, which was purported to be established by the Loubet Award, from Punta Mona to the main range of the Cordilleras was *held to be non-existing*.

2. "That it is now judged that the boundary between the two countries most in accordance with the correct interpretation and true 'intention' of the former Award is a line starting at the mouth of the Sixola river on the Atlantic, following the thalweg of that river upstream until it reaches the Yorquin (or Zhorquin) river, thence along the thalweg of this river to that one of its headwaters which is nearest to the divide which is the north limit of the drainage area of the Changuinola (or Thiloría) river, thence up the thalweg which contains the said headwater to the said divide, and thence along the said divide to the divide which separates the waters running to the Atlantic from those running to the Pacific, thence along the said Atlantic-Pacific divide to

the point near the 9° north latitude beyond Cerro Pando referred to in the Treaty of March 17th, 1910, and that line is hereby decreed and established as the true boundary."

One would think that the decision of Chief Justice White ought to have settled this interminable question finally; but this was not the case. Panamá categorically refused to accept it on the ground that Chief Justice White had gone beyond the correct interpretation of the Award of President Loubet. Dr. Eusebio Morales, then Minister of Panamá at Washington, on the same day that the Award was given, addressed a long letter to Chief Justice White, declining to accept it, and giving at length the reasons of his Government for their attitude. The main points of his argument may be summed up, that "the only question submitted to the arbitrator was: "What is the correct boundary between the parties under and most in accordance with the correct interpretation and true intention of the Loubet Award?" Chief Justice White's decision, however, declared that the line of the Loubet Award was non-existent, and described a boundary which was confessedly wholly at variance with it, and based upon a total disregard of it. Dr. Morales also emphasised the fact that it is impossible to fix a boundary under an Award when the line described by that Award is declared to be non-existent, and how could any boundary be at all in accordance with a non-existing line?

During the years of the European War both Costa Rica and Panamá took no further action, and in the meantime Costa Ricans continued to live on the Atlantic side of the Chiriqui district which was claimed by Panamá, and Panamanians continued under their own administration in the Coto district, which under the Loubet Award was to have gone to Costa Rica.

After a period of comparative peace and quietness, during which no definite action was taken by either party, although many threats were made by politicians on both sides, great excitement was caused in Panamá by news that a Costa Rican military force, commanded by a Colonel Zuñiga Mora, had landed on Monday, February 21st this year, at Coto, and taken possession, raising the Costa Rican flag there. This was a signal for a great patriotic demonstration in Panamá; the Army and Police Force were mobilised, a Red Cross contingent was formed, and an expedition under General Manuel Quinedo proceeded to the scene of the incident.

It must be pointed out that no declaration of war was made by either party at this time, or, in fact, at any date since this outbreak, although casualties were suffered by both armies.

Shortly afterwards an American battleship appeared in Bocas

del Toro, with the object of "protecting the lives and interests of American citizens." The state of affairs in Central America began to be embarrassing, to say the least.

For a full account of later happenings we must go to the newspapers of Panamá and Costa Rica, and, leaving out the spasmodic fighting and flag-waving, we learn that the President of Panamá received a communication from the United States Government calling upon both sides to suspend hostilities, and at the same time proposing a settlement based on the White Award. But it would appear that the Government of Panamá took up an intransigent attitude in the matter, and it looked as though efforts on the part of the United States to reach a settlement would not meet with a full measure of success. More Notes were exchanged, and it seemed as though this dispute would reach serious proportions, and the greatest anxiety was felt both in the United States and in the countries of the two parties to the quarrel.

It will be remembered that both Panamá and Costa Rica are members of the League of Nations, and since no solution of the problem appeared to be forthcoming, both these countries attempted to refer the matter to that impartial body—and it is quite clear that this literally frightened the United States into taking definite action; otherwise friction with the League on the question of the Monroe Doctrine could scarcely have been avoided. The United States wished to avoid any European mediation on the American continent, and they also were anxious to avoid attention being drawn to the fact that this question has repeatedly been brought to their notice during the last seven years, and no serious steps had been taken by them in Panamá to put an end to the disagreement, either by virtue of the Monroe Doctrine or the Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty, by which the United States guarantee to maintain the independence of Panamá.

Meanwhile the four Republics—Nicaragua, Guatemala, Honduras and Salvador—expressed their solidarity with Costa Rica, since it will be remembered that these four Republics, together with Costa Rica, have formed what is called the Federation of Central American States. This union of Central America is now practically agreed upon, and Costa Rica is the southern State of it. It will, therefore, be seen that the other four Republics are directly interested in an immediate settlement of the boundary question, which, if not disposed of now, will fall to them as a very undesirable legacy.

The last act up to date may be said to be a Note, since published in the Press of Costa Rica and Panamá, from the United States Government to that of Panamá, and the purport of this

Note is that the United States found no reason for the contention that Chief Justice White, as arbitrator, had exceeded his powers, and that his Award, according to the terms of the Porras-Andersson Treaty of March, 1910, became a perfect and compulsory Treaty between the high contracting parties, and that both Panamá and Costa Rica must bind themselves to its faithful execution and waive all claims against it. That the line between the two countries as finally fixed by the arbitrator shall be deemed the true line, and that the determination of Justice White shall be final, conclusive, and without repeal. It now remains to be seen whether Panamá will abide by Chief Justice White's Award, which is in accordance with the aspirations of Costa Rica and not with those of Panamá, for we have seen that by several old Spanish Decrees Panamá (formerly Colombia) was able to establish some claim to territory on the Atlantic seaboard as far north as Cape Gracias a Dios, and actually occupied the Coto district on the Pacific side.

The position which the United States occupies in Panamá is peculiar, and, in view of this position, there seems little likelihood that the smaller Republic will refuse to comply with the request of her powerful guardian, although the Central American country is a sovereign State *de jure*, and perhaps, in the opinion of some, *de facto*.

There are, perhaps, a few lessons we may learn from the last acts in the comedy or drama, whichever one may consider it. We see, for instance, that, although both Panamá and Costa Rica were willing to submit the problem to the League of Nations, the United States were unwilling to run the risk of European arbitration or even controversy with European Powers in a dispute between two Republics in the Western Hemisphere; twenty years ago there was no objection to submitting the same problem, in a slightly different form, to arbitration by the French President. In other words, we may expect that Latin-American disputes and problems are to be the concern of the United States more in the future than they have been in the past.

It is interesting to speculate whether all Latin-America will agree to this principle, and it would be still more interesting to know what the larger and less dependent countries there think of the part played by the United States in the last stage of the Panamá-Costa Rica dispute. No doubt we shall see some pertinent remarks in the Argentine and Chilean reviews—especially in the latter, for there is still the no less interesting problem of Tacna and Arica remaining to be solved; and the Chileans are not anxious to have outside help of any kind, even from the League of Nations.

L. D. CHARLES.

THE UNMARRIED MOTHER.

THE illegitimate child is one of the most defenceless members of our civilisation. It is legally *filius nullus* : it has almost no rights and few protectors. Unlike the ordinary normal child, it has but one parent, and that one incredibly handicapped by the very fact that she is, or is about to be, its mother. She has to perform the functions of both mother and father : to bear and care for the child, and at the same time to earn its living and her own. She has thus a double task to perform, and there is almost every possible difficulty in the way of performing either part of it. It is difficult for her to earn her living during the last few weeks or months of her pregnancy : it is impossible in the first few weeks of her motherhood. If she is to feed and care for her child until it can begin to earn for itself, it is so difficult as to be almost impossible for her to earn an income adequate to maintain them both. When to these economic troubles we add the mental and emotional strain she endures, we begin to understand why the death-rate among illegitimate children is so terribly high, and why so large a proportion of those who survive grow up more or less severely damaged by the agonies and struggles of their mothers.

For many years the tendency has been to treat the problem only as a moral one, to penalise the mother and to forget the child. The child has been disposed of, either by placing it in an institution, by adoption, or by boarding out. Having only one legal parent, it has been all too often removed even from that one ; and thus to the wrong inflicted upon it by the circumstances of its birth has been added another. We are beginning now to take a new view ; to realise that, with illegitimate as with legitimate children, we must care for the child through the mother, that only by and through the mother can we promote the well-being of the child. There is no rule without exceptions, and cases occasionally arise which necessitate the separation of mother and child. But more and more we are beginning to understand that such separations should be the exception and not the rule.

If mother and child are to be kept together, and if the health, moral and physical, of the child is to be safeguarded, clearly a good deal more will have to be done for the mother. And one of the first things we must do is to increase the responsibility of the father. If the mother is to play her part, the bearing of a healthy child, the feeding of it for nine months, the earning for it during infancy and childhood, the father must make adequate

contribution towards its support. This is the first reform that is necessary, and it is urgent. At present a woman can obtain an affiliation order against the father of her child, but the process is difficult, and the father is only too often successful in persuading the mother, either through fear or through affection, to refrain from taking the necessary steps. Moreover, even if she is successful, the maximum amount she can obtain is 10s. weekly.

There is a fairly general agreement that the amount payable by the father should depend upon the financial position of both parents. There is, too, a general desire to bring English law into accordance with that of the rest of the civilised world, and to enable parents, by their subsequent marriage, to legitimise children born out of wedlock. According to our present law, the child born before the marriage of its parents is, and always remains, illegitimate. We need, then, a general recognition that it is the duty of the father of a child, whether it is or is not born out of wedlock, to do his fair share towards the maintenance of his child, and in order to ensure the adequate performance of his duty we need the removal of the 10s. limit, and, if possible, the appointment of some person who can act as intermediary between the parents and whose main object will be to promote the welfare of the child. Those who are actually doing this work, for instance, members of voluntary organisations such as the N.S.P.C.C. and the Salvation Army, maintain that difficulties seldom arise when proceedings are taken early, and that the father, when once his duties and responsibilities are made clear to him by a tactful and experienced person, is almost invariably willing to do what is necessary for the support of his child. Moreover, it is hoped that an increase of the father's responsibility may help to diminish illegitimacy. The extreme probability that his share of the burden will be either non-existent or negligible is generally held to be one of the causes, and an important one, of that irresponsibility to which is certainly due many illegitimate births. Both from the economic and the preventive point of view, therefore, the important work before us is to ensure the proper performance of his duty by the father of the illegitimate child.

But we have still much to do for the mother: the mere payment of so many shillings a week, urgently necessary as those shillings are, is not enough to ensure the well-being of her child. We need a much greater number of maternity homes, where she can be cared for in the last few weeks before the birth of the child, and where much can be done to restore her mental and moral equilibrium. There she can learn that in the care of the new life for which she is responsible she has had given to her a

chance of regaining her own self-respect and of doing what she can to repair the wrong she and its father have done to their unborn child. Both morally and physically, enormous help can be given to mother and child by institutions of this kind, run on the most sympathetic and careful lines; for they take the girl just at the time when she is most in need of help, care, and that sympathy which is based on sense and not on sentimentality. When the child is born the work of homes and hostels is again of incalculable importance. The mother can be trained in the care of her child, the child so cared for will have the best chance of health and prosperity. Moreover, as such hostels develop, they may become not only places whence the mother can obtain employment and where she can learn to care for her baby, but places in which she herself may obtain training which will enable her to earn for her child and yet to keep it with her. Many hostels are already working, and successfully working, along these lines, but they are, of course, gravely handicapped by expense, and it is often necessary to take the line of least resistance, and to let the mother go back to an occupation which is not such as to enable her to remain with her child. When this happens the child has to be cared for by a foster-mother, and foster-mothers are increasingly hard to find, or in a home, and homes are few. The scarcity of domestic servants, while it lasts, helps those who are responsible for the unmarried mother and her child to find situations where both can be taken, and this is easier when the baby has been well managed in a home or hostel for the first few months of its life, and where the mother's training in its care will enable her to arrange its life in such a way as to involve the minimum of friction. A cross, spoilt baby is an impossible member of a household: a happy, thriving, contented baby brings its own welcome.

The main object of those who work for the illegitimate child is to make its life as nearly as possible approximate to the ordinary life of the normal child. It cannot have two parents, but it has one, its mother, and if that mother is to do her duty by it, she must have in her turn help and support. She needs economic help, and that should be obtained, as far as possible, from the father; she needs moral help, and that should be obtained from the community, not in order to condone the wrong she and the child's father have done by bringing into the world a child inevitably handicapped in its chance of attaining the best citizenship, but in order to diminish the handicap as far as possible. The only method of doing this is to make the very most of the one parent that remains to the child: she must be helped to maintain her health, for the sake of the unborn babe,

for the sake of the suckling, for the sake of the small child whose demands upon its mother necessarily involve an incessant strain which only mothers and nurses fully understand. She must be helped to re-establish her shaken nerves, to strengthen her moral control, to master those unsatisfied needs, the craving for affection, the imperfectly understood demands of her body and her emotions which have led her to her motherhood. The public is periodically horrified by some appalling revelation of baby-farming; it is so accustomed to seeing cases reported in the newspapers of unhappy girls who have taken, or tried to take, the life of their newly born children that presumably it is no longer horrified by them. Yet if we once let ourselves think what child-murder and baby-farming really meant, the suffering and agony of the mothers, the horrors undergone by the helpless children, we should surely arouse ourselves, as indeed we are perhaps beginning to arouse ourselves, to do what we can for the illegitimate child. The children who suffer at the hands of baby-farmers are not always illegitimate: if we could do all we would for the illegitimate child, there would still be abundant need for our efforts in child welfare work. But as things are now, with the death-rate of the illegitimate what it is, roughly twice that of the legitimate, with the numbers born every year showing no signs of diminution, latterly, indeed, of a considerable increase, we must, if we are to do anything like our duty towards our own children, make every effort to safeguard and help those who will be their fellow-citizens.

None of those who try to help the illegitimate child are likely to forget the urgent need of education, recreation, training, the constructive work which in due time should remove some of the causes to which are due illegitimate births. But meanwhile we have had in this country, for each of the last two years, over 40,000 such births, and some 37,000 for each of the ten years before that. Every effort must be made to diminish this number; but as long as illegitimate children are born, they and their mothers need special care and help if they are to become fit citizens rather than burdens upon the community to which they belong.

LETTICE FISHER

*(Chairman National Council for the Unmarried
Mother and her Child).*

DR. WIRTH'S FINANCIAL REFORM: A LETTER FROM BERLIN.

BERLIN, September 12th.

IN the past fortnight the only optimistic and vigorous of the Revolution's five Chancellors faced and weathered a very violent storm in a teacup. That is a true description of the Nationalist-Monarchist onslaught, which, being merely an aggravation of an onslaught maintained ever since the Peace Treaty, would have made no special stir either here or abroad had not Erzberger's assassination acted as a powerful telescope and megaphone. When the Reichstag reassembles on the 27th of this month, a heavier, if less spectacular, storm will blow, supplying the first real test of Dr. Wirth's abilities. This time not only party animosities but also inherent and very great difficulties will have to be overcome. Dr. Wirth must push through, if he is not himself to be pushed out, the Revolution's second great financial reform under conditions as difficult as those which checked and delayed but failed to hinder the first. It is not altogether an accident that Erzberger, the maker of the first reform, fell on the eve of the second. That able, pushful, and both politically and personally unscrupulous man provoked quite as much antagonism by his Emergency Levy, his tax on war profits, and his other direct imposts, as he did by his Armistice pilgrimage to Compiègne, and by his activity at Weimar in favour of the acceptance of the Peace Treaty. In politics, in religion, and even by local associations (Wirth and Erzberger as well as Ebert, Fehrenbach, and many other post-war leaders come from a small wedge of territory between the Upper Danube and the Upper Rhine) the present Chancellor is a man of Erzberger type. He has not yet behind him achievements like Erzberger's, nothing like the Armistice, the Peace, the unification of railways and posts, or the financial reform of 1919. To his credit lie only a tolerably good management of the finances since March, 1920, and (here the Erzberger parallel is close) the acceptance of the Reparations Ultimatum of May, 1921. But both men count as believers and optimists; in both, whether for good or ill, one sees the stamp of the modern Democratic politician of West-European or American type; and, if German politics are to develop on Parliamentary lines, it is the modern politician and not the bureaucrat administrator or the political doctrinaire that is bound to come on top.

The first part of the Financial Reform was published last month in the shape of fifteen Bills, which will go to the

Reichstag at once. The second part, in shape of a Memorandum on State expropriation of "Gold Values" drafted by the Reichswirtschafts-Ministry, was meant to be kept a secret until the fifteen Bills were disposed of; but after the substance had leaked into a Nationalist newspaper the whole Memorandum came out. Of the fifteen Bills, most provide for increases of existing indirect taxes; two provide for substitution of new direct taxation in place of important Erzberger taxes; and one only provides for a new direct tax. The gold values expropriation plan is not yet embodied in Bills; but it is necessary because, even if the fifteen Bills are passed, and if the expected yield is realised, a big deficit on the Budget, including here the Reparations liabilities, will remain. The amount of this deficit, though officially given, is really a matter of guesswork. The revenue up to the end of the present financial year (March, 1922) is unknown to the best expert; and still less is known about the real expenditure. The incalculable Reichsmark exchange continues to govern not only the cost in paper marks of the foreign gold liabilities, but equally the home price-level, and through that it governs the State's outlay on salaries, wages and materials. Also—though here only big mark fluctuations have a visible effect—it governs revenue, because paper-mark incomes, profits and capital values, the main subjects of direct taxation, increase or decline inversely to the movement of the mark. How rapidly the State home expenditure is influenced by the exchanges is shown by events that have occurred since the beginning of the great drop in mark exchange of June–September. In April and May it was an official doctrine that the mark had become—relatively—stabilised; and that a lasting level had been reached for State salaries and other outlay. Commodity prices and cost of living were, in fact, slightly downward. The heavy new fall of the mark—from around 250 for sterling to around 360, from 65 to around 100 for the dollar—has upset all such calculations by raising the cost of living and of materials; so that already last month Dr. Wirth had to report demands for additional salaries totalling 16 to 18 milliard marks from the German Officials' Association, and demands for another 14 milliards from the railway and other manual employees. The Railway Department has retorted by announcing a new—this time 30 per cent.—increase in fares and freight rates; and the charges for postal and other State services will be correspondingly increased. The buying power of money remains as fluid and as incalculable as in the exchange *annus mirabilis* 1920. And, correspondingly, the yield of taxes. When Erzberger launched his property taxes, he announced their probable yield. Most of his forecasts were far below the results.

Dr. Wirth, having learned from this, has not estimated the individual yield of his property taxes at all. He has merely announced that (without the proposed gold values tax, which is primarily a levy on capital) he will raise from all fifteen taxes between 32 and 36 milliards of extra revenue. Adding 9 milliards to be got by severer enforcement of existing taxes, this would bring the total revenue up to about 80 milliards of paper marks.

In the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* for July, I published an estimate of Germany's probable expenditure in the current financial year. The latest estimate, 132,300,000,000 paper marks, differs little from the totals then given. Of this sum, 48,500,000,000 marks are ordinary expenditure, and 56,200,000,000 marks for Reparations liabilities and other foreign obligations arising out of the Peace. The Reparations total is reached as follows: 2 milliards of gold marks fixed annual payment, and 1·3 milliards representing 26 per cent. of exports, both calculated at the rate of one gold to fourteen paper marks; result, 46·2 milliard paper marks. From this comes an estimated 11·6 milliards paper in shape of Reparations deliveries dating from May 1st, leaving 34·6 milliards, to which is added 21·6 milliards for the occupation and some other war foreign liabilities. The ordinary expenditure and the Reparations and other liabilities make together 104,700,000,000 paper marks. By adding the deficit on the Extraordinary Budget of 27,600,000,000 marks, the above estimate of 132·2 milliards paper is reached. Like all other estimates, this is a fluid, not a solid. Should the mark's exchange against gold remain at its present rate—below one to twenty—not only will the foreign gold payments cost more, but also, owing to the price rise and salary rise, the administration will cost more. Possibly the gold total of the export levy will be less than 1·3 milliards. The last foreign trade report, which is for May (the January–April reports have not yet been published), shows a heavy decline in exports, which were only 4·5 milliard paper marks, against 7·8 milliards in December, and the export quantity fell from 1,760,000 metric tons to 1,140,000 tons. But this is only a possibility; for the new mark exchange drop has caused a great revival in exporting, and, if this revival develops, the export levy may cost in gold considerably more than the official estimate foresees.

The principle declared by Dr. Wirth to underlie his financial reform is that there should be fair equilibrium between direct and indirect taxes. If the reform is passed without material changes, 54½ per cent. of revenue, he calculates, will come from direct taxes. This estimate, too, is fluid, as Dr. Wirth has not ventured to announce what the direct taxes will yield; but it is aimed at propitiating the moderate Socialists and the less Con-

servative of the propertied classes, without support from both of which the reform cannot be put through. The twelve Bills providing for indirect taxes or minor direct taxes I summarise first.¹—

INDIRECT TAXES.

1. *Sugar Tax*.—Rate raised from present 14 marks a kilogramme to 100 marks.
2. *Chemical Sweeteners*.—Existing tax (since 1903) is 80 marks a kilo. Instead of increase is proposed a trading monopoly.
3. *State Spirits Monopoly*.—Increase of existing (since 1918) tax of 800 marks a hectolitre to a minimum of 4,000 marks. Certain finer liquors now outside monopoly to be brought in.
4. *Taxes on Consumption*.—These are : Increase of 300 per cent. on lighting materials tax. Increase of 100 per cent. on match and mineral water taxes. Increase of beer tax by 300 per cent., new tax progressive according to individual brewery's output, rising from 41 marks a hectol. on first 2,000 hectol. to 50 marks on output exceeding 120,000 hectol. Increase of tobacco tax, with abolition of partial exemptions in law of 1919.
5. *Customs Duties*.—Higher duties on tea, coffee, chocolate, cocoa, and certain fruits, spices and condiments. Tea duty raised from 220 to 350 marks per double-centner (one-tenth of metric ton), coffee from 130 marks to 200 marks, cocoa beans from 20 to 40 marks. Doubling of duties on imports not considered of prime necessity, including typewriters, reckoning machines, cash registers, talking-machines, carpets, textiles, clothing, boots, artificial flowers, certain furniture, precious stones, works of art, motor-cars, locks, watches and toys.
6. Increase of coal tax from 20 per cent. on selling price to 30 per cent., with right to Government to reduce rate temporarily to 25 per cent.
7. 10 per cent. tax on bookmakers' bets, with legalisation of bookmaking.
8. *Motor-car Tax*.—Present rates increased, according to H.P., by between about three- and eight-fold. Tax on first H.P. increased from 27 to 75 marks, and so on, progressively, tax on thirtieth H.P. being increased from 450 to 3,450 marks.
9. *Insurance Tax*.—Increase of rates in present Stamp Duties Law by between three- and eight-fold. Tax imposed on accident and certain other policies at present exempted. Hitherto all policies under 3,000 marks exempted ; henceforth only life policies of under 1,000 marks exempted.

10. *Sales Tax (Umsatzsteuer).*—Present rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on all sales, except those of luxuries, raised to 3 per cent. Certain exemptions abolished—*e.g.*, on first sale of imported goods; also exporters will in future have to pay the tax on goods produced by themselves. Sales to abroad by non-manufacturing exporters remain exempted. Government entitled to impose the existing 15 per cent. luxuries sales tax on partly finished luxury goods. Luxuries sales tax extended to meals and liquors sold in better-class restaurants, cafés, etc.; at rate of 5 or 10 per cent. according to class of restaurant.
11. *Company Income Tax (Koerperschaftssteuer).*—Rate to be raised from 10 to 30 per cent. of net income; present distinction between income paid out in dividends and income otherwise disposed of is abolished.
12. *Capitals-Transactions Tax.*—This Bill revises the Stamp Duties Law, from which are removed the insurance, betting and motor-car taxes. Stamp rates on company foundations and other company acts and on stock transfers are increased. On dealings in foreign exchange, now exempt, is imposed a tax, rising from one-tenth per mille on gold, cheque and bill transactions for trade purposes to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per mille on private transactions. On dealings in bank-notes these rates are doubled.

The above list exhausts the new indirect taxes. Owing to the great price-rise which has taken place since the old rates were imposed, the increases are not unduly severe. The sugar tax, *e.g.*, increases the average burden per family of five from 14 marks a year, which at present exchange is under a shilling, to 100 marks. The new beer tax, if calculated *ad valorem*, is lower than the old tax was when imposed three years ago. The present tax on lighting materials dates from 1909, and, as prices of such articles have since then risen ten- to fifteen-fold, the proposed quadrupling leaves it still very low. The match tax was doubled in 1919; as the price-level has about doubled since then, the new doubling means no effective additional burden. The legalisation of bookmaking is a recognition of fact; by law only the Totalisator system (already taxed) is permitted; but, in fact, nearly every tobacco shop in the Republic is a bookmaker's headquarters. The coal tax is imposed on selling price, not on weight, so here the increase is real. The 50 per cent. addition (from 20 to 30 per cent. on price) will materially increase industrial production cost; but with present exchange conditions it will not affect Germany's ability to compete abroad, as the cost of coal per metric ton, tax included, will not exceed 16s. On coal sold

retail for domestic heating the extra tax will work out at under 4 per cent. The increased sales tax will probably be severely felt. This tax began in 1916 at the rate of only 1 per mille on all articles and commodities sold; before the end of the war it was raised to 1 per cent., and in 1919, as part of Erzberger's Reform, to the present $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. As the tax is imposed every time an article or commodity is sold, the real burden will be much heavier than 3 per cent. on such articles as pass through several manufacturers' hands before finishing; and the extension of the tax to the first sales in Germany of imported goods will increase the production cost of articles made from foreign raw materials. Considered individually, none of the indirect taxes seem unbearable. That also applies to the three proposed direct taxes. Whether the taxation as a whole is bearable or unbearable is a question outside my present scope.

DIRECT TAXES.

13. *Property Tax (Vermögenssteuer).*—This will replace Erzberger's Emergency Levy on Capital Wealth. The principle of the levy was assessment of all kinds of wealth at its value on a fixed date (December 31st, 1919), the tax, however, to be paid in annual instalments over a long term of years. The levy failed, because, while the taxpayer's nominal debt to the State, and therefore the instalments, remained unchanged, the nominal value of property (loans and mortgages excepted) continued to increase under influence of the currency depreciation, so that the real burden of the tax declined. The Property Tax Bill now submitted provides for re-assessment of wealth every three years (with right to the Government to re-assess at shorter intervals). This system means a varying yield. Where total wealth does not exceed 50,000 marks at any of the triennial assessment dates, it will be exempted. On wealth exceeding 50,000 marks, the rates will be : On first taxable 50,000 marks, $\frac{1}{2}$ per mille per year; on next taxable 100,000 marks, 1 per mille per year; on next taxable 150,000 marks, $1\frac{1}{2}$ per mille per year; on next taxable 200,000 marks, 2 per mille per year; and so on, to a maximum rate of 10 per mille where total wealth exceeds 20,000,000 marks. In order to replace the surrendered instalments of the Emergency Levy, the above rates will be quadrupled during the first fifteen years, ending March 31st, 1938. These rates and supplements are for physical persons. For public companies the uniform rate is $1\frac{1}{4}$ per mille, with a 150 per cent. supplement during the first fifteen years.

14. *Increment of Wealth Tax (Vermögenszuwachssteuer).*—

This replaces an Erzberger tax of the same kind, called *Besitzsteuer*.¹ The tax will be assessed triennially together with the property tax (No. 13), and with the same definition of taxable wealth, and will be paid on the increase in capital wealth since the last preceding triennial assessment. Where this increase does not exceed 25,000 marks, or where total wealth does not exceed 100,000 marks, exemption is granted. Otherwise the rates are: On first taxable 100,000 marks of increment, 1 per cent.; on next taxable 100,000 marks of increment, 2 per cent.; and so on, rising to a maximum of 10 per cent. where the whole increment exceeds 6,000,000 marks.

15. *Post-war Increment of Wealth Tax (Agabe vom Vermögenszuwachs aus der Nachkriegszeit).*—This non-recurring tax is new, but is modelled on the severest of Erzberger's taxes, the increment of war-wealth tax. The limit dates for Erzberger's tax were June, 1913, and June, 1919; and the rates rose progressively from 10 per cent. on the first taxable increment of 10,000 marks to 100 per cent. when the increment exceeded the (in paper currency) modest sum of 375,000 marks. The tax was a fiction, justified only by the Republic's need; a citizen worth 1,000,000 gold marks in 1913, and worth 2,000,000 paper marks, of value probably 150,000 gold marks in 1919, was obliged to pay nearly 700,000 paper marks as a profiteer. But, as in the interval between assessment in 1919 and date of payment of the tax his property became worth 3, 4 or 5 millions, the confiscatory aim of the tax was foiled. The proposed post-war increment tax is less severe. It is imposed on increment of wealth between June, 1919, and June, 1921. Exemption is granted where total wealth does not exceed 200,000 marks, or where the increment does not exceed 100,000 marks, after which rates are: On first taxable 100,000 marks of increment, 5 per cent.; on next taxable 200,000 marks of increment, 10 per cent., rising progressively to 30 per cent. where the whole taxable increment exceeds 2,000,000 marks. These rates mean a tax of 150,000 marks on an increment of 1 million, and of 2,800,000 marks on an increment of 10 millions.

The yield of these property taxes is unknown; the yields of the first two depend, as is implied by the assessment method, on the future of the currency. The yield of the third should

(1) The abolished *Besitzsteuer* and the Emergency Levy are described in the *Fortnightly Review* for July.

be very large, as a great currency decline with consequent rise in nominal values took place in the two years ending June, 1921. Of the indirect taxes, the greatest yield is expected from the sales tax. Through abolition of exemptions, and through extension to restaurant sales, an estimated extra 170 milliards of sales will be brought under the tax; and the estimated total volume of taxable sales will be 825 milliards. From this, and from the doubled rate, is expected an increase in the yield from 12 to possibly 25 milliards. The coal tax last year yielded 4.7 milliards; as now raised (allowing for the last rise in coal prices independently of the tax) it will yield 9.25 milliards. The capital transactions tax is to yield an extra 881.4 millions, of which the greater part will come from the increased Bourse and the new exchange stamp duties. The increased yield from tobacco is estimated at 900,000,000 marks, which would bring the total yield to 2.7 milliards. The increase in Insurance Stamp Duties will yield 200,000,000 marks. The sugar, chemical-sweeteners and spirits taxes will yield an additional 2 milliards, on assumption that the brandy consumption declines from 900,000 to 400,000 hectolitres, which is one-fourth of pre-war consumption. The lighting materials tax is estimated to yield 64,000,000 marks against 16,000,000 marks in 1920. The extra yields of the match tax (70,000,000 marks in 1920) and of the mineral waters tax (40,000,000 marks in 1920) are unknown.

When part of the above taxation plan was roughly outlined to the Reichstag shortly after Dr. Wirth became Chancellor, the reproach was launched from German-Nationalist quarters that, even if the expected yield was attained, an enormous deficit (about 50,000,000,000 marks) on the whole Budget, including Reparations liabilities, would remain. As the nation could not bear the new taxes, and could still less bear the taxes necessary for the remaining deficit, the whole scheme, said the Right spokesman, was meaningless; and meaningless must be any scheme based upon the assumption that both the normal State expenditure and the Reparations burden could be met. Dr. Wirth, who is always optimistic, denied this, and announced that he had plans for further taxes, chief of which was on the principle of expropriating part of the gold values. These gold values (*Goldwerte*) are the subject of the Memorandum mentioned above. Their partial expropriation constitutes the second part of the reform. But as the annual yield from the expropriated capital values would not cover the 50 milliards deficit, the plan—a very doubtful one—is to use the capital itself, or part of it, for stopping the deficit hole. The deficit of 50 milliards remaining after the fifteen new tax laws in force will be almost

exactly equal to the estimated paper mark cost of the Reparations liability; in other words, the only deficit will be that caused by Reparations. That being so, the Budget question is the same as the question of establishing a foreign payment balance. Prospects here are stated in the Memorandum as follows: Necessary imports in coming years will cost between 6 and 7 milliard gold marks. Reparations, assuming 1 milliard to be paid in goods, will cost 2·3 milliards; the debt clearings settlements now under way will cost 500,000,000 marks; and the interest on the foreign debt will cost 1 milliard—all gold. In the next few years, therefore, Germany will have to pay abroad annually about 9·8 milliard gold marks, in addition to which are the occupation costs. Against this are the gold receipts from export trade, and certain invisible exports, the first of which is put at $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $5\frac{1}{2}$ milliard marks, the latter at 500,000,000 marks; in all, 6 milliards. If these estimates are right, the passive balance on the foreign payments account will be about 4 milliards gold. The present passive foreign payment balance is met, apart from occasional credits, by selling paper marks, a system which cannot be continued indefinitely. The only permanent remedy is to create a heavy export surplus. Dr. Wirth holds that in an unstated term of years this aim will be attained. Meantime he is faced with the problem of maintaining a foreign payment balance by other means. By applying the capital of the expropriated gold values for that aim, the transition years until the export surplus is created would be tided over. "The deficit in the gold balance of Germany's foreign trade," says the Memorandum, "could, if we established organised borrowing, help to cover the deficit until German industry can cover it according to plan, by means of increased deliveries [of goods] to the world market." In other words, capital values expropriated by the State from the public will be used as security for foreign gold loans, with which the foreign liabilities—that is, in the main, the Reparations liabilities—will be met until these liabilities can be met out of income.

The meaning of "gold value" in German sense ought to be plain from what has above been said as to the effect of currency depreciation upon the nominal values of solid property, solid property being land, shipping, industrial establishments, patents, processes, etc., as distinguished from interest-bearing loans, bonds and mortgages. The latter are paper values; the former are gold values, which rise in nominal value in measure as the currency declines. The rise is not in proportion to the decline. With the mark at around one-twentieth of gold parity, and with a rise of, say, 100 per cent. in the world's gold prices since 1914, German property might be expected to have risen in nominal

value about fortyfold. No such rise has taken place. Land has been kept down by maximum food prices; house property by maximum rents; and industrial property by various factors, among which are, maximum coal and iron prices, and low production costs with (relatively) low profits, arising from a low wage-standard which is itself the outcome of maximum-pricing and of food-cheapening subsidies. Real and industrial property values have not risen even as high as the commodity price-level, the rise of which since 1914 is nearly eighteenfold (index figure for September 2nd, 17·77). Nevertheless, they have risen considerably. The Memorandum puts the net yield from agricultural land last spring at between 3 and 5 times as high as in 1913; and, since the partial abolition of grain maximum prices in the late spring, the rise is put at between $5\frac{1}{2}$ and 6 times. The capital value of agricultural land, which before the war was 100 milliards, is now 550 to 600 milliards. When the last restrictions on food prices are abolished, the net yield will be 8 times that of 1913, with a corresponding further rise in capital value. The value of industrial and commercial concerns is estimated in the Memorandum at 6 times the pre-war value. This estimate closely agrees with Bourse quotations for industrial stocks, which have appreciated 600 or 700 per cent. The owners of these gold values are naturally not richer than in 1914; as living-cost has risen elevenfold, they are only about half as rich.¹ But their position is enviable compared with that of the owners of paper values, who, since interest-bearing securities have not risen at all, are only one-eleventh as rich. The State is in dire need; and as by watering the currency it has automatically expropriated the paper values, justice demands that the owners of gold values shall be the victims of the new inevitable expropriation.

The Memorandum explains how this is to be done. In principle it is to be done by compelling owners of gold values in the real property classes to take mortgages on their land and houses, which mortgages—called a *Goldgrundschuld*—will be the property of the State, and by compelling owners of industrial gold values to present the State with part of their property in the shape of bonus stocks or shares. The expropriation planned averages one-fifth. In every industrial or commercial company

(1) This calculation ignores mortgages. In fact, nearly all German real property is mortgaged to two-thirds of its peace value, and a mortgagor's position is much better than the calculation shows. A landowner's interest in an estate worth 1,500,000 marks in 1914, and then mortgaged for 1,000,000 marks, has risen from 500,000 marks to 8,000,000 marks, so that there is an increase of real wealth. The same principle must be applied to industrial concerns with bonded debts.

the State will henceforth own one-fifth of the stock ; the State mortgages on agricultural land will be one-fifth of the present value ; and the State mortgages on town house property will be 75 per cent. of the peace value. With certain rent adjustments, which I shall later explain, this 75 per cent. will also represent a one-fifth interest. The capital value of the State bonus mortgages and bonus stocks or shares will amount to nearly 400 milliard paper marks :

	Milliards of Paper Marks.
First Expropriation.	
State Mortgages on Agricultural Land	110
State Mortgages on Town House-Property	67
State Shares in Public Companies	108
Total	285
Second Expropriation.	
State Mortgages on Agricultural Land	30
State Mortgages on Town House-Property	67
Ultimate total	382

At first sight this yield is enormous. The whole Federal funded debt is 78,345,000,000 marks, the whole floating debt 199,134,000,000 marks, together $277\frac{1}{2}$ milliards ; so that the Republic would be left debt-free and with over 100 milliards in hand. The State would be free to realise by sale any part or all of its mortgages and industrial stocks ; but in practice this could not be done rapidly and on a large scale ; and unless—as is suggested in the Memorandum—the new State securities were pledged for foreign gold loans, the State would for a long time merely draw its interest and dividends. The interest rates mentioned are 4 per cent. on agricultural mortgages and $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on house mortgages. As regards industrial dividends, it is suggested that the State claim a 6 per cent. preference dividend on its fifth interest, in exchange for which privilege it should surrender the stockholder's customary right of influencing his company's management and voting at its meetings. On these bases, and assuming that the State did not part with any of its capital interests, the annual revenue yield would be :—

	Milliards of Paper Marks.
First Expropriation.	
From Agricultural Land Mortgages	4.4
From House-Property Mortgages	8.0
From Public Companies Stocks	5.0
Total	12.4
Second Expropriation.	
From Agricultural Land Mortgages	1.2
From House-Property Mortgages	8.0
Ultimate Total

Whether the State can really expropriate one-fifth of industrial and commercial property is doubtful. Under the proposed amendment of the corporations tax, the State already takes one-third of profits, and becomes *de facto* one-third owner. Were the gold values plan as regards public companies realised, the State would become half-owner. The distinction between first and second expropriation for the other two classes of gold values is due to the fact that these values will further rise. The first State mortgage of 4.4 milliards on agricultural land is based upon present values; the second mortgage would be imposed when complete freeing of food prices causes a further rise in values. The position as regards house property is different. Strictly speaking, house property is no gold value at all. Owing to the limitation of house rents to, in principle, 30 per cent. over those of 1914, while taxes, rates and repair costs have enormously risen, this kind of property, as a rule, yields no surplus; most city flat-houses are managed at a loss; the municipalities cannot get their taxes; and thousands of persons—in Berlin alone 600—who formerly drew comfortable incomes from ownership of a single house, are now supported by public charity. Owing to this condition, a house to-day fetches about as many paper marks as it formerly fetched gold marks; and, as it yields no income, it is even less a gold value than is an interest-bearing bond. Dr. Wirth's plan is to legalise the raising of city rents at one blow to 300 per cent. over peace level, which he estimates would double the capital value of houses, to impose thereupon a first State mortgage of 67 milliards; and, when the quadrupled rent has been digested, to raise it by another 300 per cent. and impose a second mortgage of 67 milliards. This plan sounds severer than it really is. Its execution would leave rents, calculated in gold, still extremely low. Since 1914 industrial wages have risen elevenfold (the latest index is 1103), other incomes have also risen greatly; and except for the unlucky pensioner and *rentier* class, the effective house rent, even after the expropriation, would be little more than half as high as it was before the war.

That this bold "gold values" plan will be carried through is not certain. The plan is Dr. Wirth's own; but the working out was entrusted to the Reichswirtschafts-Ministry, chief of which is the Socialist, Robert Schmidt, who held the same office in an earlier Revolution Cabinet. The scheme is being vehemently opposed by the industrial Press, ignored by landowners and farmers, and rather welcomed by house-owners, who think that the 600 per cent. rent rise may leave them some small margin of profit after paying interest on the State mortgages, and who under the present rent-restriction system are fully expropriated, the *de*

facto house-owner being the privileged tenant. Noteworthy is that, though the capital yield of the gold values expropriation would exceed the national debt, the State's revenue from interest and dividends of 17,000,000,000 marks would only cover a third of the deficit remaining after the proposed current taxes are in force. This apparent paradox is only another way of stating that the currency decay has reduced Germany's debt to a trifle as compared with her expenditure. In fact, her expenditure, Reparations included, is equal to nearly half her debt.

The gold value plan, and also the plan for current taxation embodied in the fifteen Bills, would have a better chance with the Reichstag had both been introduced at the same time. What Germany needs is a scheme that will cover all expenditure. If that is impossible, Dr. Wirth's optimism is unfounded, and the finances are beyond repair. A mere partial covering of the deficit by the new taxes would have serious consequences: part of the current outlay would continue to be met by increasing the floating debt, and increasing therewith the circulation of Reichsbank notes; and this would again send up expenditure, displace values, and turn revenue calculations to guesswork. Should both schemes, the taxes and the expropriation, be put through, the deficit in coming years may indeed be covered, but even then only if Dr. Wirth sells or hypothecates his stocks and *Goldgrundschuld* for foreign gold. The gold value of the 382,000,000,000 paper marks is considerable—at present exchange over one thousand millions sterling. If the next few years can be tided over in this way, and if the expectation of a big export surplus is realised, all will go well. But, if this expectation is not realised, the whole plan will collapse. In this case the German nation will have met its recurring foreign obligations by getting rid to foreigners of a great part of its capital values—that is, of its instruments of production; and as the foreign obligations will remain in force for all visible time, they will be increasingly hard to meet year after year. For success, therefore, the whole scheme depends, as must depend any alternative plan, upon a great increase in German industrial production, and upon the possibility of putting surplus production upon the markets of the world.

ROBERT CROZIER LONG.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

"You love, my Friend, with me, I think,
That Age of Lustre and of Link;
Of Chelsea China and long 's'es,
Of Bag-wigs and of flowered Dresses;
That Age of Folly and of Cards,
Of Hackney Chairs and Hackney Bays."

IN such wise did Austin Dobson depict, as in a vignette, his life-long love for the eighteenth century, or more particularly its picturesque accessories. His name and literary work will be associated always with that era, and yet his interest and delight in his subject must have been, in the main, sentimental or based on archaeological and artistic tastes. He could never have been in sympathy with the laxity and corruption of the eighteenth century or with its modes of speech and social habits. For Austin Dobson was a man of high character, sober, and almost puritanical in his code of morals and rules of life. He was abstemious in words, smoking, and eating and drinking. He was not gregarious or fond of club life—which may be regarded as the modern substitute for the coffee-houses of the eighteenth century. He rarely dined out, even before his health failed.

Austin Dobson has been criticised for casting a glamour of romance over the eighteenth century, blotting out all details of its vices and follies and cruelty. But such criticism seems to me both hypercritical and fatuous. An artist has the right to choose his subject and interpret what he finds most beautiful in it, whether it be a portrait or a landscape. And the same canon of selection can be claimed by a literary artist. However, the fact remains that in temperament and character and appearance Austin Dobson did not suggest any resemblance or sympathy with the period of which he wrote so delightfully. A similar seeming contradiction could be traced in other aspects of his literary work as opposed to his actual life and tastes. Those only familiar with his books might imagine their author to be the ideal bachelor—one who lived in a "many gabled Grange," oak-panelled, with wide window-seats above a trim garden close. Here, surrounded by choice furniture of Queen Anne's day, old books, old silver, old china, and old wine in the brass-bound cellarette ready to hand, one would picture the author of *Old-World Idylls* in conclave with a fellow-connoisseur:—

"Assume that we are friends. Assume
A common taste for old costume,—
Old pictures,—books. Then dream us sitting—
Us two—in some soft-lighted room.

"Outside, the wind; the ways are mine,
 We, with our faces toward the fire,
 Finished the feast not full but fitting,
 Watch the light-leaping flames aspire.

* * * *

"Well, well, the wisest bend to Fate.
 My brown old books around me wait,
 My pipe still holds, unconfiscate,
 Its wonted station.

"Pass me the wine. To those that keep
 The bachelor's secluded sleep
 Peaceful, inviolate, and deep,
 I pour libation."

But the real Austin Dobson married as a young man, and he was the father of ten children. His literary pursuits for many years had to be subordinate to his duties as a civil servant, and he could only write when his day of official work was over. His private life was domesticated; he lived in a London suburb, Ealing, and for thirty or forty years travelled daily to and from his office like thousands of other men who, unlike him, will leave no record of their name and fame in after years when their little day of work and endeavour in business is done. There was nothing of the Bohemian literary man in Austin Dobson's composition. His habits were decorous. On Sundays he attended to religious observances; at one time, I think, he held sittings at the Ealing Presbyterian Church, in Mount Park Road, during the ministry of that excellent preacher, the late Dr. Thain Davidson. His house, 75, Eaton Rise, was a roomy, double-fronted abode with a pleasant garden behind; but there was nothing to suggest the idyllic setting of his poems. His old-world scenes and picturesque fancies were born in his brain, and I imagine he drew but little from actual experiences. His life, apart from his work, was singularly uneventful—as is, indeed, the case with most literary men.

Henry Austin Dobson was born at Plymouth on January 18th, 1840, the eldest son of George Clarisse Dobson. His paternal grandmother was French, and he considered this fact accounted for his own love of French literature and Gallic forms of verse, such as the rondeau, triolet, and villanelle. His father was a civil engineer, and when Austin was still quite young the family removed to Holyhead, where Mr. Dobson, senior, was in charge of the great breakwater under the direction of his relative, Mr. Rendel, President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and father of the late Lord Rendel. It thus came about that the future poet was educated first at a school near by, Beaumaris Grammar School, where he was not very happy. At the age

of fourteen he was sent to a school at Coventry kept by Mr. J. W. Knight, another pupil there at the time being John Fisher, just about to enter the Navy and in later years to become Admiral Lord Fisher of Kilverstone. Austin Dobson finished his education at the Gymnase, Strassburg, where, he related, he was the only English boy :—

“ The other boys were mostly French with German names. One of them, I remember, bore the rather incongruous appellation of Napoleon Koenig. Strassburg, I need hardly say, at that time was the chief town of a French Department. What I learned at the Gymnase chiefly was French and a little German. Latin I made no great progress with, as I was not sufficiently proficient in French for some time to take advantage of the teaching, which, of course, was all in that language. The teaching, however, was excellent.”

He returned to England when sixteen years of age, and it was proposed that he should enter the Armstrong Works at Newcastle, Mr. (later Lord) Armstrong being a great friend of Dobson's relative, Mr. Rendel. But, though the boy was a good mechanical draughtsman, he disliked mathematics, and consequently he accepted instead the offer of a Government clerkship. There were no competitive examinations in those days, and he secured a nomination through Mr. Owen Stanley of Penrhos, Holyhead, brother of Lord Stanley of Alderley, President of the Board of Trade. Austin Dobson accordingly entered that office in 1856. He became a first-class clerk in 1874, and a principal one in 1884, eventually retiring in 1901 after forty-five years' service. He related of his official experiences :—

“ There is, I believe, an impression that work in a Government Department is of an extremely monotonous character. I cannot say that I found it so. On the contrary, my duties were of the most varied character. At the Board of Trade I was successively in the Draughtsmen's department, the Railway department, the Library, the Marine department, and the Harbour department. . . . I must say I did not find the work of a public office at all irksome, even though it did keep me from my literary studies. My official labours, I consider, tended to inculcate in me qualities in which literary men—the literary men of former ages, at all events—have been rather notoriously deficient. They taught me habits of punctuality and regularity. A man who has been a Government clerk is not likely to say, as some poets have done, ‘ I must wait for inspiration.’ Rather does he do as did Anthony Trollope, who was always at work, even when he was on a journey. His *Life of Cicero* he wrote while on board a steamer on his way to India. I visited Trollope at his house in Montagu Square and saw the little room where he wrote so many of his novels. It was up a flight of stairs, and it looked on nothing. Every morning his man called him and gave him a cup of coffee, and Trollope, as soon as he was dressed, went into his study and wrote a certain fixed number of pages before he left for the Post Office. As a Post Office official he showed great energy, as he did in every other capacity. To him we owe the pillar-boxes which are so great a convenience.

(1) Interview with representative of *The Morning Post*, January 17, 1914.

It was largely through Trollope's encouragement that I first became engaged in literary pursuits. I did think of doing something in the way of book illustration, and became a student at South Kensington, but was deterred when I found that there were around me, at the Board of Trade, men who were much cleverer artists than myself. I came to the conclusion that I could never hope to be anything more than a fairly successful copyist."¹

Austin Dobson's first poem, "A City Flower," was accepted by Edmund Yates for *Temple Bar*, where it appeared in December, 1864, the editor welcoming it with extreme cordiality as "fresh, original, and very pretty." Soon after, when *St. Paul's Magazine* made its appearance, with Anthony Trollope as editor, Dobson's "Une Marquise" marked the initiation of a long series of contributions from his muse. When he published his first volume of collected poems, entitled *Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société*, Austin Dobson naturally dedicated the work to Trollope. This was in 1873, and directly after the book appeared Frederick Locker called at the Board of Trade and introduced himself to the author with the plea of desiring to compliment him sincerely on *Vignettes in Rhyme*. A warm friendship resulted, and Dobson dedicated his second volume of verse, *Proverbs in Porcelain*, 1877, to the author of *London Lyrics*:—

"Is it to kindest friend I send
This nosegay gathered new?
Or is it more to critic sure,—
To singer clear and true?
I know not which, indeed, nor need;
All three I found—in You."

In addition to the literary influence of Mackworth Praed, Austin Dobson owed a good deal to Locker. He gave the subtitle of *Vers de Société* to his first book because of the popularity that form of verse was enjoying, mainly through the impulses given to it by Frederick Locker. But, as he said, "Unlike Locker, I did not claim to be a distinguished member of society. In fact, I have been more or less of a bookworm and a recluse all my life. Public dinners I dislike, and I have never made a practice of going out much."

Locker introduced Dobson to many notable people, but he was a man who cared only for a circle of a few choice friends, though when he did form a friendship it was fine and lasting. This he exemplified admirably in "A Greeting" (to W. C.):—

"But once or twice we met, touched hands,
To-day between us both expands
A waste of tumbling waters wide,—
A waste by me as yet untried.
Vague with the doubt of unknown lands."

(1) Interview, in *The Morning Post*, January 17, 1914.

"Time like a despot speeds his sands :
 A year he blots, a day he brands;
 We walked, we talked by Themis' side
 But once or twice.

"What makes a friend? What filmy strands
 Are these that turn to iron bands?
 What knot is this so firmly tied
 That naught but Fate can now divide?
 Ah, these are things one understands
 But once or twice."

The small, select circle of Austin Dobson's friends included Cosmo Monkhouse, Andrew Lang, W. E. Henley, George Saintsbury, Hugh Thomson (the artist most gifted by temperament and similarity of taste to interpret Dobson's work), Arthur Waugh, and Edmund Gosse. The last-named was the most favoured of all, for it became Austin Dobson's pleasant custom when presenting a book, whether one of his own or a choice copy of an eighteenth-century classic, to this friend to inscribe a few lines of original verse in the volume, such as this :—

"Gossip, may we live as now,
 Brothers ever, I and thou;
 Us may never Envy's mesh hold,
 Anger never cross our threshold;
 Let our modest Lares be
 Friendship and urbanity."

The friendship between the two commenced in the far-away days when Mr. Gosse was also employed at the Board of Trade. One of Max Beerbohm's most delightful caricatures depicted a scene at the Board of Trade in the early 'eighties with Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Edmund Gosse, in the guise of two schoolboy figures, caught in the act of composing a romantic ballad during office hours by their slenth-like President, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

Austin Dobson married Frances Mary, daughter of Nathaniel Beardmore, also a civil engineer, of Broxbourne, Hertfordshire. Their first home at Ealing was in Tranquil Terrace, The Grove, near the Common; and Mr. Dobson told me the poems he wrote at that period were literal lucubrations, composed by the light of midnight oil (or perhaps gas!) after a hard day's work at the Board of Trade. And yet how good the poems of this date were—"The Ladies of St. James's," "The Sundial," "The Forgotten Grave," "The Curé's Progress," "The Masque of the Months," and many another: they show no trace of a tired brain. All are touched with the delicate art of a miniature, with polished phrasing. And with what tender pathos he could present some little tragedy of poor humanity, as in "The Cradle":—

"How steadfastly she'd worked at it!
 How lovingly had drest
 With all her would-be-mother's wit
 That little rosy nest.

"How longingly she'd hung on it!—
 It sometimes seemed, she said,
 There lay beneath its coverlet
 A little sleeping head.

"He came at last, the tiny guest,
 Ere bleak December fled;
 That rosy nest he never prest
 Her coffin was his bed."

Again, in "Before Sedan," with those exquisite last lines, the truth of which so many mourners must sorrowfully have echoed:—

"Ah, if beside the dead
 Slumbered the pain!
 Ah, if the hearts that bled
 Slept with the slain!
 If the grief died;—But no;—
 Death will not have it so."

And yet again in "Good-night, Babette!" where the old, old man dimly recognises the shadows from the past that bend over his bed, the while Babette sings the Norman *chansonnette*:—

"Once at the Angelus
 (Ere I was dead),
 Angels all glorious
 Came to my bed:
 Angels in blue and white,
 Crowned on the head.

"One was the Friend I left
 Stark in the snow;
 One was the Wife that died
 Long,—long ago;
 One was the Love I lost . . .
 How could she know?

"One had my Mother's eyes,
 Wistful and mild;
 One had my Father's face;
 One was a Child:
 All of them bent to me—
 Bent down and smiled!"

Such simple words, and yet the eyes grow dim at reading them, for their pathos is elemental and must touch everyone who has loved and lost.

Austin Dobson's next volume of verse, *At the Sign of the Lyre*, 1885, has its title preserved in the author's book-plate, where

in the foreground is an inn-like swinging sign-board bearing on it a lyre between the initials A. D.

Austen Dobson is more generally regarded as a poet than a prose writer, but, unlike George Meredith (who wished to be remembered as a poet rather than as a novelist), he was disposed to consider his prose his best work. He said on one occasion: "I have tried very hard to write prose, and I am always more pleased when I write a successful piece of prose than verse, though poetry comes easier to me." Dobson's prose work is notable for its wealth of allusion, presented in an attractive manner and with no suggestion of instructing his reader. But it is always clear how wide is the author's acquaintance with his subject and its illustrative references, in short, with its entire detailed archæological basis. As a brief example may be quoted his picture of the alfresco pleasure resorts on the outskirts of London in the eighteenth century:—

"The pleasure-loving 'prentice of the last century, when, in Cheap or Fleet, he put up his shutters and put on his sword, can seldom have been at a loss for amusement. Not only had every inn on the outskirts of the sign-haunted City its skittle ground, or bowling green, or ninepin alley, where he might doff his tarnished gala-dress, perch his scratch wig upon a post (as he does in Mr. Abbey's charming pictures), and cultivate to his heart's content the mysteries of managing a bowl with one hand and a long 'churchwarden' with the other, but nearly every village within a mile or two of Paul's boasted its famous summer garden, presenting its peculiar and specific programme of diversions—diversions which included the enviable distinction of rubbing elbows with the quality, and snatching for a space the fearful joy of 'Bon Ton.' At Pentonville there was the White Conduit House, upon whose celebrated cakes and creams Dr. Goldsmith had once the misfortune of entertaining a party of ladies, and then finding himself, like Señor Patricio in *Le Sage*, without the wherewithal to pay the reckoning; at Islington, where you might not only genteelly discuss the 'Killibeate' (as Mr. Weller's friend called it), but regale yourself with the supplementary recreation of 'balance-masters, walking on the wire, rope dancing, tumbling, and pantomime entertainments.' At Bagnigge Wells, in what is now the King's Cross Road, you might, after being received at the Assembly Room by a dignified Master of the Ceremonies in a cocked hat, enjoy, to the sound of an organ, the refreshment (with gilt spoons) of tea, which would be handed to you by a page with a kettle, like Pompey in Plate II. of Hogarth's *Harlot's Progress*; at Cuper's (*vulga* 'Cupid's') Gardens, over against Somerset House, on the Surrey side of the water, you might witness the noted fireworks, listen to Mr. Jones, his harp-playing, and assist at various other amusements, some of which, it is to be feared, were more suited to Thomas Idle than Francis Goodchild. Then—as time-honoured as any, since they dated from Pepys and the Restoration, and survived until Chatterton could write their burlettas—there were, at the bottom of Harley Street, the renowned gardens of Marybone, which in addition to the pyrotechnic displays of Torr  or Caillot, and the privilege of having your pockets emptied by the notorious George Barrington, or some other equally quick-handed artist, offered the exceptional attractions of 'fine Epping butter,' 'almond checsecakes,' and

'tarts of a twelvepenny size,' made by no less a personage than the sister of the illustrious Dr. Trusler, author of that popular didactic work, *The Blossoms of Morality*. All of these, however, were but the shadows of the two greater rallying places of Vauxhall and Ranelagh, both of which were on the Thames. . . . "

Dobson was the author of excellent monographs on Henry Fielding, Horace Walpole, Fanny Burney and Samuel Richardson. His greatest achievement in prose was the admirable book on Hogarth, the man who was the touchstone or pre-eminent factor of his literary life, for it was his interest in the work of the great pictorial moralist that led Mr. Dobson to the study of the life and art of the eighteenth century. He related of his biography of Hogarth: "My interest in the subject is of long standing, since it dates from the hours in which, as a boy, I used to wonder over Jackson's wood-cuts from the old *Penny Magazine*." The book first appeared in 1879, and enlarged editions followed in 1891, 1898, 1902, and 1907.

Austin Dobson was naturally interested in Hogarth's house at Chiswick, and so was I. This was the link which brought about my acquaintance with Mr. Dobson, and I had the pleasure of visiting him several times at Ealing. In addition to the eighteenth century, we had many mutual interests in the bypaths of literature and in bygone, half-forgotten authors. I have related elsewhere how, when I was preparing a memoir of Frank Smedley and mentioned the matter to Mr. Dobson, he surprised me by quoting scenes and portions of dialogues from Smedley's *Frank Fairleigh*—a book he had read in his boyhood and not seen for over fifty years. I mention this as an example of Austin Dobson's extraordinary and retentive memory, wherein everything was mentally endorsed and pigeon-holed, so to speak, in a most orderly manner, his information and recollections being withdrawn from their resting-place, when required, by mere volition.

To revert to Hogarth, when the great painter's house at Chiswick was in danger of being pulled down and the site built over in 1901, Austin Dobson wrote in the first letter he addressed to me: "I fear it is not possible to save Hogarth's house, nor, were it possible to save it now, would it be possible to save it long. I took a friend there last year, who would have paid £500 for it, but he found that nearly four times that amount would probably be asked for the house and site. There are plenty of rich people, too, in the neighbourhood who should be able to buy it."

Happily the last suggestion was realised, for in the following year Hogarth's house was saved by the rare public spirit and generosity of Lieut.-Colonel Robert Shipway, of Grove House,

who purchased the property and presented it to the nation. After its restoration there was an inaugural dinner in the house, in May, 1904, when Austin Dobson made one of his few public appearances, but he did not join in the subsequent speeches. Among the other guests were Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema (who presided), Lord George Hamilton, Sir Charles Holroyd, Mr. E. A. Abbey, R.A., and the present President of the Royal Academy. Another house Mr. Dobson and I were keenly interested in was Fordhook, Ealing, the last home in England of Henry Fielding, and where in later years Byron's daughter was married. We both lived in the neighbourhood of Fordhook, and we deeply regretted its ruthless demolition at the hands of the speculative suburban builder. I wrote an article, in 1913, on the house and its associations for the now defunct *English Illustrated Magazine*, to which periodical, twenty years earlier, Austin Dobson had contributed his delightful article on Ranelagh Gardens, an example of his prose style at its best.¹ On the subject of my article on Fordhook and Fielding he wrote :—

" All that I know of Fordhook is contained in my ' Men of Letters,' *Fielding*, last edition, 1907; in the *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*, ' World's Classics,' and in the article, *A Fielding Find*, *National Review*, August, 1911. From these it appears that he is first heard of at Fordhook in May, 1754, and that he left it on June 26th, 1754. There is no evidence I know of that he was at Ealing before, though he may have been there. There is no mention of him in the rate-books, or of his bailiff, Richard Boor. He made his will at Ealing. He held some farm land, compare *A Fielding Find*. This last article will be reprinted, with additions, in October (1912). There is a view of Fordhook in Jackson's *Ealing*, 1898, p. 214, from a sketch in the Guildhall Library: it is wrongly called ' Ealing Grove.' I think *Amelia* was written at the Bow Street of which it reeks.

" May I say that if this information be new to you I hope you will give me credit for it. I do not for a moment suppose you will not; but the old and good fashions of writing are not now always observed, and everything printed is regarded as public property without any regard to the painful excavator who first dug it up. I am often, from America, asked for information which is not even acknowledged in writing. Please do not regard these remarks as personal. They are not. But your letter makes a peg for a *boutade*."

I duly incorporated his information and acknowledged the source. He was pleased with the article and wrote to me :—

" Many thanks for your paper, which I have just been reading with interest and profit. I wished it longer. It seems impossible to find out any more about Fordhook. . . . Could you not do some more of these topographical articles? They are always interesting and valuable, since they preserve fugitive things. I shall preserve this one carefully."

I merely quote these brief extracts from many letters to demonstrate Mr. Dobson's kindly interest in the work of others. I found him a kind and sympathetic friend, always ready to help

(1) See *ante* p. 646.

with detailed information from his great store of knowledge : yet he was singularly unassuming and modest regarding his own accomplishments in the art of letters. I imagine his was a very sensitive nature ; his manner in conversation was a curious blend of old-world courtesy and shyness—for, as he said, he was a recluse. I look back with real pleasure to my intercourse with him, and recall how he would show me the treasures of his library apropos of some subject we were discussing, and his collection of Hogarth engravings, which were kept in portfolio.

As for his own books, as I have said, he was always modest about them, though they were of outstanding merit in their own particular style. Mr. Owen Seaman well expressed Austin Dobson's special and peculiar position in modern literature in the parodic tribute he offered twenty years ago :—

" At sixty years, when April's face
Retrieves, as now, the winter's cold,
Where tales of other Springs are told,
You keep your courtly pride of place
Within the circle's charmed space,
You rest unchallenged, as of old,
At sixty years.

" Not time, nor silence sets its trace
On golden lyre and voice of gold:
Our Poet's Poet, still you hold
The laurels got by no man's grace—
At sixty years."

But the advancing years all too soon affected Mr. Dobson's health. As far back as 1913 I find he wrote, in response to an invitation of mine : " Many thanks for your very kind proposal. But week-ends, alas ! are now entirely out of my line. I got influenza last year, and have never quite got rid of it, and seldom go out anywhere. You know, since it is idle to conceal it, that I am no longer young." Eighteen months later he told me he was suffering much from arthritis, and henceforth he was practically confined to his house and garden. But he was still able to write, and, despite his pain and inactivity, voiced his serene and high philosophy and joy of life :—

" Yes. For it still was good,
Good to be living;
Buoyant of heart and blood;
Fighting, forgiving;
Glad for the earth and sky;
Glad for mere gladness;
Grateful, one knew not why,
Even for sadness;
Finding the ray of hope
Gleam through distresses;

Building a larger scope
 Out from successes;
 Blithe to the close, and still
 Tendering ever,
 Both for the good and ill,
 Thanks to the Giver."

Austin Dobson died at 75, Eaton Rise, Ealing, on September 2nd, 1921, and he was buried in the Westminster Cemetery at Hanwell. His was a well-spent life, and he had the satisfaction of writing nothing of which he need be ashamed. His most beautiful poem was this:—

"In after days when grasses high
 O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,
 Though ill or well the world adjust
 My slender claim to honoured dust,
 I shall not question or reply.

"I shall not see the morning sky;
 I shall not hear the night-wind sigh:
 I shall be mute, as all men must
 In after days!

"But yet, now living, fain were I
 That some one then should testify,
 Saying—'He held his pen in trust
 To Art, not serving shame or lust.'
 Will none?—Then let my memory die
 In after days."

Surely his aspiration will be fulfilled. It will be long years hence before the memory of Austin Dobson and his artistic achievement fades.

S. M. ELLIS.

PROBLEMS OF THE PACIFIC.

As the Washington Conference approaches its importance will loom increasingly large. We will hear many new theories on the affairs of the Pacific expounded by men who heretofore have paid scant attention to the subject.

It is well to remember that the question of international agreement on disarmament is not one to be settled by naval and military experts. The statesmen who represent the Powers interested must lay the foundation of a series of compromises, which in the instance of more than one of the parties must be acceptable to their respective peoples before discussion of disarmament will be effective.

Among the Englishmen and Americans who work for a closer co-operation and greater fellowship between the nationals of their two countries I find a not unnatural anxiety that the political heads on each side of the Atlantic shall approach the many delicate subjects in the purview of the Conference with the primary determination to safeguard Anglo-American relations from any and all misunderstandings.

This anxiety is born of a realisation that in many parts of the United States the Washington Conference will be looked upon as proof or disproof of the frequent assertion on both sides of the Atlantic that the ideals and aims of the two countries lead toward the same goal.

That President Harding has proposed the Conference is in itself a great and welcome fact. That his action has stirred so much feeling in America as it has done and has met the approval of the Japanese Government is all to the good.

Let us not expect too great and sweeping results to come in a moment.

Many of us are so weary of world-turmoil, so heavily burdened with affairs at home, and so longing for respite from the load of international competition in armaments, that we look toward an agreement among the nations—an agreement to lift the burdens so irksome to all of us—as a consummation that cannot be reasonably opposed.

Yet reduction of armaments all round cannot take place until some knotty points have been unravelled. We must grasp that fact. We must realise that around that council-table at Washington matters will be discussed from viewpoints that will have so little in common that more than one gap must be bridged by compromise. Let us prepare for it. None of us are likely to

have our own way. There will be heart-burnings and doubts and fears in some quarters. The representative statesmen will be criticised by certain of their own countrymen, and perhaps by certain of the inhabitants of countries other than their own. It could not be otherwise.

We should remember that a discussion of any phase of the problem of the Pacific usually develops a number of conflicting opinions. At times our best friends, to whose knowledge we bow on many a subject, voice beliefs concerning conditions in Japan and China with which we feel we cannot con-.

Wise men draw conclusions as to the Far East of to-day with great reservation. Japan is changing. China is changing. We can be frankly interested, broad-mindedly receptive. Open eyes and ears are a good equipment if one is to embark on a study of Far Eastern affairs nowadays, but they must be used with an open mind.

All of us like to be understood. If we are impelled by high motives, if we are stirred by high ideals, recognition that such is the case is gratifying to us. The inner characteristics of all peoples are remarkably alike. If we would be well understood, we should understand our brethren. No difficulties which block the way are insuperable.

Understanding each other's ideals means much. How it smooths the path of conference!

A student of the Far East of to-day may be thrown by a conflict of evidence from one state of mind to another. Puzzles abound. But puzzles can be solved. Application and elimination produce the solution eventually.

I wish to contribute a synopsis of evidence I have gathered on one point in America, another in Japan, and a third in China. Each one has a bearing on the Washington Conference.

* * * * *

The attitude of the American people of the Middle West toward the Washington Conference is worthy of study.

The Middle West consists of fifteen States. Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, with Michigan and Wisconsin, form the eastern wing. Minnesota on the north, Iowa and Missouri, lie just across the Mississippi River. Further west the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma spread a broad belt of rolling prairie from north to south across the basins of the Missouri, Platte and Arkansas Rivers. Colorado and Wyoming lead further westward to the summits of the everlasting hills.

Of 105,683,108 people in the United States in 1920, 37,175,289 were resident in these fifteen States.

Early in 1917 my work took me from London to Siberia. I was

asked to address various audiences on my way across the American Continent. I was much interested to stop in Iowa, my native State. My father having gone to Iowa in 1847 as a home missionary, and an uncle having been for many years Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State, I hoped to see familiar faces.

Before I left Washington I was told of the need of the people in the Mississippi Valley for education and information on the war. I was reminded of their remoteness from the seaboard and the little amount of direct effect upon their lives of events transpiring across the Atlantic Ocean.

I found that wise men in Washington had not been mistaken when they stated that the real strength of the United States lay between the Alleghanies and the Rockies.

The average Englishman would find the people of that part of the world so well educated along certain lines and so ill-informed along others that first impressions or hastily drawn conclusions might be erroneous.

The vast majority of the Middle Westerners are farm folk or resident in villages, towns and small cities. Farm life in Iowa is hardly what one might expect farm life to be. Modern conveniences and comforts are as familiar to farmhouses as to town homes. Education in the Middle West has received due attention for decades. The standard of learning is extraordinarily high, even for the United States.

The Middle West is sufficient unto itself. It had some influx of foreign blood in earlier days, but not much of late years. Those who came from abroad quickly assimilated American manners and ideas, save for a few German communities whose schools taught the German tongue. Few foreign tourists roamed the highways of the Mississippi Valley. Europe was far for a vacation journey except for a small minority. The ideas held by Kansans or Missourians as to Europeans or Asians were gained chiefly from text-books, current literature and the voluminous American Press.

The best American current literature was American in character. The American newspaper has always given pride of place to local news. Why not? The suicide of a barber in a Western town of 3,000 souls is naturally of more immediate interest than the murder of a king in the far Balkans. The school-books of my boyhood were not wisely compiled. Some of the text-books of to-day need editing. Waving the flag can be overdone, even by school-children, if they are to be expected to absorb international ideas in after-life.

The great difference between the people of the Middle West

and the inhabitants of more closely populated areas lay in the almost universally clean, wholesome outlook on life. The percentage of good people, of Christian people, was very high. Fine standards of living prevailed. The "best people" in a community were the church people. It was not smart to be bad. It was not funny to be naughty.

Morally, mentally, physically and economically the people of the Middle West thrive. They thrive to-day.

I was astounded in 1917 at the attitude toward the war held by some of those enlightened Christian people. It was not always easy to remember that they were so far away from the war and so used to considering outside affairs no concern of theirs that a different sort of argument, a kind of education from a primary platform, was required to bring conviction home to them.

The Mississippi Valley contains an army of idealists. Once let them join in a belief that a movement is right and for the ultimate good of mankind, and they will see that movement through. Enthusiasm always finds organisation ready. See how prohibition was carried. The Middle West to-day believes the men, women and children of its communities are better citizens without intoxicating liquor. That fact alone kills all hope in the heart of the "wets" that prohibition will ever be repealed in that part of the United States.

I am convinced a wave is running over America which will result in that great Middle West pressing the nation's chief executive to throw the weight of the United States into an international campaign for permanent peace, so far as we can establish it in our time. It may be too much to ask that America may so suddenly come forward after hanging back so long, but the sky brightens.

With signs of growing interest come evidences of a new impulse. The Middle West has awakened to the fact that all that has been said by the apostles of Anglo-American unity may not be the mere high-sounding phrases of propaganda. Without the Pacific coast's hot incentive of self-interest in the Asiatic problem, without the Atlantic seaboard's closer intimacy and greater familiarity with world politics, the more slow-moving, more ruminative Middle West sees in the forthcoming Washington Conference a chance to put to the test all the talk of Anglo-American unity of purpose.

It means much toward the success of the Conference that the people of this vast central area in North America, numbering more than one-third of the entire population of the United States, should show such interest. The people of the Middle West are homogeneous in thought, in spirit, and to a large extent in blood.

They are homogeneous in a sense which applies to the people of no other part of the great Republic. The extreme East is sectional, its large cities being particularly so. The South is sectional. The Pacific North-West and California are sectional. The great central basin between the eastern and western mountain ranges is not. No other part of the United States is producing a people who may be termed American in so true a sense.

If the leaders of Great Britain and America at the Washington Conference should find that their plans merge, if they march together, shoulder to shoulder, through the negotiations, the two great English-speaking nations will join hands behind them. Once feel a Middle-Western hand-clasp and you will not doubt the spirit that prompted it. The men and women of that land are not lovers of half-measures.

They are plain people, plain spoken. The ways and language of the old-time diplomacy would puzzle them. Doubt would breed suspicion. Let us humbly pray that God will give wisdom to our statesmen, on both sides of the Atlantic, so to act that, however difficult their task, however slow may be the process of disarmament, whatever compromise must be adopted before the tale is told, Britain and America may be found side by side, in the Conference and out of it.

In that lies the promise of a closer tie between the two nations than opportunity has offered since 1775.

* * * . * *

Time spent in studying Japan's methods of peaceful penetration in China is not wasted.

Japan has not done badly in the way of penetration, peaceful and otherwise, since the birth of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in 1902. She has acquired Korea, part of Manchuria, Formosa, Sakhalin, and part of Shantung. At least she retains a foothold in Shantung at the moment. Her operations in Manchuria and Eastern Mongolia have been to her commercial advantage. Concessions for Chinese iron and Chinese coal have been secured by Japan in increasing number.

All this Japan has done with the knowledge of the English-speaking nations.

China is so far away that the accession of the trade of a Chinese province by Japan may be unostentatiously carried out in such manner that few men of other nations bother their heads about it.

To-day we are approaching a Conference at Washington where Japan's special rights and privileges on the Continent of Asia may be discussed.

Japanese statesmen of late years, particularly since the presentation of the Five Group Demands in 1915, have been ready and willing to outline to interested inquirers Japan's attitude toward China.

During my last few visits to Japan I have preserved a formula setting forth the admitted desires of the Island Empire regarding China as follows : (a) To obtain for Japanese as much opportunity as possible to develop China's natural resources and thus obtain raw material for Japan ; (b) to secure China as a retail market for Japan's manufactured goods to the greatest extent possible ; and (c) to secure sure and speedy advance for China as a nation toward development and power, deprecating any suggestion of partition of China of any sort, and always careful to see that China grew strong in such manner that her strength would be a bulwark to Japan against aggression from Occidental countries, and not a menace to Japan.

I acquired the habit of reading that formula to Japanese gentlemen and asking their comments. When Baron Ishii was Minister of Foreign Affairs he told me that it correctly represented Japanese intentions. His successor at the Foreign Office, Viscount Motono, thought it expressed the desires of Japan admirably. Many Japanese in Government office and in public life agree.

These gentlemen are persistent in declaring that Japan has maintained, and intends to maintain, the Open Door in China. One does not need to indite formulæ to describe the Open Door. In all treaties between China and foreign Powers a clause tells who would read just what the Open Door means. "Free and equal participation in all privileges, immunities and advantages" is the phraseology. An amplification in Mr. John Hay's wording, written in 1899 and solemnly subscribed to by Japan, pledged (among other things) each Power, within its respective sphere of whatever influence, to levy "no higher railroad charges over lines built, controlled or operated within its 'sphere' on merchandise belonging to citizens or subjects of other nationalities transported through such 'sphere' than shall be levied on similar merchandise belonging to its own nationals transported over equal distances."

The 1907 agreement signed by Russia and Japan declared that each nation would recognise in China "the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations." Almost identical wording is to be found in the renewed Anglo-Japanese Alliance, signed in 1911.

I was told by Baron Ishii in Tokyo in 1916 that, if I could prove to him that Japan's pledges in those treaties were being

broken, he would stop the unfair practices and punish the offenders. I am certain Baron Ishii meant what he said.

I went to Manchuria and found that the Japanese were breaking those treaties. When I next returned to Tokyo Baron Ishii was no longer in office.

So many vague stories of Japanese defection in Manchuria and Eastern Mongolia are to be heard in the Far East that the close student of such matters is justified in asking for chapter and verse.

Dr. Kunisawa, the Vice-President of the South Manchurian Railway, was in Dairen when I visited it in 1916. Baron Nakamura, the President, was in Tokyo attending a battle royal over railway rates. The Japanese Imperial Railways and the Chosen Railway were essaying a *coup* which Baron Nakamura was fighting to prevent. I carried to Dairen a letter to the Baron from one of Japan's grand old men, Baron Shibusawa. That very fine old gentleman has no sympathy with dealings which are other than fair and above-board. His letter asked that I should be given certain facilities for obtaining information. Dr. Kunisawa, temporarily in charge, complied with the letter's request.

Consequently I was given the terms of an "annual" agreement, renewable annually, and then in its third year, whereby a scale of through freight rates had been compiled which gave a direct and undeniable advantage in freight charges, (a) to Japanese who shipped goods from Japan by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha or Osaka Shosen Kaisha, Japan's two largest steamship lines, and (b) to Japanese manufacturers of, or dealers in, the following goods: Cotton piece goods, cotton yarn, cotton hosiery and shirts, caps and hats, china and porcelain of the coarser type, lamps for burning paraffin, beer, dried seaweed (for food), salt and dried fish, rice, and certain fruits, including oranges, apples, peaches and grapes.

There in a printed document in the files of the South Manchurian Railway was damning evidence of rank discrimination in favour of Japanese shippers over a railway 50 per cent. of the stock of which was owned by the Japanese Government.

One further instance of another sort. Manchuria is Chinese territory. The province is theoretically under Chinese sovereignty. The Chinese Government levies a *likin* (local customs) tax. All law-abiding citizens of China or of her friendly neighbour-nations should pay that tax when bringing goods into *likin* areas. In Mukden in 1916 I was told by Mr. Ma Ting Liang, who was Special Commissioner for Foreign Affairs for the Chinese Republic, that the Japanese merchants trading in Manchuria regularly refused to pay *likin*.

When I suggested that he put up a stern front, Mr. Ma replied as follows: "We cannot. Suppose we were to seize a Japanese consignment of goods the owners of which refused to pay likin? A row would be raised about it. The Central Government at Peking is most anxious that we should give Japan no such opportunities for the formulation of further demands for new privileges in Manchuria and Mongolia. Every such incident leads to trouble."

I wish to quote another of Mr. Ma's remarks from the notes I made during the same conversation. I questioned him as to the number of new police forces Japan was placing at points in Manchuria and Eastern Mongolia.

Mr. Ma said: "The Japanese claim the right to put police where one of their consuls has been placed. So when they want police in a town where they otherwise have no right to have them, they just put a consul there and follow him up with the police, and what can we do? It causes trouble all the time, but we are helpless. There are always things coming up here that cause trouble."

I went to some pains to corroborate Mr. Ma's statements. The British Consul at Mukden proved the correctness to me of the non-payment of likin by the Japanese. The American Consul-General proved for me beyond all question the truth of what Mr. Ma said as to the placing of consuls and police by the Japanese in Mongolia.

Japan can hardly expect those who are closely in touch with Chinese affairs to consider that the Japanese attitude with regard to the railway from Kiao-Chau to Tsi-Nan-Fu is fair to China.

Kiao-Chau is one of the most important ports on the Chinese coast. Tsi-Nan-Fu is the capital of the Province of Shantung. These two cities lie 265 miles apart. The operation of a railway that connects them is supposed to be an economic concession from China to Japan. The Treaty of Versailles considered it an economic concession. The representatives of the Powers in Paris certainly seemed to think they were giving to Japan what Germany had in pre-war days held in China in connection with the Shantung Railway. There was no suggestion that the treaty was to give Japan more or other privileges than Germany had enjoyed.

What are the facts as regards the 265-mile Shantung Railway and its operation to-day? It is owned, policed, and in every way controlled by Japanese. No Chinese have a word to say as regards the conduct of the railway or with reference to its operation. No Chinese have anything to do with it. Recently Chinese farmers were not allowed to cross the line except under the most stringent restrictions.

The conditions in Shantung as regards the railway and as regards the conduct of the province are quite different to-day under Japanese domination than they were in pre-war days under German domination. The Shantung Railway is not treated by Japan as an economic concession, but as a political concession.

If Japan is desirous of recognising the integrity and sovereignty of China and maintaining it, the Japanese method of operating the Shantung Railway is a peculiar way to go about it.

For that matter, the Japanese method of operating a great wireless station at Tsi-Nan-Fu, of maintaining another big wireless station at Hankow, and of keeping a garrison of some 800 Japanese soldiers at Hankow, are peculiar ways to go about it.

Ex-territoriality was designed originally for the protection of a small number of foreign merchants, and not for a class of population that lived on equal or comparative terms with the Chinese. The laws of ex-territoriality as applied in Shantung before the war affected some 500 Germans, whose mode of living was very different to that of the Chinese inhabitants of the province. Impartial observers have estimated that some 25,000 Japanese are now in Shantung, all living under ex-territorial laws.

One authority in the East has recently said that some 300,000 Japanese are living under ex-territorial conditions throughout the whole of China.

Men who are by no means anti-Japanese, but who want to see China fairly treated, claim that such things are not fair to China or to the Chinese.

The application of these points is patent. Japan is coming to the Washington Conference to discuss many matters. Japan's attitude toward her pledges to keep the Open Door and to preserve the integrity and sovereignty of China must be understood by her nationals as well as by the statesmen who represent her. I have known several of Japan's statesmen and I have yet to meet one of them who was not a man of high personal honour. Japanese of their class must exercise firm control over Japanese of the class who handle affairs in Manchuria and Shantung. Japan's dealings in those areas have been left too much in the hands of the Japanese Army officers. Many of the Army men care little for treaties. They must be made to do so. Japan is changing daily. The Army man by no means has it all his own way in Japan to-day.

If a Far Eastern settlement requires that concessions must be made and compromises effected, as it may do, it will be well for the statesmen at Washington to clearly define again exactly what is meant by the preservation of Chinese sovereignty and "the

principle of equal opportunity—for the commerce and industry of all nations" in China.

How much influence on China as a nation have the young Chinese who have been educated abroad and returned home with a greater or less number of Western ideas?

The man who can convincingly answer that question is not easily found.

Those who saw the old China, or who have memories of the greater men of a former régime, are not unlikely to be slow to recognise the value of the newcomers. China is so vast a country that even radical changes may be effected without much of a ripple on the surface.

One realises that just as the days of Li Hung Chang are gone, and the latter era of Yuan Shi Kai has passed, so the present chaotic condition of government will one day disappear.

Wu Ting Fang was not many years ago hailed as a Chinese with a mind that could assimilate Western ideas. It seems a very short time since he told me that one of China's curses was that portion of her young student class who went to Japan for a smattering of schooling, and returned to China with heads addled with half-baked ideas.

Sun Yat Sen travelled abroad before he tried to promulgate in China ideas so wild and visionary that practical men held up their hands in dismay.

I sought in China in vain for evidences that the vast Republic would soon be blessed with a Government that would be recognised as such by the Chinese as a people.

I could see no hope, at least in such tangible form that one could define it.

Governments came and went. They borrowed right and left, the limit of their borrowing being that of their credit. They absorbed the money. China as a nation, or the Chinese Government as an institution, was in no way the gainer.

To-day there is little prospect of immediate improvement. The men who are in power in China maintain armies of their own and rule by virtue thereof.

What a picture is thrown on the screen by China, represented at the Washington Conference by an able, educated man, while Chang Tso Lin is the political piper who calls the tune in Peking! Chang Tso Lin, the ignorant, reactionary, unscrupulous old Chinese ex-bandit who, without an army of soldiers at his back, could command no more of a following than Sun Yat Sen, if as much.

Chinese reformers boasted a practically bloodless revolution in 1911. Perhaps had it been somewhat less bloodless it would have been more of a revolution.

The most astute diplomat Peking has seen during the past decade said recently: "There is no hope for the Chinese Government. It goes from bad to worse. The marvellous industry and patience of the Chinese people, their apathy toward political matters, allows their exploitation by unprincipled political bandits. No change is in sight. Thus events may march for years on end."

A Chinese politician who has travelled widely writes me as follows: "Who can effect reforms in China? Age-long custom is preferred to progress by the people. They do not care. They are willing to plod. Individual ability is of little advantage in this land. Nepotism is one curse and the political system, if such it can be called, is another."

Three or four years ago I tried to discover in China evidences that the Chinese were cognisant of a national spirit. I organised a meeting in Peking of the editors and some of the owners of the vernacular Press of the Chinese capital. My object was the better dissemination of news of the war; but I grasped the opportunity to gather what information one could find. It was not encouraging.

Recently news comes from China, quietly and without fanfare of trumpets, that the young Chinese who have been educated abroad have returned to China in sufficient numbers and commenced work so earnestly that the fruits of their labours are beginning to appear.

Schools and scholars are growing in numbers in China. This new element in the Chinese Republic seems to have realised that the next generation is better ground for the seed of progress and development than the grown men of our day.

A Chinese journalist writes that Professor Suh Hu's project of newspaper articles in the vernacular Press, written phonetically for those who can apply the characters to the spoken language of China more easily than they can follow the form of the ancient classical Chinese, is resulting in increased interest on the part of the people. The Chinese, he says, will at the present rate become readers of the daily Press. Herein he sees the germs of a national interest, a national spirit.

Give China a real spirit of patriotism and the Far Eastern question will present an easier problem.

Three years have passed since I have had an opportunity of personal investigation of conditions in China. I have been credibly informed during the past few days that the three years

just past have seen marked steps forward in China towards the formation of a Chinese national spirit.

I am told that no man who has studied China for the last twelve or eighteen months can fail to admit that a Chinese national spirit is at last becoming evident.

The discontent with the present Government and the present political system is becoming marked. The Chinese as a people admit their helplessness, but there are evidences they are dissatisfied with present conditions.

Chinese cohesion in connection with the boycott movement has been much more successful during the past months than were similar organised efforts a few years ago. The Chinese seem to be at last pulling together and realising the advantages of co-operation. This is news to me—welcome news—and it comes to me from sources the authenticity of which cannot be gainsaid.

China's present political situation is hopeless. No help will come from her politicians of the present *régime*. Is there hope from Young China? Not for a long, long time, perhaps, but if there is hope of any sort, it is better than the blank future offered by a prospect of China's adherence to her present political system.

China's ability to manage her own affairs would help solve some of the problems of the Pacific. That fact alone ensures a day of general rejoicing for the English-speaking nations when China at last becomes able to put her house in order.

FREDERIC COLEMAN.

A POLICY OF NATIONAL SUICIDE.

THE late Mr. Gladstone remarked over half a century ago that "it is hard to say whether or when our countrymen will be fully alive to the vast advantages they derive from consummate means of naval defence, combined with our position as an island. Our lot would be, perhaps, too much favoured if we possessed, together with such advantages, a full sense of what they are. When the Almighty grants exceptional and peculiar bounties, He sometimes permits, by way of counterpoise, an insensibility to their value." We, as islanders, are now passing through one of those attacks of insensibility to the benefits conferred upon us, which not infrequently follow upon the close of a war. The microbe entered the body politic of this country after the Napoleonic wars; it became again active when the Indian Mutiny came to an end, and once more when British troops returned home from the Crimea; it affected us after the Egyptian war, and we suffered a slight relapse after peace was declared in South Africa. But, as the late struggle was the greatest of all wars, so the sickness which is afflicting us now is more serious than ever before.

During its progress complications of the most serious character have occurred. In its initial stage, the sickness took the form of a general sense of disappointment at the achievements of the British Fleet. Sea power assured us our food in face of the submarine menace—forty-seven million people never missed a meal; it also kept open the lines of communication with France, Gallipoli, Salonica, Italy, Egypt, Palestine, Mesopotamia and the German colonies in Africa which were eventually conquered—millions of troops were supported and sustained; steamships continued to ply throughout the war between the Mother Country and the Dominions, Crown Colonies and Dependencies—the economic life of the Empire, though it was slowed down, never stopped. Yet the question was asked: "What has the Navy done?" The first after-war reaction took the shape of a more determined demand for economy on the Fleet than on any other Service of the State, though extravagance in the public departments was rampant. It was even suggested that the whole Fleet should forthwith be scrapped in the interests of economy. "The Navy has not fulfilled anticipations, for there has been no battle resulting in the annihilation of the enemy. On the other hand, the submarine nearly starved us into submission. The future lies with the submarine, and as a matter of common sense and

economy we can in future do without battleships, battle-cruisers and cruisers. Let us be progressive and make away with the Fleet, since it is useless." Argument ran somewhat on those lines. The implication was that the Navy, which had really been the main factor in the winning of the war—exercising slow and silent pressure on the enemy—had done little, and that we should not need one in future. An aggregation of 440,000,000 people, dependent on the sea for their liberties, as well as for many of their creature comforts, could dispense with their defence in a world still torn by wars and shaken by rumours of wars!

Nor was that the only manifestation of indifference to the blessings we derive from our insular position. At the Peace Conference, efforts were made to prevail upon Continental Powers to abandon the policy of conscription for maintaining their armies, giving them reserves of trained men who may be called to the colours by the million. The arguments in favour of this reform proved of no avail, and, though it is not generally realised—owing to the impression created by the military clauses of the Peace Treaty applying to Germany and Austria-Hungary—the Continent still remains potentially an armed camp. This ill-success meant that we had not succeeded in laying the menace of military invasion of the British Isles. It may not be a very serious menace at this moment, but there is no guarantee that it will not grow during the next ten, twenty or thirty years. In these circumstances, it would seem to be a simple matter of self-preservation that we should "see to the Moat." For the Fleet has for centuries past not only spared us from the terrors of invasion, but it has also saved us from the losses in time, in money and in economic power which are associated with all the various forces of compulsory military service practised by Continental Powers. In face of that failure to prevail upon our neighbours across the water to abandon conscription, we have been foremost, through the League of Nations Union, the Navy League, and other organisations, in agitating for a general scheme of naval disarmament, or at least a limitation of naval armaments. There has been no recognition that the military movement in other countries controls the naval movement in this country—that so long as Continental Powers retain the right to raise and equip and manœuvre vast armies, we are compelled by the regard we have for our civil and religious liberties, as well as our stomachs, to maintain an anti-invasion force and to ensure that our sea-communications will remain open in war as in peace.

There has been a complete disregard of all the dangers threatening us if the policy of naval disarmament were carried out. A conspicuous illustration of this want of clear thinking

was furnished by a Committee of the League of Nations which devoted itself to the problem of limiting armaments throughout the world. It has suggested in its report that Continental Powers and others should *reduce* the strength of their armies, but, on the other hand, it went so far as to give its blessing to a suggestion that navies—the British Navy, as well as others—should be *practically abolished*. Battleships, battle-cruisers, destroyers, submarines and torpedo-boats were to disappear off the face of the waters; every Power, including this island country, was to be restricted to “lightly armed cruisers so equipped and stationed as to constitute no possible threat to each other or to maritime trade.”¹ In other words, it is proposed to place the highways of the sea at the disposal of any Power whose ambition it might become to invade this country, for “lightly armed cruisers” would be no antidote against an invading force carried in well-armed liners. It was the opinion of Lord Fisher, shared by many other naval authorities, that the submarine is our ideal protection against a fleet of transports heavily laden with troops. This Committee of the League of Nations Union desires to abolish submarines, as well as capital ships, and the Executive Committee of this organisation is apparently in agreement with them.

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Other manifestations of a suicidal policy have also occurred. Conspicuous amongst them has been the movement, favoured in high quarters, for nationalising the mercantile marine. The argument ran somewhat on these lines: “During the war, merchant shipping passed under the control of the Government. It not only ensured this country its food and raw materials, it not only went to the aid of the Allies in the hour of their distress; it not only took a large share of the work of transporting American troops across the Atlantic; it proved to be an essential element in the winning of victory. If merchant shipping had not been controlled, this country’s great mercantile resources could not have been directed effectively to the one end.” There was a good deal of truth in that statement, but it suppressed essential facts. In the first place, the shipping control was exercised not by a bureaucracy, but by groups of experienced ship-owners, with Sir Joseph Maclay at their head, on whom the Government conferred large powers; the whole shipping industry, with its numerous experienced staffs, was mobilised for the salvation of the Allied cause. In the second place, economic laws were suspended during the war and shipping was not run for

(1) The Navy League, through its President, the Duke of Somerset, and its Chairman, Mr. V. Bischoe Tritton, has officially expressed its approval of this policy. *Vide* **FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW**, September, 1921.

profit; it was a small matter whether voyages resulted in profit or loss so long as the cause won. Sir Joseph Maclay, as Shipping Controller over a period of two years of war, gained inside knowledge of the result of Government interference with industry, and in face of considerable opposition he determined to free shipping at the earliest possible moment after the signing of the Armistice. He pursued this course with inflexible purpose, with the result that the Ministry of Shipping is no more, and he also arranged to sell not only the ex-enemy tonnage which was coming to us under the reparation clauses of the Peace Treaty, but also "the standard ships" which the Government had built during the war. Lord Inchcape undertook this difficult operation, and by the end of June last he was able to announce that he had obtained £60,000,000 from the shipowners of this country. That he carried out his task with a single eye to the national interests has been proved by the high prices which he obtained for many of the ships, prices 30, 40, and, in some cases, even 50 per cent. higher than the present market value.

In contrast with the policy of the Shipping Controller in this country, we have the action of the United States Shipping Board. It was misled by "booming" freights in the early days after the Armistice into the belief that the State could make large profits out of shipping, in spite of its want of knowledge of the intricacies of the industry and its inability to react swiftly to the changing trade conditions in various parts of the world. The slogan was raised of "American goods in American ships," and it was argued that there would be ample employment for a State Merchant Fleet, consisting of the vessels which the American Government had built during the intensive submarine campaign. It was forgotten that the goods which are American exports are other countries' imports, and that similarly American imports are other countries' exports. There are two parties to every bargain in trade, and in the last analysis each is anxious to obtain the cheapest, swiftest and safest ocean transport. In denial of these axioms, the Shipping Board, under Admiral Benson, proceeded to develop a national and restrictive policy for an industry which is, and must be, international. The Jones Merchant Shipping Act was passed and the Board leased as many Government ships as possible to private firms. It was arranged that these firms should have a commission on every voyage and that the profits should go to the Shipping Board. The bottom almost immediately fell out of the freight market, and the operators took their commission, leaving the Board with a steadily mounting loss. Soon after President Harding assumed office, he realised the mistake that had been made, for by that time the market for ships

had ceased to exist. The stage had been reached when ships could neither be sold except at a ruinous loss nor operated except at an increasing balance on the wrong side. When Mr. Albert Lasker, a business man of Chicago, took office as Chairman of the Board, he stated that his task was "a job for an undertaker—perhaps I should say for a receiver," and he admitted that he had been called in to deal with "the most colossal wreck the world ever knew." The Board had not only accumulated a loss already running into hundreds of millions of dollars, but that loss was increasing at the rate of 16,000,000 dollars a month, while there were outstanding claims against the Board of 500,000,000 dollars under various contracts. So much for shipping nationalisation as practised in the United States, a thoroughly wide-awake business community! France, infected by the same microbe of nationalisation, has had much the same experience as the United States, though it has been less ruinous, because fewer tons of shipping were involved in the experiment. Canada, in addition to her nationalised railways, which show a growing deficit, has had to call upon the taxpayers to subsidise the State Merchant Fleet, and Mr. Hughes' experiment in Australia is also doomed to failure, for he could not now sell the ships at anything approaching the sum he gave for them. We have reason for satisfaction when we glance back and realise how near we came to imitating the follies in connection with merchant shipping for which other countries are now paying a heavy price.

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But if we can congratulate ourselves on this escape, we have to admit that, with reference to coastal shipping, as the 'feeder of our canals' and railways, and ocean-going ships, we have exhibited a strange insensibility to our blessings. We not only live in an island, but that island is so shaped and the population so distributed as to enable us, if we will, to obtain the fullest advantages from our economic position. Sir Norman Hill has pointed out :—

"Central Europe obtains great advantages from its river and canal services, but it is open to question whether this country has not at its disposal far greater opportunities. *Upwards of 40 per cent. of the total population of the United Kingdom lives within 15 miles of a port, and a further 20 per cent. on canals which are served by ports.* There is no considerable centre of population in any part of the United Kingdom dependent on overseas trade which is more than 50 miles from a port. These ports range from the big ports which are able to accommodate ships of all sizes, down to those which can only handle the small coaster of 100 tons, and in great measure the number of people to be served already determines the capacity of the port.

(1) The canals passed years ago into the possession of the railways, which have, for the most part, left them to fall into ruins.

"In the past, development of the smaller ports, and the traffic they have handled, has been limited by railway competition; but with the improvement in road transport, and with the great increase in the cost of rail carriage, every effort should now be made to turn to the best account the great natural advantages the country possessed as an island with ports within the easy reach of all its centres of population. To this end both the big and small ports must provide the best possible facilities for the prompt handling of coastwise traffic, and the traders in the small ports must develop their means of road transport."

Let us recall what has happened in recent years. First of all came the submarine campaign, forcing coastal ships off the sea, and, when the war ended, far from making the most of the advantages of cheap coastal transport, it became a matter of national policy to discourage coastal shipping, thus bringing disaster on our smaller ports. The railways were controlled, and the Government delayed raising freights, while, on the other hand, coastal shipowners were confronted with greatly increased charges for coal, stores, food and wages, as well as with the higher overhead charges. In these conditions, which represented a burden about three times as high as before the war, they had to endeavour to compete with the railways which were still charging their pre-war rates, including exceptional rates from port to port specifically introduced in past years in order to enable them to cut out the coastal ship. After some delay the railway rates were raised, but the balance still remained in favour of land carriage in almost all cases where land and sea transport were in competition. The Shipowners' Parliamentary Committee has stated the facts succinctly and lucidly. "The war helped in the ruin of the smaller ports. The cost of insurance against war perils drove traffic on to the railways. The State subsidy to the railways maintained the railway rates on the peace footing, while the sea freights had to be increased to cover the great advance in the operating charges. These combined influences resulted in traffic being diverted wholesale from the sea on to the railway routes. The ships and the road transport are now available, but without well-equipped ports no real development can be made. The first step towards re-establishing and developing the coasting services must be the re-establishment of confidence." The Committee went on to remark that there could be no restoration of confidence so long as "the railways have practically unlimited powers to cut rates in order to destroy sea-competition." By handicapping coastal shipping by unfair conditions of competition, the country has been robbing itself of one of the blessings flowing from its insular condition.

The subject was investigated by the Rates Advisory Committee, and in their report issued early in 1921, it was stated:—

"It was not until January 15, 1920, that rates and charges for the carriage of goods by rail were put up to a standard which would enable the companies to carry on their business on a commercial basis, and the increase then made was mainly by percentage, so that the exceptional rates in existence remain below the class or scale rates in practically the same proportions as before. Up to that time the State, under the guarantee given to the railway companies, took the risk of loss from the maintenance of rates at their pre-war standard; the effect of this was a transference to the railways of an enormous traffic previously carried by sea. To some extent the coastwise trade was benefited by subsidies granted in respect of oversea goods conveyed coastwise by water, but such subsidies are very undesirable and have been discontinued. From September 1, 1920, there has been a further increase in railway rates to meet increased expenses, but water carriers are suffering even more than the railways from enhanced costs coming into operation during 1920.

"We were assured by the witnesses called before us on behalf of the shipping industry, and we fully accept their evidence, that transportation by water cannot be effectively continued if the rates, and charges of the railway companies, fixed low by reason of water competition, are not brought up much closer to the standard adopted for inland transport. Among the figures which we have obtained were the following, showing the decay of water traffic during the war:—

	Great Britain.	Ireland.
	Tons.	Tons.
Coasting tonnage entrances:		
1913-1914 (average)	21,870,000	11,870,000
1919	10,170,000	9,730,000
Canals (including railway controlled):		
1913	34,040,000	527,000
1919	21,696,000	373,000

"These figures show that, notwithstanding the subsidy above referred to, transport by water suffered severely, although it must not be forgotten that the vessels engaged in coastwise traffic before the war were enabled during 1919 to take part in highly remunerative operations between England and the Continent.

"The foregoing shows that it is of first-rate importance that the exceptional railway rates which were brought into operation to meet competition by water should not be continued or form the basis of new rates, if carriage by coasting vessels and by canals is to be preserved, which, in our opinion, is essential. The shipping industry involved in the coastwise trade is a very important one, and the preservation of alternative routes from port to port is of great moment to the trading community. Moreover, we do not think it at all desirable that the railways should be free from the wholesome incentive to efficiency afforded by the need for meeting water competition."

The future of coastal shipping is not to be regarded as a matter merely of concern to the owners of coastal ships. This branch of the shipping industry is a national asset of high value. It has enabled a large proportion of the population of this country to obtain in the past the advantages of the cheapest form of transport—which is by sea, for the overhead charges of coastal shipping are normally small, whereas railways have heavy rents to pay for land, high costs to meet for stations, and onerous wages

bills. Coastal shipping has for centuries been the mainstay of the smaller ports, numbering upwards of two score, which have acted as points of distribution of the cargoes brought in by the large ocean carrier and then carried round the coast by the small ships. Moreover, coastal shipping is the great training school for British seamen. It was only by the aid of the men of these small ships, as well as of the fishermen, that the Admiralty was able to create the Auxiliary Patrol, which more than any other agency led to the mastering of the submarine peril. It is no exaggeration to affirm that, if the country had not been able to call upon these men of high courage and great technical skill, the enemy would have succeeded in starving the forty-seven million islanders of this country into submission.

On every ground, therefore, it should be a matter of national policy to see that coastal shipping has fair play in competition with the railways. This branch of the shipping industry is indeed capable of playing an increasingly important part in the distribution of our trade owing to the advent of cheap, efficient and flexible motor transport on land. The future holds the promise that at no distant date coastal ships, carrying to the small ports the goods brought overseas to the big ports by the big ships, will discharge them into motor lorries, which will forthwith leave for neighbouring towns and villages with their mixed consignments of goods. Our insular position has conferred upon us inestimable blessings in the past, but the future holds the promise that the coastal ship, in association with the motor lorry, will enable us to obtain means of cheap transport such as are enjoyed by no other country in Europe. We must recover an adequate sense of our dependence on the sea.

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Our insularity is not unassociated with danger. This country has become industrialised owing to the good fortune it has enjoyed in possessing coal measures unrivalled in extent and richness and shipping in which to carry the coal to other countries. Early in the last century, when the steam engine made its appearance, this nation stood at the cross-roads of its destiny. It was predominantly agricultural and produced practically all the food it required. It became a matter of choice whether it should continue its pastoral course, or should, with the aid of the steam engine and its ample supplies of coal, become "the factory of the world." The decision was taken in the knowledge that it involved dependence on oversea supplies of food. The result of this deliberate national policy is that forty-seven million people now live in these small islands which in the reign of Queen Elizabeth supported only five million persons! On the eve of the war, we

were paying for most of our food, as well as most of our raw materials for the factory, by selling coal and manufactured goods to other peoples. Judged by weight, 76 per cent. of our exports consisted of our surplus supplies of coal, and the remainder was made up of highly finished goods, which gave a large volume of employment at high wages to thousands of skilled workers. As these cargoes, inward and outward, had to be carried, if at all, by sea, profitable employment was found for a large volume of shipping. The principle of mass production, which the Americans have applied to so many industries behind a high protective wall, we were able to apply to sea transport. The efficiency and cheapness of our shipping services were so marked that we owned nearly half the merchant tonnage of the world, which carried one-half of the world's ocean-borne trade, including nine-tenths of the inter-Imperial trade, over three-fifths of the trade between the Empire and foreign countries, and nearly one-third of the trade between foreign countries—that is, trade in which British producers had no direct concern.

"Imports into the United Kingdom in 1913 aggregated about 55 million tons in weight and £769,000,000 in value. Nearly three-fifths in weight, but little over two-fifths in value came from European and Mediterranean sources, the trade with countries outside Europe being smaller in volume but greater in value than the trade with countries nearer home.

"On the export side conditions were similar. Our exports in 1913 amounted to about 100 million tons in weight and £635 million in value. Of this, coal accounted for 76 million tons, or three-fourths of the weight, but for only £54 million, or one-twelfth of the value. Of our total exports (including coal) it would appear that about three-fourths in weight, but little more than two-fifths in value, went to countries in Europe and on the Mediterranean.

"Statistics indicate that much of the trade with European and Mediterranean countries was carried in foreign vessels, which loaded over 60 per cent. of the coal shipped to these destinations. Of the total coal exports from the United Kingdom over one-half was carried in foreign ships.

"On the other hand, four-fifths of the shipping movement at United Kingdom ports between the United Kingdom and countries outside Europe and the Mediterranean was British.

"It is probable that about four-fifths of the shipping of the United Kingdom was engaged in the ocean trades, most of the balance trading to the Mediterranean.

"About one-half of the British shipping engaged in the ocean trades traded to America, which supplied nearly three-fourths in weight of our imports from countries outside Europe, including the greater part of the grain imported into this country. The passenger movement on the Atlantic trades was further of great importance to shipping.

"The importance of the other ocean trades lies in the great amount of shipping which they absorbed and in the fact that they are pre-eminently Empire trades.

"The development of Imperial resources should afford a great stimulus to British shipping; but it is not enough to be content with expansion here. If British shipping is to maintain its relative importance in the

world's carrying trade, it will have to participate also in the trade of foreign countries, notably South America and the Far East, which the opening of the Panama Canal may be expected to stimulate.

"The British liner services directly facilitated the marketing of British goods abroad; whilst the tramps were indispensable as a means of moving from the different parts of the world the seasonal crops of grain, cotton, wool, rice, and so forth."

That statement suggests the delicate economic equipoise on which the prosperity of the vast population of the British Isles depends. What happened when the war came to an end? Did the coal-miners settle to work to regain the overseas markets for coal, which had been temporarily lost owing to the intensive submarine campaign? Did other workers determine that they would do all in their power to produce goods at an economic price so that those goods, like the surplus coal, might be exchanged for cheap food? On the contrary, the miners struck work and other workers, temporarily blinded, failed to realise their opportunities. In comparison with the first quarter of 1913, British imports in the first three months of this year (1921) fell off by 25 per cent., the greatest decline being due to a reduction in raw materials upon which employment depends. Exports declined by 46 per cent.—coal by 69 per cent., and wholly or partly manufactured goods by 44 per cent. The statistics for the second quarter of the present year are now available, and are sufficiently remarkable as an indication of national insensibility to the peculiar position of an island people living on imported food and working with imported raw materials. The *Board of Trade Journal* has prepared a series of illuminating tables giving the values of the principal classes of articles distinguished in the trade accounts, showing, on the one hand, the net imports of each class, and, on the other, the exports of United Kingdom goods in each class:—

VALUES ON BASIS OF 1913 PRICES.

Imports Retained.	April to June.		
	1921.	1920.	1913.
	£1,000's	£1,000's	£1,000's
Food, drink and tobacco	68,026	61,792	68,451
Raw materials and articles mainly unmanufactured	27,769	46,928	42,238
Articles wholly or mainly manufactured	23,990	40,748	43,192

"From this comparison it appears that the net imports of food, drink, and tobacco during the first quarter were substantially on the same scale as in 1913, that raw materials which, a year ago, were coming in at a rate 10 per cent. greater than in the corresponding period of 1913, were, including the coal that has had to be imported during the past quarter, obtained

(1) Departmental Committee on Shipping and Shipbuilding Industries after the War (Cd. 9092).

on a scale one-third less than in 1913, and that manufactured and partly manufactured imports were retained to an extent 45 per cent. less than in 1913 and 41 per cent. less than a year ago.

VALUES ON BASIS OF 1913 PRICES.

Exports (United Kingdom Goods).	April to June.		
	1921.	1920.	1913.
	£1,000's	£1,000's	£1,000's
Food, drink and tobacco	3,498	3,863	7,255
Raw materials and articles mainly unmanufactured	3,416	7,933	16,805
Articles wholly or mainly manufactured	41,792	82,341	103,329

"The direct effects of the practical cessation of coal exports are seen in the middle line of this table. The effects of lack of coal, and of the general depression of world business, are shown more forcibly in the last line. Our manufactured exports were, in the first quarter of 1921, less by 23.5 per cent. than in the corresponding period of 1920; in the second quarter a reduction of 49.3 per cent. is shown. Compared with 1913, the second quarter of 1921 shows a deficit of 60 per cent. in manufactured exports, of 80 per cent. in raw materials exported, and of 52 per cent. in exports of food and drink."

It is apparent from that record of our decreasing export trade that the nation has become insensible to the blessings to which Mr. Gladstone referred half a century ago. Among all the leaders of public opinion it has remained for Lord Inchcape, distinguished by his varied business experience and his proved sagacity, to remind his fellow-islanders of the peril in which they stand.¹

"The importance of a thriving export trade, not merely to British commerce, but to British existence, is only partially understood even now by the average citizen. It is a bare truism to say that no other nation depends as we do on what we buy from foreigners and sell to them. We are not, and never shall be, agriculturally self-sufficient and at the same time a prosperous and powerful people. If two-thirds of our town population decided to emigrate we might then be able to support existence from the resources of our own soil. But in that event Great Britain would be a shrunken and impotent nation of barely 15,000,000 people, and her old place in the trade of the world would have vanished for ever.

"We made a sounder choice when we decided to go out and build up trade with every corner of the universe on a smaller margin of domestic foodstuffs than, I suppose, has ever been known in history. We took enormous risks, but time has justified them. We sacrificed security in the matter of home-raised food for the sake of a world-wide trade; and had we not made that sacrifice we could never have grown to our present greatness, size, and wealth.

"The price we pay for our boldness in rearing a population three times as large as we can feed from our own soil is that we depend upon other lands for three-quarters of our wheat supply, and about half of our annual consumption of cereals and meats. Practically the whole, certainly not less than seven-eighths, of our imports consists of foodstuffs which we must have, and raw materials without which our factories would shut down.

Purchasing these essentials of physical life and industrial vigour abroad we are obliged to sell abroad in order to pay for them; and what we have to sell, what we are able to offer in exchange for food and raw materials, is, first of all, manufactures, goods and coal—in 1913 these came to about 87 per cent. of our exports; secondly, shipping and banking services; and thirdly, our capital, which before the war we invested all over the world, drawing from it a handsome return in interest and dividends."

That statement might well be posted in every workshop and factory throughout the land, for the tragedy consists in the ignorance of the average worker, as well as the majority of other classes of the community, of the perilous position in which this country will be placed unless production is increased and stabilised on an economic basis, enabling us to hold our own in the markets of the world. Our position is at best a precarious one, and it may easily become desperate.

"What it comes to is that from one-half to two-thirds of our people are only able to maintain life from year to year because from all the ends of the earth the foods that we cannot, or deliberately will not, grow ourselves, are incessantly poured into these islands, and because in settlement of this huge intake of provisions and raw materials at least a third—some statisticians, I believe, put it as high as 40 per cent.—of our entire industrial product is sent abroad. Some 15,000,000 people in the United Kingdom are directly or indirectly engaged in or dependent upon the export trade; and the fact that exports have shrunk to about half their pre-war volume implies that, even if there had been no coal strike, we could not have evaded a period of severe unemployment.

"No other nation in the world is in anything like this position. None draws its means of subsistence from such varied and distant sources as we do. None lives as we do by what it exports. None has staked so much on the ability of its manufacturers and its merchants to get ahead of all rivals in all quarters of the globe. None, again, is anything like so dependent as we are on the smooth working of those processes of international trade by means of which, for instance, meat from New Zealand is paid for by the export of cotton goods to China. The loss of their foreign trade would be a blow to all countries, but to us it would be an irreparable disaster; for it is our chosen part to eat in these northern isles what has been grown thousands of miles away, and to turn into a finished product the raw material that has reached us from the other side of the world, and to settle the account by the goods we send abroad, the shipping services we render, and the capital we invest in any land where capital can be profitably employed. This signifies that we have given immense hostages to fortune, that when we say that peace is the greatest British interest we literally mean it, and that the whole of our national life and prosperity is involved in the uninterrupted functioning of the import and export trades."

It is to commit national suicide to imagine that we can afford to ignore the dangers of our island State or shut our minds to the implication of the static factors to which Lord Inchcape has directed attention. The Labour leader, who suggests that there is an unlimited fund from which high wages can be paid, is no friend of the worker. The only wages which can be available

are those which are earned on such terms as will enable us to compete successfully abroad. The Communist "firebrand" who urges men to work as little as possible is advising them to impoverish themselves and to risk starvation for themselves, their wives and families. The politician who suggests that we can live unto ourselves, erecting a tariff wall around these islands, is equally the enemy of his fellows. Whether the policy be right or whether it be wrong, we have become dependent on foreign countries for most of our food, as well as raw materials, and, if we are to manufacture cheaply as well as efficiently, the workers must obtain food at the lowest possible price. Our condition is peculiar. No other country is situated as we are situated. "Nothing can happen," as Lord Inchcape has pointed out, "anywhere in the world, so wide are our interests, so deep is our stake, without its consequence being felt in Great Britain." Our interests are international—in trade, shipping, finance and insurance we live by the services we render to other peoples. "Somewhere in the vast circumference of British trade you will find every incident and fluctuation which has occurred from China to Peru reflected as in a looking-glass. This implies, or ought to imply, that we can never look at anything from a purely insular standpoint and that our fortunes are inexplicably linked with, and intimately and immediately affected by, those of the outer world and every section of it." Our prosperity depends upon the prosperity of other nations, and it is to our interest, while not neglecting our own fortunes, to do all in our power to promote the fortunes of other peoples, and thus build up markets for our goods. There is no more absurd economic fallacy than to suggest that this country can thrive the more because other nations are reduced to poverty. That error has been exposed by every event which has occurred since the conclusion of the war. It was assumed that, owing to the defeat of Germany and the reparations demanded of her, the practical extinction of Austria-Hungary, and the revolution in Russia, we should profit from the absence of a certain measure of competition in foreign trade. Our experience, on the contrary, has been that the disabilities under which these and other countries have been suffering have reacted upon our own economic state adversely, for they are our valuable customers. A close study of the economic streams of the world proves that we cannot return to normal conditions in this country until Russia is re-established and Germany has recovered from the effects of the war.

* * * * *

From whatever standpoint the future of this island country is studied, it must become apparent that it occupies a peculiar

and detached position owing to the seas which sweep round its coasts and the industrial activities which are carried on in its busy and overcrowded towns. The first essential of life is food, and for most of our grain, as well as no small part of our meat, we are dependent upon other countries. Our prosperity depends upon the standard of our production of goods of all kinds as well as coal, and the success with which we exchange them for food for our stomachs and raw materials with which we can employ our hands. The time has gone by when we can reverse the policy which was adopted in the early days of the steam engine. We can only continue to support the vast population which lives in these islands if we conform to our traditional policy. We must become sensible once more to our dependence upon the sea, for life as well as for defence, and ignoring the narrow tenets of nationalism, finding expression in exclusive laws of industry and commerce, we must admit that our highest good is to be attained by co-operating to promote the prosperity of others. As we have in past ages won the freedom of the seas, so we must keep them open; free seas mean also free ports, for ships which cannot use ports on terms of equality, whatever flag they carry, are handicapped, and some community has to pay the price. Similarly we are apparently committed irretrievably to a policy of Free Trade by the conditions in which we live, dependent upon cheap food if we are to produce cheap goods, and thus hold our own in the markets of the world. Above all, we must have done with Government interference with industry. This country owes everything to the individual and little or nothing to the crowd. We must so order our affairs that every individual has a fair chance of raising his own status, assured that in so doing he is increasing the volume of employment, and thus conferring benefits upon his fellows.

The floodgates of competition in every sphere of industry have been reopened. Other nations, and in particular Germany and the United States, are working hard, realising the character of the trade struggle which lies ahead. Neither the Americans nor the Germans have the advantages which we derive from our insular state, with its cheap means of sea transport, and, if we fail in the coming economic struggle, that failure will be due to our adoption of a mistaken policy, springing from insensibility to the "vast advantages" which we have inherited as islanders.

ARCHIBALD HURD.

MORE LETTERS BY CARLYLE TO A FELLOW-STUDENT.¹

THE correspondence between Carlyle and his friend Dr. John Fergusson, begun in 1819 (see FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW for April, 1914), was continued in 1820-22. These were eventful years in Carlyle's intellectual and spiritual history, and the last of the three, hitherto unpublished, letters which follow was, as we shall presently see, written at a time when his addresses to Jane Welsh had met with a most disconcerting repulse.

Probably no one will feel inclined to dispute Froude's statement in his preface to the *Reminiscences* that Carlyle's friends "were not common men, and writing to him they wrote their best." At least John Fergusson was no exception to Froude's description.

Through the kindness of Carlyle's literary executor, the writer of these notes has been furnished with copies of two letters written by John Fergusson to Carlyle about this time, which confirm the view that Fergusson was a man of keen intellectual interest and that he was eagerly responsive to his correspondent's ardent pursuit of culture. In one of the letters Fergusson alludes to Burnet's History of his own Times and to the Italian historian Guicciardini, whose History he had also been studying. His appreciation of Voltaire's *Charles the Twelfth* was by no means whole-hearted; he thought it "rather amusing than instructive, and that it did not appear," he thought, "to draw a true picture of Charles, who upon the whole was a true Goth—a little modernised, to be sure." The letters reveal Fergusson as a man of deep seriousness, but with a keen eye also for the humorous side of things. For instance, he alludes to our old friend the fiery Celt, who dubbed Carlyle and his companions "Mongrels of the Plain." "The Gael," he says, "who gave you such fine specimens of his etymological powers is away to the Hieland Hills, 'whare deil a ane dare tourn' her.' Before his departure he was seized with a bibliomania, and bought about £50 worth of books, resolved, since he was not master of much knowledge, at least to have it in his possession."

Fergusson's letters to Carlyle also reveal his keen interest in the events of the time. "What do you think," he asks Carlyle, "of the conduct of England with regard to Parga? By this Session (1819) she has fixed a stain upon her own character

(1) Permission has been obtained from Mr. Alexander Carlyle to publish the letters included in this article.

which will stand against her in lasting remembrance. I confess this has excited in me more indignation than anything I ever read—to see 'homes and altars free' doubly endeared to their inhabitants by the struggles which it had cost them, coldly delivered into the hands of the ruthless Turk." How history repeats itself!

The two young men had much in common in their early experiences. Both were sons of farmers. They were alike in undergoing the drudgery of teaching as a stepping-stone to the ministry of the Church, which goal they both, doubtless for the same reasons, ultimately abandoned. From indications in the letters and elsewhere it would appear that their subjects of study were similar, and they were both great readers. Moreover, they had in common a deep interest and affection for their mutual friend Edward Irving, to whom Fergusson acted as assistant when Irving was a teacher in Kirkcaldy.

When he abandoned the teaching profession and was setting out on his perilous adventure as a man of letters, Carlyle warned his friend to keep ashore while yet he might, and, said he, "do not let go the painter." "The painter," in Fergusson's case, was the schoolroom, and the advice, whether welcome or not, was not unheeded. It is idle to speculate as to what Fergusson might have accomplished if he had followed Carlyle's example rather than his precepts. He had at one time ambitions towards authorship, and John Nichol alludes to a translation he was working at of "Von Roon," by which he probably referred to the great reorganiser of the German Army and to his *Principles of Physical, National and Political Geography*—a subject in which Fergusson was known to be deeply interested. It is not known, at least to the present writer, whether the translation was ever published, nor even if it was ever completed. What is known is that he stuck to his school work; he did not "let go the painter," but remained a teacher till within a few months of his death in 1859.

Fergusson became a scholar of great and varied attainments. Nichol tells us that he was "a good Latin and Greek and a profound German scholar"; that "he carried about with him on matters of history and geography learning enough to have endowed two professors' chairs." Others have given similar testimony, and in a fine tribute to his memory one who knew him well speaks of his attainments both as a mathematician and as a linguist. He had, it appears, "a direct acquaintance with Italian literature, and an enlarged though less immediate familiarity with the learning of the East." He had besides an intimate knowledge of Celtic literature. But, what is more to

the purpose, he made a good use of all this learning. As Rector of the Grammar School of Kelso, where he taught for about twenty-eight years, he was recognised as a teacher of real distinction, and was signally successful in impressing his own fine qualities of character upon his pupils, many of whom lived to take a prominent part in the public services of the country.

TO MR. FERGUSSON, EDINBURGH.

MAINHILL, 17th June, 1820.

DEAR FERGUSSON,—I have been taken, as they say, completely at a disadvantage. When I received your short but satisfactory note, this day week, I expected to have abundant time for writing you a long letter; and I confidently anticipated the pleasure of unfolding a great variety of curious matter to your patient and friendly eyes; but the carrier with his wonted indecision is about to set off early on Monday-Morning; and this intelligence, which I received, about half past seven, along with a letter from Waugh,¹ compels me to postpone all those agreeable anticipations, and to content myself with writing or rather scribbling a most hurried epistle—which I beg you to pardon in consideration of these circumstances.

You are not a friend to "preambles," it would seem; and I am endangering your calmness of soul on that score again. To the point, then, while the game is good. In good truth, I would not have troubled you with this large bundle of books, if I could have avoided it, but I know not Waugh's lodgings—he dates "City of the North," and to whom can I apply? If you can get them exchanged to-day, I shall be very glad; if you have not time, let them lie in your chamber till some opportunity (within a fortnight) occurs of carrying them to the library—or of delivering them to the dexterous individual above mentioned, who has voluntarily bound himself to undertake such tasks for me. I shall inclose the list and the receipts, or numbers at least. Let it rest then at present.

I have not seen Dixon,² and cannot conjecture whether he is returned to Annandale or still in your city; consequently I have not got the letter you promised; but I hope the return of Farries will put into my hands a long account of all your proceedings, independent of any such contingency. Really I feel some lively paroxysms of curiosity to know what you are following—and how time flows with you. Is medicine getting more agreeable? or are you to buffet the ocean on your own solitary bark—unaided by compass or by convoy? What are you studying, thinking, hoping? My dear Sir, you should write me all those things down upon paper. It would interest me, and do good to yourself. Black and white is the thing for clearing and arranging one's ideas upon any point. It affords a stimulus. But I have now no room for philosophy, less for philosophy falsely so called. Again, what is becoming of John Wilson's chair? Consider I see no Edinr. paper, scarcely a Scotch one indeed; and I would not be ignorant of such matters. Dr. Irving, I hear, is Advocates' librarian, but what are the patricians and knights of the literary commonwealth doing? Anything new? Anything special? As the Yankees say.

It may seem to you a strange metamorphosis, that I, the frigid disregarder of all things, should so suddenly be changed into the inquisitive

(1) See *Reminiscences*. "A kind of maternal or half cousin of my own. Had been my school comrade."

(2) Probably a relative of Edward Irving whose sister was the wife of Provost Dixon.

quid-nunc. I do not certainly desire you to think me a news-ferret, or any creature of that genus; but in truth I have no company here, or very little—and tidings, however unimportant, from a scene which, consider it as we may, is deeply interwoven with many thoughts and recollections—are a kind of event to a rusticated person such as I. How is it that the heart, sated and withered, frequently experiences pain from the want of objects, the possession of which has long ceased to yield any perceptible delight?

Upon the whole, I rather incline to think that I am improving in health—and I have no doubt that my spirits are better since I left Edinr. The former would be good but for those ill-fated intestines of mine. Cannot you in your great medical acumen succeed in prescribing for me? I try all kinds of foods—and why should I complain? If I walk enough I am well enough. However, I study next to none—or rather absolutely none. Soaring and hovering in the cloudy regions of German metaphysics is not study. No more is reading about "Cornlaws," Quakers, or the "city of the Plague." By the way—can you spare me the first volume of Pascal—his life? Do not—if you are using it at all. Can you get me any life of Necker? His daughter's performance, which you see here, is a fearful scutcheon hung upon his tomb—no portrait of his life and conversation.² Did you see Irving during the General Assembly?—strange question! See Hartley on "Association of Ideas," who I trust will likewise teach you, that some agreeable thoughts are associated with the name of,

My dear Fergusson,

Your sincere friend,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

TO MR. FERGUSSON, STUDENT, SIR GEORGE MCKENZIE, BART.,

FORTH STREET, EDINBURGH.

MAINHILL, 5th August, 1820.

MY DEAR SIR,—Our correspondence has of late assumed a most tortuous and complicated character. You sent me the books all safe and right. I know not how long since; the packet containing Johnstone's ticket arrived here about a week ago! This is very queer. Our letters have been travelling the road at regular intervals—but never one has been a reply to another! So two coach-drivers will course over the same ten miles—meet in the middle—be in same houses daily, and never speak, till time or whisky has disabled one of them—after having gathered in his curriole (olympic?) dust,³ for many years. This is all well upon His Majesty's highway: but the emblem of a very disagreeable state among friends. We are to begin, then, upon new ground—the present epistle being the first of a long series to be regularly transmitted and as regularly answered. I intend to perform my part honestly; if you fail, your blood be upon your own head!

I have said already that the books, ticket, &c., came all safe and sound. I am very much obliged for all this trouble: and not least for the effort you have made to write me so long and so pleasant a letter. I know how much those efforts cost you; if they always succeed as well as this, it is pity they are made so rarely.

(1) Fergusson studied medicine for a time and had thoughts of it as a profession.

(2) The book alluded to appears to be *Du Caractère de M. Necker et de sa vie Privée*, by Madame de Staël.

(3) Horace, Odes I. 1.

Do you still intend to visit Annandale? If you were here at present, in addition to whatever charms the country might disclose, you would have the satisfaction to see Edward Irving in the land of his nativity. I expect to find him at Annan to-day. The settlement of a brother as teacher of mathematics in their Academy leads me down, and I hear Mr. Edward is looked for. He has been in Dublin three weeks—at Liverpool—in Perthshire, and various parts. I have heard but twice from him since my departure from Glasgow. You have seen him since; and found, I daresay, that he retains the same exuberant enthusiasm and warm benevolence as ever. Upon the whole, I augur great things from Irving. Circumstances have directed all the current of his power into the channel of preaching; his views are not so likely to change now; he is fairly in the ring too; his opponents are but pigmies—and Irving like the old Mendoza,¹

Magnos membrorum artus, magna ossa lacertosque;

*Exiit: atque ingens media consistit arena.*²

Let us wish him good speed, in the path he has entered; his intentions are honourable, and deserve success—I need not say that I should rejoice to see you in Dumfriesshire. The country itself is not indeed beautiful—except the head of Nithsdale and the foot of Eskdale; but the road hither, if you come by Peebles, takes you over a sweet interesting tract—the tuneful Yarrow and her no less tuneful sister Ettrick are among these simple mountains—and a class of peasantry unrivalled in worth by any class in Britain. Then, if you incline to cross the Solway, Skiddaw, Derwent, and all the beautiful magnificence of that grand country, lie within two days' journey. You would be pleased, I think. Tell me if you intend to come.

I am very much pleased to hear that you are acquainted with Mr. Welsh. Few young men deserve to stand higher in your esteem. Make my most respectful and kind compliments to him. As you recommend, I have read his critique on Dr. Brown: it is all well. I am glad to find that Mr. Crone has at length got himself encircled with the rosy *Hours*. I trust they answer his hopes. Crone is what you would call a ard . . . aster³; make my compliments to him notwithstanding.

I do not think, my dear fellow, that there is the smallest vanity in assuming the title you suggest. Mark only, if Fortune do not mend, it is not certain but I may become a *roaring* philosopher. Byron is at the head of this school: but I doubt it does not answer—though the blaspheming line is worse. This is the age of philosophers—and in good truth I am of opinion that when all that tumultuous and fiery stuff, which so many of our poets are busy with, has once been moulded and fashioned rightly, many splendid results will follow. But surely the most astonishing of all sects will be the *symposial* sect of moral philosophers, reared under the wing of John Wilson, Esq. In truth, it was a clever thing to convert this man into a teacher of metaphysics. I should like, above all things, to know his unbiassed opinion of Cudworth and Leibnitz. But John has genius: and in spite of all that's come and gone I wish him zeal and good fortune. When do you intend writing to me? The books will not be ready for long.

Ever yours,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

(1) Daniel Mendoza, 1764–1836, a famous London puglist of Jewish extraction.

(2) Vergil, Book V. of the *Æneid*, lines 422–3, in describing the boxer Entellus:—"And he displayed his mighty joints and limbs, his mighty bones and muscles, and stood up, a giant form, in the midst of the lists."

(3) Letter injured with seal. Probably "hard taskmaster."

Will you take a walk—the first unoccupied day—and call upon that worthy person, Mrs. Skene,¹ present my kindest respects to her, and say that I most faithfully intended to see her before leaving Edinburgh; but was prevented by the tumults of packing trunks, &c.

TO MR. FERGUSSON, ACADEMY, ABERBROTHWICK.

EDINBURGH. 3, MORAY STREET, LEITH WALK, WILKIE'S LODGINGS.²

11th February, 1822.

MY DEAR FERGUSSON,—Your letter reached me some time ago, and the intelligence it brought afforded no small satisfaction. I rejoiced to learn that after all your inquietude and wanderings, you had at last found some kind of resting-place—a substantial occupation capable of employing your faculties and yielding you those accommodations and comforts which steady exertion and honest principles should always secure for a man in the world, but which one has often such struggling and toiling before one can arrive at. Your new establishment looks well in many respects: I hope to hear that you are prospering in it more and more daily, getting scholar upon scholar, friend upon friend, till finally you obtain a permanent habitation, a good wife to rule it, and so become in all points a settled denizen of this earth.

I would have written sooner, but I wished to have some intelligence to send you, worthy of crossing the two Friths; and I found none. Apparently I might have waited till the end of time, had I persisted in this resolution; by good fortune (for myself at least) I have changed it; and tho' devoid of interesting matter, and dull as a bat in December, I am scribbling without any hindrance from those obstacles. There is nothing new under the Sun, Solomon said; and in fact one gets partly to believe Solomon at last. The outward forms of occurrences are infinite in variety, their substantial qualities are few and uniform. Event succeeds event, as heir to heir; but no living man except the editors of newspapers can command sufficient gaiety of heart to record their changes. I see scarcely anyone here, but some few stragglers of the *servum pecus*, briefly and far between; so I know not how the world is wagging more than if I dwell in the ring of Saturn. Only I hear at times some persons jangling about the "Agricultural distresses" and Joseph Hume, much as they are jangling everywhere on those topics, and here and there a man of *sure* information giving notice that M'Culloch has resigned his connection with the Scotsman, and is getting well or ill forward with his lectures on Political Economy—delivered to a select audience of ten; that the last Scotch Novel is worse than the first; that Lord Byron's tragedies are very comical; that the late Edinburgh Review is even duller than the former; and that, in fact, mankind seems hastening to a final consummation of stupidity—from which great quiet and contentedness of mind may fairly be expected to arise, both to individuals and the public at large.

From the contemplation of things in general, to that of things in particular, the transition is easy; and the change (can any change?) will not displease you. His Reverence of the Royal Jug has at length got a parish—that of Castleton, in the South! He was upon "*the Duke's List*," a

(1) Daughter of Sir William Forbes, of Pitaligo, and wife of James Skene, a member of the Scottish bar. Was a friend of Sir Walter Scott, who speaks highly of her in his Journal.

(2) Carlyle was much pleased with his quarters here. In a letter to his brother John, written from 3, Moray Street (now Spey Street), he says:—"I like my room well—the air is good, the landlady is good, and there is peace!"

thing which I find is little less celebrated upon earth than the zodiac or the galaxy is in the heavens. Joy to him of the many tumblers! I expect to hear that he will kill one whole ox, and give it to the Preaching world of this city—with at least a tun of Glen Lijet punch. James Brown¹ is one of twenty unsuccessful candidates; Nichol² is another. Peace be to all these clergy!

Have you heard of Edward Irving, a member of a worthier class? He was down at London lately; is come back for a season; and has the offer of going to the Hatton Garden Chapel in the Metropolis, under the most flattering auspices. He was popular among the *Englishers* to an extreme. Nay more—he has just received another call. They want him in New York, to take charge of the late Dr. Mason's Congregation, the first Presbyterian establishment in America, with a salary of £1,000. There is for you! On the whole Irving deserves it all and more. I believe him to be about the best man in the Scottish Church, both for head and heart. I have not heard whether he means to go across the ocean; I hope and partly expect not.

For myself, I am still "grinding in the mill." I enjoy better health than I did last year, that is (thanks to the fresh air of this place!) I am no longer kept in a state of nervousness, which would drive any man of common obstinacy to insanity or something worse. I wonder at the blindness of theologians; they have never assigned the Devil a bilious stomach, or sent him to Carnegie Street to hear men announcing the sale of water by tin-horns! I am a good deal recovered now, however. By degrees, too, I am becoming reconciled to my fate—contented either to effect something notable or sink ere long into the placid bed of rest—where "neither could nor care" shall more afflict me. I have good hopes still; and am at least fifty times happier than I was. There is a tutorship which I have, as it were, in my offer. I owe it to Irving's journey to London. The terms are £200 a-year. I have undertaken it till July in the interim, when the parents are to arrive. The boys are with Dr. Fleming at present; and I am busy providing Planché and Mathiæ and Sophocles, and so forth—to begin the strenuous revisal of my Greek. I do not dislike the boys or the employment greatly: so it may succeed, perhaps.

Now, my dear Fergusson, can you excuse this frantic epistle which I have written in a state of headache approaching to coma? If so reply to it immediately, and you shall have a better. What is the nature of your *status*? Of your burghers? Your companions? Your duties? Your everything? It is midnight, and I am sleepy. Excuse me, I have need of it, tho' I remain as before,

Your sincere friend,

and serious *here*,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Sometimes an added significance is given to a letter by a careful consideration of its date. Carlyle describes this last letter to his friend as a "frantic epistle," but a large allowance must be made when we take into account the time when it was written; and this raises a question worthy of some consideration.

(1) Succeeded Irving as teacher in Haddington.

(2) Sometime teacher of mathematics in Edinburgh.

(3) In a letter to his mother in July, 1821, he describes in greater detail the fine music produced by the "tin horns" which "utter forth a voice to which the combined music of an ass, a hog, and fifty magpies, all blended into one rich melody, were but a fool."

On turning to the Love Letters one can readily perceive that Carlyle was at this very time in great sorrow. An undoubted crisis had arisen in his relations with Jane Welsh. Against her warnings he had paid her a visit at Haddington in the beginning of February, 1822. He met, it appears, with an extremely chilly reception both from Miss Welsh and from her mother. It is evident from the subsequent correspondence that Carlyle deeply felt the cold and unfriendly reception he had received, and it looked for a time as if the correspondence was to terminate abruptly—"that unfortunate visit" is Carlyle's own expression. On February 12th, however, he received a letter from his friend Edward Irving enclosing a letter for Jane Welsh, as Irving was uncertain where she was then residing. This led to the renewal of the correspondence, and, but for this seemingly trifling circumstance, the correspondence would, as his nephew Mr. Alexander Carlyle says, in all probability have come to an untimely end. What, however, is noteworthy is the circumstance that this last (so far as known) of the letters to Fergusson is dated February 11th, 1822: that is to say, after his repulse at Haddington and before he received the letter from Irving to forward to Jane Welsh. Enough and to spare has been said about Carlyle's egoisms and his loud complainings, and yet here he writes a most kindly letter to his friend Fergusson congratulating him on his appointment to the Rectorship of the Academy at Arbroath and wishing him a permanent habitation and a good wife to rule it. He does indeed state, in closing, that the letter was written in a state of headache, approaching to coma, but to those who have read the Love Letters with care, and who have realised the depth of his affection for Jane Welsh, the headache is not to be wondered at. A perusal of this letter to Fergusson, in the light afforded by the love correspondence, reveals, it is suggested, not a little of the essential nobleness and the manly fortitude of the author at a time of great mental distress.

D. GORRIE.

UPPER SILESIA AND THE LEAGUE.

ON Friday, August 12th, the Supreme Council decided to refer the Upper Silesian question to the League of Nations. It would be perhaps unnecessary to recapitulate the long, needless, and somewhat unseemly wrangle which had brought the representatives of the leading Allied Powers, notably France and England, to have recourse to such an expedient in order to save them from the abyss, to the very edge of which they had drifted. "Is there not here a prophet of the Lord besides, that we might enquire of Him?" But the rôle of Micaiah, son of Imlah, when he prophesied smooth things to the kings who consulted him, was not more difficult than that of the composite tribunal that has accepted the task of achieving the impossible, in an attempt to reconcile the conflicting points of view of the protagonists in the struggle, and at the same time to avoid a Ramoth-Gilead.

Given that, in view of the terrific complexity of the task, the friends of the League do not expect it to spring into being, as Athena from the head of Zeus, armed and panoplied for the task by whose ultimate success it may probably stand or fall; given, in fact, that the League may be saved from its friends, its decision on the delicate problem of the Aaland Islands affords ground for hope that it will survive the present acid test.

None the less, whatever the result may be, there is some cause for congratulation that the great nations of the world have decided by common consent to refer a matter, which not only touches their own honour and interests nearly, but on the adequate solution of which may well depend the future peace of Europe, to the judgment of the representatives of four nations, not one of which is a Great Power. Brazil, Belgium, China, Spain, are invited as arbiters between France and Great Britain, with Japan and Italy as interested parties in the cause. Senhor Da Cunha, M. Hymans, Dr. Wellington Koo (whose name is of good augury as typifying the statesmanship both of the East and of the West in the same person), and Senor Quinones de Leon, representing the non-permanent members of the Council of the League, have now to consider the immensely complicated problems presented to them by the Supreme Council and supported by a bewildering mass of figures, statistics and arguments, the digestion of which will probably prevent any solution in the immediate future.

The case is being presented to the four members by Viscount Ishii, who has submitted a report on the scope of the problem

without himself venturing to express any definite opinion. His acceptance of the rôle of *rapporteur*, together with the presence of the Chinese representative, Dr. Wellington Koo, affords an interesting commentary, and at the same time a happy augury, for the future, when it is felt that in the Far East a brilliantly intellectual tribunal is a possibility, if in the future questions arise which are too thorny for the Great Powers of Europe to handle themselves.

The danger of an immediate conflagration in Paris has been averted. There remains the second point at which danger threatens, to wit, Upper Silesia itself, where conditions exist which make those best acquainted with Central Europe keep a fearful finger on the pulse of events in these parts. The thoughtful observer must needs feel perturbed when he sees the raid habit developing in Central Europe, with its latest example in the Magyar invasion of the Burgenland, a district allotted by the Treaty of Trianon to Austria by reason of the overwhelmingly German nature of the inhabitants. He will remember the Polish raids on Wilna and Eastern Galicia, two questions still outstanding, and the second of which is as capable as Upper Silesia itself of producing a conflagration. He will remember Fiume, and the abortive Polish raid on Kieff, the former settled after months of anxious diplomacy and with a limited amount of bloodshed, the latter settled, shortly after its inception, by the defeat of the aggressor at the hands of the armed forces of General Budienny. He will realise that the fantastic historical claims, such as those of Poland to Upper Silesia, to Kieff, to Wilna, offer a standing menace to the continuance of peace, and that it is impossible to allow the events of the remote centuries of the Middle Ages to be a recurring menace to the sanctity of treaties and of that international law and morality of which the League of Nations is the first concrete example and exponent in history. He will be able to take comfort in the thought that the last Polish raid in Upper Silesia—for such in fact it was, every whit as much as a local uprising, and despite all the disavowals on the part of the Polish Government of its complicity in the matter—coming as it did after two similar attempts, in August, 1919, and again a year later, will not influence in any way the decisions of the Council of the League. It would have been impossible to have faced the League with the *fait accompli* of a successful armed invasion, which is the gravamen in the cases of Wilna, Eastern Galicia and Burgenland; and hence its good offices could not have been invited until this last unlawful adventure had been brought in theory to an end by the pressure of the Powers, the League having no equipment to deal with affronts by armed forces.

The services of the League were called in under Article 11 of the Treaty of Versailles and the last paragraph thereof; the circumstances foreseen by Article 12 having arisen, *i.e.*, that a dispute likely to lead to a rupture had arisen between certain members of the League. The latter article further stipulates that the arbitrators appointed by the League shall make their award "within a reasonable time, and the report of the Council shall be made within six months after the submission of the dispute." Members of the League have two choices: (1) Arbitration, or (2) inquiry by the Council. It is the latter alternative which has been adopted, the interested parties undertaking, however, to accept and ratify the findings of the inquiry by the League. The Council appear to have decided that, seeing that both parties to the dispute are members of the League, it will not be necessary to hear the representatives either of Germany or of Poland, the League being already competent in the matter by the terms of its mandate. This is perhaps as well, seeing the unsatisfactory progress with the dispute over Wilna, between Lithuania and Poland, where, despite the forbearance and the conciliatory attitude of M. Hymans, a member of the present Tribunal, the *intransigence* of the Polish delegates affords but little hope for the moment of a satisfactory solution. The Tribunal will therefore, presumably, be able to work in an atmosphere of judicial detachment, uninfluenced by extravagant national appeal, bombast or sentimentality, whether from the German or Polish side.

There is little doubt that, from the inception of the work of the Inter-Allied Commission in Silesia in February, 1920, the French Delegation were moved, probably unconsciously at first, by a consideration not included in the Treaty of Versailles, the factor of their own national security, which would be achieved by the confiscation of the industrial and mineral resources of Upper Silesia from Germany, and by their transference to Poland. This habit of thought, probably at first only subconscious, was facilitated by the overwhelming preponderance of the French element in the composition of the Commission. For the first sixteen months of its existence four-fifths of the troops at the disposal of the Commission for the maintenance of order were of French nationality. As originally intended, all four Great Powers, and not only three as in the upshot, were to be represented on the Commission. When the United States, owing to their non-participation in the signature of the Treaty of Versailles, found themselves unable to take over their share in the temporary administration of Upper Silesia, the French took over that part of the administration which had fallen to America. In

this way, for example, of the twenty-one administrative sub-districts into which the area was divided, eleven were in the hands of the French Commission and only five each were allotted to Great Britain and Italy. With the single exception of the circle of Beuthen-Land, all the sub-districts in the industrial triangle were staffed exclusively by French officials. In Oppeln, the seat of government, all the more important administrative heads of the departments were French. An unduly large proportion of their officials had suffered the indignities of German captivity, and thus went to the task of trusteeship with an additional and readily comprehensible bias against the one side. Nor was the local Polish population slow to take advantage of this factor. Polish society, such as it exists in Silesia, lost no occasion of taking contact with officials, officers and troops. The tension, necessarily serious in all circumstances, between the French and the Germans was not likely to be lessened by the demonstrative affection of the Polish element on the one side or by the tacit acceptance thereof by the French on the other, and a disastrous feeling of mistrust by what was proved in the plebiscite to be the majority of the governed was the result. In a case where the strictest impartiality was imposed by the terms of the Treaty there was always a subconscious tendency to treat Silesia as conquered territory, and to assume on unnecessary occasions the attitude of the victor; and it appeared to be too readily forgotten that moderation in victory is often more far-reaching in its beneficent results, both to victor and vanquished, than victory itself.

In the original draft of the Treaty of Versailles as it stood in May, 1919, that district of Upper Silesia which last March was submitted to a plebiscite had been allotted without further parley to Poland, in consequence of the insistent demands of a France unduly nervous of the possibilities of new aggression on a gigantic scale from a Germany once again under the heel of a military party, a phantom which may well have been dispelled during the last few days by the signs of vigour shown by the democratic parties in Germany, suddenly brought face to face with the reappearance of the reactionary and monarchist elements symbolised by the murder of Herr Erzberger.

The Allied Supreme Council had been induced to take this course by a map published by the German Government in 1912, in pursuance of its then *Ost-mark Politik*, wherein the "Polish" colour of the district was insisted upon, in order to bring home to German nationals the need for an intensive colonisation of those parts. The basis taken for this map was that of language, a very different thing from political sentiment, as we have learnt in Ireland. "The ungodly had digged a pit and had fallen into

the midst of it themselves." It was only when Herr von Brockdorff-Rantzau, at the eleventh hour, proved to the satisfaction of the Supreme Council that the map in question in no way represented the real numerical relation of the two nationalities that a decision by plebiscite was allowed. It may here be stated that the much-abused provision, whereby out-voters were allowed to record their votes, was inserted at the request of the Polish delegates, who had placed an undue reliance on the hope that patriotism would induce many emigrants to the United States to return for the vote. These, however, contented themselves, in lieu of personal participation, with piling up in the hands of M. Korfanty the gigantic propaganda fund which he managed with such amazing skill. The nice scrupulosity of the Polish apologists and the electoral purists, who objected to the importation of this element, takes no notice of the fact that a certain proportion of these voters was unquestionably Polish in sentiment, thus counting "two on a division," and that, moreover, the electoral qualifications had been so framed that a number of Germans, estimated at 80,000, the bulk resident in the "industrial triangle," had been deprived of their votes by the provision that, if not born in Upper Silesia, a continuous residence in the area since January 1st, 1904, was required of them. This provision was inserted by the Inter-Allied Commission with the deliberate intention of counteracting any unfairness to the Polish element which might have arisen from the admission of the out-voter. In the opinion of neutral observers well qualified to judge from observations on the spot the result of the plebiscite is as accurate a reflection of the relative sympathies of the population as human ingenuity and a portentous amount of labour could achieve. In fact, of the 1,190,000 votes cast in the whole area, over 707,000 voted German, and not quite 480,000 voted Polish.

On the lines of Cæsar's Commentaries, Silesia, like Gaul, is divided into three parts—Lower, Middle and Upper. Of these, the first two are unquestionably overwhelmingly German. From the early days of the thirteenth century, when Breslau was still Wratislaw, the absorption of the scattered Slav population, which even in those days owed to Poland, itself not then a Kingdom, the very shadowest allegiance, has been so thorough that the original Slav element has practically disappeared. The third part, Upper Silesia, is itself divided into three parts, even to-day roughly coincident with the ethnographical type of their populations, shown by the plebiscite of last March. The country lying to the west of the Oder, together with the north-westerly Kreise of the plebiscite territory—i.e., that portion adjoining Germany—shows an overwhelming German majority. This portion is

in the main agricultural, and it is questionable whether it is endowed with the mineral resources which would allow it to become anything else. Its industries are sporadic. Oppeln and its neighbourhood have developed cement works; Cosel has its riverine harbour on the Oder; Ratibor has its railway works, but the bulk is given over to the culture of rye and other farm-stuffs, and to the providing of some of the millions of geese which the German Michael devours on his name-Saint's day. It contains eight of the twenty-one Kreise into which the whole territory is divided—Leobschütz, Ratibor Stadt, Ratibor Land, Cosel, Oppeln Stadt, Oppeln Land, Kreuzburg, and Rosenberg. To take the third of the three divisions in the second place, the two southern Kreise of Rybnik and Pless, together with a definite fringe of the other districts to the north, which lie along the Polish frontier, are, as might be expected, much more Polish ethnically. At the same time, it will be understood at the outset that the term "Polish" is used, not in the strictly ethnical sense, but rather to designate that element of the Upper Silesian population which, after more than six centuries of separation from Poland, has, for plebiscitary purposes, reverted to type, actuated rather by hatred of Prussia than by love of Poland, and despite age-long tradition and deep differences of language; for, like Chaucer's lady with her French, the Polish of Warsaw "is to hir unknowe." Moreover, this part differs from the western and north-western areas in being in great measure a region of immense potential mineral wealth, though hitherto only developed in a very minor degree, notably in the coal-mines of the northern part of Pless and here and there in Rybnik. Throughout practically the whole of these areas, at an average depth of 500 feet, begins a series of coal beds capable for more than a thousand years to come of their present output. Incidentally, it would be interesting to know how Poland, with her finances to-day in a position which enables English purchasers to buy sixty Polish nominal paper shillings for one British penny, can find the many millions of pounds sterling necessary for the development of these areas; this point, however, will be touched upon later.

There remains the third part; wherein lies the whole trouble. Intercalated between the two zones mentioned above lies what has been called the "Industrial Triangle," roughly comprised between the three points of Tarnowitz, Gleiwitz and Myslowitz. Here the mineral riches lie closer to the surface, a fact which, from the earliest times, induced the German miner adventurer to invest his capital and labour there. Persistence and energy always tell in the long run, and the small area which, a hundred years ago, was almost entirely covered with forest, as Pless and

Rybnik are to-day, has become one of the most thickly inhabited parts of the globe's surface, carrying in parts as much as 2,500 persons to the square kilometre, which compares with either Lancashire or South Wales at their best (or worst). Here the genius for work, in which the Teuton is pre-eminent, has had full scope, and the Slav genius, more apt to dream than to labour, has been made for that reason subservient at the expense of its material prosperity. A business directory of these parts is a remarkable commentary on local politics. It would be safe to wager that if the electorate for the plebiscite had been composed of the people therein, not 5 per cent. would have voted for Poland; and yet a very large number of Polish names appear. The deduction is obvious. Whatever a man's family or origin in Upper Silesia, success, whether in a trade or a profession, is synonymous with German sympathies. On the other hand, the unskilled labourer in many cases, despite his German name, would vote for Poland. Had some system been devised which would count the contents of heads instead of their mere numbers, regrettable as it may be from the point of view of a late enemy, the majority for Germany would have been so overwhelming as to preclude the need of any reference to the Council of the League of Nations. In the absence of any means of ascertaining the contents of heads, a short examination of the results of the voting in village by village only emphasises the point touched upon above. The work of the miner at the coal face, more especially when, as in most cases, he is unable to read or write, is not calculated to broaden his outlook, and he will be in all probability more open to specious propaganda than a skilled artisan. If this assumption be right, it is illuminating to see that, whereas, as a general whole, the purely mining community voted for Poland, the population of the villages, containing the technical works which depend on the mines for their fuel, voted overwhelmingly for Germany. So with the towns, whose general tendency in all countries and at all times has been to impose their political views on the surrounding country districts by reason of their position, be it as centres of distribution or of intellectual endeavour. In many instances, conversely to the usual idea on the subject, Polish islands of voters are surrounded by Germans, as is the case with the small coal basin lying in the very heart of this Triangle, and half-way between Beuthen and Kattowitz. Here, as usual, the bulk of unskilled labour, in this case the coal-miner, voted Polish, whereas all the great villages, from Königshütte and Bismarckhütte with their 70,000 voters, and other very large aggregations of the skilled workmen employed in the surrounding foundries, voted preponderatingly German, in many cases up

to 75 per cent. of the voting strength. Usually, however, the reverse is the rule, and German towns, even in the aggregate electorally superior in numbers to their dependent villages, are surrounded by small Polish communities; for there is not a town in Upper Silesia that did not vote for Germany.

At this point begins one of the technical difficulties in interpreting the result of the plebiscite. The Treaty of Versailles lays down that the results of the voting were to be taken by communes, that one commune, therefore, presumably must be given as much weight as another. In the upshot, this is a very denial of the elements of democracy or self-determination, for it means that a rural parish with five or six hundred voters is given the same electoral weight as a great centre of industry with its 40,000 or more voters. If the votes in the administrative districts be taken for each separate district and not parish by parish, it will be found that the vote for Germany is in a slight preponderance, far too slight indeed to give the country to Germany, were it Polish, and therefore, *a fortiori*, far too great to allow of its attribution to Poland and its severance from its present historical owners.

As a further complication, Article 88 of the Peace Treaty, Annex, Section 5, allows of consideration being given to the geographical and economic conditions of the localities, as well as to the wishes of their inhabitants. In view of the close approximation, each to each, of the total Polish and German votes in this intimate industrial connexion, the drawing of a national frontier through its midst on purely ethnic lines becomes almost impossible. If it could be conceived that, as a result of a plebiscite, it became incumbent on a jury of experts to draw a national frontier, with all the restrictions that flow therefrom, between, let us say, Manchester and Salford, or Liverpool and Bootle, there would be room for compassion for the arbitrator; yet the various parts of the industrial triangle, itself only some 250 square miles in area, are so closely interdependent that the above comparison approximates very closely to fact. Whatever line may be drawn, it will be found that towns will be cut off from the natural basins from which they draw their water supply, that the pithead of a mine will find itself in one country and that coal gotten in its galleries will be mined under the soil of the other; that all the existing arrangements whereby the transport of materials, either raw or half-manufactured, from one part of the field to the other is now economically effected, will be found running transversely to frontiers the more jealously guarded by reason of the hatred of the new owners to everything German, and the natural resentment of the German smarting under a sense of being wronged.

One and the same corporation will own different parts of the same works in two different countries. Labourers in the new Poland, who have worked all their lives in the parts that remain to Germany, will have to find a new outlet for their labour, the difference of two currencies existing simultaneously in the two ends of the same town and with a constantly changing ratio of values one to the other will make retail business and the payment of wages a matter to make Mr. Babbage himself despair. For new enterprises the channels of capital will be interrupted, and capital for the development of Upper Silesia has hitherto flowed exclusively from Germany. This stream will stop immediately at any new frontier, and he is an optimist indeed who can discover adequate sources of capital in Poland, the unsuccessful search for which has, in the course of the last few days, driven M. Witos, the Polish Prime Minister, to resignation. The technical difficulty confronting any inefficient customs guard, its numbers, if it is to perform adequate service, and its consequent enormous expense, is but a minor symptom in the gangrene that would inevitably be set up if the Upper Silesian body politic were amputated by any major operation. It is said that any truncation of the human body, by disturbing the pressure and normal flow of the blood, affects the whole frame. It is very certain that, by the amputation of any part of Upper Silesia, Germany will be unfavourably affected in her capacity to pay reparations. How far is Germany's loss to redound to Poland's gain if the latter is allotted an economically disorganised fraction of the industrial area? Leaving out of consideration for the moment the additional fuel which will be piled upon the fire of hatred for the Poles which already consumes Germany; leaving out the dangerous feeling of irredentism thus created; without insisting on the fact that Germanism has already, whether in Posnania to the Pole or in Bohemia to the Czecho-Slovak, lost some four million of its nationals to foreign Powers, in territories immediately contiguous to its own border, let us see how far Poland has used the talents already at her disposal or how far wrapped them in a napkin. And it must be remembered at this point that, in the strict interpretation of the trust taken over by all the signatories to the Treaty of Versailles in the matter of Upper Silesia, no deviation whatever from the letter or spirit of that trust deed should be allowed, in deference to any fear, real or imaginary, on the part of one of the trustees, or to any personal preference on the part of the said trustee, to weigh one scruple in the scale of abstract justice. We should therefore put away any semblance of argument inspired by the natural desire of France, thrice ravaged within 110 years by German invasion, to

opponents. A lucid brain, a ruthless disregard of means so long as the end benefit the land of his choice, an energy that knows not the bounds of fatigue, M. Korfanty would be far better employed at Warsaw than in Silesia. His is the type of masterful character that seems to be urgently needed at the present moment in that distressed country. Nor is it yet too late for this remarkable compound of Conservative and Revolutionary—fer he is both—to take a hand in her national destinies, and, if he does so, there can be little doubt that he might make himself a notable name on lines less liable to cavil than those which he has hitherto adopted. It is safe to say that, if he had been absent during the last three years from the late scene of his activities, nothing like half of the votes cast for Poland in the late plebiscite would have been given to her.

Such are some of the problems which the Council of the League of Nations has undertaken to solve, presumably in the certainty that no solution can do otherwise than irritate all the parties concerned in the quarrel, and with the only spark of comfort to lay to its soul that any solution is better than none. That a solution is necessary in the immediate future private reports from Upper Silesia show only too well. The innumerable deeds of violence perpetrated during the last insurrection are having their inevitable result in vendettas, both private and public, which ensure a healthy weekly crop of murders, whether it be that of that admirable soldier, Major Montalégre of the French Garrison, or of the German Burgomaster of Lipine, which are but typical of scores of others. The theoretically admirable system of maintenance of public order by a police drawn from both sections of the population proves itself in practice, as might have been expected, merely ridiculous, and became to the Inter-Allied Commission a weapon with a very pronounced double edge. On the last occasion when, as during the late insurrection, a weapon was required, it broke in their hands. Under the system recently introduced by the Inter-Allied Commission the same fundamental idea persists, with the result that, notably in the more populated industrial areas, a highly organised terrorism prevents any decent citizen from entering the service which has taken the place of the police. Passions run high in a district which, within two years, has been the arena of no less than three rebellions. It may well be that a fourth is in prospect, unless the Supreme Council rapidly achieve their almost superhuman task and unless their recommendations, once given, are as rapidly enforced.

F. P. COCKERELL.

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY.—(IX.)

DURING the last month the friends of Ireland in this country have had a very difficult row to hoe. The Government has made an offer which is statesmanlike and fair, and which, considering its source, is even generous. Mr. de Valera, on the other hand, has been meticulously logical, blind to facts that appear quite obvious to the most ordinary minds, and somewhat cruel in his apparent disregard for the happiness of the millions of people for whom it is his duty to speak. The advantage to the Government has been enormous. In the view of the watching world outside it has thrown the onerous choice of peace or war on the Irish themselves. At home it has at last adopted an attitude towards Ireland in which all parties can support it. Neither the country nor any party within it would agree to the creation of an absolutely independent Irish Republic. In consequence, although there has been sympathy for Mr. de Valera because of the difficulties in which circumstances have placed him, there has been no support for his contentions. The resultant pressure on the Irish leaders to accept has been very great indeed. So long as one or more of the British political parties openly advocated the granting to Ireland of terms more generous than those offered by the Government, it was clear that Ireland would never submit to the Government's terms. Courage she has always shown, and she has known that she had only to wait and to struggle in order to get a very much more real form of freedom than that embodied in the Government of Ireland Act.

Mr. de Valera has appeared anything but statesmanlike, but we need to remember the very real difficulties of his position. The offer of peace came like a thunderbolt in the midst of war, war of the most savage and brutalising kind. Whatever we may think of the methods adopted on either side, we cannot but admit that the Irish have shown great courage, and that the ideal which has inspired them to that courage has been that Ireland was again an independent State with her own army, fighting for her national existence. The claim may have been as preposterous in fact as it was in law, but there it was. Even supposing that the Irish leaders wished to settle, and to settle approximately on the Government's terms, it was no easy matter to get down from the heights they had scaled. They could not very well turn round in five minutes and say to their people that all they had asked them to fight for was a bluff. The descent, if made at all, had to be made gradually. It is therefore extremely wise of the Prime Minister to ease the descent by dropping the six conditions precedent laid down by him at the outset and by asking the Irish leaders to confer on one condition

only, that they would agree that Ireland should remain within the British Commonwealth of nations. The final settlement between Britain and Ireland must be dictated not so much by men as by facts, those facts of geography, of history, and of economic law which are quite unalterable; but in a situation so delicate as the present it is of vital importance that the men responsible for making the settlement should be given time to digest the facts and allowed to approach their final recognition by the easiest possible route.

We have to read all Mr. de Valera's articles and speeches in the knowledge that Ireland is in a state of arrested development. The historian of the future will probably say that nationalism was a kind of distemper that humanity had to pass through in its unstable adolescence. Subjection produces an intense particularism, a form of patriotism which is not wholly admirable, though it has often been sanctified by magnificent heroism and self-sacrifice. This particularism can only be cured by freedom, and until it is so cured the nations cannot move on towards that mutual co-operation which is almost as essential as freedom to their happiness and stability. We have seen many nations—Italy, Greece, Germany, the Balkan States, South Africa—pass through this experience in slightly different ways. In Central Europe just now particularism is acute, and we can only hope that freedom will work its cure in time to avert irreparable disaster. England has never known the bitterness of Nationalism, and she is consequently more ready than other nations to move on towards the creation of a federated world. In her dealings with Ireland she has failed utterly to recognise the symptoms of the disease, and has withheld her hand over and over again when a cure would have been easy to apply. Reading between the lines of Mr. de Valera's letters, one can see an intense desire that Ireland should be wholly and absolutely free, if only at the moment when she is herself, of her own free will, accepting restrictions on that absolute freedom. I may be quite wrong, but I believe that the Irish leaders have been more anxious to enter the Peace Conference as delegates of an independent State than to leave it as such.

When all that is said, however, it remains a wretchedly small reason for which to imperil the prospects of peace. Other peoples—South Africa is a notable example—have worked out their salvation without any such pedantry and in circumstances of far greater difficulty. For the nationalism of Mr. de Valera a civilised world can have but little use. If peace is to be maintained in the future there will have to be many surrenders of pride, and even of more than pride. Moreover, Mr. de Valera's arguments would themselves destroy him when he turned from Britain to negotiate with Ulster. Most sensible people believe that Ulster will ultimately be compelled

to cast in her lot, on some terms or other, with the rest of Ireland. But their belief is based on the logic of geography and of economic law, which is precisely the logic Mr. de Valera has so far declined to accept in his dealings with Great Britain. If he says that even the freedom of a Dominion is not good enough for Ireland because she is too near England for that freedom to be real, what is his answer to be to Ulster when she in turn asserts that only in absolute separation from Catholic Ireland can she find real safety and real freedom? The really bitter draught for the Irish leaders is that they will probably find that their own concessions must precede that of Ulster by several years, that they will have to accept something less than freedom, and yet to defer the realisation of their dream of Irish unity. Here all my sympathies are with them. Ulster's "loyalty" is to-day the Empire's greatest source of weakness. But on this point the word of wisdom has been spoken by General Smuts, who himself, on behalf of another nation, accepted something less than freedom, and waited for the unity that must inevitably come, bringing a greater and more splendid freedom with it.

Now that the majority of a London Borough Council have gone to prison, it is just possible that the pressing question of unemployment will receive some attention. It is true that the fact that about 2,000,000 people are in dire straits to get any food at all is a matter of more importance than the scale of diet to be permitted to thirty incarcerated councillors; but it is a less dramatic matter; it occupies less space in the newspapers. The Cabinet has many worries, and it somewhat humanly attends first to those that press most upon its notice, and it will probably hear more of Mr. Lansbury and his friends than it has of the suffering thousands. It is true that ever since the Armistice any number of quiet commentators on public affairs have maintained, in season and out of season, that the root problem of all industrial problems was just this problem of unemployment and the provision for it. But neither the Government nor the leaders of Labour have paid much heed. During all the golden months of apparent prosperity in 1919 and 1920 nothing was done at all. What was the use of bothering about unemployment when there were scarcely any unemployed? And so all those weeks during which contributions might have been pouring into the insurance fund were wasted, and the insurance scheme was not embodied in legislative form until the storm was upon us. And what a scheme that insurance scheme was! After mountainous travail the Ministry of Labour produced a very wee mouse, only to smother it within the year on the ground that it was too big. As for Labour, it wasted the unique opportunity of the boom period in a hasty rush for quite ephemeral high wages, and in a fight, which was bound to be a losing fight, on the political field. Yet it was strong enough then to have obtained a real and valuable unemployment policy from any Government, if it had concentrated on that end. As it is, wages are falling,

nothing has been nationalised, and about 2,000,000 workers are out of employment. Of these about three-quarters are entitled to a pittance on which no family can live, and the remainder, an ever-increasing proportion, are not able to draw even that, because they have already drawn it for the maximum period permitted by the Act.

From the Labour point of view this result is so utterly disastrous that it is almost impossible to understand why it was not foreseen, and why the paramount importance of guarding against it was not realised. Widespread unemployment disarms Labour as a fighting force in a way that nothing else can, for the trade unions depend absolutely on the solidarity of the workers, and there can be but little solidarity among the starving. Unemployment threatens to involve Labour in a *sauf qui peut*. Members fall away when their Union can no longer do anything for them; they accept work at far less than the recognised scale of wages, for the claims of their families, by far the strongest claims humanity knows, become more urgent than the interest of their class. The majority who remain at work are determined to stick to their employment. Strikes become almost impossible—except to the miners, who were ready to risk a Balaclava in a way that may have been magnificent, but was certainly not war; and wasteful as strikes are always, and mistaken though they may often be, it remains only too true that when the leaders of Labour have no longer that weapon in the background they are completely disarmed. But it is not true that periods of serious unemployment are of advantage to employers. Some of them think they are, just as some of them used to think that sweated wages and excessive hours were to their advantage. Such a view is short-sighted. It is the fear of unemployment which has produced the policy of restricting output, which is far the most damaging handicap British employers have to contend against. It produces fear and discontent, and it stands in the way of any readjustment of industrial relations.

Labour is now attempting to fight a hopeless rearguard action on ground it has omitted to fortify. Mr. Lansbury is in the breach, leading the forlorn hope. But to understand Mr. Lansbury's position—and to do him justice he has a great deal of right on his side—one must remember that in this tragedy he plays a dual part. He is at once a Labour leader and a municipal authority. Some people maintain that he has no right to be both at the same time, but that, of course, is nonsense. He has just as much right to be a Socialist and a Municipal Councillor as to be a Conservative and a Municipal Councillor. Let us, however, just for a moment consider the case of the Poplar councillors, forgetting that they are also Socialists. We have remarked that a million and a half workers in England are compelled to rely for their livelihood on the magni-

ficient sum of 15s. a week, and that a further half million can no longer even get that. The Unemployment Insurance Scheme is bankrupt and broken down; there is only one other source from which these people can get help, and it is manifest that they must get help from somewhere, for they cannot be allowed to starve. As the Government has failed, then the only source from which they can draw relief is the local authorities, the Boards of Guardians appointed under the Poor Law. The local authorities, exposed to a storm that they were never intended to weather, are foundering in it.

It was obvious enough from the start that the Guardians could not fill the breach left by the Government. They are not intended to cope with the distress occasioned by an industrial crisis of these dimensions. Their function is to succour the poor, the real poor, the people who through accident or misfortune—even perhaps sometimes owing to their own fault—have fallen behind in the race of life. It is not their function to assist the sturdy runners who are temporarily idle because the course is blocked. They cannot do so without disaster, because they draw their funds from too restricted a source. The relief given by the Guardians comes out of the local rates. Now unemployment, and indeed poverty itself, are nearly always concentrated. If there is a depression in a single trade, the workers in that trade will be found to be congregated together. If there is a general depression, it will attack first and most severely the least skilled and the worst paid workers, and they also will be found living congregated together. There will be no one unemployed at all in Buxton where a half of Bury is out of work. Kensington will be untouched when Poplar is in the direst distress. But under the Poor Law system the relief of Bury must be paid for by Bury and that of Poplar by Poplar, and Buxton and Kensington will not have to contribute a penny. There is, it is true, a partial equalisation of rates in London which is of real benefit to the poorer boroughs. But it is irrelevant to the present emergency, because it only applies to the normal expenditure and not to outdoor relief. When, therefore, the Guardians are called in to deal with a situation like the present, we find a ridiculous state of things. The most money has to be raised in the poorest districts; the doles for the unemployed have to be levied on the unemployed themselves and on those of their neighbours who are just managing to keep their heads above water.

Against this situation Mr. Lansbury and his colleagues are fully entitled to protest, and to protest loudly. It may be questioned, however, whether they are entitled to carry their protest to the length of endeavouring to paralyse the system of local government in London. There will always be controversy in our political life—controversy is, in a way, a sign of political health; but it is necessary to preserve sufficient sense of proportion to realise that the machinery of society must be kept working. We cannot try to smash it every

time we disagree with the powers that be. Mr. Lansbury and his friends are apt to be altogether too ready to advocate these short cuts to a very problematical goal. This time, moreover, their case was so strong that such drastic action was quite unnecessary. We need also to remember that the Poplar Council was the author of some part of its own misfortune. Poplar's back would in any case have broken, in all probability, under the burden of relief, but the policy adopted by the Council added many unnecessary bales of straw to that burden. If an average be struck over the whole of London the bulk of the expenditure defrayed out of the rates is centralised. For 1920-21 the average rate levied for these central purposes was 9s. 3d., and in Poplar 9s. 9d. On the other hand, the borough expenses of Poplar necessitated a rate of 5s. 10d., as against an average for London of 3s. 5d., and the Poor Law Guardians' expenditure a rate in Poplar of 7s. 2½d., against an average of 2s. 3½d. The latter discrepancy can be to a great extent explained by the fact that more out relief was needed in Poplar than in the more well-to-do districts, but it is clear that Poplar's expenditure tends to be more lavish when it is locally controlled. Other figures indicate that Poplar's policy of out relief has been unduly generous in 1921. According to the latest statistics available as I write, it has given out relief to 16,000 people, its total population being 162,000. This gives a percentage far in excess of those of any other London borough, poor or rich, the next highest figures being those for Wandsworth, which has relieved 9,800 out of 479,000, and Camberwell, which has relieved 9,500 out of 261,000.

It is here that we are brought up against the dualism of the Poplar Council. It is not only the local authority for Poplar, it is the vanguard of a party. It has conceived it to be its duty, as have some other authorities whose scales of relief have been disallowed, to apply in an extreme form the Labour doctrine of "Work or maintenance." With that doctrine as a general principle it is impossible to quarrel, but as a general principle it does not carry us very far, and some of the implications drawn from it recently threaten to be economically disastrous. It is true enough that a man who is normally performing a useful function in society cannot be left to starve, or to be physically and morally debilitated by hardship, when his services are temporarily not required. But it is not true that there is a fund, which exists independently of other people's work, out of which he can be indefinitely maintained. His relief requires careful organisation, and must come out of the proceeds of someone else's work. It is, moreover, asking too much of human nature to pay the unemployed at a rate equal to that at which the employed are paid. Now the *Daily Herald*, which Mr. Lansbury controls, maintains that there is such a fund, and it rejects altogether the argument that the prevailing rates of wages should be taken into consideration when a scale of out relief has to be fixed. It is impos-

sible to acquit the Poplar Council of having allowed their general views on the wage question to influence their policy of out relief. There is, perhaps, no valid reason why they should not, always provided that the ratepayers who elect them sympathise with their objects and are prepared to face the consequences of their policy. But such a course seriously weakens their case when they come to demand that other boroughs, which are of a different way of thinking, should be made to endorse their policy and to share its consequences.

A Cabinet Committee is now sitting to discover a way out of this tangle, and at the same time a Royal Commission has, I understand, been instructed to consider the more equal distribution of London's municipal burden over the whole of its area. One or two fundamental principles should have become clear as a result of this discussion. First, widespread unemployment such as exists at present is not really a matter for boroughs to deal with, not even a matter for larger local government authorities to deal with. It is a national calamity which needs to be faced by the nation as a whole. This principle is already admitted; the Unemployment Insurance Act was based upon it, and the fact that the Act has broken down is the fault of the Act, and not of the principle. The relief of distress, and, if possible, the provision of work, which, even though it may not show a profit, may be less costly in the long run and far less demoralising than a mere policy of doles, should be organised centrally and centrally controlled. Secondly, as there must in all probability be loose ends left over from any national scheme, and as some local provision for relief may remain necessary, the poorest areas must not be left to bear their burden unaided. The cost of such relief must be levied equitably over larger areas, and, as a necessary corollary, the policy of relief must be taken out of the hands of local Guardians and placed in those of stronger bodies responsible for the whole of such areas.

H. B. USHER.



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AMERICA AND HER PLACE IN THE SUN.

AMERICAN foreign policy stands to-day at the cross roads. One leads to such participation in the affairs of other nations as was never contemplated or even imagined by the authors of the constitution. The other leads to a continuance of that isolation which has characterised American foreign policy since the foundation of the Government, with the notable exception of the armed excursion into Europe in 1917, when it seemed that American interests demanded defence upon a far flung line to guard against future trouble nearer home.

It is the results of that excursion which have precipitated the present crisis. There can be no compromise. It will have to be one road or the other. There is no middle way which can be safely and easily trod. The situation is enormously complicated, however, far more so than cursory review would indicate, and the problem is as much if not more of a domestic than foreign character. No one man or group of men will decide for America which course will be pursued. Since the Armistice the world has had a liberal education concerning the limitations of the American constitutional form of government. It has learned what it was told before but never fully believed, that no single American, no matter what his position, or no single department of the United States Government is in a position to pledge the nation to any future policy or action. It has learned that what the United States Government does must be dictated by the actual ruling power of the country—the will of the people.

For three years Europe wondered what America would do in connection with the Great War. At the end of three years the will of the people, in spite of lack of authoritative leadership, and in spite of a thousand and one other hampering influences, rose superior to its matrix and sent an army to Europe to aid the nations in travail. In the final analysis, therefore, it is necessary to weigh the influences at work upon the rank and file of the nation rather than those upon the officials of the Government, to be able to sense with any accuracy the promise of the future. There is one thing, however, which can be eliminated from all

estimates of future American action, and that is a military participation in European affairs. The statement has been made that within a year the United States would not have a military unit or a naval vessel of importance in European territory, and this is probably correct. The Washington Government has already responded to insistent public demand by the statement that the American troops now in Europe will shortly all be home. This does not please the French, for while they are now preparing to put six thousand of their own troops in the territory now occupied by twice that number of Americans they anticipate the loss of a strong moral influence which now emanates from the presence of an American army between them and their erstwhile enemies. The French Government still maintains a vast army and can well afford to furnish the guard for the occupied German territory, especially as the German people pay the bill, but it is not the military side of the question which brings the protest against the withdrawal of America, for it is feared by the French and the Allies generally that it indicates to the enemy a loss of moral support for France. This does not follow, however, for even if the die is cast that America shall become a living force in the reconstruction of Europe military participation is excluded, and it is well that this should be understood and accepted to assist in clarifying the situation, prevent certain misunderstandings, and certainly guard against disappointments.

It is also the part of wisdom when an American foreign representative, or even some Government official at Washington, indicates as a probability an important policy for the future, not to accept such a declaration unless its origin can be clearly traced back to the will of the people as represented in Congress assembled. The intention may be there; the effort to perform may be there, and if the intention and the effort are based upon knowledge that support will be forthcoming, then well and good, but the best official intentions and the strongest official efforts have frequently been rendered abortive through the sudden development of an opposition the strength of which proves overwhelming, because of its source, that being the wish or the belief, hitherto latent, of an active majority of the American people. This will very often does not express itself until the precipitant, in the form of a proposed action, enters the solution, and causes the reaction to take place. Hence the difficulty of determining in advance what the position or action of America may be in an international controversial matter. The only thing that can be done, therefore, at such times is to weigh the situation dispassionately and as intelligently as possible, holding no brief for any particular line of argument, but recognising facts as they exist.

America is faced at the moment with stupendous problems, for all serious national questions must be stupendous which concern the destinies of a country of nearly one hundred and twenty million population, potentially the most powerful nation in the world to-day. Those most pressing and nearest to hand are: industrial depression, resulting in unemployment of about five million people, burdensome taxation and increasing fixed charges, a plethora of gold and a slack trade. Touching these problems at home and inextricably connected therewith are questions of foreign relations. The desire to economise in armament is checked by the threat of war from the Far East; a desire to assist the world to regain its equilibrium is cooled by a more or less justified lack of faith in the sincerity of foreign Governments, and doubt as to their real sympathy with American ideas as to a proper world state, for if America is to venture abroad with her liquid assets it will be necessary for her people to believe that they are not perpetuating institutions upon which the national will has already set the seal of its disapproval.

The moment is now opportune, however, to secure American co-operation in European economic affairs, more so in fact than at any time since the Armistice, and the reason is this. The farmers of the United States are the deciding vote in any political or other situation which may arise in connection with national procedure. In all general elections they swing the country one way or another. They make or unmake parties or candidates, confirm or reject policies, and in a general way dictate the course of empire. No political party can live against their antagonism, and no candidate can succeed without their goodwill. Less than two years ago the farmers of the United States knew little and cared little as to conditions in Europe, except that they gave liberally out of their bounty to all charitable demands from however remote a cause. Wheat was three dollars a bushel and corn and pork proportionately high. The American farmer followed his plough happily and care-free, reaped his amazing crops, and banked his still more amazing profits. Foreign policies did not interest him or give him the slightest concern. He knew that a chaotic state of affairs existed in Europe. He was sorry for those who suffered, but he believed that in time things would come right and that perhaps it was Europe's own fault they did not come right sooner than they did. At any rate it was a good thing America was not mixed up in it, and did not have to be. Things were quite all right with him and his country, and it was not the fault of Americans that others were in a muddle. To have proposed then that the United States should voluntarily step into this sphere of European turmoil and attempt to help put things

straight would have been to incur scorn and derision, and such was the fate of those who advanced such ideas.

As time went on, however, the position in America began to change. Business began to fall away. Exports dropped off tremendously. Factories became idle, and unemployment grew apace. What was stranger than all these things to the farmer was that the price of his own products fell rapidly. The world was not producing, millions were starving, and yet the price of staple foods in the United States decreased to the grocer first by thirds, then by halves, and then by even two-thirds, until wheat sold for about a dollar a bushel and maize and pig became correspondingly cheap. In the meantime the cost of farming had increased enormously over pre-war days. Wages were higher, all materials cost vastly more, food that had to be purchased was more expensive, machinery was costly, and the farmers' habits and those of his family had been readjusted to a scale of living and expenditure which made the pre-war state appear as poverty to riches. The American working farmer, taken as a whole, is more intelligent than the farmer of any other country. He is more or less a reader of newspapers and good publications. His children are well educated, many of them with university schooling. He has been and still is more or less provincial-minded as to foreign affairs. Geographical location and American history have made him so. For generations he has been hard at work putting America under the plough, and this has been an absorbing occupation. He has read and has been told that foreign affairs were his concern, as all commerce was international, but it is only now he has learned that all the food produced in the world has not been immediately absorbed by the food-importing industrial communities, and for reasons which have not existed before in modern times—lack of purchasing power and deficient cheap transportation. He has learned that there are over a million metric tons of grain lying unsold in Bulgaria, the surplus of the crop of 1920, and yet millions of people in Russia, Austria, and other nearby countries are starving to death. These things have made an enormous impression on his intelligence, and the general effect upon the farming community of America has been remarkable in its awakening power. The American farmer has awakened to facts with which he has long been familiar, but which to him lacked vitality. He is now realising that after all the state of the world in Europe and elsewhere is of deep concern to him and to his business. He is now realising that he cannot remain prosperous unless his customers are able to buy the products of his land and labour, and he is now showing a keen and practical interest in European affairs.

The possible results of this awakening are tremendously important to Europe, for in the end it will be the farmers of America who will determine whether or not the Government of the United States enters actively into the reconstruction work needed to put the economic world system once more into effective operation, and it will be the farmers of America who will be the buyers of any securities that may be offered for sale in America for the purpose of stabilising exchanges, extending credits or furnishing sound foundations for the fiscal systems of now distressed and even tottering Governments.

There must be constructive leadership, however, and in the end it will be determined by this whether or not this newly-awakened consciousness of foreign affairs will be rendered effective. Many visitors to the United States have reported a certain amount of indifference to European conditions. Their experience is to the effect that those with whom they have been brought in contact, mostly people of the industrial world, are satisfied to let things work themselves out. They admit things are in a bad way at the moment, but claim already to see signs of improvement. America will come back first and before long, and it is better for us to wait content with what we have than to mix up in a dubious situation, which might prove a vortex into which America might be drawn farther than is wise or is good for the nation in the end. Such is the attitude of some towards Europe. Some of these people look upon unemployment and distress as a beneficent Providence working towards a reduction in the cost of living and production, which will in time enable them to resume their old time manner of living and of money-making.

This reactionary point of view is not held by America's greatest financiers and industrial leaders. The latter are the men who built up the great and varied export trade enjoyed by the United States before the war. They are the men who foresaw a great country of tremendous natural resources producing manufactured goods rather than raw material for export, and it is these men who have built up the great industrial plants of America which have competed successfully in the markets of the world with all other nations, and thus kept millions of men at work at home at the highest wages to be earned anywhere. These men realise what is ahead of American industry unless their customers abroad regain their erstwhile producing power. They see but two ways out of the stagnation which now prevails; one is for America to use her vast accumulations of gold to restore the balance of foreign trade, and the other to increase the capacity of their European plants, and thus continue their business at the expense of their home establishments. This latter course is now being pursued

to a certain extent as a matter of necessity in countries where the local money is greatly depreciated in value. American money is now too dear for Europe to buy American-made goods. Translated into terms of European currency it is valuable as capital with which to develop local business in Europe. To protect and preserve the organisations built up at enormous expense of money, time and labour, it is necessary at the moment to carry on in this manner, but it may be said in all truth it is looked upon only as a temporary expedient, adopted reluctantly, and will be abandoned for home production and export as soon as conditions make it possible. These men are Americans, and they are concerned primarily with keeping the home fires burning. They control great establishments in the United States which furnish employment in normal times to millions of men and women, and their efforts and their influence are even now all directed towards relighting the fires in the American furnaces which have gone out because of over-production for a foreign trade which has almost disappeared.

These men have no illusion as to a return of prosperity to America while the rest of the world wallows in a slough of despond. They know how interdependent are modern nations, one upon the other, for healthy conditions, and they realise that not only will America fail to rise to her possibilities with conditions as they are now abroad, but that the two thousand million pounds in gold lent by America to the Allies as a consequence of war might just as well be written off as a bad debt unless European conditions are vastly improved, and that speedily. In fact as an illustration of the importance of Europe to America it is not difficult to estimate that the people of the United States have already lost far more since the Armistice through bad economic conditions in Europe than the amount of the debt owed by Europe to the United States, and that this loss is only in its beginning. Several practical plans have been suggested for stabilising conditions as a foundation on which to work towards reconstruction. One great difficulty that presents itself is the state into which Europe was plunged through the adoption of the idea of self-determination for small nationalities. That most of the work already accomplished along this line must be undone is now generally agreed, but not so easily carried out. If there existed a "United States of Europe" competent as a treaty Power, and including all the now warring elements west of Russia, the matter would be comparatively simple. The idea of possibly using the organisation of the League of Nations unquestionably presents itself in default of anything else in view. Grave complications present themselves in the pride, jealousy, and suspicion of

individual nations, large and small, for no practical working plan has yet been evolved which does not call for the surrender, temporarily at least, of certain so-called sovereign rights, long held and jealously guarded. It cannot be expected that America would be willing to throw her assets into the now seething furnace of European contention and intrigue merely to watch them consume. It would not be just to those who gave or to those who received, nor would it accomplish the purpose intended.

The responsibility for present conditions is not largely that of America. America owes it to the world, however, and it is to her own interest that help is given if those who are concerned accept the situation in the same spirit so as to guarantee that American co-operation will be effective. It has been held that national individualism, multiplied now as never before in modern times, is a safeguard against exploitation of the world by individuals or groups of individuals. This is undoubtedly true theoretically, but the world is paying dearly for this protection, if it be such, at the present moment, and an intensely practical problem in expediency is now presented for immediate solution. The smaller nationalities having achieved their individuality find it is about their only asset, and that they are in danger of exploitation through their weakness or their necessity by any individual or by any other nation of predatory instinct. The whole of Europe and part of Asia now turns to America for an answer as to the immediate future. Some of the nations stand ready and are still strong enough to spar for advantage. Others are merely helpless supplicants for aid. Neither one nor the other of these attitudes will be fruitful. America is asking for no duel of wits or for humble entreaty. The American people would take more kindly to a plain business proposition in the course of which nations would deal with each other as would a group of individuals friendly to each other who were discussing a possible partnership with a view of putting on its feet a long-established industry temporarily fallen upon hard times. It is along these lines that something will be done if at all. Events have placed the United States in a position where that country is able to stand sponsor for any great plan of reconstruction. The gold is there, the architects are available and eager to make the plans, American interests abroad and at home are vitally concerned with the success of any plan that may be agreed upon, and will give to it the best that is in them. The controlling element in American life is now ready to be convinced that in some such scheme lies future safety and prosperity. It rests with those who possess authoritative power of initiative in each and every country affected to set the wheels in motion, and until that is done the

present *impasse* continues, and the present misery of a vast section of humanity remains. The field is clear in America for concentration upon this one great world problem in all directions but one. The cloud upon the horizon is over the Far East. This cloud must be dispersed with the aid of Europe or it may become necessary for America to concentrate upon the problem of her own material defence rather than upon the restoration of some sort of stability to the affairs of the Western world. Hence it is to the interests of Europe that the present signs of the times in the Orient be robbed of their unquestionably ominous character.

How real the threat may be is yet to be determined, but Japan is obviously doing things which convince the world she is preparing for war. President Harding has called an international Conference to meet in Washington on November 11th to discuss questions of armament and Far Eastern policy. He has already warned the American people not to expect too much from this Conference in the way of world disarmament. The Conference has been called in the effort to clarify the situation; in other words to persuade Japan to put her cards on the table that the rest of the world may know what to expect in the near future. America awaits this Conference with confidence in the integrity of her own position, and hopeful of results which will benefit the world. Japan comes to Washington with manifest reluctance; suspicious, and on her guard. Her position is one of antagonism rather than co-operation, and with some justification from her point of view. In the background of all this disarmament talk, this jockeying for position and official recognition of Japan as one of the great Powers, there looms the disturbing question of racial discrimination. No matter what may be said, or what may be offered, the American people and the people of the British Overseas lands will never agree to treat the Japanese as other than Asiatics, and hence to be discriminated against, and no matter what advantage there may be to be gained these same Asiatics will never abandon their contention for race equality. In the end it all comes to this: it is the rock upon which the flowing tide of world progress splits into its component factors of East and West.

No one with any real knowledge of American history, character, or national purpose visualises an armed United States seeking conquest. The American people are not Imperialists. An accident placed the Philippines in their hands in 1898. They have been trying to get rid of them honourably ever since. Again, however, very recently has an American Governor-General of the Philippines reported the impossibility of yet giving the Philippines their independence in justice to themselves, hence the United

States continues with its [an's Burden which,
 in view of the rise of Japan as a military and naval Power, with dreams of added Empire, becomes increasingly burdensome and embarrassing. The Philippines are a commitment for the American people which threatens to cost them dear—a strategic weakness, an enormous expense, carrying in its train an indirect call to vast expenditure and Government policies otherwise unneeded. It would require a strangely warped and ill-informed mind to imagine the American people beginning a war of aggression, and an equally perverted imagination to picture America using a great armament and vast wealth to bully a foreign nation into some sort of ignoble acquiescence. Japanese statesmen are too clever and too well-informed to subscribe to any such beliefs, and yet they are going ahead with feverish activity training men, building ships, and accumulating war stores. This year the Japanese Government is spending 58 per cent. of the national income in these directions. Why? This is the question of the present time, and the answer is only to be found in the inner councils of the rulers of Japan, for to the world they present the immobile face and the unreadable personality of their race, age-old enigma to the people of the West.

Will they respond at Washington to the invitation to lay their cards on the table? There is small hope they will do so. Should they ostensibly agree, there will always be the card "in the hole" across the face of which, if it were permitted to look, would be found written the demand for race equality. The British Government stands watching and awaiting developments, vastly concerned with the outcome, as future British foreign policy is deeply involved. At no cost must good relations with America be jeopardised, and yet Japan must not be converted from at least an ostensible ally into an avowed enemy. No one believes that Japan is preparing for a war of aggression against the West. It is equally certain, however, that she does not propose to be challenged in her actions in the East. The whole question resolves itself into a query as to how far the Western Powers will go towards imposing their will upon Eastern affairs, and how far the Japanese will yield in their present intention of playing a lone and more or less free hand within what they consider to be their rightful sphere of influence. Eastern Russia and China they hold to be within this sphere, and their present intention is to see that there are great extensions rather than even the smallest contractions of present advantages gained by reason of what happened during the Great War. Neither the Americans nor the English people would consent to a war against Japan for the sake of China or Russia. It

is apparently a stalemate so far as a prospective war is concerned, but with a Japan travelling fast and far along the road towards the goal set many years ago—ultimate Japanese dictatorship of the Far East—it is not difficult to foresee a time when a slow down will be called. Far-seeing statesmanship may realise what this will mean when the time comes, but it is doubtful whether, with the Western world in the state it now is, a move can be made to stay the flow of the tide. It is at the moment more than human energy can encompass to give attention to other than the solution of present problems arising out of the reactions of war, which must be solved that humanity be saved possibly even from destruction.

There are, however, certain elements of the unexpected visible in the present situation which, if developed, would upset all present calculations. Within the past few weeks one of the most active and astute Japanese now representing his country in the West, remarked of the present situation: "Japan has already annexed China economically if the people of the West but knew it, and it is inevitable, by all economic laws, that it should be ours. Japan has no warlike designs upon America or any other Western Power, and does not desire war, but we have a dangerous situation at home. The Japanese people are restless under heavy taxation and difficulties of living. They may force the hand of the Japanese Government in such a way as to precipitate what it is our present desire to avoid." It was formerly said that Japan was the England of the Far East, and Japanese writers often referred to their country in such terms, but this is no longer so. Japan has become the pre-war Germany of the Far East. A great and rapidly expanding naval and military Power unaccustomed to existence, with wide ambitions and a people within pushing the Government on to conquest by processes both direct and indirect, but mostly arising from discontent with conditions as they are. The Japanese Government must find reason and justification for its armament, and may have to divert the attention of the people from their troubles by a display which will absorb the national energy now devoted to discontent, criticism and agitation.

Japan comes to the Conference at Washington with the least inclination to disarm of all the Powers, and, from her own point of view, with most cogent reasons for carrying out her present programme. She comes feeling she is regarded with suspicion and as an outsider. The natural inference is that her representatives will come to play for advantage rather than for co-operation, and their position is logical and understandable. The Administration at Washington was wise in warning the American people not to expect much progress towards world disarmament as a result of

the Conference, and perhaps it might be well to go further and warn the nation not to be lulled into a feeling of security based upon false premises which may be elaborated during the next few weeks.

It has been suggested seriously in high quarters in England that the debt to America should be discharged by the transfer of a considerable part of the British Navy to the American flag. The argument in favour of such a plan is said to be the immediate discharge of the debt, thus giving British finance enormous relief, the settling for many years to come of the question of naval supremacy in the Pacific and a consequent disappearance of the threat of war which now hangs over our Eastern waters; the opportunity it would give the United States to abandon the present naval programme, with its vast continuing expenditure, and the collection of a debt which at present is a source of more or less international irritation, and which at best will not be collectable for an indefinite period. Such a suggestion will come as a shock at first both to Americans and Englishmen. The idea, however, comes from England, and one of America's greatest and most practical business men, when approached on the subject recently, said thoughtfully: "I am not so sure but what the idea is a good one, and that our American people might be brought to see it in that light." It is agreed that if the effort for disarmament proves a failure, as most people believe it will be under present circumstances, the next best thing would be an Anglo-American Navy under one direction, which would put an end to all possible competition. America is the only country at present able to finance such an undertaking, and it may be that the American people will have to assume such a burden whether they like it or not. The greatest shock the Japanese have experienced in their Pacific policy was the adoption by the United States of the 1916 naval programme. A sudden increase of the American Navy to the size which would result from carrying out such a plan as is suggested would put an end to all Japanese plans for ultimate naval dominance and consequent absolute control of Eastern affairs. There are almost insuperable technical difficulties in the way of such a plan, but the suggestion is interesting as showing what is being thought about in the effort to save the world another great war in the immediate future. It has been said in the Far East by Europeans of note that the Washington Conference will result in hastening rather than postponing another great war. It is undeniable that it is more inspiring to face a definite danger than to drift upon a tide which is racing along in a dense fog towards an unknown coast. The sound of the breakers is even now occasionally heard, and it fills

the hearts of mankind with added despondency. A sign of the times is the spread of pessimism, and many subscribe even to the current argument that humanity is again approaching one of those dark ages which have occurred from time to time as recorded in the history of the progress of the human race. Taxation, stagnation, international bankruptcy, and the starvation of the intellectual and spiritual life of the world now stagger the highest optimism and add to these a constant threat of another great war, and a condition exists which reacts unfavourably upon every effort for the betterment of conditions or of mankind.

The resisting power of this generation has been weakened by six years of war and its consequences. Resiliency is gone, youth is cynical and inexperienced, with most of its ideals made sport of by Fate. The time has come for heroic and drastic measures initiated and carried out by the nations of whom the world expects the most. Tradition and precedences have succumbed to shell-shock after proving their impotence. The statesmanship that passed through the war period has exhausted its vitality in almost superhuman tasks of opportunism, compromise and expediency, for the sake of carrying on. The world has reached a point when it is not enough to carry on, hoping each day for miracles to put things right. Humanity is now merely drifting, living from hand to mouth day by day, closing its eyes to the next day to come for fear of new disasters. The world to-day is like a besieged garrison hoping to hold out until the enemy, a host of evil forces, exhausts itself. Everyone acknowledges existing conditions, but no man, or group of men, in a position to be heard, has yet advanced a constructive plan of practical value and shown the courage to try to put it into effect.

The Washington Conference is a step towards the light, not for what it may accomplish along the line of stated endeavour perhaps, but for what it may emphasise as to the state of the world. Out of it may arise a compelling necessity for action, and that is apparently the only driving force sufficiently powerful to overcome the present inertia of despair and international suspicion with which the world is now beset.

JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY.

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE AND THE NAVAL ISSUE.

THE success or otherwise of the forthcoming Conference at Washington will depend upon the atmosphere in which it meets, the willingness with which the delegates recognise accomplished facts and unmistakable tendencies, and the intelligent pressure of public opinion in all the countries intimately concerned with the issue. Although we must still hope for the best, there is grave reason for fearing that the Conference will not lift from the shoulders of the taxpayers of the world any considerable portion of the heavy burden which they are now bearing, a burden which is actually heavier than it was on the eve of the Great War. That is the lamentable commentary upon the struggle which was waged in Europe, and far beyond its borders, from the summer of 1914 until November 11th, 1918; in spite of the loss of treasure, the sacrifice of human life, and all the economic distress which has flowed from the war, a larger proportion of the world's income and energy is now being devoted to preparations for war than at any previous period.

President Harding was interpreting the longing of the overburdened and distressed peoples of the world, never so overburdened and never so distressed as now, when in July last he issued his invitation to a conference on (a) "limitation of armament" and (b) "the Pacific and Far Eastern problems." Almost from the first, the scope and character of the Conference have been misunderstood. It has been most frequently described as a conference on "disarmament," which every statesman, including, as he has explained, President Harding himself, realises to be an Utopian dream at the present juncture, and it has also been assumed that it would deal only with "naval disarmament," as though naval and military and air power were in separate compartments and were employed in pursuit of different ends. The President specifically stated that his purpose was to convene a conference to deal with the problem of the "limitation of armament," and not the abolition of armaments, and by implication he proposed that the conference should attempt to reach a basis for the simultaneous reduction of naval, military, and aerial armaments. The assumption has, nevertheless, arisen that, apart from the discussion of "the Pacific and Far Eastern problems," the deliberations will be confined to a consideration of standards of naval strength.

If that were the President's intention, the success of the Con-

ference would be seriously jeopardised, because this country's navy, in addition to protecting its sea communications, guards also the ocean-washed frontiers of all the various nations and dependencies of the British Crown. Our insular state imposes upon us in the British Isles peculiar naval responsibilities. As Mr. Winston Churchill remarked some years ago, there is no parity of risk between ourselves and other nations :—

"Our position is highly artificial. We are fed from the seas. We are an unarmed people. We possess a very small army. We are the only Power in Europe which does not possess a large army. We cannot menace the independence or the vital interests of any great Continental State; we cannot invade any Continental State. We do not wish to do so, but, even if we had the wish, we have not got the power."

Since the conclusion of the war, we have broken up the Grand Army, and, in face of a Continent still in warlike mood, are maintaining military forces on a smaller scale even than in 1914, though we failed at the Peace Conference to persuade any Continental Power (except Germany under *force majeure*) to abandon the conscriptive system, which creates vast reserves which can be called up in an emergency. Consider our position! The British Isles lie within a night's steaming of an armed Continent; the *Navy is our anti-invasion guard*. Though we are not unconscious of the shifting of the centre of naval gravity from European waters to the Pacific and are not unmindful of the defenceless state of our sister nations—Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Canada—we are compelled by every consideration not to overlook the fact that the unity of the British Empire and its future depends upon security and high prestige in European waters. So, when it is said that the Conference will devote itself mainly to the discussion of the limitation of naval armaments, the British people are driven by their geographical situation, and not less by their love of freedom, to lay emphasis on the fact that, so far as military forces are concerned, they are an unarmed people, and that the Fleet is their first, second, and third line of defence. They are in no position to discuss a further reduction of naval armaments, except there is also a discussion, and a fruitful discussion, upon military and aerial armaments.

It is apparent that before the Conference deals with the "limitation of armament," it must direct its attention to "the Pacific and Far Eastern problems" to which the President referred in his invitation. It would be to enlarge unduly the scope of this article to discuss those political matters; Mr. Sisley Huddleston and Mr. Frederic Coleman dealt with aspects of these problems in the

October issue of *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*. It need only be said that an adjustment of the differences of policy and aims in the Pacific is fundamental to any agreement for the limitation of armaments. There is also no opportunity of exploring the military and aerial aspects of the armament problem, although it must be recognised that failure to secure an agreement for stabilising the movement towards greater armies and larger air fleets must seriously embarrass those who are sincerely anxious to see a reduction of naval forces throughout the world. It must suffice on this occasion to deal only with the naval issues which are forced into prominence by the approaching assembly of the Conference at Washington.

It is an unhappy augury of the success of this great assembly that public opinion in the United States, in all innocence as we may well believe, should have been seized with a demonstrably false conception of the existing naval situation. It might be assumed from statements which have appeared in many American newspapers that this country is engaged in a feverish movement for expanding its Fleet, and that it is our activity in this direction and our generally unreasonable attitude which prompted President Harding to issue his invitation to Washington. Throughout the United States this misunderstanding exists, and, unless it can be removed, there is little prospect that the Conference will achieve any considerable result, for without the support of American public opinion, as expressed within and without Congress, there is no likelihood of agreement being reached. What must the American reading public conclude when it is stated in responsible papers that at the present time the British Fleet is "somewhat stronger than the American Fleet," that it is being further "expanded," and that the British naval authorities have embarked upon a new era of naval competition, not with Germany, but with the United States? It is not going too far to say that most Americans now believe that the President's invitation is a despairing effort to prevail upon the British authorities to desist from a movement which is contrary to the instinct of the best elements in the United States. In this misunderstanding lie the seeds of trouble, and, since the facts are readily available, their re-statement in the baldest and crudest form may do something to clear the atmosphere before the Conference assembles.

The fundamental fact to be emphasised is that a limitation of armaments had been carried out in this country before President Harding's invitation was issued. The great army of the war had disappeared, together with the aerial forces which were existing when the Armistice was signed, and the British Fleet had been

reduced to a mere shadow of its former strength. The influence of the new policy upon British naval expenditure is reflected in the following statement :—

Expenditure, 1918-19	£334,091,227
do. 1919-20	£154,084,044
Estimates for 1921-22	£82,479,000 (being the equivalent, at the present value of the £, of £34,500,000 in 1914).

Wages, etc., of officers and seamen, 1918-19	£46,373,511
Wages, etc., of officers and seamen, 1919-20	£32,385,306
Do. do. (estimates), 1921-22	£18,314,000 (this in spite of an increase of rates of pay since the war of roughly 50%).

Expenditure on Naval Armaments, 1918-19	£64,866,784
Do. do. do. 1919-20	£14,441,835
(Guns, torpedoes, mines, etc., storage and upkeep thereof)	
Do. do. (estimates), 1921-22	£6,726,000

Nor is that all. In every direction the pruning knife has been at work on the British naval establishments in order to effect economies, and there is no reason to doubt that next year, when the Estimates will probably contain no war commitments, the sum which is asked from Parliament will be even smaller than that demanded last spring.

In contrast with the decline of naval expenditure in this country since the year before the war—a reduction from £48,732,000 to £34,500,000 in comparable money values—we have the following remarkable record of the upward movement of naval expenditure in the United States :—

Year.	Dollars.	Year.	* Dollars.
1900	59,088,547	1911	133,378,688
1901	66,220,984	1912	128,207,383
1902	84,442,711	1913	130,644,875
1903	82,592,228	1914	142,968,280
1904	87,926,217	1915	147,788,807
1905	113,523,469	1916	156,930,035
1906	105,105,890	1917	318,389,968
1907	104,629,684	1918	1,685,311,786
1908	108,124,421	1919	1,685,179,554
1909	124,618,808	1920	618,371,839
1910	137,779,343	1921	433,279,547

Since the Spanish-American war, Congress, in its appropriations for the Fleet, has never looked back; but it is only since the outbreak of the Great War that expenditure has taken a sensational leap forward; whereas in 1913 the expenditure amounted, in round figures, to \$130,000,000 it was estimated at \$433,000,000 for the last financial year. Similarly with regard to the *personnel*. The number of British officers and men has already been brought far below the pre-war standard; but, on the other

side of the Atlantic, the *personnel* during the last financial year numbered 163,000, including 3,000 temporary officers and 1,000 reserve officers. The American taxpayer, in other words, is now paying a much heavier naval bill than the British taxpayer, and the *personnel* of the American Fleet numbers many thousands more than the *personnel* of the British Fleet.

It is, however, when we come to the consideration of the relative strength of the three great navies of the world—those of Great Britain, the United States, and Japan—that we obtain the most conclusive evidence of the extent to which economies have been effected on the British Navy.

Brassey's Annual of 1914, which was published on the eve of the outbreak of the Great War, contained a statement of the standing in modern battleships and battle cruisers of the British and American navies at that time, with a forecast of the position at the end of 1915:—

	Britain.	U.S.A.
End of 1914	34	10
To be completed 1915...	7	2
Total	41	12

In light cruisers, destroyers, and submarines the disparity in strength between the two navies was even greater than in the armoured classes.

What is the position to-day? It is revealed in White Paper 164 (1921) in which details are given of the navies of the world, excluding battleships and battle cruisers over twenty years old. This return is accessible to anyone on either side of the Atlantic, and its price is a shilling. The general accuracy of its information cannot be impugned. It was prepared early in the summer of the present year, and it requires slight amendments owing to the progress of events—in the United Kingdom, contraction, and in the United States, expansion. If these necessary adjustments are made, we obtain the following statement of the relative strength of the British and American Navies in battleships and battle cruisers:—

	Great Britain.			United States.		
	Built.	Bldg.	Total.	Built.	Bldg.	Total.
Battleships mounting 14" guns and upwards ...	14	—	14 ¹	14	7	21
Battle cruisers mounting 14" guns and upwards ...	4	—	4	—	6	6
Battleships with smaller guns	8	—	8	26	—	26
Battle cruisers with smaller guns	4	—	4	—	—	—
Totals	30	—	30	40	13	53

(1) Including four battleships of the Iron Duke class, which are included in this category because they mount the heavy type of 13·5 in. gun, which is comparable to the 14 in. gun in foreign navies.

If those figures be contrasted with the statistics quoted from *Brassey's Annual* for 1914, the trend of policy on the two sides of the Atlantic is unmistakably revealed. On the one hand, the British naval authorities, having laid down no capital ship since the *Hood* was begun in May, 1916, have been cutting down the size of the Fleet, while, on the other hand, many fresh ships have been begun for the American navy, under the Naval Programme of 1916, with the result that early in 1925 the United States Navy will contain 27 first-class capital ships to 18 under the British flag. And yet it is suggested that the British Fleet is responsible, in large measure, for the present heavy naval expenditure in the United States. Not only has the British Government definitely abandoned the Two-Power Standard, but it is a misuse of words even to suggest that it is now maintaining a One-Power Standard Fleet.

That statement is in no way weakened by the decision to lay down four more armoured ships in this country. They are to take the place of eight obsolescent vessels; when these four units are completed, the number of guns and torpedoes carried in the British Fleet will not be increased, but decreased, compensation being found in the improved design and armament of the new ships. During the period that the British Fleet is building and fitting out these four post-Jutland vessels, the United States will be passing into commission the thirteen post-Jutland battleships and battle cruisers which are now under construction. The decision on the part of the United States Government, in face of some opposition in Congress, to press on with the least forward vessels was taken immediately before President Harding issued his invitation to the Washington Conference¹; whereas the Cabinet in Whitehall determined several months earlier that,—after an interval of five years, when no capital ship had been laid down—it was necessary to build the four battle cruisers of which so much has recently been written on the other side of the Atlantic. It was not a question of competitive armament, but merely one of providing British officers and men with four ships reflecting, not merely the lessons of the battle of Jutland, but the prestige and power of the British Empire.

If further evidence be required of the sincerity of the British policy towards the limitation of naval armaments, it is to be found in a series of facts with which people in this country are still apparently unfamiliar, and which it may, therefore, be assumed

(1) Two of the battle cruisers had in June last advanced less than 25 per cent. towards completion, one only 10·5 per cent., two others 7·7 per cent., and one 1·8 per cent. One of the battleships had been recently begun.

are unknown also in America. Since the Armistice no fewer than

(a) 2,074 ships, which were then in the British naval service, have been sold;

(b) 970 others have been placed on the disposal list for sale; and

(c) 89 have been disposed of by sinking, by breaking up, or by gift.

The influence of this clearance of the lists upon the British Fleet is reflected in the following statement, which takes account not only of ships of the Royal Navy, but of vessels in commission or reserve in the Dominions, a point of some importance since anti-British elements in the United States suggest that the Dominions are engaged in an active naval movement. The statement shows the number of vessels, all in full commission, at the date of the Armistice, and the number in commission and reserve in October, 1919, and August, 1921, respectively, the vessels in reserve being given in parentheses:—

		Date of Armis- tice. All in full Commission.	October, 1919. In Commission and Reserve.	August, 1921. In Commission and Reserve.
Battleships	...	61	20 (6)	9 (13)
Battle Cruisers	...	8	5 (3)	4 (4)
Cruisers	...	36	2 (5)	— (4)
Light Cruisers	...	110	39 (18)	32 (19)
Flotilla Leaders	...	28	14 (11)	8 (7)
Destroyers	...	467	154 (180)	64 (107)
Aircraft Carriers	...	9	5 (1)	2 (2)
Monitors	...	33	2 (9)	— (6)
Submarines	...	197	63 (21)	42 (38)
Minelayers	...	1	1 (2)	— (1)
Sloops	...	125	29 (48)	20 (2)
Patrol Boats	...	118	13 plus 55 C.M. boats and 60 minesweepers (18)	— (17)

It is evident that there is no excuse for the belief that British naval policy has been in any respect responsible for the heavy burden which has been cast upon American taxpayers by the movement for the expansion of the United States Fleet. The United States is happily situated; it has, on the one hand, the three thousand miles of the Atlantic, and, on the other, the six thousand miles of the Pacific; and the radius of action of the modern ship of war is limited. In the case of the British Isles the sea is the greatest danger of their inhabitants, because it is so narrow—20 miles only at the narrowest point; while in the case of the United States the sea is a permanent protection because it is so broad. The Americans have no neighbours either to the north or to the south who menace their commerce or their free-

dom. In the history of the world there never was a country so admirably protected by its geographical situation and its configuration as is the United States with a population one-quarter that of the widely distributed British Empire, with its long sea frontiers.

Yet in these circumstances the American people are warned to prepare for war, in the Atlantic and in the Pacific simultaneously. That that statement is not an exaggeration is suggested by many articles which have recently appeared in the American Press. It may be sufficient for the present purpose to make citation of one which appeared in the *Army and Navy Journal* of New York, a most reputable and widely read journal, as recently as September 24th. In the course of that article it was stated :—

If at any time in the future we should have war with Great Britain, Japan, as her ally, would almost certainly attack in the Pacific. If we should have war with Japan the probabilities are that, regardless of any sentimental reason, Great Britain, in order to preserve the British Empire, would have to remain neutral. In either case the situation in the Pacific would be of supreme importance to the United States.

During the period of the recent war Japan steadily increased her facilities for building and arming warships. As far back as 1914 she claimed to produce armour plate which would more successfully resist penetration by projectiles than was true of the plate manufactured in the leading foundries of the world.

During the recent war the difficulty of obtaining material of all kinds for naval construction from the sources in the United States and Great Britain which formerly had contributed so largely to Japanese naval construction, lead Japan to considerably increase her own sources of production.

And so on. The suggestion in this article, as well as in hundreds of other articles which have appeared during the past few months in the American Press, is that Japan is developing a great fleet, and that unless the Americans are watchful and active the Japanese Navy will speedily exercise unchallenged control of the Pacific. What is the Japanese point of view? It has been explained by the Navy Department at Tokio in the following statement¹ :—

It was after the Sino-Japanese war, but before the conflict with Russia, that the Imperial naval authorities realised the necessity of possessing two battle squadrons, and accordingly drew up a programme to that effect, the numbers stated being the irreducible minimum required for the defence of the Island Empire. Consequently, on the outbreak of war with Russia the Japanese Navy had two squadrons, each consisting of six capital ships, i.e., six battleships and six armoured cruisers. From the experience gained in that war the Navy Department resolved to form two squadrons, each comprising eight capital ships, each unit to be less than eight years old

(1) *Naval and Military Record*, October 5, 1921.

from the date of its completion. This was the inception of the so-called "8-8" scheme.

Just at that time, however, there occurred a far-reaching modification in the design of capital ships, viz., the appearance of the Dreadnought. This event had the effect of rendering all previous capital ships obsolete, and Japan therefore found herself faced with the necessity of building 16 vessels of the new enlarged type. Owing, however, to the financial situation, the problem became one of great difficulty and the Navy was forced to be content for the time being with a building programme of 12 or 14 capital ships. This reduction, however, was well known to be merely temporary, and the ultimate aim of placing in commission a fleet of 8-8 ships was repeatedly announced in both Houses of Parliament.

The 1920-28 programme was sanctioned by the Imperial Diet in July, 1920, and when the previous and present schemes are completed Japan will be in possession of a fleet having 16 capital ships of the first class. This establishment will be reached at the end of March, 1928. The programme sanctioned 14 months ago embraces the following new construction: Battleships, 4; battle cruisers, 4; cruisers, 12; destroyers, 32; gun-boats, 5; fleet auxiliaries, 18; and a certain number of submarines.

When the Japanese have completed their naval programme, they will possess only 16 fully effective capital ships, whereas, if no other vessels are laid down in the United States, the American Navy will include 27 of the first class, apart from less powerful vessels of older date. It is impossible for an observer not to feel that public opinion on the other side of the Atlantic has become unnecessarily alarmed by the progress of the naval movement in Japan, particularly as owing to the pressure of taxation it is uncertain when the Japanese naval ambition to possess an 8-8 fleet will be realised. At the present moment naval, military, and aerial armaments are absorbing rather more than half the revenue of Japan, and it is unlikely that this burden will be borne uncomplainingly much longer.

It is not suggested that this statement of the naval policies of Great Britain, the United States, and Japan is exhaustive. It touches merely the fringe of a most complicated subject, which bristles with technical details. But when the descent is made from vague statements to hard facts, it is evident that the naval situation differs essentially from the mirage which is being created in the United States.

It is essential if the Washington Conference is not to fail that all misconceptions and misunderstandings should be swept away and a clear atmosphere created. In the first place, the primary subjects for discussion are necessarily "the Pacific and the Far Eastern problems," for a moments depend upon policy. In the second place, armaments cannot be regarded as being in three separate watertight compartments, labelled respectively "Army," "Navy," and "Air-power." The armament movement must be

considered broadly and as a whole. An army is the first line of defence of some States, and air power will probably prove the best protection for others; but we are warned by our history that the Fleet is our first, second, and third line of defence. It behoves the delegates at the Washington Conference to get to close grips with facts, and if this be done with a real desire to reach a settlement hope need not be abandoned that good may issue from the Conference. If, on the other hand, racial prejudices and national misunderstanding govern the proceedings, and the opportunity is seized by anti-British and anti-Japanese propagandists, making loud professions of devotion to the United States, to work mischief, President Harding might better not have issued his invitation.

So far as naval armaments are concerned, every hope rests on the recognition of the example which this country has set. It is a maritime Power, with interests in the Pacific as well as in the Atlantic, and yet it has deliberately abandoned its traditional standard of naval strength—the Two Power Standard. It has proclaimed that in future it will be satisfied if it possesses a fleet not inferior to that of any other country. In order that this declaration may be open to no misunderstanding Lord Lee, speaking as First Lord, has announced that the Government “neither commits itself to nor contemplates any building ‘programme’ in answer to those of any other Power.” Those are challenging statements, and they reflect the sincere desire of the people of this country to assist in lifting from the shoulders of the taxpayers of the world the burden which they are now bearing in support of exaggerated armaments. This country, with its peculiar naval responsibilities, has already forsworn all the naval dogma of the past, and in going to Washington its delegates carry with them the seed of a wide and beneficent movement, if only the light of truth falls upon it and it be watered with goodwill.

A favourable outcome of the Conference depends, more than on anything else, on the extent to which the mass of the American people, at heart no militarists, break away from the influence of rumours and skilfully designed efforts to mislead them, and confront the associated problems with a will to peace. If they will determine that war, either in the Atlantic or in the Pacific, must be prevented at any cost and that they have much to gain, in moral stature and in physical prosperity, by an agreement on armaments, the Washington Conference may yet prove the starting point in a new era.

ARCHIBALD HURD.

LORD ACTON'S AMERICAN DIARIES.¹

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 11TH, 1853.

WE anchored at New York yesterday, Friday, June 10th, at noon. On Thursday evening, about 100 miles from Sandy Hook, we picked up a pilot. Several other schooners passed by us afterwards, in hopes that we had not yet got one. They were beautiful little vessels and sailed very fast. They generally go about 80, or 100, miles out.

On awaking next morning about 8, land was in sight. We had to take a steamtug, the *Ajax*, for the wind fell light. The coast on the side of Sandy Hook is rather flat. Long Island is well wooded and the passage between it and Staten Island was full of ships and looked like the entrance to a great port. There are not more than 3 fathoms of water over the bar at low water. Even at high water we could hardly have crossed in rough weather. The bay runs inland to the left, but all the traffic passed to the right between Staten and Long Island. Staten Island is very pretty, well wooded, and covered with picturesque country houses, some of them rather grotesque. I know not whether it was because we were so much accustomed to nothing but sea and sky, but the sea appeared remarkably green here. This is indeed

(1) A special interest attaches to the Diary which the first Lord Acton kept during his American trip in 1853. Impressions of the United States by English men of letters are very rare during that decade, before the Civil War had swept the old Colonial life out of the South and fundamentally changed the history of America. There were then, Lord Acton records, no admirals. The peaceful ex-colony became a fighting power, able to menace France in Mexico and later to challenge England over the Alabama and Venezuela within ten years. Literary visitors like Mrs. Trollope, Captain Hall and Charles Dickens had made themselves profoundly disliked by their published comments on the Land of the Brave and the Home of the Free. Lord Acton was wise in keeping his Diary private, though he shows an accuracy and an appreciation which were remarkable for an Englishman of the time. It is well known that the Historian of Liberty, as a result of his American experiences, first told in this Diary, was a champion of the South during the Civil War. The only literary Englishmen travelling in America at this time were Sir Charles Lyell and Sir Charles Dilke, both of whom are mentioned. Their views of the United States have long been published. It is interesting to the historian to compare them with those of Lord Acton. The occasion of his visit was the New York Exhibition of 1853, to which he accompanied Lord Ellesmere officially. It is amusing to read that the locality chosen for the Exhibition was bad, as it was out of town, close to the great reservoir, which has long since disappeared, the spot being now near 42 St., while the city has moved on to beyond 200 ft. The Diary could be dated from a hundred points of internal evidence. Mr. Stowe's book had just been written. The first Prohibition law had just been passed in Maine. Lyell had been able to announce his departure from Boston by electric telegraph. Acton writes of personally a

the best time of year for them, as the warm spring quickly brings vegetation to a brilliant development, and it is not yet burnt up by the great heats of summer. Past Staten Island, which is the prettiest spot hereabout, the bay again opens; first comes Governors Island, to the right with a great red fort, like part of the fortifications at Mainz. New York lies on a triangular island which here divides the water into two arms. To the left is the mouth of the Hudson; to the right is the arm of the sea which separates New York from Long Island.

The city cannot be seen, for it is very flat and quite surrounded with shipping. Two or three spires tower above the masts. At the extreme point is a kind of garden with trees. Opposite New York on Long Island is Brooklyn, a very flourishing suburb. Numbers of vessels lie at anchor at intervals, before the city. Innumerable steamers are always rushing about. They are one of the curiosities of the place. On a low steamboat, not larger than one of those on the Thames, is placed a wide platform. On this are erected the cabins, and there is a terrace on the roof of the cabins, sometimes covered with an awning. All this is painted white. It has an agreeable effect. Those for transporting goods are built somewhat differently. Besides these are great ferry steamboats between New York and Brooklyn.

We anchored 2, or 300 yards from the shore, near the garden. There is a great round, red building in the sea here. It was meant for a fort but is used as a theatre. We saluted with twenty-one guns, and after some time for preparation they were answered from the fort. There are no humboats, but a number of short

score of contemporary personages, who have become legend or history in America—Agassiz, Prescott, Ticknor, Longfellow, Wendell Holmes. His German knowledge admitted him to the Universities then much under the German philosophy, while his Catholic allegiance brought him into conversation with Catholic Prelates such as the remarkable Bishop of Boston, Dr. Fitzpatrick. The questions of the day, the social aspects of America in the 'fifties, the first murmurs of the mighty host of Irish and German immigrants who fifty years later were able to swing an election by their numbers; the state of North American learning, the size of American libraries, the rising phenomenon of the Press are all set down with the trained observation of a careful writer.

A good deal will sound familiar to modern travellers, but to the American historian numberless passages must have a real interest not only because so few foreigners were at that time taking notes, but because the "chiel taking notes" was to become the best read man in Europe. It is not written as other American diaries. It is neither enthusiastic nor embittered. It is conscientiously faithful, and, to any reader with a knowledge of American social history, it is arrestingly accurate.

How Lord Acton obtained his American views has always been somewhat of a mystery apart from the fact of his travelling. The detail and diary of those travels seemed irretrievably lost until this most important discovery was made of an American Diary among his papers. It will be interesting to see how much will be taken out of it into American histories of the future.

boats came out to the ship. They were obliged to be very careful on account of the steamers that shot out unexpectedly from among the shipping.

Health officers, officers from the dockyard, and reporters of the *N.Y. Herald* came on board. A boat was sent ashore for the letters, with an officer who was to go to the consul. All our letters were at the consul's. The consul, Mr. Barclay, came on board in blue and silver; he had not worn his uniform for four years. With him came Mr. Bunch, consul at Philadelphia. Mr. Barclay brought the letters, two for me. Mr. Bunch is a much younger man, pleasant enough. They were abounding in respect and congratulations. Though I never was so hot, they say this is nothing. Washington is the warmest place. They call it the city of Magnificent Distances. It was founded on an immense plan which has never been carried out so that it is straggling and unfinished. They tell a story of a sportsman in that country who asked his guide how far it was to Washington and was told he had been in it for two hours. When the consuls left us, in about half an hour, to read our letters and papers, they were saluted with nine guns. The ladies went on shore in the afternoon and Ellesmere and I remained on board. Several officers were also on shore. I was uncertain whether we should not go to sleep at the hotel, so I was anxious not to leave the ship sooner than need be, nor the friends I had made on board.

As the Exhibition does not open till the 15th July, our plans are all altered. We do not find the delay inconvenient, but the exhibitors and the other commissioners probably will. Our tours will have to be made first of all. There is great anxiety about the washing. It is said there is but one laundress in the city.

The ladies came off towards 7 for dinner. They were not in admiration of the place, nor of the palace which they thought very backward. The dust had annoyed them very much and they had been pillaged by their cabmen. Just before dinner, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Wallis came on board to see Lord E——. I was sent to say he could not see them. They had a project to settle with him and the other commissioners, about going about until the opening, to examine the places of trade and manufacture. Neither of them was pleasant looking.

In the evening came a reporter of the *N.Y. Tribune*. I had a talk with him. He was rather ridiculous, and very inquisitive. As he wanted to know if any officers had been in action, they told him that Captain Miller of the Marines, a gouty old fool, was an old and tried veteran, and expected his promotion for bringing out Lord E——, all which the reporter carefully put down, and it appeared next day in the paper, to the wrath of the old Captain.

The reporter invited us to come and see his establishment. Lord E—— and I are to go on Monday. It is one of the largest papers. The daily paper is as large as the *Times*, with a circulation of 25,000, and costs 2 cents. They have likewise a weekly paper, 80,000 copies, a semi-weekly with 50,000, and one published every other day of 60,000. They print off 20,000 copies an hour. He had been to the scene of the great accident the other day. There is a turning bridge over a river, and it was turned to let a ship pass under when the train arrived, and as there is a very sharp corner the signal was not seen, and the train went down. The engine struck the other side 60 feet off. Two cars and a half were in the water. The other three and a half were only shaken, but in the first forty-four persons were drowned. There was a bride dragged out of the water with her wedding dress and jewels on.

This morning after breakfast came Mr. Sedgwick, president of the Exhibition committee. People are beginning to leave N.Y. now. Many go to Saratoga, for which it is not necessary to be sick, for the waters are pleasant and the place extremely fashionable. Many go to the Virginia sulphur springs. Mr. Sedgwick gave us a great deal of advice about travelling, and the Ellesmere plans seem likely to be formed chiefly upon it. They are not at all ashamed of themselves for being so much behind-hand. They say it is impossible to force labour here. They are too well off to work more than they like. The iron was the great difficulty, for they had no contractor like Fox & Henderson; they ordered the iron from different places, and it was found not to fit, and in short there were many difficulties. After Mr. Sedgwick's departure it was arranged to meet him on shore later and to go to the Exhibition. Lord E—— proposed to me to come with him. We went with the Captain in his boat, and rowed first to the Navy Yard. They wanted some things for the ships. The Yard was about a mile and a half from the ship on Long Island. We had to steer with great care among the many fast steamers that surrounded us in every direction. There was a look that reminded me of the Giudecca at Venice; but the buildings are very different from the Venetian palaces, and are surrounded with ships. It is rather like Birmingham in the lagunes. At the Navy Yard we were received by Commander Hudson and two other officers. The commodore was absent. They have no admirals. We met with all kinds of military honours, and were shown into the commander's house for a few minutes, but had not time to stay longer. None of these officers were remarkably intelligent. They have five great dockyards in the States, and this is one of the least. Those of Boston and Norfolk are the largest. There

seemed to be a total want of any kind of activity there. There is but one man-of-war, the *North Carolina*, not a very fine ship, here. Commander Hudson told stories of two American vessels—one of them was the *Royal Sovereign*—that sailed 420 miles in a day, 20 miles in one hour, and of another that did 16 and 18 an hour frequently. They expect to beat the steamers to Liverpool, which never do under 10 days. A man of the name of Francis is said to make the most admirable lifeboats. On leaving the Yard we were saluted with seventeen guns from the *North Carolina*, which the *Leander* never returned. We were shown a naval museum in the official house at the dock, where I saw portraits for the first time of all the American Presidents. After visiting the ship for a moment Lord Ellesmere and I went on shore, where we found a carriage waiting, and went immediately to the office of the Exhibition committee. Here we made acquaintance with several of the committee, and Mr. Livingstone went in Lord E——'s carriage to the Exhibition. Mr. Sedgwick himself took me. The distance seemed enormous, and we had a very agreeable conversation by the way, which was interrupted for a moment when we came in sight of any public building. Mr. Sedgwick gave me much advice for my travels, and promised to give me letters of introduction to several people in Charleston. He will also procure me a recommendation from Mrs. March, an old Catholic lady who lives here and owns one of the largest plantations in S.C., where the slaves are patriarchally treated. He promised me letters for Ticknor also, and for Felton, professor of Greek at Harvard—a great German. Mr. Livingstone also promised me letters for the South. There are no plantations in Virginia; it is a wheat country, and it was very wrong allowing it to be a slave State. There, however, there is a great deal of white labour which supersedes that of the black population. A white man will work much better than a black. It would never do to express opinions about slavery in the South. Mrs. Stowe gave the best picture of negro life that has ever been drawn.

There is no primogeniture in America. It is strictly forbidden. One may leave his property by will, and everybody makes a will. There can be no entail. If there is no will the law divides the property equally between sons and daughters. In this way there are no great landed estates. Mr. Wadsworth is supposed to have the largest landed estate in the North, but it does not bring him in more than £4,000 a year. At the same time, you are not bound to divide your estate equally, nor indeed at all, as the sons generally follow different professions to make their own fortunes. Therefore there is none of that minute subdivision of property which exists in France. There is a great population of small independent

landowners of 2 or 300 acres, and these men, together with the mechanics, form the nucleus and foundation of the American people. They are intelligent, honest, and industrious, and far better fitted for self-government than the German and Irish emigrants. Of these Mr. Sedgwick spoke with abhorrence, as if they were injurious to the country.

Clay stands next to Washington in popular estimation. During the last year of his life he had sunk much, but he was a most remarkable man. As a party leader he was admirable. Webster was a greater statesman, but less fascinating and less popular. 'It is only in latter years that second-rate men have been preferred for Presidents. Adams and Jefferson were the first men of their time, and Madison was a very considerable man. I am very curious to know the reason of this change.

The Whigs are now the successors of the old Federalists—those who sought to strengthen the central government in opposition to those who maintained the independent power of the States. This difference lies at the bottom of all political parties, but does not come visibly to the surface. The last question where it had full influence and which it settled was that of the bank in Jackson's time which was destroyed by the party that looked upon it as tending unduly to strengthen the central government.

Greeley's paper, the *N.Y. Tribune*, is a Whig paper, but ultra-democratic in every question without being democratic. Greeley has taken up a number of hobbies, such as temperance, which he pushes to extravagance. He defends his topics through thick and thin. He is sincere, though much suspected, for there is so much method in his madness as to make it seem likely that he is a rogue. The *N.Y. Herald* corresponds, on a somewhat inferior scale, to the *Times*. It discovers which way public opinion will turn, and by bending its course accordingly appears to direct where it really only follows. The question with it is, Will this be popular? If so, write it up; if not, attack it or pass it over unnoticed, or damn it with faint praise. It is quite unprincipled, not like Greeley's paper, which manfully defends his views when most unpopular. Bennett, the editor of the *Herald*, was a Scottish adventurer, who began by editing a low paper, in which he made himself notorious, and wrote his way up. At present, in his absence, Mr. Hudson directs the paper with equal success. At the same time, it is not a venal paper. I am curious to know whether that can be said of the rest of the Press.

The Exhibition is a very handsome building. The locality is bad, as it is close to the great reservoir and far out of town, but space is dear. It will cover five acres, and appears advanced enough. They have more goods than they can place, so they say

they will have a better selection. They hope that this Exhibition will have a good effect in raising the feelings of the people for the beautiful in art. They now know only of the beautiful in use. Their lease is for five years. At first they met with much opposition and ridicule.

It appears that the temperance societies do harm in America. They have met with enthusiastic support. In Maine the legislature has passed a law forbidding liquor to be sold, so that the most vexatious proceedings must be carried on to prevent it. The people of Maine have earned the name of maniacs in consequence. This specimen of bureaucratic interference appears strange in such a free country. We went to see rooms that had been ordered at the Clarendon. The man was very much annoyed at the Ellesmeres preferring to remain on board. The rooms were handsome and comfortable—something, I thought, on the scale of the Bedford, at Brighton.

I was dropped near St. Nicholas Hotel, and took leave of Mr. Sedgwick, who is going with some of the committee to Washington on Monday in order to settle everything with the President and the Secretary of State. The Exhibition is to be opened by the President himself, July 14th. As they do not return till Friday, they have asked Lord E—— to dinner on that day, which they were very anxious to do. This deranges the Ellesmere plans a little. Mr. Sedgwick asked me privately whether it would inconvenience Lord E——, for they wished very much to pay him all the most marked respect they can, without including the other commissioners, which will not be possible later.

I cannot help being pleased with Mr. Sedgwick, as he is so kind to me, and I have learned so much from him; he speaks with plenty of cleverness and judgment.

I took a bath at the St. Nicholas. The ground floor consists of shops which communicate with the hotel. Next to the entrance is a hairdresser, and the baths are under his shop. We had arranged to dine at the St. Nicholas at 4, but I found dinner was only at 5. I walked along Broadway, hoping to meet the ladies in their open carriage, which I presently did. They were in company with Mr. Jones, Arthur's friend, son-in-law of the Harts', and directed me to a confectioner. We gave ourselves *rendezvous* at dinner at 5, for we were curious to observe the humours of the country a *table d'hôte*.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 22ND.¹

I made my first acquaintance with American drinks, about which I was curious, on this occasion. Thompson's eating-house

(1) This is wrong. He is still in New York, of which St. Nicholas was patron saint.

is a very large room with accommodation for a couple of hundred people. All the shops in Broadway present a narrow front to the street, but they penetrate very far back. Some of them seem to me to be on a finer scale than the shops in Regent Street.

Dinner is served at St. Nicholas in a fine large room with splendid mirrors. All the jugs are of splendid porcelain; every dish has a spirit lamp under it; there are forty waiters in a kind of uniform, who are marshalled and perform everything harmoniously and at the word of command. Everything is gorgeous; there were little more than a hundred guests. Each one has a printed bill of fare on ornamented paper before him, and the number of dishes is prodigious. There was very much luxury and display. Yet dinner costs but a dollar a head. The wines are dear, and they have Madeira at fabulous prices. I have seen it at \$12 a bottle. Here ladies and gentlemen dine together, but there is a lady's ordinary at many places, where chaperons are, however, admitted. The dinner passed off rather solemnly. There is much less talk and liveliness than I have seen at a German *table d'hôte*. I was not at first struck with the voraciousness with which they dispatched their dinner, but I have since observed that many people eat very quick. The cookery appeared not to be remarkable. Several dishes I remembered to have eaten in much greater perfection elsewhere. At the St. Nicholas there is breakfast going on all the morning, lunch from 12 o'clock, dinner at 3 and at 5, the more fashionable hour. Tea in a room kept on purpose at 6.30, and supper from 9 till 12. The passages in this hotel are carpeted and so spacious as to be used for a lounge. There are not less than 300 rooms, and a new wing is to be built. The rooms we saw were fine but very uncomfortable. There is a bridal chamber, which we were shown. The footstools are covered with white satin, and the walls are covered with folds of the same material. The bed itself, in the middle of the room, was gorgeous. I was told, but forget, how many thousand dollars all these appointments cost. There were but a couple of chairs and little besides; \$120 are charged for the use of this room for one night. It was used for the first time while we were at New York, and the circumstance with the names of the parties was reported in the papers. As many people live in hotels, the marriage festivals are almost public.

After dinner Arthur and I went to have our hair cut at a barber's under the hotel. The shop, or rather store, was very smart. A good number of people frequented it. There were but eight barbers at work, so we had to wait a quarter of an hour with tickets of precedence in our hands till our number was called out. The chairs are constructed in the most ingenious manner. The

barbers seemed nearly all Germans and were skilful but lazy and impudent, scratching their own heads with the comb, and cracking jokes with each other and sometimes with their patients, who seemed to like being long about it and to enjoy the operation.* It appears they look upon the curling of their hair as a luxurious pastime.

After this we walked down Broadway and came on board. Broadway is the principal street and centre of all the traffic. It consists chiefly of shops and hotels. Some of the buildings are very mean, worse than any in Oxford Street; some, again, are very grand, though of no great architectural beauty. A great deal of building is going on in this street, which gives it an unfinished appearance, and is very disagreeable. The practice of pulling down houses to put up finer ones seems to be carried on wantonly. Great people do not live in Broadway. It is the great place for walking about. Formerly the ladies used to frequent it, but the progress of traffic has driven them to one end of it. The throng of carriages is very great. Great people live in 5th Avenue, which is a very fine, quiet street. There is little to be seen in New York. It is not a fine city. It is extending northward, up the island, and the streets in this quarter are lined with good private houses. They are quite regular, and they are numbered instead of being named. The passion for regularity and right angles in building prevails in most American cities. It would appear inconsistent with the independent feeling of the people, but it is carried so far that the map of Brooklyn makes the place appear four times its real size, for perfectly regular streets are mapped out that will not exist for a century and where there is not a single house now. I presume that, as the city extends, this plan will be rigorously followed, as the part hitherto finished completely agrees with it. Very few churches break the monotonous line which the perfectly flat soil presents; as there are no elevations there is nothing picturesque about the place. Some parts are exceedingly wretched, and it is not safe to go there. There were no really smart equipages to be seen in Broadway. There are many queer curricles with very narrow, large wheels very far apart. Nor are there any horsemen.

I recognised numerous specimens of the real Yankee type of countenance. Numbers of faces might have been cast in the same mould. It is not a very intelligent face, and a selfish face. They are generally thin, and their hair turns white early, perhaps partly from the quantity of drink and profuse perspiration. They are seldom fine men, but tall. They are fond of wearing hair all round their chins, or else a goat's beard. In either case they are fond of wearing hairs coming up to the corners of their mouths. In

the *beaux* frequenting the door of the hotel I observed nothing very fantastical in dress. In this respect there seems great uniformity. Of course, there is nothing like a national costume in any part of the country. Straw hats or white hats are universally worn in the hot season. Smoking is very much practised. I was not so much struck, perhaps from accident, with the custom of chewing and spitting at N.Y. as I have been since elsewhere. One observes no police in the streets. There is a body of men who wear a star to distinguish them, which is very insufficient, and they are soon to be better organised. It was very interesting to walk along Broadway for the first time and look at the people. But my first impressions, however amusing at the time, are not valuable enough to be recorded. Barnum has got one immense museum in a conspicuous part of Broadway. It is full of strange animals and covered with representations of them. A bearded lady is exhibited here. Numerous alligators, serpents, etc., attract crowds in different parts of the town. The hippodrome has a great success. Of the various theatres, one is very near the ship. It is made out of an old fort. Music is performed here, and it is a lounge in the day. It was expected that Sontag would soon arrive to sing here. This end of the town, with the garden, though once fashionable, has become disreputable now.

When we came on board we found Sir Charles Lyell waiting for Lord Ellesmere. He had announced his departure from Boston by electric telegraph. We found him in the gunroom delighting the officers with his manner and conversation. He very soon became familiar with me, and we had half an hour's talk. The commissioners are dissatisfied with the Exhibition building. Little has been done efficiently to secure its being opened at the right time. Whitworth showed them how backward they were, and they were glad to profit by his skill, so that his services will be employed. He has brought a variety of machines over with him, and had he known of the delay he would have brought much more. Sir Charles described the feeling at Boston as hostile from jealousy to the Exhibition. He told me that Agassiz, professor of natural history at Cambridge, has discovered in the American rivers thirty species of a certain fish, of which no specimens were known but in old strata. Agassiz was bribed to stay at Harvard College when he came over. The prize which Cuvier left for the academy to award to the greatest promoter of science in 1840 was bestowed on no one, as none were found sufficiently prominent. In 1850 it was awarded to Agassiz.

We spent the evening in discussing our future plans in the cabin. I have been obliged to alter mine many times, and probably shall do so again.

After writing in my cabin I was on deck after midnight. We saw a fire in Brooklyn. It was a fine sight from the ship, lighting up the sky and the shipping in the river, and throwing a glare on the opposite shore of N.Y.

On Sunday we had a good many people on board from the shore. As it was a holiday, perhaps they were not the best specimens. One old fellow in a blue coat and gilt buttons was very prominent. He talked loudly to a large circle of hearers of his friendship with Washington, who gave him a sword and other presents. He was very enthusiastic in his fondness for England. When we entered the port he had been on a vessel we passed close to, and tried to get up a shout to welcome us, but the Irish on board would not have it. There were several reporters on board to-day, so that I was afraid every word I said might be reported. One from the *Daily Times* was made over to me by one whom he had been persecuting. He asked me a great many questions about Lord E——. Where he dined, etc. I put him off by asking questions about America. He spoke of Clay¹ and of his plan for abolishing slavery by degrees, so that none should now be born slaves. He thought it the only plan which could succeed. When I got into my boat to go ashore in the evening he talked to me all the way down the ladder. They were curious about me, too, and about my movements. A lieutenant laughed at one of them, which was rather common on board, and, after describing me fancifully, told him I was going South, which was then my intention, to collect information about slavery. This project they were all very curious about. The reporter of the *Tribune* begged me to write my impressions to him, promising to print my letters in the paper. He made a similar proposal to one of the mates.

I had invited a couple of midshipmen to dine with me on shore. Only one could come, and we dined at the St. Nicholas. The ladies dined at Delmonico's. I went to call on the Archbishop,² who was out of town for some time.* The chief of our Churches is near his house. It has much less pretensions than the Jesuits' Church in Farm Street. A fine cathedral is in process of construction.³

In some of the streets are lines of rail on which long cars are drawn by horses and serve for omnibuses on that line. They run every five minutes from the Astor house, the centre of the city. As soon as they arrive the horses are taken out and put on at the back, ready to start in the opposite direction. This way of travelling is more pleasant than our omnibus. The rails annoy carriages crossing them, but they are not laid down on any of the great

(1) Henry Clay, the idolised Whig statesman.

(2) Archbishop John Hughes, born in Co. Tyrone, first Archbishop of New York.

(3) St. Patrick's Cathedral in Fifth Avenue.

thoroughfares. It was late in the evening when we returned on board the ship. At night we saw another fire break out near the one of the night before. The bell tolls the number of the ward in which it is. An Irish labouring man had been turned out of his employment, and sought to burn down his master's store, consisting of wood and lumber. He began by firing some stacks near it. This we had seen the night before. This failing, he set fire to the store itself, which was destroyed at a loss of \$10,000. The horses had been rescued and taken down to the ferry, but that they might not escape, this fellow set the building they were in on fire, and they were burned to death. While we were looking at this fire another broke out at Staten Island and burned very brightly for a short time. They seem to be very reckless about fires here. They are generally amply insured. We saw, coming home from dinner, the engines parading the Broadway. The firemen were accompanied by numerous citizens, for it is rather the thing to belong to a fire company. The engine and the hose are pushed along by a great crowd of people at a good pace. It does not seem very well organised. They could not get across the water to the fire this time.

On Monday we had a rather more respectable set of people on board. One of the reporters came and attacked me for giving him erroneous information about a dinner, which appeared incompatible with some news he had heard since. One of the officers was asked who I was, at a moment when I was ambling about with the youngsters, and when the visitor heard my name he was lost in astonishment at my want of dignity.

Crampton¹ wrote to beg Lord E—— to go to Washington. Lady E—— was rather offended at his not doing more in their honour. Their plans of going North were thrown up by the sudden illness of one of their servants. They determined to go next morning to Philadelphia and take two midshipmen with them.

I went to the office of the association of the Exhibition to ask for some letters I was to expect. I find two from Mr. Sedgwick, for Mr. Ticknor² and Mr. Sumner.³ There were also four from Mrs. Marsh for her friends at Charleston, among them one for the Bishop. She desired me to read them before I resolved to go South so late. Though she never saw me, and only heard of me from Mr. Sedgwick, the letters were full of kindness for me, and proposed all sorts of arrangements for making me comfortable. At the same time, they expressed a great dread of my falling ill. I received also a letter from Mr. Livingstone enclosing one for

(1) British Minister, afterwards recalled and knighted for his enlisting proclivities during the Crimean War.

(2) The writer on Spanish literature.

(3) Later Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Mr. Aikin, late Governor of N. Carolina. He likewise spoke strongly against going South.

Proceeding along Broadway I met two shipmates, whom I treated to some ices and cobbles. I was to be at the office of the *Tribune* at 3 to meet Lord Ellesmere, for whom I had to wait some little time. Our reporter was not present, but Greeley himself and his sub-editor showed us round. Greeley is a very strange-looking man—something between Benjamin Franklin and Sir W. Molesworth. He looks half cracked and half a rogue. They have fifty compositors at work. They print by cylinders. They have one fine engine in a vault under the street. It is very compact, worked by six men, and will throw off 12,000 impressions in an hour. I was told the statistics most exactly. The weekly paper has a circulation of 60,000 copies, and the other two—not daily papers—30 or 35,000. The matter contained in the daily paper is condensed in the others chiefly for the distant parts of the Union. In France they are trying to print on one continuous sheet. There was nothing striking about the scale of the establishment, but rather about its compactness. It did not look like the scene where so great an engine is wielded. The ladies were to call for Lord E——, and we waited long in vain, till he condemned the shops that detained them in strong terms. After waiting twenty minutes he went in a cab to the Clarendon, and I hastened to the landing place, where the ladies soon arrived with the results of their shopping in the carriage. Whilst waiting for the boat they were an object of great curiosity to the mob, who were impudent this time only in their motions, not by language, as they sometimes are. When some of the youngsters from the ship went to the bath they were assailed with all kinds of scurrility by the bathers. When some of the officers got into a cab in uniform that evening the bystanders cried out to make them pay well, besides epithets, and these were heaped on some officers who passed by a wharf in a boat to return the visit of the officers of the *N. Carolina*, the man-of-war which is stationed here at the Naval Yard.

The town was in commotion as we came off, for the Philadelphia firemen were come to visit their brethren of New York, and they were parading the streets in uniform, with colours and music and a great concourse of people.

After dressing we went to dine at the Clarendon, where Lord E—— had invited the gun room officers to dinner. We had a fine room, but there was no comfort in it. There was no writing-table and no sofa you could lie down upon. A Bible was on the table, as is the case in all the rooms in the hotels I have seen. As we had to wait long for dinner, and as our separation was near, nobody

was in very good humour. The bill of fare, though a private dinner, was printed, and each had a copy.

After dinner we went to the Hights', who had prematurely asked us all the day before, but as it was Sunday the Ellesmeres put it off. Several officers went with us. They live in a very smart house in 5th Avenue. This is the great street for great people. It is the finest in New York. All the houses are good, and there is plenty of foliage. It is a little disfigured by the building that is always going on. This party at the Hights' is of some interest as our first opportunity of witnessing New York society, though what we here saw was a fair specimen, not of the whole; but of a certain well-defined class. I thought it very instructive, and it was certainly very amusing. Mrs. Haight received us at the door of the drawing-room, which was opened by a black. There was not much ceremony about her. I did not see the reception of the Ellesmeres. She is a little woman with some remains of good looks, well behaved, and apparently of no great genius. I was introduced to a dirty old fellow, something like Mr. Dupin and Lord Brougham, in a frock coat and dirty white collar, evidently the dress he had worn all day. This was Mr. Haight. Whether he made his fortune by drugs or hatbands I have been unable to discover.

It is true we had been invited quite socially, but suspected that a large party was concealed under this expression. In reality there were not many people. The daughter of the house, Mrs. Jones, does the honours. Her husband is a good little goose after the English fashion. She herself is not good-looking, and of a bad complexion, but a fine *taille*. She was very busy introducing us to the young ladies. She said it was no easy matter to bring England and America together. There was a mixture of pompousness and condescension about her. I should have called her both affected and vulgar, otherwise I have no reason to doubt she has great merits. There are half a dozen rooms on the ground floor, each quite different. One is in the Taj Mahal style, another in dark oak, and at the end is a fine conservatory, the chief beauty of the house, which they are very proud of and think it the finest in New York. One young lady to whom I was introduced made herself very merry at the uniforms of our officers. Another fat little fair girl with weak eyes, dressed in black, was childish in her conversation. One to whom I was presented, with some symptoms of beauty, took a great fancy to me and insisted on showing me the apartments. To my astonishment one that served as a thoroughfare between two others was Mrs. Haight's bedroom. It was well lighted up, but without any comforts. These, I suspect, were cunningly concealed in the wall, which was full of handles.

This led to a dark oak room with pictures, dimly lighted and a little solemn. This is the library, but no books were visible. Here my companion made me sit down in a lonely corner, and we were left all to ourselves until I was summoned to be presented to Lady Lyell. At the entrance to the conservatory, which is the coolest place, stood a large bowl of cold punch with all sorts of things floating about in it. This, Sir Charles told me, one of our officers had confidentially recommended to him as excellent.

There was a very copious supper. I introduced myself to Mr. Barclay, our consul, who strongly advised me not to go South, as fevers are very prevalent and carry one off in twenty-four hours. Young Van Buren¹ and the widow of General Scott² were here, but I did not see them. Also the sub-editor of Greeley's paper. I was glad to have a talk with Mr. Haight, who is a character. He is uneducated, but fond of appearing well informed. He told me he had been as a boy on the first steamer in the United States, and he was present also at the first trial of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, where he was close to Huskisson, and warned him of his danger in vain. I have since heard this story condemned as apocryphal. He told me his pictures were of great value. He got up his house himself. The idea, he says, was perfectly original. I observed a good deal of art in the disposition of lights. He spoke of great numbers of books, but those he produced came from a couple of small chests that could not hold many. Lepsius's new book on Egypt he has the first copy of, before the King of Prussia, for though he does not know Lepsius he insisted on this as soon as he heard that he was employed on it. An old atlas of China by Duttalde he prized as a great rarity. He showed me the reprints of the English reviews. The two great reviews and Blackwood you can have all for £2 per annum. He considers these the best reviews in the world, for if the subject does not interest him he is always attracted by the style. His daughter's accomplishments are a great theme for him. He says that in Germany, Italy, and France she was respectively taken for a native of each country, and she is the best amateur artist in the States. A man so wretchedly vain, purseproud, and boorish would be a good character in a novel. I have been told that he has found his way into some satirical writings.

Here I made Mr. Dilke's³ acquaintance, who had arrived the day before. He introduced me to Mr. Wallis. He says they have found so many jealousies and so much that betokens failure about the Exhibition that they will suppress the fact that they have anything to do with it as much as possible, and will look upon themselves as accredited to examine the industry of the whole

(1) Son of Martin Van Buren, President of the U.S.

(2) Hero of the Mexican War.

(3) Sir Charles Dilke?

country. I took a formal leave of Mrs. Jones, who bows with dignity whenever she says anything complimentary. Miss Baxter was there, but I did not make her acquaintance. Not one of the ladies was handsome, and if it be fair to judge them by a London standard I should call them all vulgar. They spoke with a detestable twang. I suspect they are all rather highly educated. One told me she owed Sir C. Lyell all the geology she had ever forgotten. There was no shyness that I could see—rather free and easy, indeed, as I had an instance of. The son of the Hights must not be forgotten. He is about eighteen, tall and lank. He walked about with a brown shooting-jacket and thread gloves all the time. We got away about 11.30, having been invited at 8. The Ellesmeres were, on the whole, not pleased with what they saw. The impression made on the officers was almost without exception unfavourable.

Next morning, Tuesday, between 1 and 2, the Ellesmeres departed for Philadelphia. We did not expect to meet again till the Exhibition. The crew manned arms, and a salute of nineteen guns was fired as they went away. Very soon after, the Joneses, Mrs. Haight, and some friends came on board to see the ship. Miss Baxter, Thackeray's flame, was among them. She is not very pretty, but rather go-ahead. Mrs. Jones fell to my lot and asked foolish questions and expressed constant wonder and admiration. I escaped as soon as I could. The Captain shut himself up in his cabin, for he hated them, and orders were given to say he was on shore. Granby Calcraft came too. He had been on board frequently, and was a great favourite, but I disliked him and gave him his slippers. Whilst dancing was going on on deck I went ashore with two youngsters, to whom I gave a dollar for ices, and then dismissed them. At the confectioner's, when you have ordered something, the waiter gives you an ivory counter with the price upon it, so you have only to present that at the desk and know what you have to pay. These establishments are much larger and better organised than in England, because of the necessity of frequent cool drinks and ices in the extreme heat. The ices are skilfully made, not too sweet, in order not to excite thirst, and they give you as much as two London ices for less money. Water ices seem unknown. There is an ice cream at every dinner in the summer, and every glass is filled with ice to cool the wine or water. I was stopped in Broadway by a German who brought me three letters from Mrs. Marsh, cancelling three of her former ones, because a better plan had occurred to her of conveying me to her estate, namely, by chartering a small steamer, than the one she had proposed before.

(To be continued.)

CLEMENCEAU'S RETURN.

AFTER M. Clemenceau's recent speech at the inauguration of his monument at Sainte Hermine in the Vendée there is persistent talk in France of his return to political life. This monument, made possible by the subscriptions of his compatriots in his natal district, is a living image of the Clemenceau we knew while he was carrying out the declaration of his policy as Premier and making war—the short, thick-set figure wearing a long overcoat and slouch hat, and carrying a thick stick, proceeding to the trenches in order to inspire the poilus. And, of course, the French soldiers whom he apotheosised in his great speech are beside him.

It is a rare thing for a statesman whom the world had been led to suppose had dropped out of public life to be present at the unveiling of his own monument, and the inference drawn from this unusual event is that if Clemenceau had not intended to resume his place in the field of national polemics the ceremony would not have taken place, or, at any rate, the ex-Premier would have kept away from it. Clemenceau is eighty years of age, but there are few Frenchmen of half his years who can boast that their vigour, physical and intellectual, is superior to his. His is a temperament which chafes at inaction, and, enjoying as he does an unusual plenitude of strength to which is united a tremendous capacity for work, it is not surprising that people should discuss his return to the political arena.

His Sainte Hermine speech will rank as one of the greatest he has ever delivered, and while there was nothing in it to indicate definitely that he was weary of remaining in the shadow of the political limelight and was longing to re-enter the fray, his friends are convinced that he will reappear, and that his decision will be dictated by the shaping of political events in France. Until the propitious moment arrives, the "Tiger" will remain in his lair, but when the hour strikes he will make a bound. Meanwhile, it will be a question of preparing his return by either founding a newspaper for him or placing an existing journal of opinion at his disposal, so that he can take up the pen which brought down French Cabinets in the past.

While French people are talking about Clemenceau's sensational re-entry, it is opportune to say some things about his Premiership which have never been said and which could not be said at the time he was making history because of the censorship. The inside story of his Premiership in 1917-1919 forms the most dramatic political episode of the war.

France had five Premiers during the war. England had two. Why should France have had five to England's two? The temperament of the House of Commons and the Chamber of Deputies differs enormously. Apart from the difference in race, there is a difference in constitution and procedure. The House of Commons is made up of parties; the Chamber of Deputies comprises numerous groups. Unionist, Liberal, and Labour members—there you have the House of Commons; and a Government knows where its majority lies. A French Government can never be certain of its majority; it has so many groups of the Right, Extreme Right, Centre, Left, and Extreme Left to placate. The Left is always an uncertain quantity. The Extreme Left never leaves the Government in doubt; it invariably votes against it. But the groups of the Left cannot of themselves bring about the fall of the Government. It is the big groups gravitating towards the Centre which make and unmake Cabinets. A group is discontented with the Government's policy. It makes known its dissent. And the discontent becomes contagious. Meetings are held, decisions are taken, and from these everybody knows whether the Government will stand or fall.

This group system is responsible for so many changes of Government in France, and it was this system which, in spite of the "Union Sacrée" formed when war began, led to the fall of five Cabinets. Even a big war could not change the customs of the French politicians, for although all were animated with one purpose, to defeat the Germans and drive them out of France, they must have their tilt at the Ministry; they must have a change. There is no disgrace attached to a Premier who falls. If he does not fall some Frenchmen ask themselves why; others develop suspicions which more often than not are entirely unjustified; others, again, frankly admit that they are in the presence of the incomprehensible. This frame of political mind explains why M. Viviani, who was Premier when the war began, failed to carry on for any length of time in spite of his oratorical gifts, his personal magnetism; why M. Briand, Minister of Justice in his Cabinet, who succeeded him, went down in turn; why M. Ribot, with all his courtly grace and sincerity, succumbed; and why M. Painlevé, the mathematician, who was expected to go far, had a brief career in the Premiership.

It was now the turn of Clemenceau. He became Premier of France at the darkest hour of the war, and let it be said at once that in the political field he won the war for France. You will find many Frenchmen to dispute this now. They began to criticise Clemenceau as soon as he relinquished power. The same Frenchmen were full of admiration for him when he was

leading France to victory. This, I fear, is a way Frenchmen have with their great men when they quit power. When they die they remember and raise statues to their memory.

Before he became Premier Clemenceau, as was his wont, was tilting at successive Governments in his paper, *L'Homme Libre*, which afterwards became *L'Homme Enchaîné*, writing articles which ran to two columns a day. He had a curious method of work. It was his custom to take the cure at Vichy every year. A doctor himself, he would put himself under the care of a medical man. But he was a bad patient, setting aside all the rules laid down for his guidance. Sometimes he would put himself on a milk and bread diet. This he would change for vegetable soup, which he would eat in the morning, at noon, and at night-time. Then the whim of a diet of bread and cheese would seize him, and he would eat nothing else. His habits were as singular as his diets. He wrote his articles during the night, sent them to Paris by the first train for publication on the following day, and slept when most visitors to Vichy were abroad following cure orders to the letter.

I have heard six Premiers make their declarations of policy in the Chamber, and it is my conviction that no Ministerial statement made so deep an impression in France as that of Clemenceau. "Je fais la guerre," the old man declared with emphasis. By that he meant that, in his opinion, France was not making war as she should do. He had inherited a heavy task, and he knew it. Englishmen who were in Paris in 1917 are not likely to forget the situation, which was far from being satisfactory either on the French front or in the rear. The army was discouraged, and it is no secret now that there were insurrections. In the rear the defeatist propaganda was in full swing. Agents playing the game of Germany met the leave trains at the Gare de l'Est and distributed leaflets among the soldiers. One even heard of poilus, weary of the struggle and inflamed by the leaflets they read, snatching the decorations from the breasts of officers and ordering them to leave first-class compartments, what time the gendarmes on the platform turned their backs, afraid lest they should be asked to interfere. The campaign of the defeatist paper, the *Bonnet Rouge*, fed with German money, had borne evil fruit. The publication of the paper was stopped, and its editor, Duval, the successor of the notorious Almereyda, and one of the most eloquent speakers I ever heard in court—words flowed from him like a running stream—was shot at Vincennes, as Bolo and Lenoir were shot, while those who worked with him are now undergoing terms of imprisonment. That was the end of the story of the cheque for a million francs which the German

banker, Marx, of Mannheim, destined for the *Bonnet Rouge*, but which was intercepted at the Swiss frontier.

M. Ribot and M. Painlevé knew of the efforts made to get France out of the war, and they did their best to frustrate them. But they were not strong enough. Unseen forces worked against them, staying their hands. It might be that they lacked the courage of Clemenceau. At any rate, they lacked the tenacity which distinguished this old man of seventy-six years of age, as he was then. Two things had to be done, and Clemenceau accomplished both—to inspire the army with courage and restore confidence in the rear. And this is how he performed his task. Several days a week he could be seen leaving Paris in a motor-car for the front. In his blunt way he talked to the officers and poilus, flinging praise and criticism around him. He could talk plainly, for was he not War Minister as well as Premier? They liked him to come amongst them, and marvelled at his fearlessness. No War Minister had shown such daring. These repeated visits to the trenches produced the effect they were intended to produce. The poilus plucked up courage, and began to speak of Clemenceau as “Père la Victoire.” The Premier had won their entire confidence. They saw in this rough-spoken septuagenarian with the bushy eyebrows, the unruly white moustache, and the curious swiftly moving eyes with never a glimmer of laughter in them, the organiser of victory, and they retained their faith in him even when the Germans continued to give them hard knocks.

So far so good. Clemenceau found that the French army was sound at heart, that it was prepared to go *jusqu'au bout*. But another thing remained—to give the people confidence in the army. He did this through his speeches in the Chamber. Brief and often disjointed speeches they were, with no pretensions to elegance of diction. They were just firm declarations indicative of a strong will. His promise to prosecute pessimists, defeatists and suspects, no matter how highly placed, was fulfilled. Joseph Caillaux was aimed at. He took up the challenge and delivered a speech of two hours at a special Saturday sitting of the Chamber in December, 1917. That clever man—far too clever, as many Frenchmen believe—has delivered many powerful speeches in his time, but none so powerful as the one in which he submitted himself to the judgment of his fellow deputies and demanded that his Parliamentary immunity from prosecution be suspended. I saw him in the tribune, white with passion, flinging his arms as if in supplication. Clemenceau sat unmoved. Never a word did he utter in reply to the two hours' harangue. He had made up his mind. The inquiry into the acts of Joseph Caillaux must be proceeded with relentlessly. Clemenceau was true to his declara-

tion of policy. He was making war, not only against the Germans but against those of his countrymen whom he believed, whether rightly or wrongly, were acting against the best interests of France in her time of sore travail. And so Joseph Caillaux was arrested and clapped in the Santé prison with a volume of the poems of Baudelaire as his literary companion.

It has to be said here that Caillaux's arrest provoked sighs of relief in France, not because the people generally had made up their minds that he was guilty of conspiring against the country and its Allies, but because they realised that in Clemenceau they had a Premier who was taking no risks and who was determined to nullify the influence of suspects. Such energy and fearlessness as he displayed then corresponded with the wishes of the country. Even the Chamber, which is always wondering how long a Premier is going to last, ceased to speculate on the fall of Clemenceau. "The Tiger" was doing all right. Why not let him go on? And Clemenceau kept to the way he had mapped out for himself—the way that was to lead to the final victory of the Allied cause. He had to submit to numerous interpellations. He never beat about the bush, never asked for indulgence pretexting the difficulties of his task, never spared his critics, whether they were to be found on the Extreme Left, as invariably happened, or near the Centre, where the Radicals sit. His answer to all was the same: "Je fais la guerre." And invariably he made the debates a matter of confidence, and emerged triumphant from the ordeals.

There will never be the like of Clemenceau in the Chamber. He was a man and a Parliamentary leader apart—a phenomenon in activity, physical and intellectual. When his policy was attacked by a succession of speakers in the tribune, animated with one object, to throw discredit on him and bring him down, he sat in that corner seat on the front bench unmoved, without saying a word by way of contradiction, as was the way with his successors Millerand, Leygues, and Briand, without turning a hair. He simply bided his time, and at the opportune moment he would mount the tribune, not with laboured step but with the agility of the wild animal to which he has been likened, and like that animal at bay face his critics. I am not likely to forget the spectacle of this old man with bristling moustache fighting, not for himself, for he had no ambition, no axes to grind, but for France. When the guns were booming fifty miles from Paris, when the country was in a state of painful trepidation, not knowing from one day to another what was going to happen, he, the man with the heaviest responsibility on his shoulders, was the most courageous figure. In its proper place I shall have something to say about this shining courage which made men marvel, the Germans most of all.

During his Premiership Clemenceau had associated with him a man who had the knack of making enemies. Georges Mandel, whose real surname is Rothschild—no relation to the great family—acted as secretary to Clemenceau when he edited *L'Homme Libre*, and before. He was in fact a journalist, and when "The Tiger" assumed power he took M. Mandel with him as his Chief of Cabinet. No doubt M. Mandel was actuated by the highest motives. He wanted France to emerge victorious from the war, and gave his chief strenuous assistance; but his manner and his methods, while they might be pleasing to Clemenceau, gave offence to a great number of people. In their eyes Mandel had become a sort of dictator, giving orders on his own authority. He kept a close watch on the censorship of the newspapers, on Ministers even, and on newspaper correspondents. Interviews with Ministers had to be submitted to his cabinet, and very frequently they were vigorously edited. No one could obtain access to Clemenceau except through him. His energy and the ramifications of his activities were amazing. In the dark days when things of an administrative character were done which made people chafe a little the name of Mandel was always connected with them. When the Premier removed the political censorship the newspapers of the Left remembered Mandel: they took their revenge and published things about him which were the reverse of complimentary. The truth about Mandel is this: unpleasant things had to be done during an unpleasant period, and he was allowed to do them. Clemenceau found him convenient.

Clemenceau, who had brought so many ministers down in his time, did not fall from power. He relinquished it, and immediately afterwards the wave of his unpopularity began to roll with ever increasing volume. Invited by powerful sections of the Bloc National to stand for the Presidency of the Republic, he reluctantly consented. There were few people outside the political groups in the Chamber and Senate who did not believe that he would be elected. They argued that the Elysée was the just reward for "Père la Victoire," especially after Parliament had passed a vote which had in it the highest compliment that it could pay to the Premier—that Georges Clemenceau had "bien mérité de la patrie." When Parliament passed this graceful compliment, with which M. Poincaré, the then President of the Republic, was associated, it was permissible for Clemenceau to believe that he would be elected President without opposition. He had a bitter disillusionment. An influential section of the Chamber had made up its mind that he had finished his work, that his course was run. M. Paul Deschanel, in his capacity of President of the Chamber, broke into one of those flashes of oratory which he per-

mitted himself at certain times. It thrilled the Chamber; applause broke out; the manifestation gradually increased until it attained the dimensions of an ovation—an ovation, moreover, which was full of significance. Deputies left their seats and trooped in front of the presidential tribune. M. Briand was amongst them. "You know what that means?" he asked. Of course M. Deschanel knew what it meant. Senators and deputies were meeting at the Luxembourg on the morrow for the dress rehearsal of the Presidential election, and M. Briand's words were an intimation that the cheering deputies expected that Deschanel would stand as a candidate in opposition to Clemenceau. Deschanel asked for time to reflect.

Meanwhile the snowball started in the Chamber grew. The groups of the Senate and the Chamber held consultations as they always do at momentous periods; the voting began at the Senate, and the result showed a majority for Deschanel. Clemenceau had not been brought down in the Chamber, and he was not going to suffer defeat now. Nor would he run the risk of a defeat. He withdrew his candidature. And "The Tiger" who had "needed well of his country" retired to his lair in the Rue Franklin, where he remained hidden from the gaze of men, only entering in order to pay a visit to his beloved Vendée, where the souvenir of him is likely to remain imperishable, and again to make trips to the Indies and to Corsica.

He slipped out of the public life of France without so much as a popular manifestation of regret or a farewell banquet. Not that he cared for banquets at any time; he always made a point of avoiding them. But the Paris Municipal Council remembered him. The City Fathers presented him with a work of art—a tiger crushing an eagle. It was expected that a man of his tireless activity would fall back on his pen. But no. He who had been the greatest force in France from 1917 until the dissolution of the last Parliament in 1919, whose sheer tenacity and dauntless courage had accomplished a task attempted by others and won through, left the stage with his head erect and his spirit unbroken, but with the bullet fired by the would-be assassin Cottin between his lungs.

Of all the men who have guided French destinies, there is none whose character offers so interesting a study as that of Clemenceau. There is a ruggedness about him, a lack of that polish which one, often quite mistakenly, is wont to associate with French statesmen. It was his ruggedness in conjunction with his fearless judgments and his power of determination which enabled him to win through at a moment when despair was clutching at the heart of France. His good-humoured pugnacity, stolid

persistency, and apparently limitless activity won the war for France, though you will find Frenchmen to-day who hold the view that France would have done as well even if he had not been Premier. These men belong to the type of Frenchmen who have short memories.

A notable example of his pertinacity comes to my mind. Clemenceau showed it at that period of the war in 1918, when everybody was talking of the Government being forced to leave Paris. The Germans were getting nearer the city. It was calculated that nearly a million people had taken the train south, those with means paying as much as a hundred francs a day for rooms in the hotels of crowded towns. The railway stations were besieged with nervous people who spent hours of weary vigil waiting for trains to take them to places of safety. The banks had sent their securities to Bordeaux, Avignon, and other towns remote from Paris. People were thronging the bank counters drawing out their money and closing their accounts. British subjects had to attend the Consulate to have their passports put in order, leave their addresses and telephone numbers, and stand by ready to leave the city when the warning was given. Old people and children were assisted to leave. Paris kept its head, but here and there one saw evidences of confusion. Which town was going to be the seat of Government? Not Bordeaux this time. Nantes, Tours, and Angers were mentioned. And the Government would have moved had not Clemenceau been at the head of it.

The fact is that "The Tiger" refused to budge. The Government could not go without him, and it remained. But members of it and officials at the Foreign Office had made up their minds that the amenities of Paris were going to be destroyed. Despair was writ large on the faces of Government officials. The military authorities had reported that the Germans were preparing emplacements near Soissons for new long-range guns for the bombardment of Paris. On the morning that this information was received I was crossing the Place de la Concorde with a French diplomat, and he told me how Clemenceau greeted the news. "I am going to remain in Paris even if some of you gentlemen are killed," he said. After that it was useless to suggest to the Premier the advisability of seeking safety. Paris had had a terrible experience of the havoc caused by the "Grosses Berthas," as the long-range guns firing on the city were called, but Clemenceau was not afraid. He kept a stiff upper lip. He, at any rate, did not believe that the beauties of the city could be destroyed so long as France possessed a courageous air force. Those big guns destined to blow Paris to atoms were never got

into action. His judgment was right. It has to be stated that the courage which Clemenceau displayed on that occasion saved the *moral* of the French nation. For what would have happened if a man of weaker will had been at the head of the Government? The very fact of the Government being compelled to leave Paris for the second time would have filled France with despair, would, indeed, have had a serious effect on her war effort. No finer example of Clemenceau's pertinacity can be cited than his conduct on that grave and perilous occasion. Mark the result. It served to inspire the nation with hope and faith in ultimate victory; for when after the national *fête* day in July, 1918, the Germans began that supreme offensive by which they hoped to smash their way through to Paris and we lay in bed and heard the booming of the guns for hours, Parisians had not the same fear which had animated them in the spring. The feeling of optimism was even stronger when the second battle of the Marne opened and trains by the score filled with American troops passed through Paris daily to the scene of the operations.

In those days the eyes of the world were fixed upon Clemenceau. The picture of a man who by his length of days should be taking his rest striving with every nerve to make his country emerge from the war victorious, working night and day in order to achieve this result, imposing his will on those who were disinclined to share his optimism, was an inspiring spectacle. And the same energy he revealed in fulfilling his policy, "*Je fais la guerre*," he showed when it came to the making of peace. From the first he looked upon the making of peace as a "terrible" business. He knew that whatever be the peace made it would not satisfy a section of his countrymen. If he did not get all he demanded it was not his fault; it was because the weight of Allied opinion was against him. The Peace Treaty he signed has been subjected to remorseless criticism in France. Clemenceau can smile at this criticism now, and can say to his critics that if the treaty was bad for France it is worse now—that instead of his work being improved it has suffered deterioration.

There is no doubt that if and when he resumes his place in the political arena it will be the application of the Treaty of Versailles that will move him to action. And this action will be dictated not so much against the French politicians whom he may consider are lacking in firmness in applying the treaty, as against Germany. The fruits of victory to the victors—this will be the keynote of his policy.

JOHN BELL.

THE FEALTY OF THE TRIBES: A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF 'IRAQ.

AFTER a month of intense heat a north wind swept the desert across which we were motoring from Tigris to Euphrates. The sky whitened in the east as we left Baghdad and the sun was up as we came abreast of Aqar Quf, the mud-built fragment of a Kassite temple pyramid which for close on 4,000 years has watched the procession of victors and the flight of the vanquished over plains which now lie vacant round its slowly perishing bulk. Somewhere in the hollow ground at its foot you may look for the black tents of the Bani Tamim, but ridge after gaunt ridge of ancient canal bank screen them from the desert road. Half-way between the rivers stand the two khans of Nuqtah, one of which is clothed for us with the memory of a fearless British officer who was struck down on its doorstep a year ago. Beyond Nuqtah the slightly rising plain is innocent of any trace of human occupation; for more than an hour we sped over a pebbly surface which neither the spade of the canal digger nor the blade of the ploughman has ever disturbed.

Suddenly in the clear light of the early morning the wilderness was peopled with mounted tribesmen. They gathered in companies by the track, while over the barren slope more bands rode down towards us. "The Amir?" they shouted as we passed. "Is the Amir Faisal come?" "He is near, he is near," we answered, and at the news men scrambled into their saddles and waved their white sleeves to their comrades behind them, bidding them hasten. The great tribe of the Dulaim, half nomad, half cultivators, had turned out in force to acclaim Faisal king of tents and flocks and of lands where the slow waters of Euphrates roll down the canals to quicken their sown fields.

A few minutes later we came in sight of the mud walls of Fallujah standing on the river's edge. We stopped by the black tents of the Jumailah Dulaim, where the Amir was to accept the first hospitality of his new liegemen. He followed close behind us, sweeping out of the dust-clouds raised by the wild escort of tribal horse that galloped by his car. The men threw themselves from their beasts and formed a human corridor down which he stepped. In his white robes, girt with a gold belt holding a gold dagger, white headdress bound with a silver rope, and fine black mantle, the dress he has happily chosen for all official occasions, his tall, slight figure overtopped the sturdy tribesmen who stood agape at his simple state. It is 700 years since an Arab

king walked among his Mesopotamian subjects, a long interval even here, where we reckon history by millenniums.

The big tent was carpet-strewn and set with diwans, the iced sherbets grateful after the dust and heat of the way. We rose refreshed and drove through Fallujah, which was hung with the white, green, black and red of the Sharifian flag—white for the Fatimids, green for the Umayyads, black for the Abbasids, and the red triangle, set across the three bands, for Islam. The townsfolk lined the streets and from the housetop the women uttered the shrill vibrant cry of feminine rejoicing. Again the desert stretched before us, but the Euphrates bore us company on our left hand and an occasional palm garden bore witness to the beneficent presence of the river. The landscape was obscured with dust raised by the galloping horsemen—I peered through it to catch sight of the mounds which mark the site of the famous city of Anbar, a capital of the Persian kings and after them of the first Abbasid Khalif whose successor founded our capital of Baghdad. The road, made by British troops in 1918 when we held Ramadi as an outpost against the Turks, is metalled with the hard black dug out of the Anbar mounds.

The horsemen naped our course and it was after 8 o'clock before we reached the head of the flying bridge over the Euphrates. Here again tents were pitched and the tribesmen stood round in respectful curiosity while we sat down to a brief meal of rice and meat and chicken which was spread on the floor before us. Mahrut was our host, son of that great chieftain of nomads, Fahad Beg, Shaikh of the 'Anizah, whose writ runs westward halfway to Damascus while his fame as a Ulysses among his people has spread to the extreme confines of Arabia.

It was Fahad Beg himself who held out his hand to us as our boat touched the western bank of the river. Small of stature—his tall son overtops him by a foot—vigorous in mind and body under his 70 odd years, he has been a staunch friend of the Great Government since General Maude first entered Baghdad. Yet earlier friendships unite him with such of us as knew these parts before the war, when we made certain of safety and hospitality by pitching our tents beside his in the wide levels of the Syrian desert. There he holds his nomad court, with the black tents of his tribe clustered round him and the grazing camel herds which are his wealth covering the plains.

Under the bluff which ends the wilderness towards Euphrates floated the standard of 'Anizah, surrounded by the horsemen and camel riders which compose the striking force of the tribe. Mahrut leads them in battle; it is his task to guard our desert frontier against attack, but Fahad, now that he has grown old,

keeps to the tents. There, sitting by his coffee hearth, he will draw open his shirt and show you a deeply pitted scar where the spear, driven between his shoulder blades, came out below his breast. "I looked down and saw the spear point, but my mare bore me on till the Shammar behind us desisted from pursuit. I was carried to a tent and the women tended me with herbs according to their knowledge. It was the will of God that I should recover, but afterwards I raided no more."

If Fahad follows the ancient rule of the Desert, our host at Ramadi stands for another aspect of Arab life. 'Ali Sulaiman is acknowledged as paramount chief of the Dulaim along two hundred miles of the river. His tribe, obedient to the laws of nature which for the last 6,000 years have driven the population of the Arabian peninsula to find a livelihood by the Mesopotamian streams, appeared some 300 years ago in the Syrian desert and gravitated to the Euphrates. There, no doubt, they absorbed or scattered the older inhabitants, their predecessors from Arabia, who for greater security had built their villages on islands in mid-river. At Alus, at Hadithah, at 'Anah you may see soaring mediæval minarets, as well as the stone foundation of people yet older than the minaret builders, still earlier comers from the peninsula, as far back as the Assyrians.

Then came the turn of the Dulaim: Shammar, and on their heels 'Anizah, poured out of the southern wastes, raided, robbed, and destroyed till they drove the half-settled Dulaim back into the confines of the island villages. But the Dulaim survived; they are a sturdy nation. They made terms with 'Anizah and pastured their flocks with those of the nomads in the Syrian desert; but with the Shammar, driven back into the plains between the two rivers, they maintained an enduring enmity. Gradually, as the Turks established a feeble hold over the Aleppo road, the cultivator gained greater security, but it is only in the last four years that he has come to his own. British troops at Ramadi revived his hopes that where he had sown he might reap the harvest, that even if he planted palm trees he might gather the fruit, and he set to work, 'Ali Sulaiman leading. Already the shaikh has doubled the area of his date gardens; but more than that, confident in our protection, he has invested his capital in permanent undertakings. A wide new bazaar, with ample accommodation for travellers above it, testifies to his activities; he finances the water supply of the town, he promoted the buying of the electric light plant from the British Army when it evacuated Ramadi, and under the guidance of British engineers he is digging a canal from the Euphrates almost to Baghdad, whereon his turbulent tribesmen will find peaceful and profitable employment.

His example has been infectious. Fahad Beg, whose 'Anizah have never yet set their hand to the plough, now sighs for canals and fat acres, and 'Ali Sulaiman, wise in Arab character, encourages his longings. For an 'Anaizi watching his corn field is a different neighbour from one whom hunger drives to raiding, and the prudent chief of the Dulaim is the first to appreciate the sedative influence of property.

Thus it is that along the river bank history seems to be rolling back. Centuries of rapine are fading out of memory as a surer road to wealth opens before a wealth-loving people, a road laid, as Shaikh 'Ali bears clearly in mind, by British hands and secured by British peace, even if the outward evidence of our presence is no more than half a dozen officers to sit at the council table, command the Arab levies and trace the new canals.

Ramadi ran in blood as we entered, so many were the sheep whose throats were cut simultaneously as the Amir's motor turned into the maidan. Above these luckless victims floated hundreds of Sharifian flags, and applause rolled down the town as Faisal passed through it. Before we reached the river, which runs about a quarter of a mile away, we met the standard of the Dulaim with its horse and camel riders, a huge red banner borne by a slave who was mounted on a milk-white camel. This force, which is now under the command of an Englishman, has done good service during the last three months in patrolling the road as far as our northern frontier, Al Qaim, 150 miles up river. Thanks to its existence civil government has been re-established after the months of anarchy that succeeded last year's disturbances, anarchy which at Ramadi Shaikh 'Ali was strong enough to control. Already the fame of the Dulaim standard has crossed the desert and men who fought with Col. Lawrence in the Hijaz have enrolled themselves under it.

An immense black tent stood by the river bank. At the upper end was a dais walled in on three sides with screens of green boughs through which a cool air blew from the river. Here sat the Amir with Fahad Beg by his side, while 'Ali ranged the tribesmen in their appointed places. They stretched so far that no voice could have carried more than half their length and before he spoke Faisal summoned them up to him. They sat below the dais, five or six hundred men wrapped in brown mantles, their hands folded in long white sleeves, their heads covered with the red kerchief of the Sunni tribes and crowned with a black rope of camel's hair. There, Faisal, leaning forward in his high seat, lifted his hand and spoke and he spoke as a chieftain of tribesmen in the sonorous language of the desert, with command and injunction and question to which his audience gave deep-tongued

answer. So it has been in such gatherings since the earliest days of Arab civilisation, when the tribes assembled in the Days of Ignorance, before the preaching of Islam, to hear the recital of verse which is yet preserved. And as the poet chanted, his hearers broke into his ode with their applause : "Yes, yes, by God the truth ! He speaks the truth !"

Faisal was at home in these surroundings. "For four years," he began, "I have not sat in a tent, nor in such company. I have come to help you to restore your land to its ancient glory and I claim from you your help. If we would work we must have peace—oh, Arabs, are you at peace with one another?"

"We are at peace," they answered.

"From this day——" he continued. "What is the date?"

Some one gave him the Muhammadan month and day.

"And what the hour?"

The Arab hour was given—four o'clock, an hour before noon.

"From this day, the nineteenth of Dhul Qada and the hour 4, any tribesman who lifts his hand against a tribesman is responsible to me. I have my rights over you as your lord."

"And our rights?" cried out a white bearded shaikh.

"And you have your rights as subjects," he answered, "which it is my duty to guard. I guard the peace of the land—can we prosper without peace?"

"True, by God!" they shouted.

"And I will come among you, and with your chiefs in council I will settle your differences."

Then Fahad took up the word.

"Oh, Arabs," he said, "does this content you?"

"We are content," they answered.

With that Shaikh 'Ali and Fahad Beg, standing one on either side of Faisal, took the oath of allegiance to him as king, "because," they added, "you are acceptable to the British Government."

Faisal turned smiling to the one or two British officers who were sitting near.

"There is no doubt," he said, "of my relations with the British Government, but we must settle our own affairs among ourselves."

Thereupon 'Ali stepped to the edge of the dais and called up the shaikhs of the Dulaim. One by one, to the number of thirty or more, they strode up to Faisal and laid their hand in his hand in token of personal fealty. For this is the religious law of Islam : a man may seal the formula of allegiance, yet he is not bound to personal service unless he has given his hand to his lord.

The great moment of the day was over and we turned our thoughts to feasting. There was enough to occupy us. Eight

men were needed to carry each of the platters heaped with rice and topped with a lamb roasted whole. Chickens, vegetables, sweetmeats and piles of flat cakes flanked the central dish, and behind us, as we sat round the edge of the white cloth, stood the serving men of 'Ali's household holding glasses of water mixed with sour curds, shininah, one of the best drinks invented by man. Directly we had finished we rose to make place for the next in honour, and sitting on the dais over coffee and cigarettes we saw the long tent dotted with rice platters and the whole company squatting eagerly round them. Faisal watched the scene with delight. "Wallah, I love to see them!" he exclaimed. "Look at that boy laughing with his brothers. He is happy."

But which of us was not happy? We had seen the great tribes of the Euphrates accept with acclamation the man whom we had advised them to choose as their ruler, and we had heard him justify the wisdom of our advice.

Late in the afternoon there was another assembly. From Fallujah to Al Qaim the townships had sent their mayors and qadhis and leading men to declare their allegiance to the Amir. They gathered in a palm garden, Faisal sitting on a platform with softly coloured Persian rugs hung on the wall behind him. The evening sun sent slanting rays through the palm fronds, touching the white turbans and long robes of the qadhis, the brown cloaks of the villagers, the red kerchiefs and the silver handles of the daggers at the belts. The peaceful beauty of the hour held us; it gave a yet finer dignity to the figure of the Amir as he accepted the homage offered to him. He called on God to help him in the duty which lay before him and ended with an expression of gratitude "to that benevolent nation which gives us its support."

The couple of hours before dinner were well filled with conversation. Had not Fahad and 'Ali to impart to the Amir every detail in the complex politics of the desert, where Ibn So and So was camped and who was at feud—over our borders, be it well understood—with Ibn Some one Else? And we, had we not to greet all our friends from up river and from the desert who seldom come to Baghdad?

A final impression of that stirring day remains to me. When dinner was over a carpet was spread in the right orientation and Faisal stood up to recite the evening prayer. With his face towards Mecca, the birthplace of his ancestor, the Prophet, he prayed and bowed his forehead to the ground in the prostrations ordained by his faith. We sat silent, but I think that in spirit we prayed with him, in faith that the task to which we had set our hands, the guidance and protection of a people who trusted us, should not fail of accomplishment.

ISMA'IL.

CASTLES IN SPAIN: AN ADDRESS.

Of what do we moderns dream? What are our castles in Spain?

This question once put itself to me in Seville Cathedral, that stone fabric of man's greatest dream in the Ages to which we have been accustomed to apply the word "dark." Travellers in Spain who consult their guide-books may read: "On the eighth day of July, in the year 1401, the Dean and Chapter of Seville assembled in the Court of the Elms and solemnly resolved: 'Let us build us a church so great that those who come after us may think us mad to have attempted it!' The church took one hundred and fifty years to build."

And in that stupendously beautiful building, raised by five succeeding generations to the glory of themselves and their God, one could not help wondering wherein lay the superiority of ourselves, Children of Light, over those old Sons of Darkness.

We, too, dream, no doubt—not always with a Freudian complex; and our dreams have results, such as the great dam at Assouan, the Roosevelt dam in Arizona, the Woolworth Building, the Forth Bridge, the power works at Niagara, the Panama Canal (which actually took one-tenth of the time it took the Sons of Darkness to achieve Seville Cathedral). But all these works were dreamed and fabricked out for immediate material benefit. It is true that modern engineers are often lovers of beauty, and men of imagination, but that does not touch the argument developed here. The old builders of pyramids and mosques and churches built for no physical advantage in this life. They carved and wrought and slowly lifted stone on stone for remote and, as they thought, spiritual ends. We moderns mine and forge and mason-up our monuments to the immediate profit of our bodies. Incidentally they may give pleasure to the spirit of John Ruskin, but we did not exactly build them for that purpose. Have we raised anything really great in stone or brick for a mere idea since Christopher Wren built St. Paul's Cathedral?

Sons of Darkness and Children of Light both have worshipped a half-truth. The ancients built for to-morrow in another world; they forgot that all of us have a to-day in this. They spent riches and labour to save the souls of their hierarchy, but they kept their labourers so poor that they had no souls to save. They left astounding testimony to human genius and tenacity, but it never seems to have ruffled their consciousness that they purchased much of that ideal beauty with slavery, misery, and blood.

In place of those ideals—Art, and the future life of princes and prelates—we moderns pursue what we call Progress. All our stupendous achievements have this progressive notion at their back. Brooklyn Bridge may look beautiful in any light, and Sheffield chimney-stacks may look beautiful in the dark; but they were not put up for that reason, nor even because we thought we were thereby handing our Presidents or Prime Ministers the keys of Heaven. We worship Science, Industry and Trade. We think that if we make the wheels go round fast enough, mankind is bound to rise on the wings of wealth. Look after the body, we say, and the spirit will look after itself. Whether we save a greater proportion of our bodies than the ancients did of souls is quite a question; but no such trifling doubts shake our belief in Progress. Our modern Castle in Spain is, in one word, "Production."

Most men and women, no doubt, have an instinctive love of beauty, and some natural pride in the work of their brains and hands; but machinery has divided us from the ancients, and quietly and gradually shifted the central point of man's philosophy. Before the industrial era set in men used to make things by hand; they were in some sort artists, with at least the craftsman's pride in their work. Now they press buttons, turn wheels; don't make completed articles; work with monotony at the section of an article—so many hours of machine-driving a day, the total result of which is never a man's individual achievement. "Intelligent specialism," says the writer on Labour policy, Dr. Harry Roberts, "is one thing. It consists in one man learning how to do one thing specially well. But the sort of specialising which consists in setting thousands of human beings during their whole working lives to such soul-destroying jobs as fixing the bristles into a hair-brush, pasting labels on jam-pots, or nearly any one of the varieties of machine-tending, is quite another thing. It is the utter negation of human nature." Quite! The tendency of modern "Production" is to centre a man's interest not in his working day, but outside of it—at all events, in the lower ranks of industry. The old artificers drew in their culture, such as it was, from their work. In these days culture, such as it is, is grafted on to the workman in his leisure, as a sort of antidote to wheel-driving. Hewers, delvers, drawers of water, never, perhaps, took pride in their work; and there are still many among us to whom their work is of absorbing interest. But, on the whole, the change has put pride of quantity above pride of quality. In old days the good thing was often naturally supplied; nowadays it is more often artificially demanded.

No one objects to production sanely and coherently directed

to fine purposes. But this progress of ours, which is supposed to take care of our bodies, and of which machinery is the mistress—does it really progress? We used to have the manor-house with half-a-dozen hovels in its support. Now we have twenty miles of handsome residences, with a hundred and twenty miles of ugly back streets, reeking with smoke and redolent of dulness, dirt, and discontent. The proportions are still unchanged and the purple patches of our great towns are too often as rouge on the cheeks and salve on the lips of a corpse. Is that progress?

Real progress means levelling up and gradually extinguishing the disproportion between manor and hovel, residence and back street.

Let us be fantastic a moment and conceive the Civic authorities of London on the eighth day of July, in the year 1921, solemnly resolving: "We will remake of London a city so beautiful and sweet to dwell in that those who come after us shall think us mad to have attempted it." It may well take five generations to remake of London a stainless city of Portland stone, full of baths and flowers and singing birds—not in cages. We should want a procession of Civic authorities who steadily loved castles in Spain. A Civic body only lives about four years, and cannot bind its successor. Have we even begun to realise the difficulty of real progress in a democratic age? He who furnishes an antidote to the wasteful, shifting tendency of short immediate policies under a system of government by bodies elected for short terms will be the greatest benefactor of the age. And we have to find that antidote, or—discover Democracy to be a frost.

But—to return to Civic bodies: Are we not rather unfortunate in letting our Civic life be run by those who were born seeing two inches before their noses, and whose education, instead of increasing, has reduced those inches to one? It seems ungrateful to criticise the practical business man, whose stamina and energy make a mere imaginative person gasp. One owes him, in fact, so much that one would like to owe him more. But does his vision, as a rule, extend beyond keeping pace with the present? And without vision—we have been told—the people perish! The Age is, indeed, so practical that the word "visionary" has come to have a slighting significance. And yet, if we cannot incorporate beauty in our scheme of life to-day, and teach the love of beauty to our children, the life of to-morrow and the children thereof must needs be as far from beauty as we are now. Is it not strange to set men to direct the education, housing, and amusements of their fellow-citizens if they have not a love of Beauty and some considerable knowledge of Art? And is it

going too far to say that the present generation of business men—with notable exceptions—have an indulgent contempt for Art and Beauty? Some years ago the headmaster of a public school made use of these words: "I'm glad to see so many boys going in for Art; it is an excellent hobby to pass the time *when you have nothing better to do!*" He had been teaching *Greek* for half a century; and it was evidently Greek to him that Art has been the greatest of all factors in raising mankind from its old savage state. That is a considerable platitude. But if it has not been the contemplation of beautiful visions, emotions, thoughts, and dreams, expressed beautifully in words, stone, metal, paint, and music, which has slowly, generation by generation, uplifted man and mollified his taste for "long pig" (as the South Sea Islander calls his edible enemy)—if it has not been that, what has it been? Religion? The uplifting part of Religion is the beautiful expression of exalted feeling. The rest of Religion (including the ceremony of eating "long pig") is but superstition. Think of the thousand wars fought in the name of Superstition; the human sacrifices, the tortures of the Inquisitions; the persecutions, intolerances, and narrow cruelties perpetrated even to this day. The teachings of Buddha, of Christ, of St. Francis d'Assisi, were the expression of exalted feeling; simple, and touching the hearts of men, as all true beauty does; and so they have done an ennobling work. But they belong emphatically to the cult of Beauty.

Or is it suggested that Trade has been the mollifying factor, the elevator in the human hotel? Trade certainly opens up communications. It is, if you like, the coach in which Art and Beauty ride; but *of itself*—it has no elevating influence.

Only Beauty in the largest sense of the word; the yearning for it, the contemplation of it, has civilised mankind. And no human being ever contributed to that process who thought he had "something better to do." We don't take Beauty seriously. Immediate profit rules the roost in this Age of ours, and I leave it to the conscience of the Age to decide whether that is good. For every Age has a conscience; but—it never comes to life till the Age is on its death-bed.

The fault of all Ages has been this: The knowledge and the love of Beauty has been kept as a preserve for the few, the possession of a caste or clique. No great proportion of us, of course, are capable of creating or expressing Beauty; but an immensely greater proportion of us are capable of appreciating it than have ever been given the chance of so doing. I suggest that it should be our Castle in Spain to clear our Age of that defect, and put Beauty within the reach of all.

It may be true that engineers, authors, stone-cutters, miniature-painters, and many others, still love Beauty and take pride in their work. But what about the great majority—the label-pasters, the wheel-drivers, the stokers, the clerks, the shop-girls, the bristle-fixers, all the other slaves of modern machinery? And machinery has come to stay, so that for all such people we must perforce rely on grafted culture : in other words, on education. We must rouse and foster in the young that instinct for Beauty which is in nearly all of us. We have exceptional facilities nowadays. And, besides teaching cooking and the fine art of being clean, we could surely bring an inkling of the other fine Arts, the architecture, literature, painting, and music of the past and present, to children even in the humblest schools. We can teach children to appreciate the beauty of Nature, and give them some idea of taste. We can give the children of Labour some chance to be familiar with Beauty. Revolution or evolution, both are vain unless they mean demand for greater dignity of human life. What use in B. despoiling A. if B. is going to use his spoils no better, probably worse, than A.?

The word Beauty is not here used in any precious sense. Its precious definitions are without number, or—value to speak of. It is here used to mean everything which promotes the true dignity of human life. For instance : to be a good "sportsman" a man shuns that which lowers his dignity, dims his idea of his own quality ; and his conception of his own quality derives obscurely from his sense of Beauty. The dignity of human life demands, in fact, not only such desirable embroideries as pleasant sound, fine form, and lovely colour ; but health, strength, cleanliness, balance, joy in living, just conduct and kind comfort. A man who truly loves Beauty hates to think that he enjoys it at the expense of starved and stunted human beings or suffering animals. Mere æstheticism can be cruel or pettifogging ; but that is not the Beauty which gleams on the heights in the sunrise ; that is not our Castle in Spain.

Sentiment apart, the ideal of Beauty is surely the best investment modern man can make ; for nothing else—most certainly not Trade—will keep him from extirpating the human species. Consider what Science has become in the hands of engineers and chemists—its destructive powers, which increase a hundredfold with each decade, while the reproductive powers and inclinations of the human being do not vary. Consider that nothing in the world but the love of Beauty in its broad sense stands between Man and the full and reckless exercise of his competitive appetites. Remember the Great War—quite a little war compared with that which, through the development of scientific destruc-

tion, we shall be able to wage next time. Considering all this, one gets an inkling of the sheer necessity there is for modern nations to invest in the ideal of Beauty. No other security will give them interest on their money, and their money back. Unbalanced Trade, Science, Industry, will give them, indeed, a high momentary rate of interest, but only till the crash comes again and the world goes even more bankrupt than it is at present. The professor who has invented a rocket which will go to the moon and find out all about it (though whether it is to be boomerang enough to come back with the story we are not told), that professor would, one ventures to think, have done more real good if he had taught a school full of children to see the beauty of—Moonshine. •

The next war will be fought from the air, and from under the sea, with explosives, gas, and the germs of disease, all choicely distributed by wireless. It may be over before it is declared. This is no exaggeration—read the *Review of Reviews* of May, 1921. The final war necessary for the complete extirpation of mankind will be fought with radium or atomic energy; and we shall have no need to examine the moon, for the earth will be as lifeless.

To return to sentiment—which in reality makes the wheels go round, for not even “big business” rules our instincts and our passions—the question for us is: What shall we be sentimental about? Which is the fairer castle in Spain—Quantity or Quality—mere blind production, or a more conscious shape to our modern life—a definite new ideal, call it what you will, Beauty, Quality, or the Dignity of Human Life? What ideals have we at present? Happiness in a future life? If there be a future life for the individual, we shall find it fatiguing rather than repaying if we have not longed for and served Quality in this; not had that kind and free and generous philosophy which belongs to the cult of Beauty, and alone gives peace of mind. The pursuit of Beauty includes whatever may be true in the ideal of Happiness in a future life. And as to the other current ideal—Wealth or comfort in this life—the cult of Beauty includes all that is good therein, for it demands physical health and well-being, sane minds in sane bodies, which depend on a sufficiency of material comfort. The rest of the ideal of Wealth is mere fat, sagging beyond the point of Balance. As a fact, modern civilisation offers us a compound between “Happiness in a future life” and “Material comfort in this,” lip-serving the first, and stomach-serving the second. You get the keys of Heaven from your bank, but not unless you have a good balance. Modern civilisation, on the whole, is camouflaged commercialism, wherein to do things well

for the joy of doing them well is eccentricity. We even commercialise salvation—for so much virtue, so much salvation! Always—*quid pro quo*!

Let the devil be given its due. I freely admit that ours is the best Age men ever lived in; that we are all more comfortable and virtuous than we ever were; that we have many new accomplishments, such as advertisements in green pastures, telephones in bedrooms, more newspapers than we want to read, and extremely punctilious diagnosis of maladies. A doctor examined a young lady the other day, and among his notes were these: "Not afraid of small rooms, ghosts, or thunderstorms; not made drunk by hearing Wagner; brown hair, artistic hands; had a craving for chocolate in 1918." Could thoroughness go further? The Age, in a word, is most accomplished, but with a kind of deadly practicality. All for to-day, nothing for to-morrow! The future will never think us mad for attempting what we do attempt; we build no Seville Cathedrals. We don't get ahead of time. Think of the chance we have just let slip to revitalise our country life. At demobilisation we might have put hundreds of thousands on the land, which needs them so very badly. And we have put in all not so many as the war took off the land. Life on the land, no doubt, means hard work and few cinemas; but it also means hearty stock for the next generation, and the power of feeding ourselves on an island which the next war might completely isolate. A nation concerned only with its present is like the man who was fishing and, feeling sleepy, propped his rod up on the bank with the line in the water. A wag spied him sleeping, took the rod, waded across the river, propped up the rod on the opposite bank, and lay down behind a hedge to watch for the awakening. Such is the awakening in store for nations which enjoy their present and forget there is a future.

The pursuit of Beauty as a national ideal, the building of that Castle in Spain, is obviously "no picnic." It is a case of long and patient labour and steadfastness of ideal before we can begin to see rise a really fair edifice of human life upon this earth.

"Well," it will be said, "what do you want us to do about it?" Alas! all literary men can tell people what they ought not to be; that is—literature. But to tell them what they ought to do is—politics, of which no literary man is guilty; for politics and literature afford the only instance known—in virtuous countries—of divorce by mutual consent. It would be mere impertinence for this literary man to suggest anything practical!

But let him, at least, make a few affirmations. He believes that on the whole modern man is a little further from being a mere animal than the men of the Dark Ages, however great the

Castles in Spain those men built and left for us to look upon; but he is sure that we are in far greater danger than ever they were of a swift decline. From that decline he is convinced that only the love and cult of Beauty will save us!

By the love and cult of Beauty he means a great deal: A *higher and wider conception of the dignity of human life*; the teaching of what Beauty is, to all—not merely to the few; the cultivation of goodwill, so that we wish and work and dream that not only ourselves but everybody may be healthy and happy; and, above all, the fostering of the habit of doing things and making things well, for the joy of the work and the pleasure of achievement rather than for the gain they will bring us. With these as the rules—instead of, as now, the riders—the wheels of an insensate scientific industrialism, whose one idea is to make money and get ahead of other people—careless of direction towards heaven or hell—might conceivably be spoked.

Our Age seems to lack an Ideal, expressed with sufficient concreteness to be like a vision, beckoning. In these comparatively unsuperstitious days one can see no other ideal worthy of us, or, indeed, possible to us, save Beauty—or call it, if you will, the Dignity of Human Life.

Writers sometimes urge the need for more *spiritual* beauty in our lives; but is it not unfortunate to talk of *spiritual* beauty? We must be able to smell, and see, hear, feel, and taste our Ideal as well. We must know by plain evidence that it is lifting human life, that it is the heritage of all, not merely of the refined and leisured among us. The body and soul are one for the purpose of all real evolution, and regrettable is any term which suggests separation between them. But who can mistake what is meant by Quality, or the Dignity of Human Life? Surely, offence against that Ideal is the modern Satan. And the only way in which each one can say "Retro, Satanas," is to leave his or her tiny corner of the universe a little more dignified, a little more lovely and lovable, than he or she found it.

It may seem absurd to use such words in a world whose general mood at the moment is utter disillusionment and gloomy spite—a world so cross-eyed that when it weeps out of one eye the tear runs down the other cheek. It is difficult, no doubt, to be in love with a *lad*, like that. Not to be a cynic, indeed, in these days is extremely hard. Latest opinion—unless there is a later—assigns eight or ten thousand years as the outside length of time during which what we know as civilisation has been at work. Still—ten thousand years is a considerable period of mollification, and one had rashly hoped that mankind was not to be so speedily stampeded; that traditions of gentleness, fair

play, chivalry, had a little more strength among Western peoples than they have been proved to have since 1914; that mob feeling might have been less, instead of, as it seems, more potent than it used to be. And yet, alongside of stupidity, savagery, greed and mob violence, run an amazing individual patience, good humour, endurance, and heroism, which save a man from turning his back on himself and the world, with the words: "Cats and monkeys, monkeys and cats; all life is there!" Fear, after all, is at the back of nearly all savagery; and one has come to believe that a man must infallibly succumb to the infections of fear if there be not present in him that potent antidote—the sense of human dignity, which is but a love of and a belief in Beauty. What applies to the individual applies to the civilisation of which he forms a part. Our civilisation, if it is to endure, must have an Ideal, a Star on which to fix its eyes—something distant and magnetic to draw it on, something to strive towards, beyond the troubled and shifting needs and passions and prejudices of the moment. Those who wish to raise the dignity of human life should try to give civilisation that ideal, to equip the world with the only vision which can save it from spite and the crazy competitions which lead thereto. The past seven years have been the result of the past seven hundred years. The war was no spasmodic visitation, but the culmination of age-long competitions. The past seven years have devoured many millions of grown men, more millions of little children—prevented their birth, killed them, or withered them for life. If we modern individuals and modern nations pursue again these crazy competitions, without regard for beauty or the dignity of human life, we shall live to see ten millions perish for every million perished in this war. We shall live to curse the day—this day when, at the end of so great a lesson, we were too practical and businesslike to take it to heart.

We must look things in the face. Ideals are six a penny if not grounded in reality; and it is obviously no use blinking the general nature of man, or thinking that Rome can be built in a day. But with all our prejudices and passions, and all our "business instinct," we have also the instinct for Beauty, and a sense of what is dignified. On that we must build if we wish to leave to those who come after us the foundations of a Castle in Spain such as the world has not yet seen; to leave our successors in mood and heart to continue our work, so that one hundred and fifty years, perhaps, from now human life may really be dignified and beautiful, not just a breathless, grudging, visionless scramble from birth to death, of a night with no star out.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

THE REVOLT AGAINST AUTHORITY.

ONE of the most quoted—and also misquoted—Proverbs of the wise Solomon says, as translated in the Authorised Version : “Where there is no vision, the people perish.” What Solomon actually said was : “Where there is no vision, the people cast off restraint.” The translator thus confused an effect with a cause. What was the vision to which the Wise Man referred? The rest of the Proverb, which is rarely quoted, explains :

“Where there is no vision, the people cast off restraint; but he that keepeth the law, happy is he.”

The vision, then, is the authority of law, and Solomon’s warning is that to which the great and noble founder of Pennsylvania many centuries later gave utterance, when he said :

“That government is free to the people under it, where the laws rule and the people are a party to those laws; and all the rest is tyranny, oligarchy and confusion.”

Is there in this day and generation a spirit of lawlessness greater or different than that which has always characterised human society? Such spirit has always existed, and even when the penalty of death was visited upon nearly all offences against life and property.

We are apt to see the past in a golden haze, which obscures our vision. Thus, we think of William Penn’s “holy experiment” on the banks of the Delaware as the realisation of Sir Thomas More’s dream of Utopia; and yet Pennsylvania was called in 1698 “the greatest refuge for pirates and rogues in America,” and Penn himself wrote, about that time, that he had heard of no place which was “more overrun with wickedness” than his City of Brotherly Love, where things were so “openly committed in defiance of law and virtue—facts so foul that I am forbid by common modesty to relate them.”

Conceding that lawlessness is not a novel phenomenon, has not the present age been characterised by an exceptional revolt against the authority of law? The statistics of the federal criminal courts in the United States show in recent years an unprecedented growth in crimes. Pending criminal indictments have increased from 9,503 in the year 1912 to over 70,000 in the year 1921. While this abnormal increase is, in part, due to sumptuary legislation—for approximately 30,000 cases now pending arise under the prohibition statutes—yet, eliminating these, there yet remains an increase in nine years of over 400 per cent. in the comparatively

narrow sphere of the federal criminal jurisdiction. I have been unable to get the data from the state courts; but the growth of crimes can be measured by a few illustrative statistics. Thus, the losses from burglaries which have been repaid by the leading American casualty companies have grown in amount from \$886,000 in 1914 to over \$10,000,000 in 1920; and, in a like period, embezzlements have increased fivefold. It is notorious that the thefts from the mails and express companies and other carriers have grown to enormous proportions. The hold-up of railroad trains is now of frequent occurrence, and is not confined to the unsettled sections of the country. Not only in the United States, but in Europe, such crimes of violence are of increasing frequency, and a recent dispatch from Berne, under date of August 7th, stated that the famous International Expresses of Europe were now run under a military guard.

The streets of our cities, once reasonably secure from crimes of violence, have now become the field of operations for the footpad and highwayman. The days of Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard have returned, with this serious difference—that the Turpins and Sheppards of our day are not dependent upon the horse, but have the powerful automobile to facilitate their crimes and make sure their escape.

In Chicago alone, 5,000 automobiles were stolen in a single year. Once murder was an infrequent and abnormal crime. To-day in our large cities it is of almost daily occurrence. In New York, in 1917, there were 236 murders and only 67 convictions; in 1918, 221, and 77 convictions. In Chicago, in 1919, there were 336, and 44 convictions.

When the crime wave was at its height a few years ago, the police authorities in more than one city professed their impotence to impose effective restraints. Life and property had seemingly become almost as insecure as during the Middle Ages.

In limine, let us note the significant fact that this spirit of revolt against authority is not confined to the political state, and therefore its causes lie beyond that sphere of human action.

Human life is governed by all manner of man-made laws—laws of art, of social intercourse, of literature, music, business—all evolved by custom and imposed by the collective will of society. Here we find the same revolt against tradition and authority.

In music, its fundamental canons have been thrown aside and discord has been substituted for harmony as its ideal. Its culmination—jazz—is a musical crime.

In the plastic arts, all the laws of form and the criteria of beauty have been swept aside by the futurists, cubists, vorticists, tactilists, and other æsthetic Bolsheviks.

In poetry, where beauty of rhythm, melody of sound and nobility of thought were once regarded as the true tests, we now have the exaltation of the grotesque and brutal; and hundreds of poets are feebly echoing the "barbaric yawp" of Walt Whitman, without the redeeming merit of his occasional sublimity of thought.

In commerce, the revolt is one against the purity of standards and the integrity of business morals. Who can question that this is pre-eminently the age of the sham and the counterfeit? Science is prostituted to deceive the public by cloaking the increasing deterioration in quality. The blatant medium of advertising has become so mendacious as to defeat its own purpose.

In the recent deflation in commodity values, there was widespread "welshing" among business men who had theretofore been classed as reputable. Of course, I recognise that a far greater number kept their contracts, even when it brought them to the verge of ruin. But when in the history of American business was there such a volume of broken faith as a year ago?

In the greater sphere of social life, we find the same revolt against the institutions which have the sanction of the past. Laws which mark the decent restraints of print, speech and dress have in recent decades been increasingly disregarded. The very foundations of the great and primitive institutions of mankind—like the family, the church, and the state—have been shaken. Nature itself is defied. Thus, the fundamental difference of sex is disregarded by social and political movements which ignore the permanent differentiation of social function ordained by God Himself.

All these are but illustrations of the general revolt against the authority of the past—a revolt that can be measured by the change in the fundamental presumption of men with respect to the value of human experience. In all former ages, all that was in the past was presumptively true, and the burden was upon him who sought to change it. To-day, the human mind apparently regards the lessons of the past as presumptively false—and the burden is upon him who seeks to invoke them.

Lest I be accused of undue pessimism, let me cite as a witness one who, of all men, is probably best equipped to express an opinion upon the moral state of the world. I refer to the venerable head of that religious organisation which, with its trained representatives in every part of the world, is probably better informed as to its spiritual state than any other organisation.

Speaking last Christmas Eve, in an address to the College of Cardinals, the venerable Pontiff gave expression to an estimate

of present conditions which should have attracted far greater attention than it apparently did.

The Pope said that five plagues were now afflicting humanity. The first was the unprecedented challenge to authority. The second, an equally unprecedented hatred between man and man. The third was the abnormal aversion to work. The fourth, the excessive thirst for pleasure as the great aim of life. And the fifth, a gross materialism which denied the reality of the spiritual in human life. The accuracy of this indictment will commend itself to men who like myself are not of Pope Benedict's communion.

I trust that I have already shown that the challenge to authority is universal and is not confined to that of the political state. Even in the narrower confine of the latter, the fires of revolution are either violently burning, or, at least, smouldering. Two of the oldest empires in the world, which, together, have more than half of its population (China and Russia), are in a welter of anarchy; while India, Egypt, Ireland, Mesopotamia are in a stage of submerged revolt. If the revolt were confined to autocratic governments, we might see in it merely a reaction against tyranny; but even in the most stable of democracies and among the most enlightened peoples, the underground rumblings of revolution may be heard.

The Government of Italy has been preserved from overthrow, not alone by its constituted authorities, but by a band of resolute men, called the "fascisti," who have taken the law into their own hands, as did the vigilance committees in western mining camps, to put down worse disorders.

Even England, the mother of democracies, and once the most stable of all governments in the maintenance of law, has been shaken to its very foundations in the last three years, when powerful groups of men attempted to seize the state by the throat and compel submission to their demands by threatening to starve the community. This would be serious enough if it were only the world-old struggle between capital and labour and had only involved the conditions of manual toil. But the insurrection against the political state in England was more political than it was economic. It marked, on the part of millions of men, a portentous decay of belief in representative government and its chosen organ—the ballot box. Great and powerful groups had suddenly discovered—and it may be the most portentous political discovery of the twentieth century—that the power involved in their control over the necessities of life, as compared with the power of the voting franchise, was as a 42 centimetre cannon to the bow and arrow. The end sought to be attained, namely, the nationalisa-

tion of the basic industries, and even the control of the foreign policy of Great Britain, vindicated the truth of the British Prime Minister's statement that these great strikes involved something more than a mere struggle over the conditions of labour, and that they were essentially seditious attempts against the life of the State.

Nor were they altogether unsuccessful; for, when the armies of Lenin and Trotsky were at the gates of Warsaw, in the summer of 1920, the attempts of the Governments of England and Belgium to afford assistance to the embattled Poles were paralysed by the labour groups of both countries, who threatened a general strike if those two nations joined with France in aiding Poland to resist a possibly greater menace to western civilisation than has occurred since Attila and his Huns stood on the banks of the Marne.

Of greater significance to the welfare of civilisation is the complete subversion during the World War of nearly all the international laws which had been slowly built up in a thousand years. These principles, as codified by the two Hague Conventions, were immediately swept aside in the fierce struggle for existence, and civilised man, with his liquid fire and poison gas and his deliberate attacks upon undefended cities and their women and children, waged war with the unrelenting ferocity of primitive times.

Surely, this fierce war of extermination, which caused the loss of three hundred billion dollars in property and thirty millions of human lives, did mark the "twilight of civilisation." The hands on the dial of time had been put back—temporarily, let us hope and pray—a thousand years.

Nor will many question the accuracy of the second count in Pope Benedict's indictment. The war to end war only ended in unprecedented hatred between nation and nation, class and class, and man and man. Victors and vanquished are involved in a common ruin. And if in this deluge which has submerged the world there is a Mount Ararat upon which the ark of a truer and better peace can find refuge, it has not yet appeared above the troubled surface of the waters.

Still less can one question the closely related third and fourth counts in Pope Benedict's indictment, namely, the unprecedented aversion to work, when work is most needed to reconstruct the foundations of prosperity, or the excessive thirst for pleasure which preceded, accompanied, and now has followed the most terrible tragedy in the annals of mankind. The true spirit of work seems to have vanished from millions of men; that spirit

of which Shakespeare made his Orlando speak when he said of his true servant, Adam : •

“O, good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!”

The *moral* of our industrial civilisation has been shattered. Work for work's sake, as the most glorious privilege of human faculties, has gone, both as an ideal and as a potent spirit. The conception of work as a degrading servitude, to be done with reluctance and grudging inefficiency, seems to be the ideal of millions of men of all classes and in all countries.

The spirit of work is of more than sentimental importance. It may be said of it, as Hamlet says of death: “The readiness is all.” All of us are conscious of the fact that, given a love of work, and the capacity for it seems almost illimitable—as witness Napoleon, with his thousand-man power, or Shakespeare, who in twenty years could write more than twenty masterpieces.

On the other hand, given an aversion to work, and the less a man does, the less he wants to do, or is seemingly capable of doing.

The great evil of the world to-day is this aversion to work. As the mechanical era diminished the element of physical exertion in work, we would have supposed that man would have sought expression for his physical faculties in other ways. On the contrary, the whole history of the mechanical era is a persistent struggle for more pay and less work, and to-day it has culminated in world-wide ruin; for there is not a nation in civilisation which is not now in the throes of economic distress, and many of them are on the verge of ruin. In my judgment, the economic catastrophe of 1921 is far greater than the politico-military catastrophe of 1914.

The results of these two tendencies, measured in the statistics of productive industry, are literally appalling. Thus, in 1920, Italy, according to statistics of her Minister of Labour, lost 55,000,000 days of work because of strikes alone. From July to September, many great factories were in the hands of revolutionary communists. A full third of these strikes had for their end political and not economic purposes. In Germany, the progressive revolt of labour against work is thus measured by competent authority: there were lost in strikes in 1917, 900,000 working days; in 1918, 4,900,000, and in 1919, 46,600,000. In the state of New York alone for 1920, there was a loss due to strikes of over 10,000,000 working days. In all countries the losses by such cessations from labour are little as compared with

those due to the spirit which in England is called "ca' canny" or the shirking of performance of work, and of sabotage, which means the deliberate destruction of machinery in operation. Everywhere the phenomenon has been observed that, with the highest wages known in the history of modern times, there has been an unmistakable lessening of efficiency, and that with an increase in the number of workers there has been a decrease in output. Thus, the transportation companies in the United States have seriously made a claim against the Government for damages to their roads, amounting to \$750,000,000, claimed to be due to the inefficiency of labour during the period of Governmental operation.

Accompanying this indisposition to work efficiently has been a mad desire for pleasure such as, if it existed in like measure in preceding ages, has not been seen within the memory of living man. Man has danced upon the verge of a social abyss, and even the dancing has, both in form and in accompanying music, lost its former grace and reverted to the primitive forms of uncivilised conditions.

There is no better evidence of this excessive thirst for pleasure than the newspaper Press, which is, in our time, the "brief abstract and chronicle of the time," and which shows the body of the age, "its form and pressure." What a transformation of human values the modern newspaper discloses! Once largely the record of man's higher achievements, in its discussion of literature, art and politics, to-day, its space is largely devoted to the ephemeral and the trivial. Pages and pages are devoted to sport, and even to ignoble forms of sport: while literary, art and musical reviews and scientific discussions are either omitted altogether, or are grudgingly given a little space once a week.

What better illustration of this extraordinary revaluation of personalities and incidents than the recent fistic duel between two combatants in Jersey City—a duel which was in marked contrast to another fateful encounter on the heights of Weehawken more than a century ago? Nearly one hundred thousand men and women of all classes and conditions and from all parts of the world assembled in Jersey City on July 2 last, many of them only to gratify their jaded appetites for a new thrill: and for months and months before and for weeks thereafter the Press devoted, not merely columns, but many pages, to this trial of strength.

I recall, with amusement, that when I had the privilege, in the summer of 1920, to have an audience with His Majesty King Albert—"every inch a king" and one of the greatest in the golden annals of heroism—he humorously said to me in speaking

of current values that, so far as he could see, the greatest personalities in the world were Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin. But, at that time, these great exponents of a pantomimic art, which gives the maximum of emotional expression with the minimum of mental effort, had not been eclipsed by the rising splendour of a Dempsey or a Carpentier.

Of the last count in Pope Benedict's indictment I shall say but little. It is more appropriate for the members of that great and noble profession which is more intimately concerned with the spiritual advance of mankind. It is enough to say that, while the Church as an institution continues to exist, the belief in the supernatural and even in the spiritual has been supplanted by a gross and widespread materialism.

If you agree with me in my premises then we are not likely to disagree in the conclusion that the causes of these grave symptoms are not ephemeral or superficial, but must have their origin in some deep-seated and world-wide change in human society. If there is to be a remedy, we must diagnose this malady of the human soul.

For example, let us not "lay the flattering unction to our souls" that this spirit is but the reaction of the Great War.

The present weariness and lassitude of human spirit and the disappointment and disillusion as to the aftermath of the harvest of blood, may have aggravated, but they could not cause, the symptoms of which I speak; for the very obvious reason that all these symptoms were in existence and apparent to a few discerning men for decades before the war. Indeed, it is possible that the World War, far from causing the *malaise* of the age, was, in itself, but one of its many symptoms.

Undoubtedly there are many contributing causes which have swollen the turbid tide of this world-wide revolution against the spirit of authority.

Thus, the multiplicity of laws does not tend to develop a law-abiding spirit. This fact has often been noted. Thus Napoleon, on the eve of the eighteenth Brumaire, complained that France, with a thousand folios of law, was a lawless nation. Unquestionably, the political state suffers in authority by the abuse of legislation, and especially by the appeal to law to curb evils that are best left to individual conscience.

Proceeding to deeper and less recognised causes, some would attribute this spirit of lawlessness to the rampant individualism which began in the eighteenth century, and which has steadily and naturally grown with the advance of democratic institutions. Undoubtedly, the excessive emphasis upon the rights of man, which marked the political upheaval of the close of the eighteenth

and the beginning of the nineteenth century, has contributed to this malady of the age. Men talked, and still talk, loudly of their rights, but too rarely of their duties. And yet if we were to attribute the malady merely to excessive individualism, we would again err in mistaking a symptom for a cause.

To diagnose truly this malady we must look to some cause that is coterminous in time with the disease itself and which has been operative throughout civilisation. We must look for some widespread change in social conditions, for man's essential nature has changed but little, and the change must, therefore, be of environment.

I know of but one change in environment that is sufficiently widespread and deep-seated to account adequately for this malady of our time.

Beginning with the close of the eighteenth century, and continuing throughout the nineteenth, a prodigious transformation has taken place in the environment of man, which has done more to revolutionise the conditions of human life than all the changes that had taken place in the 500,000 preceding years which science has attributed to man's life on the planet. Up to the period of Watt's discovery of steam vapour as a motive power, these conditions so far as the principal facilities of life go, were substantially those of the civilisation which developed eighty centuries ago on the banks of the Nile and later on the Euphrates. Man has indeed increased his conquest over Nature in later centuries by mechanical inventions, such as gunpowder, telescope, magnetic needle, printing-press, spinning jenny, and hand loom, but the characteristic of all those inventions, with the exception of gunpowder, was that they still remained a subordinate auxiliary to physical strength and mental skill of man. In other words, man still dominated the machine, and there was still full play for his physical and mental faculties. Moreover, all the inventions of preceding ages, from the first fashioning of the flint to the spinning wheel and the hand-lever press, were all conquests of the tangible and visible forces of Nature. With Watt's utilisation of steam vapour as a motive power, man suddenly passed into a new and portentous chapter of his varied history. Thenceforth, he was to multiply his powers a thousandfold by the utilisation of the invisible powers of Nature—such as vapour and electricity. This prodigious change in his powers, and therefore his environment, has proceeded with ever-accelerating speed. Man has suddenly become the super-man. Like the giants of the ancient fable, he has stormed the very ramparts of Divine power, or, like Prometheus, he has stolen fire of omnipotent forces from Heaven itself for his use. His voice can now reach from the Atlantic to

the Pacific, and, taking wings in his aeroplane, he can fly in one swift flight from Nova Scotia to England, or he can leave Lausanne and, resting upon the icy summit of Mt. Blanc—thus, like “the herald, Mercury, new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill”—he can again plunge into the void, and thus outfly the eagles themselves.

In thus acquiring from the forces of Nature almost illimitable power, he has minimised the necessity for his own physical exertion or even mental skill. The machine now not only acts for him, but almost *thinks* for him. Is it surprising that so portentous a change should have fevered his brain and disturbed his mental equilibrium? A new ideal, which he proudly called “progress,” obsessed him, the ideal of quantity and not quality. His practical religion became that of acceleration and facilitation—to do things more quickly and easily—and thus to minimise exertion became his great objective. Less and less he relied upon the initiative of his own brain and muscle, and more and more he put his faith in the power of machinery to relieve him of labour.

This almost infinite multiplication of human power has tended to intoxicate man. The lust for power has obsessed him, without regard to whether it be constructive or destructive. He consumes the treasures of the earth faster than it produces them, deforesting its surface and disembowelling its hidden wealth. As he feverishly multiplied the things he desired, even more feverishly he multiplied his wants. To gain these, he sought the congested centres of human life. And while the world, as a whole, is not over-populated, the leading countries of civilisation were subjected to this tremendous pressure. Europe, which, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, barely numbered 100,000,000 people, suddenly grew nearly fivefold. Millions left the farms to gather into the cities to exploit their new and seemingly easy conquest over Nature. In the United States, as recently as 1880, only 15 per cent. of our people were crowded in the cities, 85 per cent. remained upon the farms and still followed that occupation, which, of all occupations, still preserves, in its integrity, the dominance of human labour over the machine. To-day, 52 per cent. of our population is in the cities, and with many of them existence is both feverish and artificial. While they have employment, many of them do not themselves work, but spend their lives in watching machines work. The result has been a minute subdivision of labour that has denied to many workers the true significance and physical benefit of labour.

The direct results of this excessive tendency to specialisation whereby not only the work but the worker becomes divided into

mere fragments, are threefold. Hobson, in his work on John Ruskin, thus classifies them. In the first place, *narrowness*, due to the confinement to a single action in which the elements of human skill or strength are largely eliminated; *secondly*, *monotony*, in the assimilation of man to a machine, whereby seemingly the machine dominates man and not man the machine; and, thirdly, *irrationality*, in that work became dissociated in the mind of the worker from any complete or satisfying achievement. The worker does not see the fruit of his travail, and cannot therefore be truly satisfied. To spend one's life in opening a valve to make a part of a pin is, as Ruskin pointed out, demoralising in its tendencies. The clerk who only operates an adding machine has little opportunity for self-expression. Thus, millions of men have lost both the opportunity for real physical exertion, the incentive to work in the joyous competition of skill, and finally the reward of work in the sense of achievement.

More serious than this, however, has been the destructive ideal of quantity, the great object of the mechanical age, at the expense of quality. Take, for example, the printing-press. No one can question the immense advantages which have flowed from the increased facility for transmitting ideas. But may it not be true that the thousandfold increase in such transmission by the rotary press has also tended to muddy the current thought of the time? True it is that the printing-press has piled up great treasures of human knowledge which make this age the richest in accessible information. I am not speaking of knowledge, but rather of the current thought of the living generation. I gravely question whether it has the same clarity as the brain of the generation which fashioned the Constitution of the United States. Its framers could not talk over the telephone for three thousand miles, but have we surpassed them in thoughts of enduring value? Washington and Franklin could not travel sixty miles an hour in a railroad train, or twice that distance in an aeroplane, but does it follow that they did not travel to as good purpose as we, who scurry to and fro like the ants in a disordered ant-heap? Unquestionably, man of to-day has a thousand ideas suggested to him by the newspaper and the library where our ancestors had one; but have we the same spirit of calm inquiry and do we co-ordinate the facts we know as wisely as the Fathers did?

Athens in the days of Pericles had but thirty thousand people and few mechanical inventions; but she produced philosophers, poets and artists whose work after 2000 years still remains the despair of would-be imitators. Shakespeare had a theatre with the ground as its floor and the sky as its ceiling; but New York,

which has over fifty theatres and annually spends \$700,000,000 in the box offices of its varied amusement resorts, has never in two centuries produced a single play that has lived.

To-day, man has a cinematographic brain. A thousand images are impressed daily upon the screen of his consciousness and they are as fleeting as moving pictures in a cinema theatre. The American press prints every year over 29,000,000,000 issues. No one can question its educational possibilities, for the best of all colleges is the University of Gutenberg. If it printed only the truth, its value would be infinite; but who can say in what proportions of this vast volume of printed matter are the true and the false?

Before the beginning of the present mechanical age, the current of living thought could be likened to a mountain stream, which though confined within narrow banks yet had waters of transparent clearness. May not the current of thought of our time be compared with the mighty Mississippi in the period of a spring freshet? Its banks are wide and its current swift, but the turbid stream that flows onward is one of muddy swirls and eddies and overflows its banks to their destruction.

The great indictment, however, of the present age of mechanical power is that it has largely destroyed the spirit of work. The great enigma which it propounds to us, and which, like the riddle of the Sphinx, we will solve or be destroyed, is this :

Has the increase in the potential of human power, through thermodynamics, been accompanied by a corresponding increase in the potential of human character?

To this life and death question, a great French philosopher, Le Bon, writing in 1910, replied that the one unmistakable symptom of human life was "the increasing deterioration in human character," and a great physicist has described the symptoms as "the progressive enfeeblement of the human will." In a famous book, *Degeneration*, written at the close of the nineteenth century, Max Nordau, as a pathologist, explains this tendency by arguing that our complex civilisation has placed too great a strain upon the limited nervous organisation of man. A great financier once said of an existing financial condition that it was suffering from "undigested securities," and, paraphrasing him, is it not possible that man is suffering from undigested achievements and that his salvation must lie in adaptation to his new environment, which, measured by any standard known to science, is a thousandfold greater in this year of grace than it was at the beginning of the nineteenth century?

No one would be mad enough to urge such a retrogression as the abandonment of labour-saving machinery would involve. Indeed, it would be impossible; for, in speaking of its evils, I freely recognise that not only would civilisation perish without its beneficent aid, but that every step forward in the history of man has been coincident with, and in large part attributable to, a new mechanical invention. But suppose the development of labour-saving machinery should reach a stage where all human labour was eliminated, what would be the effect on man? The answer is contained in an experiment which Sir John Lubbock made with a tribe of ants. Originally the most voracious and militant of their species, when denied the opportunity for exercise and freed from the necessity of foraging for their food, in three generations they became anæmic and perished. Take from man the opportunity of work and the sense of pride in achievement and you have taken from him the very life of his existence. Robert Burns could sing as he drove his plowshare through the fields of Ayr. To-day millions, who simply watch an automatic infallible machine, which requires neither strength nor skill, do not sing at their work, but many curse the fate which has chained them like Ixion to a soulless machine.

The evil is even greater.

The specialisation of our modern mechanical civilisation has caused a submergence of the individual into the group or class. Man is fast ceasing to be the unit of human society; self-governing groups are becoming the new units. This is true of all classes of men, the employer as well as the employee. The true justification for the anti-monopoly statutes, including the Sherman anti-trust law, lies not so much in the realm of economics as in that of morals. With the submergence of the individual, whether he be capitalist or wage earner, into a group, there has followed the dissipation of moral responsibility. A mass morality has been substituted for individual morality, and, unfortunately, group morality generally intensifies the vices more than the virtues of man.

Possibly, the greatest result of the mechanical age is this spirit of organisation. Its merits are manifold and do not require statement; but they have blinded us to its demerits.

We are now beginning to see—slowly, but surely—that a faculty of organisation which, as such, submerged the spirit of individualism is not an unmixed good. Indeed, the moral lesson of the tragedy of Germany is the demoralising influence of organisation carried to the nth power. No nation was ever more highly organised than this modern State. Physically, intellectually and spiritually it had become a highly-developed machine; and its dominating

mechanical spirit so submerged the individual that, in 1914, the paradox was observed of an enlightened nation that was seemingly destitute of a conscience. What was true of Germany, however, was true—although in lesser degree—of all civilised nations. In all of them, the individual had been submerged in group formations, and the effect upon the character of man has not been beneficial.

This may explain the paradox of so-called "progress." It may be likened to a great wheel, which, from the increasing domination of mechanical forces, developed an ever-accelerating speed, until by centrifugal action it went off its bearings in 1914 into an unprecedented catastrophe. As man slowly pulls himself out of that gigantic wreck and recovers consciousness, he begins to realise that speed is not necessarily progress.

Of all this, the nineteenth century, in its exultant pride in its conquest of the invisible forces, was almost blind. It not only accepted progress as an unmistakable fact—mistaking, however, acceleration and facilitation for progress—but in its mad pride believed in an immutable law of progress which, working with the blind forces of machinery, would propel man forward. A few men, however, standing on the mountain ranges of human observation, saw the future more clearly than did the mass. Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Samuel Butler, and Max Nordau, in the nineteenth century, and, in our time, Ferrero, all pointed out the inevitable dangers of the excessive mechanisation of human society. Their prophecies were unhappily as little heeded as those of Cassandra.

One can see the tragedy of the time, as a few saw it, in comparing the first *Locksley Hall* of Alfred Tennyson, written in 1827, with its abiding faith in the "increasing purpose of the ages" and its roseate prophecies of the golden age when the "war-drum would throb no longer and the battle flags be furled in the Parliament of Man and the Federation of the World," and the later *Locksley Hall*, written sixty years later, when the great spiritual poet of our time gave utterance to the dark pessimism which flooded his soul:

"Gone the cry of 'Forward, Forward,' lost within a growing gloom;
Lost, or only heard in silence from the silence of a tomb.

Half the marvels of my morning, triumphs over time and space,
Staled by frequency, shrunk by usage, into commonest commonplace!

Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good,
And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud."

This article may seem unduly pessimistic. I fear that this is the case with most men who have crossed their fiftieth year and find themselves, like Dante, in a "dark and sombre wood." I may be subject to the additional reproach that I suggest no remedy. There are many palliatives for the evils which I have discussed. To rekindle in men the love of work for work's sake and the spirit of discipline, which the lost sense of human solidarity once inspired, would do much to solve the problem, for work is the greatest moral force in the world. But I must frankly add that I have neither the time nor the qualifications to discuss the solution of this grave problem.

If we of this generation can only recognise that the evil exists, then the situation is not past remedy; for man has never yet found himself in a blind alley of negation. He is still "captain of his soul and the master of his fate," and to me the most encouraging sign of the times is the persistent evidence of contemporary literature that thoughtful men now recognise that much of our boasted progress was as unreal as a rainbow. While the temper of the times seems for the moment pessimistic, it merely marks the recognition by man of an abyss whose existence he barely suspected but over which his indomitable courage will yet carry him.

I have faith in the living spark of the Divine which is in the human soul and which our complex mechanical civilisation has not yet extinguished. Of this, the World War was in itself a proof. All the horrible resources of mechanics and chemistry were utilised to coerce the human soul, and all proved ineffectual. Never did men rise to greater heights of self-sacrifice or show a greater fidelity "even unto death." Millions went to their graves, as to their beds, for an ideal; and when that is possible, this Pandora's box of modern civilisation, which contained all imaginable evils, as well as benefits, also leaves hope behind.

I am reminded of a remark that the great Roumanian statesman, Taku Jonescu, made during the Peace Conference at Paris. When asked his views as to the future of civilisation, he replied: "Judged by the light of reason there is but little hope, but I have faith in man's 'nextinguishable impulse to live.'"

JAMES M. BECK

(*Solicitor-General of the United States*).

THE RUSH FOR SIBERIA: CAUSES OF THE PRESENT CRISIS IN THE PACIFIC.¹

THE CONSEQUENCES OF DELAY.

WHILE the Bolsheviks were quietly strengthening their hold upon prostrate Russia during the winter of 1917-1918, when it would have been so easy to save the vast regions east of the Volga from their influence, the moderate Socialists (the Pinks) and the Radicals (the Cadets), who had together prepared and tried to control the Revolution and had been driven out of their last imaginary stronghold, the Constituent Assembly, by the ruthless but practical Reds, tried to organise a rally among the sane masses of the Lower Volga. The reaction against Bolshevism was strong and widespread; it was an easy task that fell to the Constituent organisation at Samara. But the Pinks and their associates were organically inefficient and ineffective. They made a mess of a promising enterprise; each was more intent on programmes than on business. Nothing more would have been heard of them had it not been for two independent circumstances: (1) The movement of the Czechs, and (2) the rising of the workmen and peasantry in the Urals and Siberia.

In December, 1917, I had submitted a plan for immediately landing at Vladivostok six Allied brigades—four American, one

(1) Returning from Petrograd just before the Bolshevik revolution, the author drafted a plan of saving Siberia from the Red contagion by temporarily occupying the railway; the United States, Canada, and Japan each sending contingents. This proposal was proved to be acceptable to all the Powers concerned. Japan alone made some objections, but not in principle. Had it been acted upon at the time—December, 1917—the history of subsequent events would have been very different. The plan, as outlined by the author, was, in fact applied one year later almost in all its details, but conditions had by that time altered radically; the Reds had swept the country and left their organisations behind them to weaken and compromise the efforts of the anti-Bolsheviks and their friends. And such Allied effort as became effective was marred by intrigues and jealousies; the inability of Russian parties to pull together found its counterpart in the policy and actions of their foreign friends. These events have indirectly brought about the collapse of Russia's power in the Far East, which is the determining cause of the problem and crisis of the Pacific. The record that follows, based on the author's notes during the year he spent with Kolchak and in the Far East, is particularly interesting at the present time. It gives the inside history of that tragedy which he calls the Siberian Adventure, from which we may derive much information and instruction pertinent to the issues that are to be debated at Washington.

Canadian and one Japanese—and sending them up country to hold the railway line as far as the Urals. The plan was a feasible one; it involved no special difficulty and no risk, for at that time the Reds had no military organisation to speak of.

The Allied and Associated Powers agreed in principle to take this measure, both for political and military reasons: (1) To avert the economic collapse of Russia, and (2) to encourage the loyal Russians who, ignoring the Bolshevik truce with Germany, wished to continue their fight against the Germans and their Red allies. When the plan was submitted to the Japanese Government it pleaded various pretexts for not signifying its acceptance, and the plan was therefore postponed for a whole year. Had the original proposal been acted upon, the Allies would have been in a position to help the anti-Bolshevist elements from the outset of their movement; German plans would have been irreparably compromised, and the Red influence would have suffered severely, perhaps beyond hope of success.

British and French agents on the Lower Volga made matters still worse, however, by promising the early arrival of Allied troops from Archangel. This encouraged hopes, which, being disappointed, led to the first symptoms of discouragement among the National Armies. The advent of the Czechs retrieved to some extent this disappointment, but the Czechs themselves were destined to fall a prey to politicians, who ultimately succeeded in destroying their desire to fight the Reds by making political capital out of other mistakes made by the Allies.

The Japanese postponement had another ill effect. At the end of December, 1917, President Wilson had not yet hardened his opposition to any form whatsoever of conservative action in Russia; hence the assent vouchsafed in Washington to my first suggestion, as put forward through the British Government. Later, we know, he came under the influence of anti-interventionists and did his best to prevent other Powers from intervening, his attitude being reflected in tendencies that were often more favourable to the Reds than to their opponents. Indeed, the despatch of American troops to Siberia in the autumn of 1918 was prompted ostensibly by a desire to help the Czechs to return home, though in reality the presence of an American division in Eastern Siberia was due just as much to the necessity of off-setting the presence of two Japanese divisions.

MADE WORSE BY THE ARMISTICE.

The consequences of delay and of misinformation might have been palliated had the Armistice not given a tremendous stimulus to the Reds. Had the Allied armies gone to Berlin to impose the

terms of peace, the Russian situation would have been radically changed. The Reds in Moscow, whose very origin and existence were bound up with Germany, would have fallen or been so weakened that their hold over the country could have been easily broken by the anti-Red forces in Siberia. But the news of the Armistice, cleverly doctored by Red propagandists, created the impression throughout Russia that the Germans had won.

Again we find Allied policy falling into deplorable mistakes. Having ceased to fight the Germans, we had no lawful pretext for assisting the Russians to continue their war against the Reds—i.e., Germany's allies. The Whites, the Pinks and the Czechs might have safeguarded Siberia from an invasion of the Reds and we might have helped them in a purely defensive campaign. But, far from adopting a consistent policy on these lines, the Allies actually connived at the *coup d'état* of November 18th, 1918, by which Admiral Kolchak was proclaimed nominal dictator over the heads of the Pink Directorate that was ruling the country with the support of the Czechs.

Admiral Kolchak had joined the British Service after his valiant but ineffectual attempt to save the Black Sea Fleet under his command from Bolshevism, and was on his way, *via* the United States, to the Persian Gulf, when a wireless message directed him to proceed to Siberia. It had been sent on the recommendation of General Horvat, manager of the Chinese Eastern Railway, who had been trying to form a government at Harbin and Vladivostok, but had decided that he was not fitted for the task.

After some preliminary conferences at Shanghai and Tokio, the Admiral went to Omsk as Minister of War under the Directorate, being virtually subordinate to General Boldyrev, the military member of the Directorate.

General Knox, the Chief of the British Military Mission, attended by a Russian colonel wearing the British uniform, having consulted with the White or Monarchist officers (mostly Cossacks) at Omsk and decided that the Directorate must go, sought aid for the enterprise from the two leading commanders at the anti-Red front—Generals Diterichs and Gaida.

General Diterichs declined; not because he was an admirer of the Directorate, but because it seemed to him to be the only form of government that was acceptable for the time being; he foresaw its disappearance to give place to something better, but he argued that a forcible overthrow would only help the Reds and their associates. Every word was true, as events showed, but his warnings and advice were unheeded, because General Gaida proved to be willing to rush in where Diterichs feared to tread.

The *coup d'état* was effected by Cossack officers with the con-

nivance of several Pink "statesmen," who betrayed the Directorate to become members of the Omsk Government under Kolchak, and the indirect and unconscious support of Colonel Ward, a British Labour M.P., and a handful of Tommies, the presence of the British uniforms being quite sufficient to discourage opposition.

Avksentiev and Zenzinov were cast into prison and afterwards expelled the country. Boldyrev had been trapped during a visit to the front, arranged for this purpose, and had to go into exile. The other Directors entered the Vologodsky Ministry which ruled under Kolchak's nominal sway.

THE SIBERIAN ADVENTURE.

Thus, exactly one week after the Armistice, which had rendered such aid to the Reds, we helped to upset the organisation that was trying its best—a poor best, I admit—to save Siberia from Bolshevism. Here began what I feel justified in calling the Siberian adventure.

The sole purpose invoked by its promoters was to place the 400,000 troops assembled under the Directorate in a more healthy atmosphere, outside party strife, under one supreme command, and thereby enable the Allies to provide them with munitions in full certainty and security that the supplies would be properly used. There is, of course, a good deal to be said in favour of this view, provided the *moral* of the Army did not suffer and provided, therefore, the new Government enjoyed the open recognition of the Allies.

Not a single one of these essential conditions was available. The Kolchak Government did not receive recognition, mainly because it was suspected of being reactionary—a direct consequence of the *coup d'état* and the tendencies of many of the conspirators—though, as a matter of fact, this reproach against the Vologodsky administration, essentially "Pink" at the outset, provoked a good deal of hilarity among initiated observers.

Party strife continued as bitterly as ever; the reactionaries, finding that they had helped to change a few persons but not the Government, kept the capital in a turmoil, and, unintentionally perhaps, helped the Red propaganda; later, the Pink party organisation also turned against Kolchak.

The Omsk Government embodied all the worst features of the old bureaucratic *régime* and none of its undoubted virtues. The various Ministries were overstaffed to a degree that Petrograd had not known; tens of thousands of refugees encumbered the Government offices, none knowing or caring the least about Siberia

and concerned only about their pay and emoluments and the prospects of an early return to their homes west of the Urals. The War Office was probably the worst of all; it served as the happy hunting ground of the gentry who had been as little as possible at the front in Russia, who had been the first to escape to Siberia, and who had neither the wit nor the stomach for active service there. To expect efficiency or painstaking effort from these people was to expect more than a miracle.

Kolchak was not personally responsible for this disastrous state of affairs; on the other hand, he was quite unable to modify or amend it. Kolchak was a "dictator" only in name; in reality he was a puppet in the hands of hidden forces, Russian and Allied, which, moreover, were in constant opposition to each other.

Neither Great Britain nor the Allies had any justification for encouraging or supporting a *coup d'état* at Omsk unless they were willing to recognise the new Government. This they were not inclined to do. I had satisfied myself on this point while in Washington at the time of the Armistice, which had had the effect of stiffening President Wilson's policy of non-intervention; there was no longer need for urgency in bringing back to Europe the Czechs in accordance with the plans and wishes of President-elect Masaryk, then in Washington, and one of the few persons who were received at the White House. The Czechs, as we know, were the only people in Siberia who interested Mr. Wilson.

The Czechs claimed with good reason that they had done a great deal to drive the Reds out of Siberia and should therefore have been consulted about any change in the Government. They had even helped to remove from Kazan the Russian gold reserve (some 600 millions of gold roubles) that the Reds had not been able to take away. This treasure had been brought to Omsk and formed the principal asset of the Government. It was due principally to the fact that he was a Czech that had prompted the appeal to General Gaida to aid the *coup d'état*. Gaida had ambitions outside the Czech service; he was practically a Russian general, and became one officially soon afterwards. The intention was to mislead opinion abroad into the belief that the Czechs were at the back of the *coup d'état*. As a matter of fact, the Czech National Assembly in Siberia, which had assumed control over the affairs of the Czech forces, knew nothing about the *coup d'état*, and immediately after it denounced it as a plot against the Russian democracy. From that day the Czechs ceased to fight the Red armies or to recognise the Omsk Government, and became a source of scandal and unrest, culminating in Gaida's revolt—which reconciled the Czechs with him—the surrender of Kolchak to the Reds and the loss of the Kazan gold treasure.

II.

WOULD-BE SAVIOURS OF RUSSIA.

It was a bitterly cold day in January, 1919, when the Volunteer Fleet steamer *Simbirsk* landed me at Vladivostok. I had left Russian territory at the other end of the Empire in September, 1917. The flotsam and jetsam of the Revolution had drifted from the Baltic to the Pacific during the interval. Vladivostok was so crowded with refugees and foreign troops and missions of all kinds that I could find no room, and had it not been for the hospitality extended to me by Mr. Consul Hodgson (now in Moscow) and Brigadier-General Blair, I should have had to camp, like many other arrivals, in the station.

Vladivostok was a bewildering place in those days and for a long time afterwards. Every mission had its own experts in the art of saving Russia. None of them deigned to consider the conditions prevailing outside their own immediate circle. Most of them had not even a bowing acquaintance with the country; those who knew it best were in subordinate positions.

The most original suggestion came from the Czech representative Dr. Hirsá, who had practised medicine for the last thirty years in Russia and, not inaptly, regarded the position from a clinical point of view. He proposed that an inter-Allied tribunal should be assembled in Vladivostok—something on the lines of a consultation of specialists—to deliver a diagnosis and prescribe an adequate treatment for each of Russia's many ills. The weak point in the plan was how to "persuade" the patient to follow the treatment.

There was a surfeit of welfare organisations for the soldiers and sailors, and here, as elsewhere, the Japanese held aloof and opened their own Y.M.C.A.

Social entertainment for the privileged and wealthy lent an air of festivity to the place that was ill-suited to the general gloom. But one could not expect the concourse of visitors who were there on business or duty to mourn over Russia's ills. To them the Russian *débâcle* was a stepping-stone to wealth or a career. Besides, many of the Russians—with their usual fatalism—indulged their bent for dissipation when opportunity permitted.

The newly fledged Russian democracy did not figure very conspicuously in politics. When General Diterichs, at the head of the Czech advance, reached Vladivostok in the summer of 1918, the Pink and Red "Governments" that had proclaimed themselves melted away, and local affairs were managed for some time

by the Allies. Then the "zemstvo" or county council, run entirely by Pink schoolmasters, took them over. They had a rooted dislike to the interference of Kolchak's representatives, especially when General Ivanov-Rinov, one of the Cossack War-wicks of Omsk, assumed the functions of Governor-General. As a result of political divergences between the Pink leaders and himself, he had spirited away several of the most uncompromising of the democrats. This had led to energetic protests from General Graves, commanding the American troops. Ivanov-Rinov's actions and antecedents confirmed the American and other missions in the impression that Kolchak's Government was reactionary. These misapprehensions bore some very bad fruit a year later.

The "Soviet" was known to be holding secret sittings in Vladivostok, and its guerilla bands were in ambush outside. The country beyond had been reduced to a state bordering on despair by alternate Red, White and Pink raids. While Vladivostok danced and made merry, the Russian settlers around the city and throughout the Maritime Province had every reason to curse Intervention as an additional complication in the prevailing anarchy.

It is true the railway workers thoroughly appreciated the gifts of clothing and comforts distributed to them by the Allies, and particularly by the Americans, but the political consequences of this charity did not always tend to civic peace and concord.

In a luxurious train by the bayside lived General Horvat, Supreme Agent for the Far East. Under this high-sounding title he was supposed to be administering the regions east of Baikal, but his powers were shadowy; he wisely stuck to his railway business, leaving Ivanov-Rinov to fight it out with his numerous opponents: the Pinks and Reds, the Cossack atamans of the Far East, each of whom wanted to play the part of Napoleon, and the Allies—a task beyond the wit of mortal man.

Unkind people suggested that Kolchak had sent the Omsk ataman to this post on purpose to get rid of him.

TO OMSK AND BACK BY EXPRESS.

By special favour I obtained a place in the Omsk express, which had not been running for a considerable time; this trip being intended to demonstrate the beneficent effects of Kolchak's rule. Fares were prohibitive—about four times the previous rates—few of the passengers travelled on private business, the majority of these being smugglers engaged in carrying American saccharine to sugarless Siberia and bringing back Turkestan opium for China.

We covered the 3,000 miles in a week with only one serious interruption. Near Krasnoiarsk the line had been cut by Red bands, with a view, no doubt, to wrecking our train and plundering it. A score of British officers going up the line to act as instructors and interpreters prepared to sell their lives dearly. We got through without firing a shot. I noticed that each side of the double track was strewn with the wreckage of previous trains.

This section continued to be a source of trouble. The settlers in the immediate vicinity were Letts, a race that has displayed a marked preference for the Reds throughout Russia's troubles.

Just before we reached Omsk the Reds had organised a revolt of the workers at the village of Koulomzino, on the opposite side of the River Irtysh, and had tried to seize the railway to the Urals. With the help of loyal troops and Cossacks the movement was drowned in blood, but Omsk remained in a nervous state. The Reds thereupon confined themselves to subterraneous work in organising trouble among the railway workers along the 4,000 miles of line between the Urals and the Pacific.

I saw Kolchak at the end of February, 1919, barely two months after the *coup d'état*. He was already beginning to doubt the wisdom of his usurpation, however unselfish and patriotic had been his motives. No class, section or party (except perhaps the Cadets) gave him real support; the peasant-farmers, the very backbone of the country, did not seem to know of his existence. Even the Allies had proved a broken reed. He was trying, vainly enough, to stimulate recognition by appealing to each in turn, even to the Japanese, for whom he had an inveterate dislike. Without recognition, he was bound to lose all support, and his defeat meant a "Red" Siberia, and the complete ruin of his country.

The Allied representatives in Omsk were divided into two hostile camps, diplomatic and military, but the line of cleavage followed capricious courses. The British military mission was, of course, all for Kolchak, who was, more or less, its creation; the British High Commissioner held aloof, remaining much of the time in Vladivostok, where the atmosphere was more congenial to his tastes and inclinations. The French military mission was by no means enthusiastic in its relations with Kolchak; General Janin, its chief, was also "Commander-in-Chief of the Allied forces west of Baikal"—in other words, of the Czechs, Poles, Serbs, Rumanians, and other "auxiliaries"—and as his most important command was the Czecho-Slovak Army, whose attitude towards Kolchak has been explained, one may infer the rest. Moreover, there were personal rivalries between the chiefs of the

two Allied military missions which dated back to the days of the war in Russia. On the other hand, the French High Commissioner, M. de Martel, and later M. Maugras, were altogether in favour of recognising Kolchak.

AMERICAN POLICY.

The United States had no diplomatic representative in Siberia—to emphasise a nominal abstention from intervention which in itself was more eloquent than overt acts or words; for the Pinks and Reds interpreted it as a demonstration in their favour, which was in fact underlined by the military representation east of Baikal. Mr. Consul-General Harris, who was at Omsk for the Washington Government, knew the situation well enough to appreciate the necessity of recognition; his colleague at the head of the Trade Board in Vladivostok reported to the United States Government in the same sense.

General Graves, and the division of United States troops from the Philippines which was under his command, had come to Siberia principally on account of the Czechs; hence the relations between American and Czech headquarters in Vladivostok were of the closest. Naturally, also, the political tendencies of the Czechs enjoyed great prestige among the Americans, both because of the gallant part played by them and their long sojourn in Russian territory, and also because they were believers in a republic for themselves and for Russia.

The Czech influence and prestige, exercised in Washington as well as in Vladivostok, accounts for a great deal of the inveterate opposition to Kolchak and to any advocates of a non-Socialist *régime* that was systematically exerted by American headquarters, although General Graves personally had nothing of the political partisan about him, and was, indeed, a most charming and well-intentioned soldier.

The *personnel* of the military and of the "welfare" missions from the States often lacked the proper sense of impartiality because of the large number of Russian Jews that were employed as interpreters, or had been residing in the Philippines at the time of the American conscription. One of General Graves's regiments came to Vladivostok with 400 Russian Jews in its ranks, these gentlemen having acquired American citizenship little expecting to be enrolled for active service in the Russian dominions.

The attitude of these warriors to the country and its people may be more easily imagined than described. One of their first acts was to stir up a revolt among the inhabitants of Habarovsk.

against the local Cossack administration. Why these men should have been sent to Habarovsk remains a mystery, but they were removed thence, and many of the Hebrew politicians were ultimately winnowed out of the ranks.

Incidents of this kind, unimportant in themselves, served to deepen the general conviction that American policy and activity had one aim and object: the restoration of Socialism, Pink or Red, in Siberia.

Mr. Ambassador Morris came over occasionally from Tokio to Vladivostok, but, for reasons already given, was unable to obtain information at all favourable to Kolchak.

When the year had advanced, and Kolchak's position had sustained irreparable damage from the persistent delay of Allied recognition, some misgivings must have arisen within the recesses of Wilsonian counsels as to the future of Siberia and the possible consequences to American interests of a Bolshevist advance to the Pacific, which had been previously regarded with equanimity as something more particularly disagreeable for Japan. Mr. Morris came to Omsk; with him came General Graves.

I had prolonged conversations with them both, and I think I am right in saying that their views about Kolchak underwent a considerable change. It was currently believed that they had been converted to the necessity of recognising the Kolchak Government; but later it was rumoured that on their return to Vladivostok they had again changed their minds. It did not much matter, for Kolchak's fate was already sealed.

THE JAPANESE POINT OF VIEW.

Japan had sent some of her ablest diplomatists and soldiers to Siberia—I need only mention Mr. Matsudeira and General Inagaki—and, besides being exceedingly well informed, had a special reason for supporting a Government that was committed to fighting Bolshevism. Why, then, did she hesitate to recognise Admiral Kolchak?

While in Tokio I had seen the Minister of War, General Tanaka, and had been informed by him that he was entirely in favour of such recognition, and was asked to transmit these words as a message to Admiral Kolchak. The Government was sending a special mission to Omsk that would confirm this assurance.

I gave the message to Admiral Kolchak and later met the special envoy, whom I had last seen in Petrograd. He was Rear-Admiral Tanaka, an old acquaintance of Kolchak's, having been the Japanese naval attaché in the Black Sea. The choice of a sailor was a special compliment to Admiral Kolchak; it seemed that

Japan was really in earnest, and that she would take the initiative in recognising him; however, it turned out that the mission had another object, viz., to obtain the sanction of Omsk to certain concessions, territorial and commercial, in the Far East, which the Japanese had in view; in a word, Japan was merely playing for safety. She wanted to make sure that the Omsk Government would not, if it did happen to last out, interfere with the proposed "concessions." And if it fell and the Reds took its place, Japan would have other sanctions at hand.

By virtue of a self-denying ordinance, skilfully staged, the Japanese had restricted their military action to the territories east of Baikal, which alone interested them. The Japanese general at Vladivostok, being of senior rank and having more troops under his command, was granted the title of Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces in Eastern Siberia; thus the American division, the Canadian brigade, the Czech and other troops were nominally subordinate to him.

Japanese interests being strictly confined to the territory east of Baikal, it was there that the agents of Tokio exerted their main action upon the political destinies of the country, an action that was independent of, and often contrary to, the intentions and interests of Omsk. They acted mainly through reactionary channels, just as the Americans acted—unconsciously perhaps—through revolutionary channels. The result in either case was the same: the undermining of Kolchak's authority beyond Baikal; but it is permissible to add that this result was far from being equally consistent with the respective interests of the two Powers concerned.

The Japanese sought their ends by supporting the Cossack chieftains, the Atamans of Ussuri, the Amur and Trans-Baikalia. With the help of these men they were able to prevent a Red invasion till they had themselves taken necessary steps to secure a tight hold upon the maritime regions, events that are dealt with in the concluding part of this article.

That Cossacks should have indirectly helped to bring about Kolchak's downfall, after having brought him into power, was illustrated in Western as well as in Eastern Siberia. Some explanation of this contradiction is called for.

III.

THE COSSACK DEMOCRACY.

There are about 6,000,000 Cossacks in Russia and Siberia, but very little is known about them, although they have played an immense part in the history of their country.

The Cossack is not, as one generally imagines him, half policeman, half nomad, always wielding the knout; he is a respectable, law-abiding farmer, who holds his lands without fee or payment other than that of military service, which he must be ready to bear whenever called upon, bringing his horse and arms with him—such at all events was his position before the downfall.

Originally the Cossacks were composed of the young hotheads who preferred a life of adventure on the borders to a stay-at-home existence. It was this free, roving life that left a deep imprint of disciplined democracy in the Cossack organisation: they had to obey orders in order to win battles and conquer new lands; so from early days they elected their chieftains and elders, while remaining in their daily lives equal and free.

The still waters of the Don mirrored the birth of the first Cossack "army" and its "stanitsas" or villages; thence they spread to the four quarters of Holy Russia. Cossacks won the whole of Siberia for their homeland. Within Siberia at the present day there are more than half a million Cossacks, half of whom are settled to the east and half to the west of Baikal.

Under the Tsars the liberties of the early Cossacks were steadily curtailed. Narrow-minded Ministers feared lest the democratic methods of Cossack organisation might pervert the less advanced population. Also, the privileged and noble classes sought advantages therein for themselves. The chief offices ceased to be elective and the officers became "nobles," while atamans, appointed by the Crown, obtained large grants out of the land reserve belonging to each army. These innovations seriously affected the equality and the liberties of the Cossacks, but they bore with them so as to keep their lands. With the process of time the memory of the old liberties faded, but never completely.

Active service never disheartened the Cossacks, but they did not relish being called out to quell disturbances, and were ruthless towards rioters and strikers because they regarded them as shirkers and because they themselves wanted to return to their homes as quickly as possible.

The Revolution restored all the lost liberties; immediately the Cossacks proceeded to elect their atamans, choosing eminent Cossack leaders like General Kaledin and young chiefs like Dutov. But the Revolution finally brought its ill-effects also. The younger Cossacks succumbed like the young peasants to the specious wiles of professional propagandists, and allowed non-Cossacks to enter their organisation. A ladies' tailor, a Jew, was one of the atamans elected by the Kuban Cossacks. Reaction followed, and for a time it was hoped that the Cossacks would reject further dealings with the Reds. This was not so, and the

fact must be attributed as much to the officer class among them, who were too prone towards reaction, as to the persistency and skill of revolutionary propaganda.

In Siberia the Cossacks were just as little apt for Communism as the wealthy peasant-farmers, and followed their leaders willingly enough against the Reds—at Omsk to establish Kolchak, in the Far East against the revolutionary guerillas—till they began to have doubts as to whether these acts had not some sinister and hidden meaning. In either case it was the ataman who took the political initiative; in either case the Cossacks who had elected them fell away. The Red bait, “no more military servitude”—for the land was to be free—did not demoralise the Cossacks so much as the revolutionary appeal to their old-time democracy; the younger men especially were eager to wipe out the reproach of having long helped to repress popular movements by displaying revolutionary ardour, and the domestic strife that arose in Russian villages between unsophisticated youths and the older and wiser heads was enacted with still greater passion in the stanitsas.

It is not difficult to understand why the Omsk or Siberian Cossacks supported Kolchak in the beginning, and why the Trans-Baikalian “army” went with Ataman Semenov against Kolchak. In the end, however, both “armies” were dominated by the “Young Cossack” element which had to do the fighting, and preferred an inglorious peace with the Reds. These developments will be mentioned later.

SETTLERS OLD AND NEW.

The Cossacks were the first-comers and settled the choicest places, along the great rivers, as they had done in South Russia; after them came a slow stream of emigrants and convicts, criminal and political. In the course of three centuries this influx represented some five millions of population. The greater number were peasant-farmers; they settled the next best places, on the banks of the lesser rivers. The non-farming element formed the nucleus of the town and mining populations.

The Mongolo-Tatar tribes who had been masters of the land moved aside, northward and southward, to make room for this invasion, all the more easily because they were nomad or primitive peoples who were not tied down to any particular place.

These natives are at present as numerous as the old settlers. The Kirghiz, a pastoral Tatar nation inhabiting the great steppe of Western Siberia, are the most important group. To them the Revolution has brought promise of regaining their independence and keeping the Russian settler from making further encroachments on their pasture lands. They immediately proclaimed a

"republic," and have supplied the Bolsheviks with some of their most blood-thirsty levies; indeed, the Kirghiz horsemen, the Lettish battalions—also fighting for their republic—and the Chinese mercenaries (formed of coolies who had been employed in Russia during the war) were the mainstay of the Moscow Guards. The Buriats, a semi-nomad Mongol tribe inhabiting Trans-Baikalia, and their cousins the Yakouts, who had long ago been ousted from the Baikal-region towards the frozen north by the pressure of more warlike Mongols, constituted the bulk of the native element north and east of the Holy Lake.

After the disastrous war with Japan, the Russian peasantry, having heard much from returning soldiers about the wealth of the country, emigrated to Siberia in vast numbers, exceeding within ten years the exodus of three previous centuries. The Government also woke up to the danger of leaving these vast territories unoccupied and did everything to encourage emigration. Thanks to this circumstance, the number of white settlers in Siberia has been doubled within this century. It is still woefully insufficient to counteract the political encroachments of Japan on the one hand and the far more dangerous colonising power of China on the other hand.

Revolutionary propaganda, Pink as well as Red, has introduced a still more disturbing condition. The blind instinct of the mass, which rarely fails when the necessities of self-preservation are at stake, has stimulated patriotic nationalism among these exiles of the Far Eastern border, which has been perverted by anti-national influences, but must in the end assert itself on the side of normal conditions of national growth—provided, of course, the home-land has not succumbed meanwhile to the anti-national scourge.

FOUR GREAT COUNTRIES IN ONE.

After returning to Vladivostok in March, 1919, I retraversed the whole breadth of Siberia in leisurely fashion. General Diterichs offered me a place in his train. He had been superseded in his command for not having supported the *coup d'état* and had obtained Kolchak's permission to render assistance in connection with the investigation of the Romanov murder case. An immense quantity of relics had been found in shops and houses in Ekaterinburg and other places in the Urals. Most of these things had no interest for the investigator, and Admiral Kolchak had decided to have them sent to the relatives of the unfortunate Imperial family. General Diterichs had brought them and handed them over to Commodore Edwards of H.M.S. *Kent* stationed at the time at Vladivostok.

To this circumstance I owed the opportunity of renewing

acquaintance with one of the most capable and distinguished soldiers that I had met on the Russian front, and through him, during the journey and the many months I was destined to pass in his company, I had access to information of the highest value for a proper comprehension of Siberian events.

The four thousand miles of territory that divide the Urals from the Pacific are generally designated under the comprehensive but misleading term of Siberia : in reality they comprise four quite distinct and separate countries : distinct in regard to outward conformation : separate because each of them is endowed with the essentials of food and fuel.

First, there is the maritime country, extending from the Korean frontier to Behring Straits, which thanks to the influence of the warm ocean enjoys climatic conditions different from the lands of the Amur valley behind it. The Ussuri region, between Corea and the Lower Amur, is extremely fertile and well colonised by Cossacks and new-comers. It contains fine coal deposits around Vladivostok. There are coal and oil in Sahalin (which the Japanese have quietly annexed), and magnificent forests on the Lower Amur, especially oak, which are practically untouched.

The Amur valley, including the tributaries of the great river, is surrounded and intersected by spurs of the huge mountain system of the Hinghans. It is an alternation of vast impenetrable jungle (*taiga*) and fertile prairie bordered on the west by the sandy dunes of the Mongolian wilderness and the bleak wind-swept plateau of Trans-Baikalia. It is probably the richest and most varied game country in the world : it is the original home of the pheasant, the abode of the hugest and most ferocious tigers and the haunt of the most precious of fur-bearing animals, the sable and the silver-fox. Its native tribes are renowned hunters and trappers. The upper reaches of the Amur are fertile ; it is there that the Trans-Baikal "army," the most numerous of the Cossack bodies east of the Urals, have their main habitat. There is also a large colony of new-comers from Russia. The Buriats inhabit the plateau.

Manchuria is the natural granary of the Amur region. Without Manchurian wheat these dwellers on the plateau cannot well subsist. Fuel is available in great abundance. Manchuria has immense forests and enormous coal deposits, many of which are untouched. There are also great coal measures in Trans-Baikalia and huge forests on the Upper Amur.

The *taiga* country comes next. It extends from Baikal to the Ob, ranging from the Alpine valleys of the Altai and great mountains gradually merging into the frozen swamps of the Lena. It is a country of great varieties of climate, including the coldest

place in the world and some of the few sheltered and warm places in Siberia. It is also rich in game and fur animals, and beyond all conception rich in precious minerals. The opening of the fertile Altai region, formerly an Imperial domain, to colonisation by the late Tsar, has helped to develop its great agricultural resources. The north is peopled by semi-pastoral Yakouts with a small sprinkling of Russian settlers; the Russian colonists are near the railway and in the Altai, which produces enough food for this country under normal conditions. Huge forests can provide fuel for long years. The railway has used up the neighbouring timber reserves and is run on coal, of which one of the largest deposits in the world is to be found at the famous Kuznetsky fields.

Beyond the Ob open out the great prairie lands of Western Siberia, famous for dairy produce and capable of raising enough wheat to feed all Europe. Exceeding the Middle-West and the new territories in the north of the United States and Canada, this loam land extends a thousand miles from Novo-Nikolaievsk to Cheliabinsk and as far from Tobolsk to the southern limits of the Kirghiz steppe. It is the oldest settled land in Siberia and agriculturally the richest. It also has vast coal deposits along the upper reaches of the Irtysh, the largest seams holding the record for thickness of any in the world. The abundance of coal makes up for the lack of wood fuel in this prairie zone.

BOUND TOGETHER WITH THE HOMELAND.

Although each of these four huge countries would therefore be capable of maintaining a separate and independent existence if they were able to confine themselves to primitive conditions—hunting, fishing and a little agriculture—such as prevailed in the old days, the requirements of modern life render any such independence quite impossible: Siberia requires mining machinery and above all agricultural implements, besides all sorts of manufactured goods which it is unable to produce. All these requisites have to come from afar: by railway from Europe or from the Pacific coast. Its magnificent rivers all flow northward into the frozen Ocean which jealously guards the entrances. The Amur alone takes a milder course, but goes north to empty itself into the chill waters of Ohotsk. River transport can never be more than auxiliary. Thus, not only are these different countries dependent upon outside sources of supply, but they cannot manage without each other's co-operation for transport and transit.

Prior to the Red débâcle, Russian industries supplied all Siberia's wants, excepting a certain quantity of American agricultural machinery that had been first in the field to enable the enterprising Siberian farmer to cultivate huge tracts of prairie

land, and still held its own against the inferior home-made implements. Practically all manufactured wares came from the European side : by railway as far as Baikal ; by steamer to Vladivostok for the Russian Far East.

The dairy produce of Western Siberia went by rail to Baltic ports for shipment to England ; wool from Western Mongolia and furs from Siberia followed the same course. Some raw produce went eastward from the lands between Baikal and the Pacific.

Now it is a well-established law that the course of trade cannot be lightly upset. We are witnessing the tragedy of Poland whose long severed parts cannot coalesce afresh into an economic organism. Siberia, entirely dependent upon a single artery, was in a much worse condition. The tremendous efforts made by the Allies to supply Kolchak's administration with necessities as well as munitions failed to a large extent because the old avenues of trade and supply had been severed. I remember witnessing the despair of the Siberian farmers who could not obtain the necessary twine for their reaper-binders and had to fasten the sheaves by hand.

It is almost inconceivable that the western and by far the more populous and rich portion of Siberia will ever be supplied from the Pacific side, even if the cost and difficulty of railway transport could be overcome, for there is no countervailing freight to return that way.

The close organic connection between Siberia and the homeland is sufficiently obvious in the light of these positive facts, and loose speculation about an independent Siberia is just as absurd from a political as well as from an economic standpoint, for the two are inseparably bound up with the future of the Russian settlers east of the Urals.

It was quite obvious to the Siberian peasant, for after the first taste of Bolshevism he instinctively rallied to the anti-Red colours. The 400,000 troops of the Omsk Directorate knew pretty well what they were fighting for : they realised that a Red Russia meant a helpless Siberia. A great and grievous responsibility lies upon those who brought dissension into their ranks—the Pink theoreticians as well as the blundering Allies.

IV.

THE ANTI-RED CAMPAIGN.

How and why did a campaign undertaken in such a just, popular and democratic cause come to an inglorious end? There were many contributory causes, some of which have been already suggested. An attempt will be made to array them all in their

order and importance, but the very character of the struggle must be emphasised at once : it was a civil war, and as such profoundly at variance with the soft-hearted Slav nature. So long as the war with Germany was maintained by the Allies, this internecine taint was not so noticeable ; but the Armistice destroyed the moral basis of the campaign in the Urals.

Why should one Russian peasant want to kill another Russian peasant who happened to be fighting on the side of those who had made a separate peace with Germany, once Russia's Allies had also compounded with her foes—the German and the Bolshevik being in the same boat? No doubt the soldiers mobilised on either side did not ask themselves this question in this way : they did not know enough nor were educated enough to do so ; but they reasoned it out in their own way, a much simpler one : Were the Allies backing them up or not? Everything depended on the answer to this question ; it became apparent that the answer was a negative one. The peasant mind jumped at once to a natural conclusion. If the Allies are not fighting on our side, they must be friends with the Germans and with the Reds. Then what is the good of our going on killing our brothers? The very first doubts on this point were the death signals of Kolchak's power.

Only one condition could have stilled these torturing doubts : uninterrupted success in the field. Efficient leadership and training and adequate munitionment were prerequisites of such success. None of them were available.

The strategy of the campaign was fundamentally weak because it predicated a junction between the Siberian forces and the Allied columns landed at Archangel. The absurdity of this plan became still more apparent after the Armistice, for the landing of Allied troops in the north of Russia had been ostensibly justified by Russian operations against Germany. Had the Archangel columns joined us at Viatka, we should have had a quaint juxtaposition : British troops fighting the Reds on the one side and being forbidden to do so on the other. There was only one sound strategy on the Siberian front : to combine with Denikin in a direct advance upon Moscow ; but this did not suit the strategists of Whitehall and they selected the Boy-General Gaida to carry out their venture.

The tactics of the campaign were left to fortune and the inspiration of individual leaders the supposition among the wisecracks in the rear being that it was simply a continuation of the European front. Nothing could have been further from the facts : it was a guerilla war conducted by comparatively small effectives over immense distances. The enormous advantage of mounted infantry in such warfare could not be overestimated. The Siberians had

both horses and riders; the Reds were certainly inferior in this respect. But the Reds made use of mounted infantry, while the Siberians did not. When this new arm made its appearance against us, the anti-Red front broke.

There were no trained reserves; raw levies came into the field luxuriously equipped, while the old fighters had been uncared for; the new-comers and their British uniforms went over to the Reds to the unmitigated disgust and fury of the fighters, who thereupon refused to admit any more reserves, preferring to die like gentlemen; but even this privilege was denied them, for they were decimated by typhus—a consequence of their ragged and soapless condition.

General Diterichs was reinstated in his command when matters had already assumed a hopeless phase. He saw no chance of success without Allied recognition and without some form of appeal to the masses. Kolchak thereupon ordered the immediate convocation of a Constituent Assembly and made another desperate bid for recognition.

THE COSSACK BETRAYAL.—KOLCHAK'S END.

To hold the Reds at bay, it was all important that an offensive movement should be undertaken before winter set in, so that the elections for the Constituent should be held without fear of a Red invasion.

There was only one means of checking the enemy: by calling out the Cossacks. A general crusade against Bolshevism was preached, Mussulmans and Christians being invited to join together against the common foe.

General Dutov, who had left his Cossacks in the Urals hard pressed, came to add his influence to stimulating the Cossacks in Siberia. The Omsk Ataman Ivanov-Rinov had come back from Vladivostok; the wily Semenov promised to send help from Trans-Baikalia, but did not do so. The Cossack mobilisation at Omsk proved a delusion—they would not fight. Kolchak refused to carry out Diterichs's demand for an immediate evacuation of Omsk and the transfer of the gold reserve eastward, and on this account Diterichs resigned his command. A week later (November 15th, 1919) the Reds were in possession of Omsk and the remnants of the Kolchak régime were scattered along the railway, comparatively few surviving the horrors and privations of that last and most dreadful retreat.

The Vologodsky ministry had undergone a good many partial changes before the end came; its Pink complexion had been bleached by the addition of several nondescripts, but its efficiency had not gained thereby in the least. Reaching Irkutsk in safety,

the ministers found their position far from secure owing to the Pink and Red activity in the city and its neighbourhood. Volodgodsky resigned. Pepeliaev, an honest, well-meaning person, took his place, and immediately returned up the line in search of Kolchak.

Throughout the retreat the railway was in an appalling state: hundreds of trains full of refugees had been frozen and immobilised; the various "auxiliaries" who were guarding the line would not give a single locomotive from their section, knowing that their own lives were at stake; Poles and Czechs had sanguinary encounters on this account. Into this inferno Kolchak had gone, leaving Omsk at the very last moment, and was trying to get past Baikal. He would not be separated from his two trainloads of treasure; engines could not be obtained, and he soon lost touch with the outside world. Pepeliaev found him and remained with him.

The old differences with the Czechs were directly or indirectly the cause of Kolchak's end. His surrender was demanded by the revolutionaries and not opposed by the Czechs. Before his surrender he was able to send a communication to Ataman Semenov appointing him his *locum tenens* pending the acceptance of the supreme command by General Denikine.

Before the year was out Kolchak was a prisoner of the Reds, and early in February, 1920, he was shot. Pepeliaev shared his fate. The other ministers had fled to places of safety abroad, some being smuggled through Trans-Baikalia in American Red Cross trains disguised as wounded soldiers. The huge treasure of gold and platinum that had come from Kazan disappeared—it weighed over 600 tons.

ATAMAN SEMENOV.

The opportunity that the Trans-Baikalian Napoleon had so long sought, even at the price of betraying Siberian unity and the interests of Russia, came to him from the man whom he had most hated and envied and who cordially disliked him: Admiral Kolchak.

Ever since he had taken the field against the Reds, as he was the first to do—early in 1918—Semenov had regarded himself as the rightful leader of the anti-Bolshevist movement and systematically opposed and interfered with anybody who had the presumption to challenge his ambitious claim.

Trans-Baikalia offered unrivalled opportunities for mischief. All roads into Siberia converge within this territory. Semenov, like a robber baron, could levy toll on everything that came either way. He used his opportunities not wisely but too well. A chorus

of execration went up from owners of goods in transit. Not content with mere spoliation, the wild spirits that had gathered around the Ataman and his Asiatic "court" practised mediæval methods of extortion. Military supplies going up country were guarded by Allied troops or they, also, would have been plundered.

Semenov had the support of the numerous Cossack "army" of Trans-Baikalia, as large as all the other "armies" in Siberia put together; he also had behind him the Buriats, an important Mongol tribe, and the Mongols themselves with whom he was related by ties of blood; besides all this, he was backed by the Japanese. It is not surprising that a very young,¹ extremely capable and ambitious chief should have considered himself quite able to hold his head very high with all this array of force behind him. But his methods and his entourage soon caused a breach between him and the people: first with the peasant-farmers, then with the Cossacks and last with the Buriats. He had a few units like the Mongolo-Buriat division of mercenaries and the Japanese troops that he could rely upon, and he continued to hold the country with the aid of armoured trains that kept the population in a state of terrified subjection.

Semenov's attitude towards Omsk had "improved" as his own affairs grew less prosperous; a sort of reconciliation was effected between him and Kolchak, and as we have seen, the Ataman had even promised to send Cossacks to support the offensive that was to save Siberia. But, as a matter of fact, he had no Cossacks to spare, for most of his "army" had gone over to the Reds and was causing him much anxiety.

Dutov had come on a tour of inspection of all the Cossack "armies" and came back with his report to Kolchak. Had he ascertained or guessed the truth? I cannot say. I saw a good deal of Dutov in Omsk before the *débâcle* and still more of Semenov during a prolonged halt in Chita, his "capital"; but neither of them stated the real facts. Semenov sought to explain away the awkward situation by stating that his Cossacks were sulking because he could not supply and equip them properly. (He abused Horvat for holding up trainloads of Manchurian wheat.) But could the Reds? Even less than Semenov. How then came the "sulkers" to have joined a still hungrier band? Semenov did not relish these queries.

But Kolchak had not been deceived by the wily Ataman. The real reason why the gold treasure remained with Kolchak and

(1) Semenov was only 29. Up to the age of 17 he had shepherded the Cossack flocks in Mongolia, near his father's *stanitsa* on the Trans-Baikalian border. He had risen from the ranks by sheer force of ability. Colonel Morrow, commanding the U.S. regiment which was stationed in northern Trans-Baikalia, knew the uncivilised side of him, which still predominated.

was lost must be sought in the Trans-Baikalian tendency to intercept valuable freights, whether bullion or precious furs, unless they had paid duty to the Ataman or the Ataman's retainers. As a matter of fact a whole carload of gold had been sent from Omsk before the *débâcle* to be deposited abroad. Semenov calmly intercepted it, and was very proud of the fact afterwards: it enabled him to hold Chita for many months.

Kolchak appealed to Semenov only when he saw that his own fate and the treasure that he had so jealously guarded were beyond reclaim.

V.

THE AFTERMATH.

Delays and mistakes on the Allied side, lack of unity and moral force on the Russian, had entailed the overthrow of the Siberian Government and with it the hope of saving Russia from dissolution.

West of Baikal the Allied effort was split by divergences between England and France, local and personal as well as general; each country, while ostensibly working for the revival of Russia, had a precisely opposite object in view: France in the creation of a Great Poland, England in the recognition of innumerable border states. This duality was bound to lead to confusion and weakness. The German influence, ever watchful, took full advantage of this fact to detach Russian sympathies from the Allied side.

East of Baikal the conflicting aims and interests of Japan and the United States held the field, and irresistibly drew various sections of the population into their respective orbits.

Japan's interest tended to discourage a revival of Russia's power, but also any extension of Bolshevism. To attain these ends she had to foster the creation of a separate Far Eastern State under Japanese auspices, and she chose the Atamans as her instruments, perhaps because she had no alternative.

The American interest quite obviously consisted in re-establishing Russia's influence and unity in the Far East. We have seen in the preceding record how wide was the breach between this interest and its attainment. American policy appeared to be guided by a tendency to act in opposition to Japan and the other Allies for the mere sake of opposition, or under the delusion that the so-called democratic parties represented possible State organisations, whereas in reality they have little in common with the

American or European conception of a political body. In the end, after having encouraged these dreamers, the United States abandoned them to their own devices. The further weakening of Russia was the result of this halting policy.

I have already depicted the play of cross currents in Vladivostok. Before the Omsk *débâcle*, and doubtless to precipitate it, the Pinks at Irkutsk plotted with General Gaida to organise an uprising in the Far East. Gaida obtained the support of the Czechs because he had turned his back on Kolchak. The "allied" missions in Vladivostok did not discourage the conspirator, and had he acted skilfully he would have had a walk-over, but he bungled things here as he had done at the Front; his "revolution" was a miserable failure in which many misguided workmen lost their lives. General Rozanov, who had replaced Ivanov-Rinov after repressing a peasant revolt in Central Siberia, was able with the unobtrusive assistance of the Japanese to drown the movement in blood. Thereupon Gaida left the country, taking a great quantity of loot with him.

While I was in Vladivostok in January, 1920, the Pinks tried again, and as Kolchak had gone under the Russian troops joined them; it was a bloodless revolution. Colonel Eichelberger of the American Staff took an active part in this movement. Rozanov and his adherents found sanctuary in the Japanese headquarters. A Pink government composed of schoolmasters took nominal charge, for they were able to exercise authority, thanks mainly to the Japanese who "protected" them from the encroachments of the Reds.

A month later the Russian employees of the Chinese Eastern line indulged in a political strike, the consequence of which was the practical absorption of this great Russian enterprise by the Chinese. The unfortunate employees realised too late that they had been the victims of Red propaganda. The Red government in Moscow at the same time surrendered all Russia's rights and privileges in the Far East as secured by her treaties with China.

The Czech evacuation over, American troops left Siberia, whereby the Pinks were more than ever at the mercy of the Reds and dependent upon Japanese support. In July, 1920, the Japanese troops left Trans-Baikalia. Immediately a Red government was set up. It sent an official request for an American bank to be opened in Chita. The Reds next organised a wholesale massacre of the Japanese at Nikolaievsk near the mouth of the Amur. By way of "reprisals" the Japanese thereupon formally took over the administration of Sahalin and parts of the littoral, strengthening their hold upon Kamchatka and the estuary of the Amur.

THE REAL YELLOW PERIL.

Wherein lies the danger that is universally felt in the Pacific if not in the future destinies of China and Siberia?

The bulk of the Chinese people are constitutionally unwarlike, but the Japanese and the Russians both carry a strong warrior strain. The disappearance of Russian power leaves Japan in control. The weakness of the Russians in the Far East exposes them to another danger; the swamping of Siberia by Chinese emigrants.

Japan's interest in China and in Siberia is not a colonising but entirely a commercial one. The Japanese cannot thrive in a cold climate, but they can live at home on the Siberian market. Does it follow, then, that the United States and other countries that are threatened by Japanese emigration should abandon Siberia to the pushful islanders? Scarcely, for an industrial country requires foreign markets and the United States cannot afford to give up Siberia any more than China. Politically, such a step would be still less possible, for it would involve a principle suicidal to American interests, which are bound up with Russia's unity and revival.

The Japanese government has long been cultivating relations with the Moslem world with the very comprehensible purpose of coming into touch with the Mussulmans of Central Asia. The weakening of Russia's power may place Japan in a very strong position on the western borders of China, whereof the population is of the warlike kind that might serve ulterior aims of world conquest.

From whatever point of view the Siberian situation may be regarded, it becomes apparent that the world's peace is bound up with a revival of Russia's power. That aim cannot be served except by preventing any monopoly by any one power of the Siberian market or diminution of territorial rights, or attained except by a restoration of Russia herself; for without the homeland Siberia as a Russian colony must perish.

British and French policy in regard to Russia will bring its natural fruit. If Russia perishes as an independent State it will require generations to readjust the disjointed segments into a series of economic organisms. We see, for instance, the economic chaos of Poland, deprived of her natural market in Russia. If Russia survives she must absorb the self-constituted border States, and Poland will have to come into the Russian customs union under pain of economic exhaustion. In neither case will France or England benefit. If Russia recovers, she will scarcely thank them for what they have done; if she succumbs for all time, the principal beneficiaries will be her immediate neighbours in the East and in the West.

ROBERT WILTON.

PRICES AND PRODUCTIVITY.

On February 28th, 1797, the Bank of England was by Order in Council prohibited from paying gold on demand, and this prohibition, which is technically known as the "Bank Restriction," continued until 1821, when it was rescinded and parity with gold was restored at the old rate of £3 17s. 10½d. per ounce. During the period of the restriction, though the fact was strenuously denied by the Government of the day, there is no doubt that paper was issued in excess, and the usual consequences followed. Prices rose considerably, and there was much suffering among all classes of consumers, especially the poorer members of the community. A general impression, however, prevailed that the restriction had enabled us to "win the war," and, although a statutory pledge had been given that cash payments would be resumed six months after the conclusion of peace, and the Bank throughout expressed its ability and willingness to comply, the promise was not redeemed by the Government until six years had elapsed. The causes of the delay would seem to have been political rather than economic, though the pretext given at the later period was that cash payments would prejudice certain foreign loans, by causing a large efflux of the precious metal. Although better-informed members of the Legislature protested that international finance was not conducted in this primitive fashion; the Government's view prevailed, reinforced as it was by the support of Attwood and the Birmingham school, who held that high prices stimulated industry and commerce; and that low prices had the contrary effect. In the decade which followed the resumption Attwood and his henchmen strenuously contended, both in and out of Parliament, that the root cause of the prevailing distress was the contraction of the currency; but after 1830, "as the indications of reviving trade were too obvious to be ignored," the agitation would appear to have died out.¹

Certain of "our rude forefathers," as Calverley playfully termed them, are said to have believed that Tenterden steeple was the cause of the Goodwin Sands, and, although there does not seem to be much resemblance between this popular superstition and the currency theories of the Birmingham school, they both belong, I think, to the same order of logical architecture; the fallacy, to coin a word, of "postpropterism." In spite of the diffusion, at the present day, of sounder views on economic

(1) Smart, *Economic Annals of the Nineteenth Century*, vol. ii., p. 532.

subjects, and the more accurate comprehension of statistical data—in the debates of 1829, as Smart notices,¹ the “invisible exports” were not thought of—contentions not dissimilar from those of Attwood still continue to find distinguished support. So competent an economist as my friend Sir John Miller, a staunch adherent of the “Quantity Theory of Money” (as his recent pamphlet² shows) has partially revived and extended in duration the views which this now almost forgotten banker and politician expounded. In an article entitled “The Lure of Gold,” published in the May number of this REVIEW, he traces the influence of the resumption beyond the decade which succeeded the legislation of 1821, right through the later ‘forties’, until, as he thinks, it was counteracted by the influx of the Californian gold. He says: “On two notable occasions the standard has been appreciated in this country with instructive results, firstly after the Napoleonic wars by legislation, secondly, after 1873 by the act of Germany in demonetising her silver. The first occasion was followed by intense unrest and suffering; by Chartist and other agitations of the ‘hungry ‘forties’; the second led to the depression when Royal Commissions were appointed to investigate in the last years of the last century.”

In regard to the first-mentioned period, two reasons may be given, which appear to be decisive against the theory that ascribes the troubles of the second quarter of the last century to the currency legislation of 1821. One is that the resumption of cash payments was in no sense an “appreciation” of the currency. Reference to such authorities as Mulhall’s *Dictionary of Statistics*,³ Jevons’ *Investigations in Currency and Finance*,⁴ or that storehouse of information, the late Professor Smart’s *Economic Annals of the Nineteenth Century*,⁵ shows clearly that the premium on gold had practically disappeared for some years before 1821, and that the resumption merely registered a *fait accompli*. What suffering there was, distinctly traceable to currency causes, was due, not to the difference in value of gold and paper, for such difference had ceased to exist, but to the general causes—increased production and the like—which had extinguished it. Paper as well as gold had appreciated in relation to commodities and services, and the hardship would have been the same if the resumption had not taken place.

The second reason is that, according to the views advocated by Sir John Miller, it is the manufacturer and trader rather than

(1) *Loc. cit.*, p. 492.

(2) *High Prices and the Quantity Theory* (Sifton & Praed, 1920).

(3) Edition of 1892, p. 409.

(4) New edition, 1909, p. 131.

(5) Vol. i., p. 477; also p. 615.

the wage-earner who primarily suffers from a general fall in prices. But the "hungry 'forties" were a period of remarkable prosperity for the former classes; it was the wage-earner who suffered. Why he should have been the victim is easily explainable by circumstances of which the views I am criticising take no account; the Corn Laws, and other protective duties only partially repealed in 1842, and the disorganisation which prevailed among the working classes at that time. Referring to this period, Mr. W. T. Layton wrote in 1912: "In the 'forties it is generally considered that the working classes of the country were worse off than in almost any other period of English history, a fact which at first sight seems completely to refute the general presumption . . . that falling prices are good for the working classes. The explanation of this seeming contradiction is twofold. On the one hand, when we examine the state of the labour market we find that the disorganisation caused by the industrial and agricultural revolutions had not yet passed away. . . . The other equally important consideration which prevented any improvement in the condition of the working classes is the fact that, though prices as a whole fell during these two decades, the commodities that fell most were not those consumed by the working classes." He then gives a table of commodities derived from Jevons, and proceeds: "This result was primarily due to the stringent Corn Law of 1815, which prevented the import of wheat unless the average price in England was 80s. a quarter. . . . Until the 'Repeal' in 1846 the balance was most unfairly weighted against the working classes."¹ It may be noted, in passing, that, though the Corn Laws were repealed in 1846, the repeal did not fully operate till 1849.

So also Arnold Toynbee: "Though many of the old restrictions attacked by Adam Smith had been removed . . . though the material wealth of the country had increased with enormous rapidity (the cotton trade had trebled in fifteen years)—yet the people seemed to have little share in the wealth they produced, and large numbers of them sank deeper and deeper into destitution and vice. Why was this? There were several causes: first, the old Poor Law, which stimulated increase among a degraded population, and the Corn Laws which made bread dear and difficult to get; secondly, the exhausting conditions of the new industrial methods; thirdly, the fact that this was a period of transition from one mode of industry to another—all transition is painful—and that many workmen were fighting with machinery for a miserable existence."²

(1) *Introduction to the Theory of Prices* (1st edition), 1912, pp. 40–43.

(2) *Lectures on the Industrial Revolution* (2nd edition), p. 192.

It has already been observed that the agitation against the Resumption died down after 1830, and it does not appear to have been subsequently revived. It was not one of the six points of the Charter nor put forward by the Chartists, whose aims were political rather than economic. The economic grievances which formed the staple of contemporary complaints were concerned with the Corn Laws and the competition of machinery with handwork. The currency did not figure in the picture, nor had it, so far as the Parliamentary debates enable one to judge, at any time been alleged as a hardship by the friends of the working classes. It was essentially an employers' agitation.

It may readily be admitted that the second of the two periods cited by Sir John Miller is a more plausible example of his thesis. There was an unparalleled fall in prices between the years 1874 and 1896, amounting to about 40 per cent., and, in consequence, while consumers generally benefited, other classes, including landlords and farmers, and all those who had to make home remittances in Indian currency, incurred heavy losses. Of these, the major part was undoubtedly a consequence of the diminishing production of the gold mines and of the demonetisation of silver by Germany and other nations who followed her lead. The losses incurred by landlords and farmers, however, were only in part due to this cause. They were chiefly occasioned by the competition of the fertile resources of the Western States of America with the wheat-producing areas of the Old World.

The result of the fall of prices was much clamour at home on the part of the losers, and a succession of Royal Commissions to inquire into the "depression of trade." The curious thing is that hardly anyone perceived at the time, what is now evident to those who will take the trouble to study the statistics of the period, that the country as a whole was prospering, and that production and wealth increased throughout. One economist, indeed, the most worthy of his contemporaries to wear the mantle of the classical writers, did raise his voice against the prevailing beliefs. In his evidence before the Gold and Silver Commission Professor Marshall said: "I think that it wants very much stronger statistical evidence than one yet has to prove that the fall of prices diminishes perceptibly or in the long run the productiveness of industry. Supposing that it does not diminish considerably the total productiveness of industry, then its effect is, I think, on the whole good, because it certainly tends to cause a better distribution of wealth than we should otherwise have . . . and really I could not say that there was any serious attempt to prove anything else than a depression of prices, a

depression of interest, and a depression of profits—there is that undoubtedly.” “Then,” said the Chairman of the Commission, “do I understand you to think that the depression in these three respects is consistent with a condition of prosperity?” And Professor Marshall replied: “Certainly; the employer gets less, and the employee gets more.”¹

This opinion, which accords with modern doctrines of the “economics of welfare,” would, I venture to think, have been even more strongly expressed had Professor Marshall been in possession of the statistics since available. We now see that not only was there a steady increase in production during the whole of the period then regarded as disastrous to industry, and that the employee got more, but that the employer no less than his workman reaped a substantial harvest of advantage. One of the products of the “fiscal controversy” was a series of admirable blue-books, of which I need only cite one, the *Statistical Tables and Charts Relating to British and Foreign Trade and Industry* (Cd. 4954 of 1909). At pages 2–5 of this publication are set out, in conveniently summarised form, by quinquennial averages, a series of tables relating to the trade and industry of the United Kingdom and other countries during the half-century ending in 1908. Dealing with the United Kingdom and comparing the quinquennia 1875–9 and 1890–4, which are our main concern, we find in every branch of trade and industry, without exception, remarkable progress both in values (which are, of course, subject to the depression of money prices) and in quantities. In shipping, for instance, the tonnage built and added to the register increased from 386,000 tons in the former period to 599,000 in the latter. The tonnage entered and cleared at seaports rose from 50,581,000 to 76,027,000 tons. For railways no statistics are available for the earlier period. But for the quinquennium 1880–4, there were 18,422 miles in operation, 652,000,000 passengers and 253,000,000 tons of goods conveyed, with total receipts of £68·6 millions. The corresponding figures for 1890–4 were 20,429 miles in operation, 862,000,000 passengers and 308,000,000 tons of goods carried, and total receipts £81·8 millions. The cotton consumed advanced from 10·9 million cwt. in 1875–9 to 14·2 millions in 1890–4, representing a consumption per head of 36·3 lbs. in the former period and 41·7 lbs. in the latter; while the number of spindles, perhaps the best single test of the productivity of the trade, rose from 39,004 to 44,878. Wool consumed in the earlier period was 342,000,000 lbs., in the latter 452,000,000; the figures per head of the population being 10·2 and 11·8 lbs. respectively. In pig-iron the figure per head was

(1) Layton, *Introduction to the Theory of Prices* (1912), p. 11.

stationary at 0·19 tons per head, but the total rose from 6·4 to 7·3 million tons. In the intermediate quinquennium, 1880-4, the figures had been greater: 0·23 tons per head and 8·1 million tons total. The progress in steel—a more valuable product—was brilliant; from only 0·9 million tons, or 0·03 tons per head, to 3·2 million tons and 0·17 tons per head. The output of coal rose from 133·3 million tons with 3·79 tons per head to 180·3 million tons and 4·72 tons per head.

When we turn to the imports and exports of the United Kingdom we are entering the region of money values, and due allowance has to be made for the fall of prices at the later period. The total imports rose from £319·5 millions to £392·7. Adding 40 per cent. to this latter figure, which roughly compensates the fall in prices, we get £550,000,000 as the equivalent at the old prices. The exports of domestic produce rose from £201,000,000 to £234,000,000 (about £326,000,000 at the old prices). These figures, of course, omit the "invisible exports," and are a less satisfactory index of foreign trade than the imports. The export of manufactured goods rose from £59·3 to £75·7 millions, the equivalent at £106,000,000—in other words, nearly doubled. And all these increases were in reality more rapid than the increase of the population. The rate per head of the total imports for instance, fell nominally from £9 10s. 4d. to £9 7s. 1d., while the corresponding figures for exports only showed the comparatively small rise of £6 to £6 2s. 10d. But the necessary addition of 40 per cent. to the latter figures would raise them to £13 4s. and £8 11s. respectively, indicating a very substantial rise in real values.

It would be tedious, and is needless, to cite the figures for intermediate periods; it is sufficient to note that progress was continuous throughout, and to quote the Clearing House returns and the figures representing the total of assessable incomes under the Income Tax Acts as these emphasise and sum up the scattered data we have been considering. The average annual London Clearing for 1875-9 was £5,114,000,000 and that for 1890-4, £6,789,000,000, or £9,500,000,000 roughly at the prices of the former period. Assessable incomes under Schedule D rose from £259,000,000 to £357,000,000, or about £500,000,000 at the price-level of 1875-9. The total of all schedules in the respective periods was £576,000,000 and £707,000,000, representing £990,000,000 at the earlier values.

These income-tax figures are very important, as they indicate that prosperity was not wholly confined to the working classes. It is interesting to compare them with the increase in the population during the interval, which was about 14 per cent. The

total assessments, without counting the 40 per cent. adjustment, rose by nearly 23 per cent., and the assessments under Schedule D by 38 per cent. If the 40 per cent. is added, the rise is equivalent to 72 and 93 per cent. respectively.

Unless these official figures are grossly inaccurate, and all err in the same direction, which is rather less likely than the holding of a hand of twelve or thirteen cards of the same suit, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that contemporary opinion was wrong in regarding the period as one of trade depression. It is, of course, arguable that production would have been even greater under a *régime* of rising prices. This, whether true or not, is hardly the point. It is admitted that a policy of deflation which entailed only slight sacrifices would be justified. To describe progress as failure, merely because it falls short of colossal proportions, is surely a misuse of language.

Comparing the two periods—the “hungry ’forties” and the “depression” of the last quarter of the nineteenth century—we see that in both a great fall in prices synchronised with active and prosperous trade and industry; but that in the former great hindrances existed to the diffusion of that prosperity among the wage-earners, while in the latter those hindrances had happily ceased to operate. “During the ’seventies, ’eighties and early ’nineties,” says the writer already quoted,¹ “the expansion in the world’s output of all kinds of commodities far outran that of any previous period in history. . . . Nineteenth-century history shows that national productivity depends much more upon the advance of science and discovery and on the training, education and organisation of labour than on the rise and fall of prices. The arts of production and the means of transport probably progressed faster between 1874 and 1896 than they had ever done before. But the preceding and subsequent periods of rising prices, on the other hand, also witnessed great advances in the productivity of labour and capital. The argument . . . that business expands more freely in periods of rising prices, would seem to be of no great importance in the long run, though it may apply to some extent in short periods, and to the opening up of new business enterprises in which the element of speculation plays an important part.”

It may be asked why, if they suffered no real loss, did the manufacturing and trading classes protest so loudly at both these periods? The chief reason, I think, is that while profits may be as great with falling as with rising prices, they are won more easily under the latter conditions. Rising prices, as Layton has observed, are more favourable to the speculative element,

(1) Layton, *loc. cit.*, pp. 87 and 101-2.

and many have chances of accumulating large fortunes.¹ And there is, of course, more risk and anxiety under a *régime* of falling prices. The risk would, however, be greatly diminished, if the extent and duration of the fall could be foreseen, as might be the case where it was occasioned by judicious administrative action. To these reasons may perhaps be added that business men reckon their gains in money, and do not adequately appreciate, in this particular connection, the advantages of increased purchasing power.

If, then, we are entitled to assume that a gradual fall in prices does not in the long run diminish production, the sweeping assertion of Mr. McKenna that "a policy of monetary deflation . . . so guarded as not to interfere with production, is a policy incapable of execution," would seem to be unfounded. Indeed, he appears to contradict himself on this point when he goes on to contemplate a natural fall of prices in the future as coincident with increased production; for it surely matters little, if the fall is gradual, and still less if it is both gradual and foreseen, whether the movement of prices is due to natural and economic causes or to the action of the State. In any case there is a method, which I should strongly advocate, which would ensure that deflation should in no wise injuriously react upon production. From statistical data, such as those already cited, extended and amplified where necessary, it should not be difficult to construct and publish from time to time an approximate "index number" of national production. The rate of deflation could then be made to expand or contract according as the index rose or fell, or be suspended if it actually decreased.

It has been said that deflation, however gradual, if carried to the point of restoring the pre-war parity of the sovereign, would approximately double the burden of the National Debt, and confer an inequitable advantage upon fund-holders, and would

(1) At the expense, however, of other classes of the community. See Mill's answer to Attwood and Hume, *Principles*, Book III., ch. 13, secs. 4 and 5. His final judgment is emphatic. "There is no way in which a general and permanent rise of prices, or, in other words, a depreciation of money, can benefit anyone except at the expense of somebody else."

(2) The final report of the Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade was issued in January, 1887, and even at that early date confirms the conclusions arrived at in the text. The Commissioners report that the general production of wealth increased through out the period under review, though its distribution underwent great changes, that the general condition of the country afforded encouragement for the future, and that trade, though less profitable, showed little tendency to decline in volume. It is curious to note that while the mere appointment of Royal Commissions is often cited as proof of trade depression, little or no attention appears to be paid to the actual findings of these august tribunals.

finally lead to national bankruptcy. On the point of equity the same objections were raised at the time of the Resumption, and are well answered by Mill.¹ The burden of a national debt does not lie in its actual amount, but in the relation which it bears to the national income and resources. It was currently estimated before the war that the national income had increased tenfold since the major portion of the debt was contracted, and that the burden had correspondingly decreased. If internal and external peace can be assured, history may be expected to repeat itself, perhaps on a smaller, possibly on an even larger, scale. The greater portion of the burden, that concerned with the service of the debt itself, does not vary with currency fluctuations; for if interest is payable in money of greater purchasing power, so also is the taxation which provides the means of payment, and the State gains, in common with other purchasers of material and employers of labour, by the fall in prices. And it may be confidently expected, in the future as in the past, that a period of low prices will be accompanied by a fall in the rate of interest which will facilitate the conversion of the debt on terms advantageous to the State.

In short, if falling prices are consistent with increased production, there would appear to be little to be said against a policy of judicious deflation. The permanent alternative, as Sir John Miller clearly sees, is debasement of the currency: "the use of a smaller quantity of gold to represent the sovereign." This, however, he regards not as debasement, but as a recognition that the sovereign *has been* debased. There is no doubt, I think, that such a policy, however explained, would fail to be understood by the nation at large, and would lead to agitation of a serious character, which would depreciate the national credit and would injuriously react on our business relations with foreign countries. It would result in grievous loss to all pensioners and persons with fixed incomes. It would also be a breach of faith; for, by the Act of Parliament which authorised the issue of the Currency Notes, a legal obligation is laid upon the Bank of England to convert them on demand into sovereigns of full weight and fineness. It is true that this obligation, while kept in the letter, has been evaded in the spirit by emergency regulations that destroy its effectiveness for practical purposes. But these have never been regarded by the public as other than temporary expedients, and on the faith of ultimate reversion of the notes to full convertibility when circumstances permit the war loans and later issues were subscribed. To return, as the Cun-

(1) *Principles*, Book III., ch. 13, sec. 6.

life Commission proposes, to our former policy is not to abandon ourselves to "the lure of gold," for the system was based on no such precarious foundation, but on the fact demonstrated by all experience that a stable currency, which is both a medium of exchange and a standard of value, is best secured by identity with, or convertibility into, some commodity that possesses "intrinsic" value, and that of all such commodities the precious metals are the most suitable. A gold standard has, no doubt, certain defects which may possibly be mitigated in the future by economic refinements such as Jevons and other economists have foreshadowed, but it is far preferable to a *régime* of inconvertible paper.

H. H. O'FARRELL.

THE EXECUTIVE SECTION OF INDUSTRY.

THE catchwords, "Capital and Labour," have become so trite at the present day that it seems to be forgotten that there is any other element in industry. The phrase, "A War of Classes," adopted from the teachings of that arch-plagiarist, Karl Marx, has so permeated popular opinion that it is beginning subconsciously to be believed as a necessity or as a prophecy bound to be fulfilled. No due thought or reflection is given to the important element of administrative capacity or "brains in industry." No note is taken of the absolutely vital place administrators—the professional or official staff—must occupy in any future developments of society. No prophecy indicates the future of their position, estimates the trend of growing opinion in their ranks, or hazards an opinion whether they will remain sternly individualistic or form any bonds of union under pressure of circumstances, either for self-interest or self-defence. In these days of huge amalgamations they are becoming more and more the trustees of capital and the directors of labour. Will they hold the middle course as individuals, or in any form of amalgamation according to their industries? Will they be well handled by, and attracted to, capital? Or will they accept the urgent offers of labour, and unite with labour upon a course of social change of which no man can foretell the issue?

In the one country where the supposed war between Capital and Labour has been practically tried, the very leader of the movement has indicated their importance. "To every deputation of workers which has come to me," wrote Lenin in 1918, "complaining that a factory was stopping work, I have said, 'If you desire the confiscation of your factory the decree forms are ready, and I can sign a decree at once. But tell me, Can you take over the management of the concern? Have you calculated what you can produce? Do you know the relations of your works with Russian and foreign markets?' Then it has appeared that they are inexperienced in these matters: that there is nothing about them in the Bolshevik literature, nor in the Menshevik either."

In another country—Italy—where the workmen had seized factories and expelled owners and managers, the starting and repairing of machinery, the sale of the products of their work, the provision of credit and money for their daily sustenance, proved to be problems too hard for their understanding. Owners and managers had to be begged to come back.

Control by the workmen, elected representatives bound to answer the behests of their constituents, may be theoretically a pleasant idealism, but they cannot succeed without brains and training for the specific work required, or power and knowledge for the leadership of men.

And yet the power of cohesion has been demonstrated during and since the war, both in production and in gaining satisfaction for demands. It has been seen that men joining together as manual workers have absorbed the attention of capitalists, industrial undertakings, and particularly the bureaucracy and the Government. Their demands have been met by grants and allowances beyond anything which individual enterprise could have achieved. The Civil Service itself, left out in the cold, organised, and, following the example, forced the Government to recognise an Industrial Council. Its decisions, however unpalatable to critics who note the increase in numbers and the vast expense of the national service, have at least pleased the organisers and shown a precedent to officials in banks and insurance companies, to teachers, technical engineers, and other bodies of men.

Meanwhile individual claims in individual cases have been met in many industries, but in others the administrator or manager has seen his brain power at a discount, and unskilled or semi-skilled labour receiving almost as much as, or more than, himself. He has found the bitter competition of the market thrusting him into an individual effort frequently bringing disappointment or little result, and the power of the brain little recognised in public notoriety as compared with the attention paid to the strident cries of manual labour or the presumed aspirations of the horny-handed sons of toil.

The isolated individualism of the brain-worker, intent upon his own immediate job, ignorant of the work and aspirations of others, however skilled he may be in his own work, or however keen his own aspirations may be, has had much to do with his quiescence, his acceptance of things as they are. But there are signs that new currents of thought are spreading throughout the land. There is a trend to collectivism; education, especially self-education through newspapers and books, is rapidly spreading; the perpetual drip of social theories, plans for regeneration, expressions of discontent with the existing world, promises of a better world, all are having effect. It would seem that the brain-workers are not prepared to be left out in the cold; an uneasy feeling is abroad; promises are being made by the very labour organisations whose members they are supposed to control. Will they fall on the side of capital or labour? Is capital alive to the cir-

circumstances and to the possibilities? Will it enlist the men and women who do not desire violent change, but do desire at least to maintain their due position in the body politic?

It cannot be said that any definite answer can as yet be given to these questions; but it is at least clear that some of the administrative and brain-working sections in many trades and businesses are organising, forming guilds, proposing the establishment of Whitley or Industrial Councils, and generally following the lines of association heretofore deemed to be the peculiar province of the manual workers. The days, one would have thought, had passed when employers would oppose the claims of such men or women to join an association. Yet quite recently an employer is alleged to have acted in this manner, and also to have dismissed or "victimised" those who had so joined. He is also reported to have likened them before his shareholders to naughty children in a school. An incident like that cannot have good effect on the relations of capital and brain-workers. It creates suspicion against many others besides the particular company manager, and only adds to distrust when trust is specially necessary at a time of doubt and unrest.

The brain-workers in municipal undertakings are particularly liable to consider the necessity of organising. Municipalities have been going in more and more for industrial undertakings. They have no cohesion one with another. Their members listen easily to demands from labour or the pressure of strong unions, but they are apt to get their brain-workers at the cheapest rates and often pay little attention to the growing reduction in the difference between wages and the standard of salaries or emoluments. During the war, at the very time when the electricians were threatening to strike for the 12½ per cent., their head officers were themselves organising and pressing for some consideration of their position and some similarity of pay for officers having more or less similar responsibility and character of work. Months and months passed by before the municipalities, and, for the matter of that, great private associations, became alive to the danger of the situation.

It is possible that the brain-workers may continue to organise and form central bodies, but the trend, though it may vary in different industries, is likely to be in a definite direction in accordance with the success that energy may bring.

There are very many grades and types of brain-workers, and some may take one course, some pursue another and a very different path. One society at least, that of the Technical Engineers, has declared recently for a policy, claiming to be between the employer and the manual workers, both in the firms of individuals

and in the relations of employers' associations and the unions of the manual workers. They desire to occupy a third place and are campaigning for increased membership. At the same time they profess to keep earnestly in mind the effect of any action which may be taken not only in relation to the interests of the firms with which they are connected, but also in relation to the interests of one industry in general. Further they are prepared to co-operate either with employers or the trade unions of manual workers in efforts to secure "the advancement of the Engineering Industries of the British Empire." This programme is important, because it seems to indicate an appreciation of the interlocking of interests, in a trade itself and in relation to other trades, the absence of which is as much a besetting curse to industry as the lack of co-ordination between Government offices is the curse of Government administration. The whole movement is a reflex of the feeling now becoming so very general that the middle interests are not content to be ignored and mean to take a more decided part in the Government and commercial life of the country. The same tendency has been seen from time to time in British history, and has generally been a sign of coming advancement and the precursor of improvement in enterprise and trade. If apathy is once cast aside the success of brainwork is practically sure to tell.

It does not follow that the exact example of the technical engineers, themselves a crusading association, will be followed in all cases. Societies are seeking in different directions for the right lines which may be most suitable to their own interests. The "black coat" workers, not coming into close contact with manual workers, may have different views from men who have to order, guide, and instruct manual workers. A threatened strike, it is said, has thrown another society into close contact with the manual workers concerned in the same industry. Yet another society has appointed an employer to be chairman of its Executive Council. Some societies are seeking for councils on the analogy of Whitley Councils, councils which will never be of much service if they confine their energies to interminable disputes about monetary advancements of salaries and pay; but which may result in useful exchange of ideas and general progress, if conducted with the object of the real advancement of the industries to which they are attached. Let me again revert to the position of capital in relation to these varying movements. The suggestion may be made that, if capital ignores and does not take the trouble to examine into facts, it may find new opponents. If it uses wise judgment in endeavouring to get loyalty and co-operation, the factors which govern the ordinary social life of the day are in favour of those results being obtained.

They will not be obtained by dismissals, refusal to recognise the tendency of the times, or hiding of heads in the sand.

Capital as thus considered is not intended to mean the subscriptions or investments put by the many ordinary individuals into a stock or a company. That flow of necessary life-blood for industry is handed over to human beings who collect and use it for the main purpose of carrying out some enterprise. It is those human beings, whether as captains of industry, directors of companies, or members of municipal bodies, who appear in the eyes of the brain-workers and of the manual workers under their control to be the embodiment of capital. Some of them have a dual character, as capitalists and also as executive officials. Under present conditions they have a difficult task before them. They are responsible to the subscribers and investors for some return in interest out of the profits of the business upon the amounts of money handed over to them. If they cannot make the interest, they are not likely to receive more money or to maintain their credit. When there is a depression in trade that interest is more and more difficult to make. At the same time, there has been marked discontent and unrest among large bodies of manual workers, and also the state of uncertainty to which I have alluded, amongst many brain-workers acting as managers and administrators. In addition, there has been perpetual Government interference.

It is possibly an instinctive feeling of self-defence which has led to the cry against Government interference. "Leave us alone and let us settle down" has been a continuous refrain. There can be no doubt that the cutting across the best-laid schemes by outside interference has had much to do with this feeling. A sense of the impossibility of getting co-operation under such circumstances has been a discouragement, and in some cases has led to actual leaning upon the interference which is disliked.

If this attitude continues, there can be little doubt that the tendency towards social change may be reflected by increased Government paternalism. The Socialist section of the community are accepting for the present the difficulties of the non-paying incidents of trade being undertaken by the State. Old-age Pensions, Labour Exchanges, Unemployment Insurance, and many another so-called national service, are all falling under State control. It is not likely that, if these principles are continued and the unpleasant incidents of business are taken off the industries and accepted by the State, all the paying and profit-making sections will be left for individuals to take for themselves. The State, instead of the industry, is looking after the unemployed, and is having cast upon it the burden of inventing new schemes

of work in a manner for which it is entirely unfitted. The argument that the State, already taking a large share by means of taxation, should have still more; that in suitable cases the whole should be taken; that the brain-workers, instead of working for the directors of capital, should work in the service of the State, will be an argument which will be urgently pressed. The commencement of putting the theory into practice has already begun or been attempted. For the time being it has been defeated by strenuous contention as to the necessity of private enterprise and the value of a system upon which our vast industrial prosperity has been built. All the more important is it that capital, in the sense in which it is used for the purposes of this article, should co-operate with managers and administrators whom it employs, if unrest is not to continue and if enterprise is to be the mainspring of our national life.

At the present moment one of the chief sources of protection, paradoxical as it may seem to be, possibly lies in that very taxation under which the whole community is suffering. The tentacles of the Government octopus are being slowly loosened or cut off on the plea that the sucking process can be no longer endured. There is a general feeling that no more money can be found and that the State must not incur new obligations. If so, union against State interference, careful watching of new proposals involving State interference, and the withdrawal of placid contentment with State interference may tend to prevent extension of the movement as soon as the present financial crisis is passed. That union can only be effected if capital acts with care and forethought, and if it shows, as I believe, speaking generally, is the existing desire, sympathetic intention.

ASKWITH.

BAVARIA AND THE GERMAN REICH.

Now that the recent quarrel between Bavaria and the rest of the German Reich has simmered down again the inevitable reaction has set in. Wild and exaggerated as were the threats and fears of a genuine civil war provoked by the murder of Erzberger, the ultimate peaceful compromise has encouraged a tendency to pooh-pooh the whole episode as being a mere storm in a teacup, artificially created by a handful of extremists on either side. Such a conclusion is entirely erroneous. If Munich and Berlin chose to riot in an orgy of deputations, and to fling rejoinders and surrejoinders, rebutters and surrebutters at each other, they did not go beyond the precedent of Messrs. Lloyd George and De Valera; and it will hardly be maintained that the frequent and voluminous exchange of notes between these two gentlemen is a proof that the Irish problem had lost its serious character.

So far as the legal aspect of the quarrel between Bavaria and the Reich is concerned the right seems undoubtedly to have been upon the side of the Central Government. Article 48 of the Weimar Constitution lays down explicitly in its second paragraph that, "when public order and security are materially disturbed or endangered in the German Reich, the President of the Reich is empowered to take the necessary measures to restore public order and security, and in case of necessity to have recourse to armed force. To this end he may temporarily suspend altogether or partially the fundamental rights established in Articles 114, 115, 117, 118, 123, 124 and 153."¹ That such a menace to Germany's internal peace actually existed was a quite intelligible view for Dr. Wirth to take. His Cabinet had never been popular. The mere fact that it contained one or two prominent Jews, such as Herr Rathenau, was in itself sufficient to provoke the hostility of the anti-Semites, while the Chancellor's professed determination to carry out the terms of the London ultimatum had drawn down much odium upon his head—odium which certainly did not decrease as the country began to feel the first effects of honouring her engagements. The tirades of the Right against the mean-spirited wretch who had dared to say that Germany could fulfil her contract, and that he intended to carry the payments through, grew more and more unbridled and were naturally answered on the other side with corresponding vigour.

(1) These articles guarantee freedom of the person, sanctity of the home, secrecy of the post, telegraph, and telephone, freedom of expression in word, print, writing, or picture, right of peaceful and unarmed assembly, right of legal association, and the security of property.

While all this mud-slinging in the best vein of the Eatonswill elections was going merrily ahead there was superimposed the foul Erzberger murder, and the situation was promptly aggravated a hundredfold. Without waiting for those proofs which, as a matter of fact, subsequently substantiated their statements to a great extent, the adherents of the Republic instantly proclaimed that this was a political murder hatched by the "murder gang," which had found a safe asylum in Bavaria, and declared that the Republic was in instant danger of being overthrown by the Monarchist reactionaries. The murders of Karl Liebknecht, of Rosa Luxemburg, of Gareis, and of many other more obscure victims were again dragged into prominence, and the Central Government was exhorted to sweep away the corrupt mass of reaction which had settled down in Bavaria under the joint régime of the Premier von Kahr, and of his dreaded Police-President Pöhner. Dr. Wirth and President Ebert seized the opportunity to wipe out old scores, and on August 29 was issued the famous decree under Article 48, which brought Bavaria once more into direct conflict with the Reich.

A fresh torrent of abuse from the Right greeted the publication of this decree. Although a number of Radical and Communist newspapers also fell under the ban and were temporarily suspended, the most prominent journals were organs of the Right, and their fellows immediately began to shout as loudly as they dared about the tyranny of the Republic, and taunted their opponents with themselves putting into practice all those repressive methods of administration which they had so long and fiercely inveighed against under the iron rule of Bismarck. Backed up, however, by an imposing demonstration in Berlin of nearly half a million people belonging to parties which ordinarily have little enough in common, Dr. Wirth held on his course and demanded that the obnoxious Bavarian "state of siege," which had been in force for two years, and which was justly regarded as the main weapon of Herrn Kahr, Pöhner and Co., should be raised.

The arguments used by Bavaria for refusing to comply with this order were not convincing. A long article in the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten*, while admitting that the President of the Reich had formal juristic right on his side, maintained that the decree offended against the democratic spirit of the constitution. In an access of democratic enthusiasm, that, coming from such a source, rang somewhat strangely, the writer argued that the basic principle that laws ought not to be literally administered if their administration was in conflict with their meaning and object had been observed as long ago as the days of Rome. The constitution of Weimar, it was pointed out, was essentially a federal form

of democracy which gave the component States distinct rights as against the Central Government. Among such rights was the preservation of public order and safety, and the writer made the distinct point that the Communist upheaval under Max Hölz, which disturbed the Halle district in March last, had been put down by the Prussian Minister of the Interior. The Presidential decree was therefore an encroachment upon the rights of the States, and again raised the old problem whether Germany was to be governed under a federal or centralised *regime*. If Bavaria, championing also the other States, had alone taken serious exception to the decree, this was to be accounted for by the fact that Bavaria, with its overwhelming anti-Marxist majority, held political views different from those of the North, that the decree had been chiefly directed against the Right by a Chancellor who had not scrupled to proclaim his solidarity with Social Democracy, and that the move was clearly an attempt to sweep away the Kahr system of government.

Other objections advanced were even more unsatisfactory. One Bavarian, for example, with whom I discussed the situation made the charmingly candid admission that he had no particular dislike of the decree *per se*, but that he utterly distrusted the intention of the Central Government to apply it only as a temporary measure. And the reason that he gave for this distrust was the actual state of affairs in Bavaria. Our local state of siege, he said in effect, a measure, by the way, which was not introduced by von Kahr, but was a legacy from the Hoffmann Government, was established as a purely temporary expedient, and yet it has remained in force now for over two years. If the Reich raise our state of siege and substitute their own measure, what guarantee have we that this temporary expedient will not also be indefinitely prolonged? No more complete justification of the Central Government could well be imagined. Although Bavaria is said, and doubtless with perfect truth, to be overwhelmingly anti-Marxist, the Bavarian Government has nevertheless continued to express the most lively fears of Bolshevik outbreaks, and professes the most poignant apprehensions of an uprising provoked by the conditions of living. Dislike of Bolshevism is intelligible enough, especially in Munich, where the events of 1918-1919 were infinitely more serious while they lasted than anything which Berlin underwent, and it is also a fair argument to state that revolutions are provoked by small minorities, as was shown by the numerically insignificant Jewish mafia which seized Budapest a few months later. But it cannot seriously be maintained that Bolshevism is a real danger to-day in Bavaria. All the quasi-revolutionary talk during the recent crisis

of separating Franken from the rest of Bavaria was very unreal, and when the deputy Fischer went too far with his threats he was promptly imprisoned with the approval of the majority of citizens, who had begun unmistakably to rally against the disturbing elements.

Nor is there any real cause for alarm in the food situation. In a special interview which I had with him, Herr Wutzlhofer, the able Minister of Agriculture in the present as in the last Cabinet, pointed out that the recent sharp rise in prices in Bavaria was due to the Government having for a long time past artificially kept down prices. Now, however, that foodstuffs had been decontrolled, prices had naturally adjusted themselves to those obtaining in the North, while at the same time the fall in value of the mark, raising the cost of imported foodstuffs, had further affected the price of home-grown products. Herr Wutzlhofer did not go into the question of a rise in wages with me, but he made the interesting statement that the policy of decontrol had already had such a stimulating effect that the demand in Bavaria for potatoes, vegetables, meat, sugar, and alcohol could now be fully met. Owing to increased artificial manuring the 1921 harvest was expected to show an increase of 180,000 tons, an amount equivalent to what Bavaria had received from the Reich in 1920-1921 in foreign foodstuffs. Milk, too, was much more plentiful, and Munich was now (the first week in September) receiving 160,000 litres daily as compared with the 90,000 supplied during the period of control. When the responsible Minister, who is really an expert in his own department, can give such a cheerful picture as that, and when one considers that wages will undoubtedly follow prices in Bavaria as elsewhere, the flimsy character of the apprehensions of the Reactionaries becomes apparent.

It is not necessary here to trace in detail the various phases through which the quarrel went before von Kahr resigned, and his place was taken by Count Lerchenfeld. The wranglings and bickerings were not altogether without interest, indeed, because Bavaria had firmly got it into her head that it was her mission to stand out for the rights of the various States, even though for the time being her Government was the only truly "bourgeois" Government in Germany. Now that the Reich was in single control of the Army, the post and the railways, and now that she had so recently had to give way, despite von Kahr's "No," over the question of the *Einwohnerwehr* (Citizens' Defence Force), Bavaria was determined not only to recover some of her lost *amour propre*, but also to cling with redoubled tenacity to any shreds of her precious independence. Egged on by the extreme

Reactionaries the Bavarian representatives put forward demands which were obviously unacceptable to the Central Government, till at last even the Bavarian People's Party, to which von Kahr himself belonged, realised that matters had gone too far. Von Kahr and his violently Nationalist Minister of Justice, Herr Roth, resigned, to be followed shortly by the entire Cabinet, but when the new Cabinet of Count Lerchenfeld was appointed it was at once apparent from the reappointment of so many members where the stumbling-blocks had been.

The agreement quickly arrived at between Dr. Wirth and Count Lerchenfeld aptly illustrated the Meredithian dictum that "compromise is a pact between cowardice and comfort under the title of expediency." Both sides had made wild statements, had committed imprudences and had got themselves into a deplorable tangle. With Count Lerchenfeld Dr. Wirth could to some extent begin over again. The agreement provided that the passage in the original Presidential decree assuring the protection of the "representatives of the democratic-republican form of State" should be altered in a new decree to "representatives of public life," in order to cancel the impression that the decree was to be applied only on one side. Again, as regards the suspension of newspapers, the States were granted wider police powers. The compulsion previously incumbent upon a State Government to carry out the orders of the Central Minister of the Interior was dropped, and the Provincial Government, in case its views differ from the wishes of the Minister of the Interior, has the right to go to a Court of Arbitration. Finally, as regards the raising of the local state of siege, the Bavarians again laid great stress upon their political difficulties and upon the dangers of a *putsch*, and eventually it was agreed that Count Lerchenfeld should be granted a short period in which to consolidate his position, and that then the state of siege should be raised by the Bavarian Government itself. These terms were really very favourable to Bavaria, since Bavaria (as also the other States) still has the power to reintroduce a fresh local state of siege in case of emergency, but by the time that they were concluded Dr. Wirth and his allies had probably recovered from their first fright and felt that they could afford to be generous. After all, they were to get their way over the state of siege, and in bringing about the downfall of Herr von Kahr, Dr. Roth and Police-President Pöhner, they had dealt the Reactionaries the shrewdest blow that they had received for a long time.

To the foreign observer, however, the main interest in this bitter conflict lay not so much in the legal and administrative niceties involved as in the forces operating with more or less of

concealment in the background. Europe as a whole wanted to know whether Bavaria was really considering seriously the idea of separating from the rest of the Reich, whether there was any immediate likelihood of a Monarchist *coup d'état*; and whether the plans for maintaining Germany's military organisation were really as formidable as they were often represented as being.

The notion that Bavaria might be detached from the Reich has long been coquetted with in certain French circles. Undismayed by the cruel disillusionment of 1870-1871 certain French politicians again took up the theory, and the sending of M. Dard to Munich as French Minister in face of Articles 6, 45 and 78 of the German Constitution may be considered as a concession to this school of thought. Unfortunately, however, for France the arrival of M. Dard, naturally obnoxious to the Central German Government, offended also the Bavarians by its unheralded nature, and consequently the Minister has from the outset been heavily handicapped. All manner of fantastic combinations have, however, been mentioned as possible or probable means towards the realisation of the French policy of encircling Germany. In so far, however, as these dreamings are based upon a split between Bavaria and the Reich they are, I am convinced, as unsubstantial as dreams naturally are. In outlining his future policy Count Lerchenfeld while paying a high tribute to his predecessor and announcing his firm determination to safeguard the due rights of Bavaria, declared at the same time his loyalty to the Reich. He took care, it is true, to express his disapproval of excessive centralisation, and dwelt upon the federal character of the constitution, but this qualification was generally well received, since it was felt that the recent manifestations of Bavarian Federalism were really only the expression of the Nationalists, who were striving to use Bavaria for their own ends and hoped thereby to overthrow the Central Government and trample upon the Constitution. All those Bavarians with whom I discussed this question ridiculed the idea of Bavaria hiving off from the Reich. They said quite candidly that even if they had such an inclination they would certainly not play what was so obviously France's game, and the conviction with which they spoke helped not a little to explain the quantity of patriotic, anti-Entente literature which bulks more largely in the booksellers' windows in Munich than in Berlin. Only in one contingency, I was assured, was a separation conceivable—if a genuinely Bolshevist Government were to be established in Berlin. But even so, my informant hastened to add, the split would be only temporary; as soon as ever parliamentary government and order had been re-established Bavaria would come back again into the fold. The Bavarian, in short,

may be as cantankerous as he will towards his compatriots over domestic affairs, but in questions with foreign Powers he is and will remain as good a German as anybody else.

The questions of a Monarchical restoration and of secretly keeping up a German army go together in many respects, since it is mainly the same body of men who are striving after these objects. Here again it seems to me that the real truth lies between the extreme views usually expressed. Apart from a few hotheads who find their "opposite numbers" in Hungary in Colonel Baron Lehar and his associates there are comparatively few German monarchists who think that an attempt immediately to restore the Empire would be successful. The dismal failure of Karl's rash attempt last Easter to regain the throne of St. Stephen was an object lesson which has not been lost upon Germany, and it is widely felt that a similarly unsuccessful *coup d'état* in Germany would not only have the most disastrous results for the country, but would put back the ultimate chances of success for an indefinite period, if not for ever. The attempt when made must be successful, and to be successful the monarchy must either be backed by a sufficient military force or repose upon the willing adhesion of a people which shall have regained the confidence of Europe, and can be trusted to ensure that the restored monarchy is restored under such conditions that it would be incapable of reverting to its former militarism.

Whether a Hohenzollern would ever consent to remount the throne hedged round by such restrictions, or whether, if he did, he would do so with any real intention of abiding loyally by the conditions imposed upon him, may well be open to doubt. One is, then, driven back to the conclusion that, since an immediate restoration is both an impolitic and impossible object to pursue, the intention of the Reactionaries is to prepare the way by the establishment of a temporary dictatorship, military or otherwise. There are many people who think that this is the ambition of General Ludendorff, and it is certainly significant that this hero of the military party, recently honoured by Königsberg University in terms of extravagant chauvinism, should have been taking an increasingly active part in public functions. Nor are members of the Entente likely to be gulled by his recent statements to a correspondent of the *Matin*, in which he ridiculed the feasibility of Germany waging a war of revenge on France, and declared that the real danger is Bolshevism, against which Great Britain, France, and Germany should combine. Fortunately, however, France and Great Britain have not forgotten to whom the Bolsheviks primarily owe their success, and are not in the least likely to let Generals Ludendorff and Hoffmann again exploit the

Bolshevists to their advantage and build up fresh pretexts for a strong German army. Gift-bearing Greeks cannot expect to play the old trick with success every time, and there is only too much evidence to prove that the recent revelations in *The Times* rest upon sound foundations.

Whether the exact figures quoted by that newspaper are accurate in every detail is comparatively immaterial. The essential point is the clear proof of the extent to which, and of the manner in which, important elements in Germany are consistently and obstinately trying to avoid the fulfilment of their obligations under the Treaty of Versailles. The exposure of the Erzberger murderers has proved again, if such proof were required, that many officers of the old army are banded together in associations spread not only over the whole of Germany, but reaching also into adjacent countries. Speaking in the provincial Diet on September 23, Herr Trunk, the President of Baden, read out textually the aims of a secret society as laid down in documents which had fallen into his hands. The intellectual objects of this organisation, to which both the Erzberger murderers belonged, were *inter alia* the maintenance and spreading of national feeling; the combating of the Jews, Social Democrats, and Radical parties; opposition to the "anti-national" Weimar Constitution, and advocacy of a constitution on properly federal lines. The material objects were declared to be the association of "determined nationalists" to check the complete revolution of Germany, and the establishment of a Nationalist Government which should throw over the Treaty of Versailles and "preserve to the nation as far as possible its defence force and its armaments."

Nor was this a unique example. Quite apart from such avowedly and blatantly militarist organisations as were (and probably still are, under other forms) the *Einwohnerwehr* and the *Orgesch*, the democratic Press of Germany has given numerous other examples of similar organisations the existence of which has been admitted on the authority of Dr. Wirth himself, while it is notorious that many outwardly innocuous gymnastic societies (*Turnvereine*) and so forth contrive to give their members a certain amount of drill. Nobody supposes that Germany seriously intends to go to war again to-morrow, but anyone who has had an opportunity of private conversation with the more alert members of the Interallied Mission of Control would be slow to believe that Germany is so completely disarmed as she professes to be, or that she will waste one single day after the backs of the Entente officers are finally turned upon her.

And what is here to the point is that so long as Munich and Berlin are unable to see eye to eye, so long will Bavaria continue

to be the centre of the Reactionaries. One need not, perhaps, take too seriously every statement in the Weismann report, upon which Dr. Wirth laid so much stress, but it is at least significant that the "wanted" Kappist Ehrhardt should write from the Austrian border town of Salzburg to explain his movements since the warrant for his arrest was issued, and that he should admit having seen his notorious colleague, Colonel Bauer, a trusted henchman of General Ludendorff, for the last time in Budapest. Equally significant, too, was the final appeal made by Herr von Kahr before he resigned the Premiership. Some people were seduced into thinking that von Kahr had been shaken in his views when he issued his warning against a "forcible interference with the constitutional march of political events." Such an interpretation is quite absurd. Herr von Kahr is a good monarchist, and all he wanted to do was to save the monarchy from the premature operations of the extremists. But his warning was, nevertheless, of the utmost importance as showing how he judged the situation, and it should teach foreign observers to keep a closer eye than ever upon the relations between Bavaria and the Reich, and to remember what is really at the back of any fresh constitutional quarrel between the two leading centres of political thought in Germany. Machinations hatched in Bavaria may yet set all Europe by the ears.

MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY.

THE MILK QUESTION.

A RECENTLY issued report of the Parliamentary Committee appointed to deal with the milk question recommends an improvement in the hygienic quality of milk. On several occasions I have drawn public attention to the milk question. The conclusions drawn by the investigators referred to are complete endorsements of ~~an~~ I have written on this subject, a subject developed naturally from my experimental work in connection with clean culture, which has been described as "the application of the pure food principle to plant as well as to human life."

We must still remember that London milk is filthy, swarming with bacteria, and contaminated with cow-dung. Considerable licence is allowed the milk producers. Milk containing 10,000 bacteria to the cubic centimetre is presumed to be reasonably clean. Under clean culture the filth-feeding bacilli may be effectually and economically destroyed. We know that samples of milk supplied to hospitals were found to contain 250,000,000 bacilli to the cubic centimetre and that some of the London milk contained tubercle bacilli, showing that it came from cows suffering from tuberculosis. One of the most valuable recommendations in the report is that which suggests financial assistance by the Government to farmers for the improvement of dairy farm buildings. The provision of hygienic dairy farm buildings should, with such assistance, be made compulsory.

It is said that the conditions of our milk supply have not improved in fifty years. Legislation would seem to have made bad worse. The Clean Milk Society advocates the general use of bottled and graded milk, but that falls far short of the actual requirements necessitated by the seriousness of the situation, although it would be productive of an immense amount of good and a distinct improvement upon the conditions which so long have been allowed to continue without effective supervision.

Sterilisation would, of course, prevent the dissemination of the tubercle bacilli, but it would not wipe out tuberculosis in cattle or assure the provision of clean milk, despite the enforcement of the most thorough cleanliness in the handling of milk from the time it left the cow until it reached the consumer. The strictest form of pasteurisation will not give perfectly pure milk, although it will put a stop to the perpetuation of consumption through the distribution of milk. But tuberculosis in cattle, and consumption in human beings, cannot be prevented by this bottled milk. What our scientists and food reformers in this connection fail to see is, that preventive measures based upon the recognition of first

principles alone will wipe out the dread disease. If milk is loaded with tubercle bacilli, then when it is pasteurised or boiled still the unwholesome mass of protoplasm of the dead organisms will be present and will be consumed with the milk. But is not the act of pasteurisation harmful to the feeding qualities of the milk?

A member of the Government a few years ago propounded the novel theory that the scalded milk-can would assure the provision of clean milk, and wipe out consumption, forgetful of the fact that one may pour new wine into old bottles without affecting the character of the liquid. Upon official instructions the use of the scalded can was made obligatory upon farmers and dairy-men, yet we see that unclean and diseased milk is more abundant than ever. The origin of the bacilli is not the can, but the cow.

What is the cause of tuberculosis in cattle, and of consumption in human beings? Clean culture solves the problem for the first time. For many years I have searched for the secret of health and fruitfulness, and have been brought into contact with strange creatures, most of which, until comparatively recent years, were not even known to exist. Pioneer investigators have brought them to light and furnished much information concerning them, but my persistent investigations in connection with the internal composition of vegetable tissues have satisfied me beyond doubt that these minute living forms known as bacteria derive their energies from food in the same way as do human beings, and that the natural food of those which are the most valuable for maintaining the fertility of the soil comes from the same source whence most natural food of human beings is derived, that is, from the vegetable kingdom direct. Food is the dominating factor in the health and fruitfulness of all living things in every sphere of activity. Deficiency foods, that is, foods of imperfect internal structure, are the cause of most diseases, and certainly of tuberculosis in cattle and of consumption in men.

Fruits, roots, grains, and grasses grown with manure and sewage are degenerates in tissue and consequently deficiency foods, incapable of meeting the requirements of the animal organism to which they are fed. Such fertilisation affects not only health, but fruitfulness. Waste animal matter fed to strawberry plants induces luxuriant foliage at the expense of berries, whereas ash-fed plants will bear from 100 to 250 each. Violet plants dressed with waste animal products will run into leaf growth and produce few flowers, whereas ash fertilisation causes a great profusion of bloom of perfect form and fragrance.

Despite the wholesale criticism which clean culture had to face at its inception, most agricultural papers now endorse these conclusions and commend them. The testimony of all living things is: "We are what our food makes us." This law holds good in the mental as well as in the physical sphere. The fruit testifies to the nature of the pabulum from which it was developed. When will farmers and scientists recognise these truths?

In Yorkshire there are sewage farms on which cabbages are grown on a large scale. Some are sent to the markets in open trucks. An engine foreman says that one can smell the stuff before the train enters the station. The co-operative creameries have not done what was expected of them. Agricultural combinations are increasing, but what is the good of this so long as they permit stock to be fed on pastures poisoned by unclean composts?

In experiments extending over ten years the conclusion was arrived at that the curative effects of vaccination are not of an order to make it a reliable means of checking tuberculosis in cattle. The investigators say that all such experiments should be accompanied by preventive measures, and must be carried out under strictly hygienic conditions.

It was never inferred that "hygienic" treatment is not absolutely effective; but how can the use of the word "hygienic" be justified in connection with a method which permits the fouling of pastures upon which dairy stock are fed? In one case the result of vaccination was to make a latent form of tuberculosis of the udder suddenly active.

I insist that the provision of clean conditions in the dairy alone is not sufficient. The whole of the farm must be put under hygienic treatment. The clean dairy is no more efficacious than the clean can in annihilating consumption.

Recent investigators have confirmed my claim that the feeding of imperfect-deficiency foods to cattle induces the elaboration of imperfect tissue in the animal organism, and that imperfect tissue, like the imperfect food from which it is developed, is of a disease-engendering nature.

Our impoverished pastures, are mainly due to the depletion of phosphate under the perpetuation of the unscientific method in use. As the result of dressing such land with a bland material containing lime it was found that there was a great increase in the quantity of milk and flesh produced from these enriched fields.

Imperfect-deficiency food fed to cattle cannot make for the development of disease-resistant tissue in the animal organism, neither can imperfect-deficiency foods assure the development of disease-resistant tissue in the human organism.

In the absence of disease-resistant tissue the bacilli infect the cow and the cow infects the man. Only the perfectly healthy organism is immune to disease. As clean culture alone assures the elaboration of disease-resistant tissue in vegetable and animal organisms, it is nature's effectual remedy for the white man's plague.

It has truly been said that milk production is often sustained by drafts upon the body reserves, and the replenishment of the reserves is most effectually accomplished while the cows are on pasture. But the restoration of the mineral equilibrium can only be perfectly assured by granite-dust and wood-ash fertilisation. Under the present system it is no one's duty to keep stables and cow-houses in sanitary condition. The legislators are as apathetic as the landlord and farmer. As the result—and statistics prove it, despite the long-held belief to the contrary—the field communities suffer worse in proportion from consumption than do city folk, and this is what we might expect from the filthy surroundings of most farms. Instead of assuring the public in the cities a supply of disease-free milk, the Government decided that the destruction of tuberculous cows, in the most advanced stages of disease only, is the most effective remedy!

The bacilli of human and of bovine tuberculosis are active for a whole year. In butter kept at 10° C. the tubercle bacilli retain their virulence longer than when it is kept at a high temperature, surviving 274 days, and thus they constitute a very serious danger to health. Sunlight is, of course, nature's great disinfectant, and is most helpful in warding off infection and in improving the health of those who might otherwise be liable to it.

It is said that 75 per cent. of the dairy stock of the world is infected with tuberculosis. Cows fed upon pastures fertilised over a series of years with stable and cowyard manure are sure in time to fall and suffer infection. It is impossible to maintain the health of dairy stock if the members of the herd are fed constantly on herbage in which the tissue is of a weak and watery nature. With the use of mineralised humus the blades of grass become firm, succulent, and wholesome. They derive untold benefit from the mineral matters furnished to the soil under the new system.

Millions of State money are spent upon the treatment of consumptives who are curable, the hopeless cases being left to suffer miserably and spread infection in the home. Cows live mostly in the open air, yet are badly diseased. Through drinking milk in Britain, necessitating the expenditure of huge sums of money upon remedial treatment for consumption, every gallon of milk sold possibly costs the nation more than five shillings at least.

The average yield of our dairy cows ranges from about 350 to 400 gallons of milk annually ; 600 gallons is considered satisfactory. Some cows give 800 gallons, others more. Experimenters have found that through forcing foodstuffs the unfortunate cow can be made to increase her milk yield from anything between 500 and 1,000 gallons. The unnatural use to which the cow has been put through successive generations contributed greatly to the origination of tuberculosis. An immense loss has been entailed through the persistent consumption of unclean milk by human beings.

Now the cow is to undergo a further course of forcing for the purpose of increasing the milk yield. As that must inevitably still further weaken the stamina of the animal, what will be the quality of the milk that she is to be forced to produce? The last Milk Act has not improved matters, for wherever cows are kept and fed on fouled pastures this disease is rampant.

The Washington authorities admit that cows apparently in good health are distributors of tubercle bacilli, and that in ordinary dairy practice particles of bacilli-laden manure get into the milk, so that in this way two of the commonest articles of food—milk and butter—become contaminated. The germs remain alive and virulent, even in the ordinary salted butter, for 160 days, or close upon six months.

I know of one dairy-farm where water is used from a well which has been condemned by the local authorities. The landlord will not provide the necessary supply of water. The Local Government Board is well aware of this case, but nothing is done.

The well water is capable of disseminating typhoid, and it is known that the vitality of the typhoid-fever bacilli remains virulent in butter for five months.

There are large numbers of such contaminated wells connected with farmhouses in England, from many of which milk is sold openly without any supervision whatever.

It is admitted that human beings are liable to be affected with tuberculosis through meat, and statistics show that the disease is upon the increase generally. One authority says that "The safest way of disposing of affected animals is to kill them. By this means many of the slightly affected carcasses could be safely utilised for food and thus be made to yield their meat value."

I have made a persistent study of the action of the filth-feeding organisms in the soil and in the vegetable and animal kingdoms. The presence of those protoplasmic structures the "pus cells" is a certain sign of unclean and diseased conditions.

It is agreed that nearly three-quarters of a million people are affected with tuberculosis in Britain each year. Cattle, pigs,

cats, dogs, and poultry suffer from it. I say that over a million human beings, and an equal number of farm and domestic animals, are affected more or less with the taint of tuberculosis. It is admitted that fifty thousand milking cows have the disease in the udder and are producers of milk containing germs of the disease. Infected cattle driven along the roads infect them with bacilli, and when in hot weather the winds raise the dust into the air the passer-by is always apt to inhale some of the deadly perpetrators of disease. Tuberculous cows and human beings cough them into the air; they float about in the atmosphere of dirty cow-sheds. They will live in milk for a month, and in cheese for over a year.

The sanitarians have for some years now insisted that great dangers attend the use of polluted water from infected wells for washing churns, milk-pails, and other dairy utensils, because in this way bacilli may be introduced into milk. It is vital that every farmhouse, whether a dairy is connected with it or not, should have an ample supply of pure water. There are thousands of small dairy farmers who do not know the dangers which attend the use of polluted water. It is of little use recommending good ventilation and clean internal arrangements unless the water supply is above suspicion.

Considerable supervision is needed over the operations of labourers who take a few acres and stock them with two or three dairy cows. This subject is of such tremendous importance to city consumers throughout Britain that it appears imperative that no man should be permitted to engage in the business until he has taken lessons in the science of dairy farming and thus becomes fitted to be entrusted with land and animals for the production of milk.

There are numerous instances where small cultivators, possessing one or two cows only, milk their own stock and distribute their own milk to local consumers, although they have had no training whatever and have simply picked up the knowledge they possess from others who, like themselves, know nothing of the most elementary principles which govern stock feeding or milk production on sanitary lines. When such men take a few arable acres the possibility of harm resulting from their labours is limited. The milk question certainly justifies some radical departure which will afford the necessary protection by the aid of the law.

Under the last Milk Act hundreds of thousands of apparently healthy but infected cows have been utilised for milking purposes. We have about 1,831,410 cows and heifers in milk in England and Wales which produce about 1,500,000,000 gallons of milk, of which over 900,000,000 gallons are sold to the public. Milk

has become the sheet-anchor of many farmers. Consequently the subject deserves very serious consideration. The farmer does not get anything like a fair price for the disease-free milk that he does distribute. If we put his annual net pre-war average at 8d. per gallon it is most unsatisfactory. The minimum average ought to be 1s. at least. The public should have clean disease-free milk; but they should pay for it.

Hitherto Government Departments have not cared whether the milk distributed was diseased or not so long as it was "pure." And the standard of purity they fix is freedom from adulteration! So, while it is made a criminal offence to sell milk diluted even with distilled water, diseased milk, swarming with tubercle bacilli, can be sold openly and with impunity under State sanction. This is the situation right up to date.

The last Milk Act has found plenty of work for the sanatoriums erected at great expense for the cure of consumption. But the Government might as well attempt to empty the sea with a bucket as to wipe out consumption by this means alone.

Benjamin Ward Richardson said truly: "Good land, rightly cultivated, is the cradle of health for animals and vegetables." I have continually claimed that mineralised humus is the basis not only of health in soils, but in the vegetable and animal kingdom also. Applying this theory to the dairy farm, experimenters agree that the cow surpasses all other animals in the rapidity with which she elaborates protein and mineral, and some of them confess that the mineral requirements of the cow have not received proper consideration. In this admission we have a further justification for clean culture teaching, though practically all writers take it for granted that the cow gets all the mineral matter it requires through its food. This, under the continuance of the present method of fertilisation, is an impossibility.

After long-continued experiments it has been finally shown that malnutrition of the bones is common through infertility of soils, overstocking of pastures, and deficient food supply. This gives emphasis to the fact that excessive lactation is a drain upon the mineral reserves of the body of the cow.

As the animal is in best condition when feeding on pastures the importance of maintaining the feeding qualities of the grasses at the highest possible nutrient standard is evident.

There are 7 lb. of mineral matter in every 1,000 lb. of cow's milk. I have proved that there are millions of acres of dairy pastures in Britain which are so impoverished for the want of mineral that the tissues of the grasses they produce are imperfect, of low nutrient quality, and totally incapable of enabling the cow to obtain the mineral it needs through their consumption.

The depletion of the land of mineral leads to a reduction of the phosphates in milk, which form a most important constituent in perfect samples of that product. Even the responsible heads of our Health Department do not yet recognise the important part which food plays in the health of crops and people. One of these gentlemen recently wrote that farmyard manure was not productive of ill effects upon crops or dairy stock because farm animals did not appear to suffer under the present methods, though he thoughtfully suggested that it would be wise to wash all strawberries before eating, since they might have manurial residues attached to them when sold in city fruit shops. Yet out of every four farm animals one suffers from physical defects or disease, and their condition is mainly due to imperfect feeding. In view of this state of things it is no wonder that farmers generally treat the matter with so much indifference. But if the officials of the Health Department are right then the experimenters of the Lister Institute of Preventive Medicine are wrong, clearly. Unclean and imperfect food generates and perpetuates the existence of the "pus cells," the presence of which is always a sign of diseased conditions. The cow is what its food makes it. It is said that milk and potatoes as an exclusive diet do not cause nutritional troubles. Although that conclusion needs qualification, nevertheless, it proves, from the popularity of these foods, how necessary it is for them to be disease-free and of the highest internal quality.

The dangers attending the use of deficiency foods have been proved by experiments with birds fed upon grains the outer coat of which had been removed: they became diseased, whereas the use of the whole grains kept them perfectly healthy. Sterilisation of grains causes deficiency troubles identical with those arising from the use of deficiency foods. Investigations show that flesh-eating animals, fed on meat sterilised at 120° C., suffered from nervous derangement. What, then, must be the result of the use of sterilised milk? Sterilisation and decortication destroy the "ferments" in grains, which are essential in the prevention of malnutrition.

The fact confronts us that the vital foods are the non-fired products. What would be the effect of feeding the cow upon *sterilised or cooked grasses*? Do not these facts prove that, as cows feed upon raw grasses—non-sterilised—in their natural state, and yet are diseased through nutritional troubles, such grasses are deficiency foods because their tissues have been built up mainly from manure-fed soil?

Dr. Edward Smith, an author of repute, writes: "The kind and quality of food greatly influences the quality of milk." If

it affects the health of the milk it must naturally affect the health of the cow. I insist that the milk of cows fed on manure- and sewage-fertilised pastures is a menace to the health of the consumers.

Dr. Pavy says: "That milk is susceptible of being influenced by ingesta is a fact with which most people are acquainted, and many familiar illustrations of it can be adduced." And again: "Food, to fulfil the requirements of animal life, must contain mineral, or inorganic, as well as organic principles—a supply of the former being quite as indispensable as a supply of the latter," which proves the necessity of furnishing crops and soils with the dust of the primary rocks.

Not long since citrus fruit growers attempted to increase the size of their fruits for exportation by blowing them out by excessive feedings. But, through the use of quantities of nitrogenous materials, the tissue of the fruits developed was of a coarser nature. The sugar content was lowered, and the juice percentage declined.

In the same way the persistent and excessive use of manure and sewage, loaded with carbonate of ammonia, distinctly tend to the production of bloated, watery, innutritious tissues in grasses and kindred products used for feeding purposes. If imperfect food will disorganise the tissue of vegetable organisms, why should not imperfect food disorganise the tissue of animal organisms? There is no difference.

But let us take a leaf out of the book of sixteenth-century science, in connection with the point at issue. John Kaye, or Kay, known as Caius, physician to Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, gives a vivid description of the sweating sickness, which was undoubtedly due to the inflammatory diet of the age. The doctor points out that Englishmen with "hot and moist complexions, both rich and poor, idlers, ale-drinkers, and tavern-haunters," were wiped out of existence like flies by its fury.

The intemperate or excessive diet was, he said, the predisposing cause of the disease by bringing about a state of body favourable to the operation of the infection. Wherever the full-blooded Englishman of the period went the disease followed him, so that, whether in England, France, or Holland, so long as he adhered to his inflammatory diet, "Sweatyng Sickness" smote him.

Caius was more enlightened than are many modern practitioners. A few of the most important precautions for prevention and cure that he commended were: moderation in diet, the use of fruits and vegetables, pure air inside the house and without, the burial of dead animal matter, and the removal of dunghills. There are thousands of country homes where the provision of pure air

within and the removal of dunghills without would also, in our day, be productive of untold benefit.

Over a quarter of a century ago a well-known specialist wrote :
 "There are diets suited for every species of work, physical or mental, diets by which diseases may be prevented and cured, diets which make the frame vigorous and the spirits joyous ; others which mar the face with wrinkles, speckle the body with eruptions, and make the form hollow, lean, and prematurely old."

The perfectly healthy body of the cow, or man, is proof against the attacks of injurious microbes. M. Metchnikoff, in ignoring the germicidal and antiseptic powers of the healthy body, fell into grievous error. The condition of the stamina is everything, and that condition, for better or worse, is regulated by the nature of the food from which it is developed. It is just as necessary to furnish foodstuffs of perfect internal structure for the elaboration of protein and mineral in the body of the cow, as it is, by similar means, to assure the elaboration of protein and mineral in the make-up of the man.

Perfect wheat grains, rich in phosphorus and fluorine, are impossible from manure-fed land. They are obtainable only from the mineralised soil. Further, these alone furnish phosphorus and fluorine in perfect proportion for the development of the healthy body and the healthy brain.

The milk industry in Europe is of increasing value to farmers. Danish cows produce, on an average, from 8,000 to 8,800 lb. of milk each a year, with a fat content of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., an equivalent of from 290 to 325 lb. of butter a year. In France the cow furnishes from 8 to 10 quarts of milk a day for nine or ten months of the year, or from 5,000 to 6,000 lb. annually. It takes 12 quarts of milk in winter, and from 14 to 15 in the summer, to make a pound of butter. The yearly average in France is from 200 to 221 lb. per cow.

An American authority condemns severely the want of ventilation and cleanliness in cowhouses and yards generally, and insists that in most countries cows are milked in a careless and unclean manner. It has been proved that manure is the most important factor in the dissemination of tubercle bacilli by cattle. As manure from infected cows is heavily charged with bacilli, under hand methods of milking the milk can easily become contaminated by particles of bacilli-laden manure. Pigs become infected readily from being allowed to feed in the same field with cows.

No subject affecting the health of the peoples has, during the past quarter of a century, received greater attention from sanitarians, scientists, and philanthropists than tuberculosis or consumption. Governments have made superficial attempts to

deal with the trouble, but the scourge continues its devastating course regardless of all that has been done to bring its progress to an end. Local authorities have neglected their duty in the main, and the old Local Government Board was most apathetic. I know that many complaints have been made without any effect whatever. The difficulty of inducing local authorities to act is known to most people living in small rural districts, especially where dairy farming forms the leading feature of the agricultural industry. The present rules of procedure afford no privacy or privilege to anyone drawing attention to insanitary dairies or cowyards. If sanitary inspectors did their duty and the existing law was carried out things would certainly be improved. But before the distribution of the "pus cells" can be stayed for good we must get at the root of the trouble. The representatives of modern agriculture talk as if the provision of hygienic conditions on the farm was an impossibility. Many agricultural college professors agree with the farmers. But they forget that the allotment system in many instances furnishes complete refutations of their opinions. On many allotments no foul corners are allowed to exist. The cultivators are compelled to keep their plots clean. On thousands of them, thanks to clean culture, no sewage or manure is used, with the result that the output is often treble that obtained from farm land fed with waste animal matter.

With pieces of chopped-up, turfy foam, stone dust, and wood ash, and a well-aerated soil, every crop needed can be grown to perfection and in profusion, assuring harvests two or three times greater than are obtainable under the unclean method, which is responsible for tuberculosis and kindred affections.

In tests in which records were carefully noted one cow gave milk 365 days in the year, the total yield being 14,972 lb., and a commercial butter yield of 1,018 lb. Another cow gave milk during 275 days, the milk yield being only 4,918 lb., and the total commercial butter yield 228 lb. These are object lessons in the benefits of selection and breeding.

But if selected cows, champion milkers, were distributed to ordinary farmers and fed on ordinary lines, feeding would prove a greater force than breeding, and under the influence of imperfect pasture they would soon degenerate in the same way that high-bred wheat and potatoes do under kindred treatment.

Before clean, disease-free milk can be termed a perfect product it must contain casein, lactose, fat, and phosphates of perfect quality. Food regulates the quality of milk, and material such as brewer's grains lowers its nutrient standard, disorganises its uniformity of composition, and demoralises the child it is fed to.

The milk of the cow is lightly treated as a perfect substitute

for the natural food of the infant. That it cannot be, even at its best. It will never lay the foundation of the perfect body and mind in human beings. Its use indissolubly links us up too closely with the lower animals from which it is derived.

Apart from the physical suffering entailed, if it were possible to estimate the number of lives that have been lost during the past fifty years through the perpetuation of the systems I condemn it would be found to be greater than the present total population of Britain, whilst the financial losses would exceed the freehold value of every acre we possess. One of the best points in the findings of the Committee is that which suggests that arable dairy farming should be extended. This would contribute considerably to the production of hygienic milk. It is an endorsement of what I have urged more than once before, and in my contribution for February, 1918, in the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, on "Economic War Foods," I pointed out that in the days of Queen Elizabeth the Flemish farmers in England found that ten acres of crops from arable land would support 50 per cent. more stock than forty acres under grass. Further, to-day we know, in the light of clean culture, that millions of acres of pastures are starved and fouled, disseminators of disease to cows and men, whilst arable cultivation makes for healthy soils and healthy soils for healthy foods. It is to be hoped that the Government will act upon the two recommendations of the Parliamentary Committee, which I have referred to, without delay. I have referred to pre-war prices and tests, but though yields have been greatly increased since they were made, nevertheless none of my arguments are in any way affected thereby.

SAMPSON MORGAN.

THE EVOLUTION OF WHIMSICALITY.

THE title shall stand, because I like it ; but it does not say all. • By whimsicality, I ought to explain, I mean, broadly, modern humour, as distinguished from that which we find before the end of the eighteenth century. It may comprise all the earlier forms, but it is different, perhaps, in its very blending, and it has one ingredient which the older forms lacked, and which, like the onion in the bowl of salad, as celebrated by one of its masters—Sydney Smith—"animates the whole." I refer to its unreluctant egotism. It is this autobiographical quality that is its most noticeable characteristic—the author's sidelong amused canonisation of himself ; his frankly shameless assumption that if a thing is interesting to the writer it must therefore be of interest to the world. And with the development of whimsicality (as I call it) are bound up also the development of slippered ease in literature and the stages by which we have all become funnier. To-day everyone can grow the flower with more or less success, for everyone has the seed.

Although the new humour comprises the old, it has never reached its predecessor's heights in certain of its branches. Only in parody and nonsense have we gained. There has, for example, been no modern satire to equal Pope's and Dryden's and Swift's ; no irony more biting than Swift's and Defoe's, or more delicate and ingratiating than Goldsmith's ; no such cynical or grotesque humour as Shakespeare exults in ; no rough-and-tumble buffoonery like Fielding's and Smollett's. In nonsense and in parody we have alone improved, the old days having nothing to offer to be compared with Lewis Carroll or Calverley ; but in burlesque we cannot compete with *The Rehearsal*, *The Beggar's Opera*, or *The Critic*.

But all those authors were impersonal. They suppressed themselves. We have no evidence as to whether Shakespeare was more like Falstaff or Prospero ; probably he resembled both, but we cannot know. Goldsmith is the only autobiographer among them, but even he always affected to be some one else ; he had not the courage of the first person singular, and Steele and Addison, eminently fitted as they were to inaugurate the new era, clung to tradition and employed a stalking horse. Even Sterne only pretended to be himself, although whimsicality in the strictest meaning of the word undoubtedly was his.

The period when whimsicality came in—the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century—was the period when a return to nature in poetry was in gestation ; a movement beginning subconsciously with Cowper and Crabbe and

finding its most eloquent conscious prophets in Wordsworth and Coleridge, and its gospel in the preface to the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* in 1800. Coleridge and Wordsworth were the great wave. Beneath the impressive surface of the ocean which they crested, in the calm waters where letter writing is carried on (if I may be pardoned not the best of metaphors), the other development was in progress; correspondents were becoming more familiar. I would not allege that humour and the epistolary art were strangers until, say, 1780—there is, indeed, very good evidence to the contrary—but it was somewhere about that time that a more constant facetiousness crept in, and just as Wordsworth's revolutionary methods held the field and ousted the heightened conventional language of the eighteenth-century poets, so did this new and natural levity gain strength. Hitherto men had divided themselves strictly between their light and their grave moods. But now gradually these moods were allowed to mingle, and in course of time quite serious people let their pens frisk as merrily as the professional wags.

It was left for Charles Lamb so to confuse dishabille and full dress that ever after him no author had any rigid need to keep them apart: but Lamb was not the fountain head. He had a predecessor, and we come to that predecessor, the real father of whimsicality, the first writer of our modern humorous prose, in a phrase in a letter of Lamb's on December 5, 1796—thus keeping the chain intact. Writing to Coleridge, Lamb refers to Cowper's "divine chit-chat," and although that phrase no doubt applied to *Table Talk* and *The Task* and other poetical monologues, we may here borrow it to describe the ease and fun and unaffected egoism which are for the first time found in perfection in English literature in Cowper's letters. As early as 1778 he was writing like this (to William Unwin):—

"We are indebted to you for your political intelligence, but have it not in our power to pay you in kind. Proceed, however, to give us such information as cannot be learned from the newspaper; and when anything arises at Olney, that is not in the threadbare style of daily occurrences, you shall hear of it in return. Nothing of this sort has happened lately, except that a lion was imported here at the fair, seventy years of age, and was as tame as a goose. Your mother and I saw him embrace his keeper with his paws, and lick his face. Others saw him receive his head in his mouth, and restore it to him again unhurt—a sight we chose not to be favoured with, but rather advised the honest man to discontinue the practice—a practice hardly reconcilable to prudence, unless he had a head to spare."

In 1779, again to William Unwin:—

"I remember,—(the fourth and last thing I mean to remember on this occasion) that Sam Cox, the Counsel, walking by the seaside as if absorbed

in deep contemplation, was questioned about what he was musing on. He replied, 'I was wondering that such an almost infinite and unwieldy element should produce a *sprat*.'

And again :—

"It seems a trifle, but it is a real disadvantage to have no better name to pass by than the gentleman you mention. Whether we suppose him settled, and promoted in the army, the church, or the law, how uncouth the sound—Captain Twopenny ! Bishop Twopenny ! Judge Twopenny ! The abilities of Lord Mansfield would hardly impart a dignity to such a name. Should he perform deeds worthy of poetical panegyric, how difficult would it be to ennoble the sound of Twopenny !

• Muse ! place him high upon the lists of Fame,

• The wondrous man, and, Twopenny his name !

But to be serious, if the French should land in the Isle of Thanet, and Mr. Twopenny should fall into their hands, he will have a fair opportunity to frenchify his name, and may call himself Monsieur Deux Sous ; which, when he comes to be exchanged by Cartel, will easily resume an English form, and slide naturally into Two Shoes, in my mind a considerable improvement."

In 1780 was a copy of verses, to the same correspondent :—

"I shall charge you a half-penny apiece for every copy I send you, the short as well as the long. This is a sort of afterclap you little expected, but I cannot possibly afford them at a cheaper rate. If this method of raising money had occurred to me sooner, I should have made the bargain sooner ; but am glad I have hit upon it at last. It will be a considerable encouragement to my muse, and act as a powerful stimulus to my industry. If the American war should last much longer I may be obliged to raise my price."

Such passages as these, limpid, unaffected, setting down daily trivialities as well and amusingly as was in the author's power, seem to me to mark the beginnings of much modern humour. There are hints of the same quality in Walpole and in Gray, but those writers are of their own time, and to us they are often archaic. Cowper was the first to handle the new prose, although he did not come out into the open with it. He was, publicly, a poet, and was read for his poetry. The innovating work that he had begun, if it was to prosper, needed a public writer to make it generally acceptable, and such was Charles Lamb. If Cowper was the father of whimsicality, Lamb was its chief populariser.

Lamb's great discovery was that he himself was better worth laying bare than obscuring ; that his memories, his impressions, his loyalties, his dislikes, his doubts, his beliefs, his prejudices, his enthusiasms, in short, everything that was his, were suitable material for literature. Pope said that the proper study of mankind was man ; Lamb amended this to—the proper study of each man is himself. If you know yourself and have confidence in your moods and general sagacity, a record is worth making. Addison

and Steele had even better opportunities to be as disclosing than Lamb; they had a daily paper, and could write every morning exactly what they liked, and often must have been so hard put to it for subjects that autobiography would seem to be the easy way; yet they were always inventing. The time for personal confidences was not yet. But whether Lamb would have been as he is without these forerunners is a question. In so far as the modernity of his humour is concerned I think that he would, but no doubt his early contributions to *The Reflector*, some ten years before *Elia*, were based on the old models. Years, however, before he wrote those (in 1811) for print, he had, for private friendly eyes only, penned such passages in his letters as this (in April, 1800, to Coleridge):—

"You read us a dismal homily upon 'Realities!' We know, quite as well as you do, what are shadows and what are realities. You, for instance, when you are over your fourth or fifth jorum, chirping about old school occurrences, are the best of realities. Shadows are cold, thin things, that have no warmth or grasp in them. Miss Wesley and her friend, and a tribe of authoresses that come after you here daily, and, in defect of you, hive and cluster upon us, are the shadows. You encouraged that mopsey, Miss Wesley, to dance after you, in the hope of having her nonsense put into a nonsensical Anthology. We have pretty well shaken her off, by that simple expedient of referring her to you; but there are more burrs in the wind.

"I came home to-day from business, hungry as a hunter, to dinner, with nothing, I am sure, of *the author but hunger* about me, and whom found I closeted with Mary but a friend of this Miss Wesley—one Miss Benje, or Benjey—I don't know how she spells her name. I just came in time enough, I believe, luckily to prevent them from exchanging vows of eternal friendship. It seems she is one of your authoresses, that you first foster, and then upbraid us with. But I forgive you. 'The rogue has given me potions to make me love him.' Well; go she would not, nor step a step over our threshold, till we had promised to come and drink tea with her next night. I had never seen her before, and could not tell who the devil it was that was so familiar.

"We went, however, not to be impolite. Her lodgings are up two pairs of stairs in East Street. Tea and coffee, and macaroons—a kind of cake I much love. We sat down. Presently Miss Benje broke the silence, by declaring herself quite of a different opinion from D'Israeli, who supposes the differences of human intellect to be the mere effect of organisation. She begged to know my opinion. I attempted to carry it off with a pun upon organ; but that went off very flat. She immediately conceived a very low opinion of metaphysics; and turning round to Mary, put some question to her in French, possibly having heard that neither Mary nor I understood French. The explanation that took place occasioned some embarrassment and much wondering.

"She then fell into an insulting conversation about the comparative genius and merits of all modern languages, and concluded with asserting that the Saxon was esteemed the purest dialect in Germany. From thence she passed into the subject of poetry; where I, who had hitherto sat mute and a hearer only, humbly hoped I might now put in a word to

some advantage, seeing that it was my own trade in a manner. But I was stopped by a round assertion that no good poetry had appeared since Dr. Johnson's time. It seems the Doctor has suppressed many hopeful geniuses that way by the severity of his critical strictures in his *Lives of the Poets*. I here ventured to question the fact, and was beginning to appeal to names, but I was assured 'it was certainly the case.' Then we discussed Miss More's book on education, which I had never read. . . .

"It being now nine o'clock, wine and macaroons were again served round, and we parted with a promise to go again next week and meet the Miss Porters, who, it seems, have heard much of Mr. Coleridge, and wish to meet us, because we are his friends. I have been preparing for the occasion. I crowd cotton in my ears. I read all the reviews and magazines of the past month against the dreadful meeting, and I hope by these means to cut a tolerable second-rate figure."

I can find nothing quite like that, so humorous, and rapid, in any writer before Lamb. There is hardly an antiquated word in it. But what is more interesting about it is that no one hitherto would have thought the narration worth while. That, perhaps, is the most significant thing.

Another example from the same year, 1800, the account of Joseph Cottle (author of *Alfred*) being gradually wooed from his grief for his brother, Amos Cottle's, death, and I shall have quoted enough.

"I suppose you have heard of the death of Amos Cottle.

"I paid a solemn visit of condolence to his brother, accompanied by George Dyer, of burlesque memory. I went, trembling to see poor Cottle so immediately upon the event.

"He was in black; and his younger brother was also in black.

"Everything wore an aspect suitable to the respect due to the freshly dead. For some time after our entrance nobody spoke till George modestly put in a question, whether *Alfred* was likely to sell.

"This was *Lethe* to Cottle, and his poor face, wet with tears, and his kind eye brightened up in a moment. Now I felt it was my cue to speak.

"I had to thank him for a present of a magnificent copy, and had promised to send him my remarks, the least thing I could do; so I ventured to suggest that I perceived a considerable improvement he had made in his first book since the state in which he first read it to me. Joseph until now had sat with his knees cowering in by the fireplace, and with great difficulty of body shifted the same round to the corner of a table where I was sitting, and first stationing one thigh over the other, which is his sedentary mood, and placidly fixing his benevolent face right against mine, waited my observations.

"At that moment it came strongly into my mind, that I had got Uncle Toby before me, he looked so kind and good.

"I could not say an unkind thing of *Alfred*. So I set my memory to recollect what was the name of Alfred's Queen, and with some adroitness recalled the well-known sound to Cottle's ears of *Alswitha*.

"At that moment I could perceive that Cottle had forgot his brother was so lately become a blessed spirit. In the language of mathematicians, the author was as 9, the brother as 1.

"I felt my cue, and strong pity working at the root I went to work,

and bealabbered *Alfred* with most unqualified praise, or only qualifying my praise by the occasional politic interposition of an exception taken against trivial faults, slips, and human imperfections, which, by removing the appearance of insincerity, did but in truth heighten the relish.

"Perhaps I might have spared that refinement, for Joseph was in a humour to hope and believe *all things*.

"What I said was beautifully supported, corroborated and confirmed by the stupidity of his brother on my left hand, and by George on my right, who has an utter incapacity of comprehending that there can be anything bad in poetry.

"All poems are *good* poems to George; all men are *fine geniuses*.

"So, what with my actual memory, of which I made the most, and Cottle's own helping me out—for I had really forgotten a good deal of *Alfred*—I made shift to discuss the most essential part, entirely to the satisfaction of its author, who repeatedly declared that he loved nothing better than *candid* criticism. Was I a candid greyhound now for all this? or did I do right? I believe I did. The effect was luscious to my conscience.

"For all the rest of the evening Amos was no more heard of, till George revived the subject by inquiring whether some account should not be drawn up by the friends of the deceased to be inserted in Phillips's *Monthly Obituary*; adding, that Amos was estimable both for his head and heart, and would have made a fine poet if he had lived.

"To the expediency of this measure Cottle fully assented, but could not help adding that he always thought that the qualities of his brother's heart exceeded those of his head.

"I believe his brother, when living, had formed precisely the same idea of him; and I apprehend the world will assent to both judgments."

One feels that the man who could be writing with such sureness and zest in the year 1800 ought to have come to his *Elia* vein—1820—sooner. But the clock always has to strike first.

Puns in their absurd latter-day form also were coming in in the same decade that gave us the *Lyrical Ballads*. There had been puns before—Shakespeare has many, and Swift and Doctor Sheridan rejoiced in exchanging them—but they were less light hearted, more verbal; the pun with nonsense to it, such as we associate first with Lamb, is not earlier than he. In a magazine published in 1793 (when Lamb was eighteen) I find this fragment of history gravely set forth: "When the seamen on board the ship of Christopher Columbus came in sight of San Salvador, they burst out into exuberant mirth and jollity. 'The lads are in a merry key,' cried the commodore. America is now the name of half the globe." That is not at all like the eighteenth century, but the century that was to produce Hood and H. J. Byron and F. C. Burnand.

Before *Elia*, no one writing for print had assumed that his own impressions of life, grave and gay, were a sufficient or even a suitable subject. Such self-analytical authors as there had been had selected and garnished according to the canons of taste

of their time. Lamb came naturally to his task and fondled and exhibited his ego with all the ecstasy of a collector displaying bric-à-brac or first editions; and ever since then, acting upon his sanction, others have been doing it. But what has at the moment the most interest to me is that part of Lamb's legacy which embodies his freakish humour; it was his willingness to be naturally funny that has benefited so many heirs. I should say that his principal service to other writers lay in giving them, by his example, encouragement to be natural, to mix their comic fancies with their serious thoughts—as they are mixed in real life. The mingled thread, he showed, should never be divided.

The influence of letters must not be stressed; for the examples from Lamb were written before he could have seen any of Cowper's correspondence, while none of Lamb's letters were made public until Talfourd's memoir of him in 1837. But although Lamb could not be influenced by Cowper's prose until 1804—nor needed to be, then—he was stimulated by the "lively chit-chat" of his verse, which brought a happy egotism into general popularity. He then developed and simmered for a couple of decades, and the next great event in the evolution of whimsicality (as for convenience I am calling it) was the outcome of those comparatively silent years, the *Elia* essays beginning in the *London Magazine* in 1820.

Thus we have four notable years: 1782, Cowper's first *Poems*—*Table Talk*, etc.; 1785, *The Task* (with *John Gilpin*); 1804, new edition of Hayley's *Life of Cowper*, with correspondence added; 1820, *Elia* essays begin.

I don't want to suggest any conscious derivation from Lamb in modern writers. To begin with, no writer who is an imitator can be worth anything; but a writer can be both an individual and under influence. He can move on parallel lines with his predecessor, not intentionally, but through a similarity of outlook. It would be absurd, in spite of his own admission with regard to sedulous apishness, to say, for example, that Stevenson imitated Lamb; but what one may contend is that but for the new easy familiar personal turn which Lamb gave to literature, Stevenson's *Inland Voyage* and *Travels with a Donkey* might never have been written. Their derivation is more commonly given to Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* and, in so far as form goes, possibly with accuracy; but although the mould may be from Sterne, for the nature of the contents we are far more indebted to Lamb. Sterne was an affected piece, posturing and grimacing too often; but Lamb, who is always divulging, was above pretence, and the example which he set to writers coming after him was courage to be themselves, and to be all of themselves all the time.

Meanwhile, during the period when Lamb was writing Addisonian exercises for *The Reflector*, and preparing to be himself and nothing but himself ever after, a little boy was born—the year was 1812, and the date February 7th—in an obscure house in an obscure part of Portsmouth. His father was a dockyard clerk, named John Dickens, and the little boy was christened Charles John Huffam, but the John and the Huffam quickly disappeared and Charles only remained. This boy, who was destined not only to delight the world into which he was projected, but to create a new world of his own, was, I am sure, fired by Lamb's example. I have seen somewhere, but cannot trace the reference, that among Dickens's childish reading was *Elia*, which had begun in the *London Magazine* when he was eight. The other little Charles could thus have read, at the most impressionable age, the account of Ralph Bigod, the Micawberesque, borrower of money, and of Jem White, who had such a glorious Dickensian way at the chimney sweeps' suppers. Even genius often has to be put in the right path. If it is admitted that Lamb influenced Dickens, then my point is firmly enough established, for Dickens was the first really comic writer that we have had, and his own influence must have been endless. Before Dickens, no author had tried to be as funny as he could, or at any rate no author had done so with any acceptance.

Cowper, then, and Lamb (with Walpole and Gray as less guilty accomplices) must be convicted of the sweet offence of bringing whimsicality into literature and making it all the easier for our own artists in that medium to make a living; in England, Mr. Beerbohm and Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton and Sir James Barrie, and in America, Mr. Oliver Herford and (to name two only) Mr. Christopher Morley.

E. V. LUCAS.

PUBLIC CONVENIENCE AND EARLY CLOSING.

NEXT Session (1922) it is expected that the Government will devote attention to the general question of the hours of early closing. No Parliamentarian ever anticipates with absolute confidence the fulfilment of apparent promises, since he realises the difficulties which must inevitably face any Cabinet unexpectedly, however serious its intentions. There has indeed probably been no Parliament of recent time in which cold calculation has been so often thwarted by urgent and unanticipated complications. Hence I do not prophetically call attention to what will be, but rather to what may be done. And it is in that spirit that I warn all concerned that the question of early closing will never be solved in more or less casual and emergency fashion. Careful and systematic inquiry is vital, and the Government will be well warned to set it on foot without delay.

Early closing seems to be such a relatively simple question that there are few who do not feel able and qualified to express their opinion on the issue, and, roughly speaking, they may be divided into three camps. There are the minimists, who express the view of the employees, and the maximists, who represent the one-man employer; and between them come the public, whose point of view is only, as a rule, considered by those two classes mentioned—if it suits their claims to specific and specialised treatment. Now taking the whole question from the most broad and the least fettered standpoint, the contention of the individualist is both natural and obvious. He stands for no restrictions of any sort. He expresses the opinion that, given a fixed wage meeting the natural demands of the employees and accepting a statutory limitation of hours which governs unconditionally the labour of these salaried and wage-paid servants, there is no reason why shops should not be open when and how they like—even the whole twenty-four hours of the day and night. It is so in many industries. The factories to reduce establishment charges and the mines to cheapen output work the two-shift or even the three-shift system, and there is no complaint. Even the newspaper with an evening and a morning edition works almost incessantly night and day, yet no one complains, because of course there are double staffs well paid and working limited hours. Why not the shops then?

The shops object because there is no night *clientèle*. They have to make their fortunes in a given period, which may somewhat exceed the normal working day of eight hours, and which is

often elongated to proportions which react on the individual employee because he is neither so well organised nor so independent that he can afford to barter what he has to sell in the open market, and must rather accept what is offered. That is the drawback to acceptance of any non-restrictive scheme by the employee, yet it is obvious that it were to his interest to approve what he dare not, since the greater the volume of employment the less the numbers of his fellows out of work in his particular branch of activity. The drawback to the employer is that he is not educated "up to" acceptance of even quasi-ideal working conditions for his staff, and further that in any case his hours are governed by the proportion of profit he may make in specified times of opening.

Perhaps it is as well first to take the standpoint of the public. It may be contended that it is negligible. Trade is not a philanthropic pursuit, and the public has only a right to what is offered, and no claim to advantages which it would appreciate, but which, in view of the fact that it would not pay adequately for them, it has no right to insist on. Trade lives on public support, yet there is a growing tendency to view this grudgingly, to suggest that this is only given on exacting terms, to hint that too much is expected for the service rendered. When I had the opportunity to introduce in the last session and carry through a measure which, so far as its limited scope was concerned, was almost universally welcomed by those directly affected, there was one taunt which certain individuals endeavoured to throw in my teeth, namely, that my action was a direct challenge to the efforts of shop assistant and even employer to live a "higher life," to rob them of any chance of profiting by the lessons of the war that if we wished to remove the stigma of a C 3 population we had to lessen the hours and improve the working conditions of the vast masses of the population. I confess this argument in all its flimsiness "left me cold." I am sufficiently of a friend to trades unionism to recognise that this great movement would never have built up its strength by what is practically an appeal to the *ad misericordiam* instincts of the community. It is *ca'cannyism* applied not to individuals but to industries. You will never build up any national trading concern by suggesting that really it is such a tender flower that it needs the fostering care of everyone concerned to shelter it from the strenuous conditions of everyday existence. I would have had more respect for these of my critics if they had taken their stand boldly on the argument that "we will only work so long for so much," and have left it at that. The machine would soon have adapted itself to the requirements of those who tended it. Why should we be asked to adjust these

requirements to the ukase of the machine? Yet this is what too many apostles of early closing are doing.

Of course I admit these are not individualist days. Procrustean collectivism demands the sacrifice of all independent desires or inclinations, and if it can be shown that such a policy is to the national good I am ready to hearken, but is it? Only the weakest and least organised, the most inefficient and the worst remunerated, classes need this State protection, and it is my belief, rightly or wrongly, that it is little to its abiding advantage and good. It saps the energy of the employer, it restricts the outlook of the employee, and it certainly is not to the benefit of the public. Is it seriously suggested that the miners or the factory workers are among the least fit physically of the community, or that they have less opportunity to develop a "higher life" because they are on the shift system? The truth is that all the advantages they have won, all the character they notoriously possess, are due to their own independence of attitude and view. With State supervision and nursing they would never have developed as they have done. Under early closing, therefore, the shop assistant may appear to gain momentarily, but in the long run he will remain—as he is industrially—a weakly flower.

But those who do not share this view are in danger of falling into another serious embarrassment. It seems quite simple to decree that the hours shall be prescribed for all, irrespective of public needs and requirements. If I were a champion of this method of treatment of a complex problem I would never admit individual representations on the effects of this policy. For the moment, it might thereby appear as though success were assured, but in the long run the policy is bound to break down. Indeed, cracks are already appearing. They are appearing because this policy tries to mould human nature to its requirements, and such has never been successfully done either in this or in any other age. Customs in the slow passage of time alter everything. Let me show how this is done in respect to retail trade. It is the habit to distinguish between the larger stores and the smaller aspects of retail trade, yet these are in their way all—or nearly all—aggregates. This accentuates the complexity of dealing with the problem at all, and was speedily discovered in connection with the Early Closing of Shops (Amendment) Act. The shop which sold chocolates and sweets in general usually also sold tobacco; many of them also dealt in newspapers. Not a few vended mineral waters, and some few fruit. Hence if you are going to legislate for small shops of this composite trade nature you are at once faced with the difficulties arising from so many facets of miscellaneous business. They have to open very early

to sell newspapers; they have a fair, steady trade in tobacco all day; their sweet business only begins in the late afternoon, and the mineral waters and sweets are often a late evening trade. Such establishments have to work long hours, and yet if you grant rather longer time to sell one article—or one type of article—you really place the shopowner in an awkward position if he opens to trade in only a limited part of his stock. Nor is this confined to the trades mentioned. It soon became clear that vendors of perishable commodities indulge in a perfect miscellany of articles for disposal. Give preferential treatment to one type, and you are liable to trouble in respect to others. Hence the Legislature should remember that particularisation in treatment has its pitfalls.

I offer this frank admission gratis to the champions of a fixed closing hour for all, but I note their inconsistency. You can open a shop when you like. You can bring in your assistant at dawn, and if you are a sweater you can work him or her till the latest moment allowed by the law, and no one can say you nay. Yet you may be an ideal employer. You may say: "My business is a late afternoon or evening trade; allow me to trade when I can in reason"; but the law till recently refused any consideration to you. Your contemplated hours may be many less than those of the early-opening shopkeeper, but you are penalised because you realise you make your appeal to public requirements of a certain type, whereas he can go on as he wills. This is no romance. Among the masses of letters which reached me was one from Manchester—I may as well state the city—in which the employees argued against any extension of hours, not because they objected, *per se*, to the sale of the goods in which they dealt, but as a result of the conditions in which they worked. No one could help admitting the justice of their individual view. They worked from 8 a.m. till 8 p.m., never leaving their cabined quarters even for meals, which they ate in their places or near them, rarely able to obtain proper food, since their proprietor objected to the odour of cooked food disturbing customers, quite unable to secure rest or change of scene or atmosphere, and going home each night and every night nearly worn out. Your ideal Early Closing Act did not help them. It never interfered to make life easier for them. If their employer had elected to open at seven instead of eight the law would have allowed him. Such a case, therefore, though one may sympathise with the pathos of the objection to any further accumulation of work, does not affect the question of early closing, or, indeed, closing hours at all. It affects the hours under which a proprietor may employ his assistants and the conditions amid which he employs them.

It affects the wages he pays them. It raises the whole question of shop assistants' life and work. It is either for the law to regulate the life and work of those whom one can only style poor drudges, or for the efforts of the class themselves to improve their position by their own unaided or aided effort—or by both influences working conjointly.

It needs, therefore, no prescience to see that when we discuss this question of early closing in the near future we shall be treated to a deluge of facts and arguments which are not germane to the case at all. I have already said that legislation of this nature is, I think, disastrous to the *moral* of the class themselves. I am no great admirer of any legislation on the subject. I think that the cast-iron rule which compels the usual weekly half-holiday in one district is a doubtful step. I warmly favour the compulsory half-holiday, but it seems to me difficult, if not impossible, to argue that the result would not be achieved if employers were compelled to grant the half-holiday—and, if you like, compelled to grant it to individuals on fixed days—but otherwise not forced to close their establishments entirely. Of course, you would be countered with the *impasse* created by the position of the one-man business, but here, again, why not meet this by registration of employers, so as to ensure that where such a one could not prove that his shop would on one half-day a week be tended by someone other than himself, he would perforce have to close. No doubt this would lead to subterfuges; we all know them. It would be suggested that the wife or the servant labouring in the back of the shop would be called on to "lend a hand" to serve the casual caller; and that, again, you would thus evade the Act or any Act and permit duplication of effort of a very undesirable kind. Under the alternative scheme I have suggested it does not seem to me that this risk would arise. If such a small proprietor desired to keep open he would have to face a slight measure of inquisitorial control which would in the initial stages of abolished custom be probably necessary. In many cases he would have to employ assistance. In any event, there would be some chance of increasing employment.

Any advocate of reasonable change in respect of early closing or even of modified methods knows perfectly well the type of argument with which he will be met. Thus on behalf of the Early Closing Association a statement was recently issued from which the following paragraph is taken, and it indicates the sentimentalism which is certain to be used against even moderate men in this controversy:—

"The hours of closing every night, right down to the time when the war broke out, were absolutely a disgrace to a Christian country. Through

the hot summer evenings growing boys and girls, young men and women were thoroughly exhausted by working 14, 15, and 16 hours per day, and the pity of it all was that it was so unnecessary and entirely due to thoughtlessness. Saturday was the worst day of all. But now, after two years of peace, there are indications that we are drifting back to the deplorably late shopping hours of pre-war days.

The "drift" is not very noticeable, and yet it is already inferentially denounced and restricted wherever possible. It cost a great effort to secure any modification in respect to the hours of selling sweets, and there are obviously plenty who wish to hamper the action of Parliament in regard to the late sale of stimulants by raising difficulties which the Legislature never intended. It is so easy for an Association to claim that it represents the views of the trading community. It would be far more practical if the Home Secretary would require every organised retail trade to circularise its members and to obtain their considered opinion. Whatever it was, he would then have some grounds for acting on it. In this troubled problem pure sentimentalism is the greatest danger. We are always told how the Saturday half-holiday in Bond Street and Oxford Street was secured by appeals to the shopping public to arrange their shopping hours so that those who waited on them could enjoy the boon. On this I would only make two comments, the one being that, owing to this form of closing, large numbers of people engaged in business can never shop in the West End at all, and the other that in any case many shops in the West End would probably find the volume of business so small that they would not much mind closing even were they not compelled to do so under the weekly half-holiday system. One rarely borrows any parallel from the land, but most people do not know that the farmer has nowadays to give a weekly half-holiday to all his employees, or, if compelled to keep them on by circumstances over which he has little control, he has to pay them overtime. They all get their half-holiday, and yet the business of a farm goes on, as it must go on, without any complete suspension of activity.

I am perfectly well aware that it is always contended that we have been "educated," "through the Press, public and platform," into realising the benefits of early closing. Early closing as it exists to-day is always styled by its champions as "shopping within reasonable hours." The two are not the same—necessarily. The phrase "reasonable hours" is really a misuse of terms. They may be reasonable hours so far as the times are concerned in which one set of employees should work, but so far as the public is concerned they may be quite unreasonable. Personally, I think the time is approaching when this whole question of early closing will have to be considered from quite

another standpoint, and in the remarks I have made in this article I have endeavoured to express my own views that we are trying to settle the matter on wrong lines. I yield to none in my sympathy for the working staffs, but at the same time I do not see why I should allow this to interfere with consideration for the public convenience when the two are so easily capable of adjustment. We are always urged, as in the paragraph quoted, to exercise a little thoughtfulness. Possibly; but we also want to exercise a little thought as well, and they are by no means the same thing.

The public has aimed substantially at getting rid of the hampering regulations of the war, which, though they affected every branch of its daily life, it endured for the sake of the cause at stake. Up to the present there is no indication whatever that in the process of relaxation of these regulations there is the least inclination to revert to objectionable pre-war habits and customs, or to act unfairly towards any section of the community. In the one respect of early closing there has only been one trivial modification and we are assured that no others ought to be introduced. This may be right or it may be wrong, but the Home Secretary in any case had better investigate the problem most thoroughly before he recommends to the House of Commons as ideal any line of policy which may be urged on him either by one side or the other. Such investigation, as I have already said, should be the subject of inquiry. In no other way shall we solve this problem. And in such an inquiry every aspect of shop closing should be considered.

WALTER DE FRECE.

DEVELOPMENTS IN THE FAR EAST.

As was foretold in the writer's article entitled "The Crisis in China," published in the January issue of this REVIEW, the Harding Administration determined that among the earliest and most important things it had to deal with was the question of China, and hence the calling of the Washington Conference, the first meeting of which is to take place within a fortnight. The statement that the primary intention of the Conference is the consideration of armaments, or rather of disarmament, particularly naval disarmament, cannot conceal the truth that this proceeding involves the exploration—to use the vivid metaphor now in fashion—of the relevant facts, and certainly of all the principal facts, in the case. And the chief of these are wrapt up in the question of China, as indeed the agenda set forth by Washington unmistakably indicate. In Great Britain and in Europe generally, now even in France, the question that presses on all most heavily and sorely, almost like the *peine forte et dure* of mediæval torture, is the economic question, and that is the reason, no doubt, why so little interest, comparatively speaking, is shown in the Conference by the mass of the peoples on this side of the globe. Part of that question is concerned deeply enough with the questions of disarmament and of the Pacific, but in the immediate military situation of the world, especially having regard to what is now accepted as an axiom, namely, that the naval centre of gravity has swung from the North Sea to the Pacific, disarmament turns on the question of the mastery of the Pacific, and that turns on the question of China. To put it in another way: Does anyone suppose that there would be this question of the Pacific at all to-day if China, while remaining unmilitaristic, had been sufficiently strong to resist encroachment successfully, or if the Anglo-Japanese Alliance had loyally observed the most fundamental of the principles which brought it into existence? The naked truth is, of course, that the question of the Pacific, that is, of the mastery of that ocean and all that is meant by that phrase, would not be the urgent, disquieting and perhaps deadly thing it is were it not for the political weakness, and the almost as paralysing financial weakness, of China, the twofold weakness which has permitted the easy and incessant aggrandisement of Japan at her expense—at the expense, too, it must in candour be admitted, of the British reputation for straight-dealing in observing engagements and keeping pledges that ought to have been binding. And over against the weakness of China have to be set the ever-increasing strength of Japan, her militaristic policy, the fruits of which are plain for

everybody to see, and her grandiose ambitions in Asia, all of which we have seemed for the most part to encourage or at least condone. It is not so much the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in itself that has bred suspicion in the United States; it is the manner in which it has worked out to the obvious detriment of China and the equally obvious advantage of Japan that causes the trouble—the Americans are inclined to forget that it has worked out to the decided disadvantage of Great Britain as well as of China.

It is most unfortunate that no improvement of the political condition of China can be recorded during the present year, but rather the reverse. Telegraphing about the middle of September last the correspondent of *The Times* in Peking, who has lived in the country for a number of years and has an extensive acquaintance with it, said that the situation in China, politically and financially, was "as depressing and discouraging as could be." The statement, coupled with the non-payment of interest due on a loan, drove down the prices of pretty well all Chinese securities on the Stock Exchange at the time: there has since been some recovery. The correspondent was commenting on recent events in the region of the Yangtze and on the empty treasury of the Chinese Government. It may be helpful to an understanding of the state of affairs to give a brief sketch of what has occurred in China since January last. To start with, there has been no change of any significance in the composition of the Government, which, whether it is called the Central Government or the Peking Government—there is a Canton Government in being—is recognised by the Powers, including the United States, as the Government of China, and accordingly it is this Government that has been invited by America to send delegates to the Washington Conference, and is sending them. Hsu Shih-chang, the high mandarin who was the tutor of the young "Manchu Emperor," is still President of the Republic, and Chin Yun Peng remains at the head of the Cabinet, though he has tried to resign more than once, but has not been allowed to do so, for no one is eager or even willing, apparently, to take on so difficult a job.

As for some time past, in fact from the death of the great Chinaman, Yuan Shih-kai, the power and authority of the Central Government have scarcely extended beyond the walls of the capital, such edicts as have been issued by this Government have had little or no effect. In former days the large remittances that were sent by the Viceroys of the provinces to Peking, and were the chief sources of the revenue, kept the then Government in fairly ample funds, but such remittances are sent no

longer. Still, in one way or another, moneys, such as the surplus from the Customs, do reach Peking, but only to be handed over, under duress, to the Tuchun, or Military Governor of a province, who is on the spot with sufficient armed forces to compel the transfer of the cash to himself, no matter on what pretext. Here is an instance of what takes place. During the last two or three years the rule of China over Mongolia has been a fluctuating quantity. Lately China was thrown out of Mongolia by the troops of the Soviets, and Mongolia, for the time at any rate, is a Red Republic under the protection of Moscow. While this was happening Chang Tso-lin, the powerful Tuchun of Manchuria, extorted from the Peking Government a considerable sum on the ground that it was required for the re-establishment of China's authority over Mongolia, such re-establishment to be effected by himself and his troops. So far as is known, all that Chang did was to pocket the money, and no one, certainly not the Government, dares to call him to account. Since Japan ceased to grant loans, generally of no large amount but considerable in the aggregate, to relieve the financial embarrassments of Peking, the Government has had the utmost difficulty in carrying on its ordinary business—so much is this the case that the correspondent referred to in the foregoing paragraph states that even the funds for the Washington delegation are hard to provide.

Practically without money, the Peking Government is even more practically, if that is possible, without men in the shape of an army. Armies there are in China, but they do not belong to or acknowledge the authority of the Government. At this writing there are two fairly large armies in existence: one is that of Chang Tso-lin, who is reported to have 300,000 men under him in Manchuria, with his headquarters at Mukden, and a considerable force at Kirin; the other is that of Wu Pei-fu, which is in occupation of the Middle Yangtsze, and is put at 200,000 men. Both of these super-Tuchuns are leaders of the factions usually taken as forming the party of the North as against the party of the South, the geographical division between them generally being put at the Yangtsze. The North is ordinarily regarded as conservative, if not reactionary, and the South as constitutionalist, liberal, and progressive. In his recent book *The Truth about China and Japan*, Mrs Putnam Weale, who has an intimate knowledge of the Far East, points out that the struggle between North and South is very old, having gone on in one form or another for eight hundred years:

(The struggle has gone on) "ever since the Kitan and Chin Tartars burst through the Great Wall in the eleventh and twelfth centuries and

commenced the Tartar military supremacy in North China which has so profoundly modified the old Chinese ritual of Government. For although the Ming dynasty (Chinese) broke the Mongol supremacy, and moved the capital from Nanking to Peking five hundred years ago, the Mings were soon enough ousted by the Manchus (Tartars again), who stereotyped nearly three centuries ago the conception of a military domination directed from Peking—a domination which, no matter how unreal it may have become, still lives in Northern China as a political concept, tradition playing such a powerful rôle among the educated and the uneducated alike that no amount of argument can kill it. This, then, is the real quarrel between North and South, in spite of all talk about constitutionalism—namely, that the Peking tradition of a military domination has not been killed and cannot be killed until universal education has definitely relegated it to the limbo of forgotten things."

In broad outline the contest between the North and the South during the last thirteen or fourteen months is as follows. After the fall in August, 1920, of Marshal Tuan Chi-jui, who had up till then been universally regarded as the Great Man of China, as well as the Cock of the North, a rivalry developed between Chang Tso-liang, Inspector-General or super-Tuchun of Manchuria, and Tsao K'un, super-Tuchun of the metropolitan province of Chihli and of Shantung and Honan provinces, the two men who had brought about the overthrow of the marshal. In October, 1920, they put forward different nominees for the position of Inspector-General of Kiangsu, Kiangsi, and Anhui, Tsao K'un nominating Wu Pei-fu, then a divisional general of his, who had done all the fighting which had driven Tuan into retirement, and Chang nominating Chang Hsun, the maker of the burlesque attempt to restore the Manchu Monarchy in 1917. About the same time fighting was going on in the South between the provinces of Kwantung and Kwangsi, over both of which Lu Yungting, the super-Tuchun of the South, was or had been Inspector-General. In October, 1920, Lu declared for the cancellation of the independence of the South, of which he, together with the redoubtable Sun Yat-sen, had been formerly a champion, but Sun now denied that Lu had any right to speak for the South, and repudiated him. Things drifted along through the winter, the two outstanding events being a fresh bid for power by Sun in Canton, and the burning of the city of Ichang on the Yangtze by mutinous soldiery. Early in the spring of the present year the renewed activities of Sun were seen in the issue of a manifesto against the North, and his election as "President of China" by the Cantonese Parliament—a remnant of the old Parliament that once sat in Peking and now had no constitutional authority. Opposed by a large party even in Kwantung, of which Canton is the capital, Sun was not supported by any of the other provinces of the South. Yet at the beginning of

May he was inaugurated as "Constitutional President of China" at Canton, amid scenes, according to one report, of great enthusiasm, took the oath in presence of a vast concourse, and was presented with the seals of office in a gold casket. Unfolding his plans to an interviewer, he said that his first move would be to get recognition from the Powers, and his second would be in the direction of the unification of China, with autonomy for the provinces on the model of the States forming the American Republic. (This idea of provincial autonomy is very popular at present with Young China.) Sun went on to declare that he would abolish the Tuchunate, re-establish the civil authority, and reduce to a minimum the army—he meant, it must be supposed, the armies of the Tuchuns, for apart from them China has no army. Altogether it was an excellent programme—if it could be carried out, but what an *if*, as things are!

While Sun Yat-sen was formulating his schemes in Canton, the two super-Tuchuns of the North mentioned above, with a third super-Tuchun Wang Chan-yuan, the Military Governor of Hupeh and Hunan, met in Tientsin, and summoned before them Chin Yun Peng, the Premier, and other Ministers, the end they had in view, it can hardly be doubted, being the extortion of money from the Government. Having made up their minds what to do, the three Tuchuns went on by rail to Peking, which they entered in state, and where they presented their demands to the President and the Cabinet—demands that simply had to be complied with. A new Finance Minister was appointed, a nominee of Chang Tso-lin was made Minister of Communications, which meant the control by Chang of the revenue-producing railways, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of Sun Yat-sen, a warrant which the Peking Government had no power to execute. The net result of the meeting of the Triumvirate was that Chang stood out as the most prominent man in the North and as the controller of the Government. It is important to remember that he has the endorsement of Japan; it is impossible to see how he could long continue in power in Manchuria without the support of Japan; this, however, is not the same as saying that at heart he is pro-Japanese. In June fighting broke out again between the Cantonese (Kwantung) and Kwangsi, the latter province continuing stubbornly opposed to Sun Yat-sen, but there was no decisive result. Two months later forces from Hunan, a southern province, invaded Hupeh, whose Tuchun, as stated above, was Wang Chan-yuan, one of the three great Tuchuns of the North. The Hunanese, who were supported by troops from the Yunnan, Kweichow, and Szechuan provinces, had two objects in mind, one being to drive Wang from that part of

China, and the other to give Hupeh provincial independence. At the outset the Hunanese were successful enough to compel Wang's resignation and his retirement into private life—he retired to the coast with a large fortune, the result of his plunderings. As it was believed that it was owing to his maladministration that Ichang in the previous year, and Wuchang in June, had been looted and burnt, Wang had “lost face” in Hupeh, which did little to help him.

Then the North took alarm. It had sent some troops to assist Wang, but was unable to prevent his fall. The disappearance of the third member of the Triumvirate might not have mattered so much had it not involved the prospective loss of Hupeh, and it was this that led the North, in this case nominally the Peking Government, to appoint Wu Pei-fu, the Chihli general who had defeated and overthrown Marshal Tuan in 1920, to be Inspector-General of both Hupeh and Hunan. In the fighting around Peking, which had ended in the complete discomfiture of the marshal, Wu had held the rank merely of general of division in the army of Tsao Kun, but he had established a reputation for military success, and he now speedily justified his promotion to the Tuchunate. With a force of upwards of 50,000 men, he began a vigorous campaign against Hunan, and striking south of the Yangtze first captured Yochow and next occupied Changsha, the capital of the provinces, after several sanguinary battles. As a result of his victories Hunan as well as Hupeh would appear to be in the hands of the North. But here interest centres in the personality of Wu, who is now a super-Tuchun on a footing of equality with Chang Tso-lin and Tsao Kun, his former master. The writer, in his article on “The Crisis in China,” said that the struggle for supremacy in China probably would lie between Wu and Chang, and while this remains to be seen the fact that Wu has so quickly become the equal of Chang is certainly very remarkable. Wu first came into notice some years ago by urging the summoning of the Chinese Parliament, or National Assembly, for the purpose of putting in order the affairs of the country, and he professed thoroughly democratic opinions. At that time he advocated the abolition of the Tuchunate, and was openly anti-Japanese. What is his attitude now? He unquestionably has a good deal of power, but if he desires to keep and augment his power he must maintain and increase his army. His successes will not endear him to the South, however liberal his political views may still be, and there is his enemy, Chang, in the North, with the biggest army in China! Sun Yat-sen's idea of the unification of China does not, in these circumstances, seem likely to be realised very soon—at all events, not in Sun's way.

Wu wanted the establishment of unification by a real Parliamentary system representing the whole people of China, without dictation from Peking or Canton—one cannot but wonder what he wants now.

The paradox of China is that while she is weak politically she is not really weak from the national economic standpoint—in spite of the empty coffers of the Peking Government. Her multitudinous people toil as hard, as unweariedly, and in the main as successfully as they have toiled for unnumbered centuries. Her traders have a genius for commerce. An appreciation of Western education and methods, especially of their more mechanical application, is spreading. There are improving means of communication, and an enormous development of railways is one of the certainties of the near future. There are the beginnings, in some cases more than the beginnings, of a vast industrialism, quite apart from agriculture. Notwithstanding her antiquity, China is still a land of extraordinary promise, of gigantic possibilities, for trade and commerce. Small wonder that outside nations should desire to maintain the “principle of the Open Door, or equal opportunity for commerce and industry,” as Mr. Lansing, then American Secretary of State, phrased it to Viscount Ishii in the famous Lansing-Ishii Notes of 1917. Despite the misrule, the terrible famine, and the fall in the price of silver, to say nothing of the influence of the boycott of Japanese goods, that were the chief features of China in 1920, the Customs revenue was a “record,” and foreign trade was not only maintained but showed a considerable expansion. One of the most significant things last year was the formation of a Chinese Bankers’ Association, under the lead of the Bank of China and the Bank of Communications, the two Government banks, and a considerable number of Chinese banks are members of this organisation, which has already made several loans to the Government for productive purposes and for the creation of a Mint at Shanghai, where silver will be coined into standard dollars. The old Five Powers’ Consortium has been replaced to some extent by the new Consortium of the United States, Britain, France, and Japan, but China is disposed to look with some suspicion on it, as she thinks its operations might affect her administrative independence in such matters as railways and the like. The Chinese Bankers’ Association may perhaps be regarded as an expression of that National Movement which is constantly growing throughout the country. The Association aims at helping the Government, but only for beneficial purposes, and is hostile to the Tuchunate. It is a mistake, then, to think of China as being anything like as weak from the economic point of view as from the political, and those interested in this

aspect of the subject should read *The British in China and Far Eastern Trade*, by C. A. Middleton Smith, recently Dean of the Faculty of Engineering in the University of Hongkong.

Apart from the meteoric rise of Wu Pei-fu, the outstanding thing in the story of China this year is the invitation she received from President Harding to participate in the Washington Conference, but before referring to what China thinks of the Conference it may be well to describe briefly what has taken place in Japan since the writer's article, "The Crisis in Japan," was published in this REVIEW, July, 1920. The crisis had been caused by the question of universal suffrage, and shortly before a general election had been fought on that issue, though other questions, such as those of China and Siberia, entered into the struggle. The result of the election was a great victory for the Government, or Seiyukai, Party, whose head was (and is) Mr. Takashi Hara, the Prime Minister, the returns giving him a majority of nearly a hundred over all the other political parties combined in the Diet, which, by the way, does not include a representative of the Labour Party, a young but growing element in Japanese politics. The party next in voting strength to the Seiyukai is the Kenseikai Party; it may be styled the Opposition, and it is led by Viscount Kato; the chief plank in its platform is universal suffrage, but it criticises keenly the foreign policy of the Government. The Diet met on January 22nd, and Count Uchida, the Foreign Minister, delivered a speech in which he alluded to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and said that the agreement on which it was based must be brought into a form not inconsistent with the Covenant of the League of Nations. Referring to China, he declared:—

"The situation in China is now at a turning point, and the awakening of the people is indeed worthy of note. That the path of China is beset with difficulties should command deep sympathy from the people and Government of Japan. China's development is a thing that is very eagerly hoped for by Japan, which stands in such a close relationship with her. Not only for China's sake alone, but for the general welfare and peace of the world, it is devoutly to be desired that China should speedily recover peace and unity."

Touching Japan's relations with the United States the Count spoke of these as being traditionally good, and said he was convinced that the "fundamental relationship between Japan and America was as cordial as ever," but he commented on the new Californian Alien Land Law as unjust to and discriminatory against Japan. He went on to say that this Californian Land Law had been the subject of a frank and free exchange of views in Washington and Tokyo, and that it was regrettable that no solution of this difficult problem had so far been discovered.

The Finance Minister introduced the Budget estimates for 1921-1922, calling for fresh loans or borrowings to the amount of thirty millions sterling on capital account (railways, telegraphs, buildings), and for expenditure from the war, while balancing the revenue and expenditure at about £160,000,000. He announced that the worst of the financial crisis, which had supervened on the collapse of the war boom, was past, owing to the strenuous efforts of both Government and people.

With its great majority in the Diet the Government had no fears for the adoption of the Budget, and attention was focussed on its foreign policy, the debate on which led to a remarkable duel between Viscount Kato and Mr. Hara, the chief point discussed being Japanese military action in Siberia and the adjacent Chinese territory of Chientao. Kato condemned the continued occupation of parts of Siberia, and maintained that it caused much criticism in America, besides being obnoxious to many of the Japanese themselves. He demanded that Japan should withdraw from Siberia altogether. In his reply the Prime Minister pointed out that Bolshevism was rampant in Siberia, and that when the Bolsheviks were driven out of Vladivostok they had established headquarters at Chientao, from which it was necessary to extrude them. The Japanese troops would be withdrawn from Chientao as soon as the Chinese Government could again effectively control that district, but in the presence of the Bolshevik menace the Japanese Government did not think it prudent to retire from Siberia. (The Japanese forces were withdrawn later from Chientao, but, as for three years past, there are still considerable numbers of Japanese troops in Siberia.) The significance of Kato's attack on the Government was that it was also an attack, at once deliberate and courageous, on Prince Yamagata, who behind the scenes has long been the real ruler of Japan and the director of her expansionist foreign policy. In an illuminating dispatch the *Times* Tokyo correspondent remarked:—

“The debate between Viscount Kato and Mr. Hara has been commented on in the (Japanese) Press entirely from the standpoint of Parliamentary tactics. But Parliamentary tactics have never been the power governing Japanese politics, home or foreign. What is of great significance is that Viscount Kato has been persuaded to a course of action absolutely opposed to the policies of those who actually control affairs in Japan, namely, Prince Yamagata and a numerous and powerful clique who are less in the public eye than the leaders of the Diet. One view (in Japan) is that Viscount Kato irreparably blundered in thus placing himself in opposition to the Elder Statesmen, but another view may be expressed—that the leader of the *Kenseikai*, by throwing down the gauntlet thus publicly, opened the way to revolutionary changes which would completely alter the course of national policy and put military leaders into

the background. Viscount Kato's ultimate success, and with it the ultimate emancipation of the Japanese people at present under the domination of the military element, depends on the cohesion and loyalty of the members of the Kenseikai and other opposition parties, together with popular recognition of the true significance of the debate, and the unswerving, persistent prosecution of a liberal policy. "Such a development would immediately affect Japanese conduct and policy in China, Siberia, Korea, Manchuria, Formosa, and the mandated territories, and provide an opportunity for the so-called Liberals to display their capacity for rule."

The trouble is that most observers of the Japan of to-day cannot see any very immediate prospect of the triumph of Kato and the Opposition parties, nor any genuine sign of a weakening of the power of the militarists, of whom Prince Yamagata is the chief. When the Opposition Bill for universal suffrage was put to the vote early in February, it was not only rejected by 249 to 135, but it led to a split in the Kenseikai Party, with the result that Mr. Ozaki, who had been Minister of Justice under Okuma, and is an avowed "Liberal," was expelled from that body. About a week afterwards, Mr. Ozaki, supported by the Independents, introduced in the Diet a resolution advocating disarmament, and in his speech made the point that Japan was spending 32 per cent. of her revenue on armaments, while America was spending only 14 per cent., but when the resolution was voted on it was thrown out by 285 to 38. On the other hand, the Government in March emerged from what was practically a vote of censure in the House of Peers by the narrow majority of 38—164 to 126 votes; the matter was connected with the same sort of financial scandal that had brought down a former Ministry. Meanwhile Mr. Ozaki had been stumping the country in favour of disarmament, and this led to considerable agitation, which was reflected in opinions expressed in that sense by a few high Japanese officials. Some Japanese even thought that the Hara Government would fall, but the scandals were not all on one side, and how really small was the influence of the disarmament agitation was shown towards the end of March by the passing by both Houses of the Diet, without opposition, of the army and navy estimates. The fact was that the Japanese ranks were closing up, and the national solidarity was again being manifested to the world.

During last winter an intense Japanese propaganda was at work in Great Britain in favour of the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and it lasted, with variations, until the landing in England of the Japanese Prince Imperial, his visit in itself being the consummate climax of the whole business. In the meantime—the controversy started in November last—the island of Yap, of

which few people had ever heard before, but which had been mandated to Japan, had leapt into international prominence because of the interest America was taking in it. The Shantung problem also began to figure once more in the papers. Now Japan had for some time been trying to negotiate a settlement with the United States regarding that Californian Alien Land Law, and had hoped and expected to effect it before President Wilson left office. A new "Gentleman's Agreement" was drafted by Mr. Morris, then American Ambassador at Tokyo, and Baron Shidehara, Japanese Ambassador at Washington, but it was only tentatively approved by the Wilson Administration, and when it came before the Harding Administration it was not adopted. Just about the time when the Japanese Diet was passing the military and naval estimates, Mr. Morris resigned, and it was announced from Washington that America now proposed to treat the questions at issue between herself and Japan on a broad, all-embracing basis, and to regard the settlement of the Yap question as necessary to the preliminary negotiations. Added to the implications of the discussion on naval armaments, more especially of the United States and Japan, here was matter enough for the closing up of the Japanese ranks in the Diet. Then in July came the invitations to the Washington Conference, which, to put the truth briefly, threw Japan into a fury and disconcerted ourselves, but filled China with hope. It is all very well for a diplomatic Press, anxious, under the lead of our Government, not to offend the susceptibilities of Japan, to say that British opinion regards the part of Japan in the Washington Conference as that of a great modern Power joining with the great progressive Powers of America and Europe in an impartial and large-minded discussion of the best policy to secure peace in the Pacific. The writer doubts whether the British public as a whole does so regard this matter, for there is a good deal of knowledge nowadays of the real Japan stripped of all glamour, and of what she has done in China. But however this may be, there is not the least uncertainty concerning what Japan thinks about the Conference; she thinks that she is going to be put on her trial, and her people are very angry that there should be such an anti-climax to the brilliant pro-Alliance propaganda. What China thinks about the Conference has just been made perfectly clear by her Note to Japan on Shantung; it is that she will stand forward as the accuser of Japan at the trial, and demand that justice be done. But will it?

ROBERT MACHRAY.

UNEMPLOYMENT—ITS CAUSE AND ITS ONLY REMEDY

A CRITICISM OF THE GOVERNMENT'S PROPOSALS.

A **SERIOUS** organic disease cannot be overcome if the physician closes his eyes to its hidden origin and treats merely its outward symptoms. Similarly the terrible social disease of unemployment cannot possibly be cured if those in authority fail to recognise, or deliberately disregard, its principal cause and fail to apply to it a suitable remedy.

In the opinion of many, unemployment is the inevitable penalty of a highly developed industrialism. According to the Socialists it is the logical consequence of capitalism. As a matter of fact, unemployment has prevailed throughout the ages. However, whereas unemployment leads only to distress in highly developed modern states, it led to famine and starvation in the agricultural countries of the past. Before the dawn of the industrial era famines were frequent both on the continent of Europe and throughout the British Isles. The terrible consequences of a failure of the harvest and consequent unemployment in a state which lacks highly developed industries and a modern transport system may be seen in unhappy Russia. For many decades England has not suffered famine because capitalism and industrialism have provided the nation with its most urgent wants, even at a time when less highly developed nations were starving.

Some ascribe the prevalence of unemployment to world conditions, to the consequences of the war, to over-production. At first sight there seems to be much reason for that opinion. Unemployment is reported from everywhere. However, it is worth noting that it varies greatly in intensity. It is by far the greatest in England and in the United States. In both countries industry has come almost to a standstill owing to the vast accumulation of manufactured goods which fill the warehouses and which cannot be sold. Apparently the industrial states of the world suffer from an unduly great output. In reality over-production is impossible. Distress cannot be caused by too much, but only by too little; it cannot be caused by over-production, but only by ill-balanced production. This may be seen by an elementary example. Let us assume that a number of people live in a self-supporting island, and let us further assume that half are engaged in the production of food and of raw materials, while the other half turn out manufactured goods. The more the inhabitants produce, the more food, house room, clothes, fuel and amusements will there be for all, provided, of course, that raw materials, food and

manufactured goods can be freely exchanged. The greater the production is, the greater will be general prosperity and contentment. If, however, after a period of intensive production, free exchange and general happiness, some agitators should arise and suggest to the makers of manufactured goods that they could benefit themselves very greatly by restricting output and insisting upon an increased remuneration, the position would rapidly change for the worse. The agriculturists, who were accustomed to exchange an ox for a dozen shirts, would refuse to exchange it for two or three. The manufacturing industries would come to a standstill, and if the unhappy situation should be prolonged very greatly, the agriculturists would reduce their output, limiting their production to their own wants. Thus greed on the part of the industrial workers would lead to unemployment in the manufacturing industries which eventually might be followed by starvation.

Industrial unemployment is world-wide, and it is due principally to the unreasonableness of labour. It is most widespread and most intensive in the United States and in England, where labour is most highly organised, and most unreasonable, and it is comparatively unimportant in Germany, France and Belgium, where labour is more moderate in its demands. Germany and Belgium are industrially as highly developed as England and the United States. If world causes had brought about unprecedented unemployment, Belgium and Germany should suffer at least as severely from that scourge as the United Kingdom and the United States.

Economically the world is all one single country. The war has greatly impoverished not only all Europe, but all the continents. The sudden impoverishment of Europe has dislocated world trade and world exchange. The purchasing power of the European nations has been greatly diminished. The producers of food and raw materials throughout the world are suffering acutely in consequence of Europe's troubles.

During the war and during the first two years following its conclusion the prices of manufactured goods and of food and of raw materials rose to a similar extent throughout the world. The great business of the world consists in the exchange of food and raw materials against manufactured goods. As the manhood of Europe had deserted the plough and the factory for the trenches, both food and manufactured goods had become equally scarce. The nations of the world had become accustomed to exchange food and raw materials against manufactured goods on the basis of scarcity and of high prices. During the war and for some little time afterwards Europe bought foreign food and raw materials at extravagant prices. The European nations pledged their credit

and lived on their capital. However, that policy could not be pursued indefinitely. The demobilised soldiers of Europe went back to the field and to the factory. The European harvests increased very greatly. The war demand for imported goods at boom prices fell off, and the consequence was the collapse in price of all the most important foodstuffs and raw materials produced abroad. If we compare the United States wholesale prices of July, 1920, with those of September, 1921, we find that northern spring wheat at Chicago fell from \$2.95 to \$1.33, that red winter wheat fell from \$2.85 to \$1.28, that cattle per 100 lb. fell from \$15.50 to \$8.35, green, salted hides fell from 30 cents to 14 cents per lb., corn from \$1.52 to \$0.55, middling spot cotton from 39 cents to 19½ cents after having been below 12 cents per lb., Ohio wool from \$1.74 to \$0.84, electrolytic copper from 18.75 cents to 12.12½ cents per lb., pig-iron from \$46 to \$19 per ton, Pennsylvania petroleum from \$6.10 to \$2.25 per barrel, rubber from \$0.33 to \$0.14½ per lb., sugar from 18.31 cents to 4.00 cents per lb. During the course of the war most of the prices given had been considerably higher. Many of the commodities had been produced at a very high cost owing to the enormous rise in wages that had taken place. When the producers of corn, wheat, meat, cotton, wool, ore, timber, rubber, etc., throughout the world were forced to sell their wares far under the cost of production, they had naturally to restrict their purchases very greatly.

The men who had been ruined either by the war or by the sudden collapse in the prices of the commodities which they produce could not be expected to purchase freely manufactured goods at boom prices. Statesmen, politicians, economists, business men and publicists stated times without number that the havoc wrought by the war could be made good only by increased production which would furnish an abundance of goods at moderate prices to the ruined peoples. As the industries of the continental nations had come almost to a standstill either through the destruction of factories and mines or through lack of imported raw materials, England and the United States could monopolise the world's trade in manufactured goods and establish the prosperity of their workers for many years. However while the capitalists were anxious to play their part by providing all the money required, the workers refused to support them but endeavoured to benefit themselves by demanding higher and ever higher wages in respect of an ever-shrinking output, complaining all the while about profiteering on the part of the capitalists. For a while the utterly denuded nations bought manufactured goods at fabulous prices, but as soon as their most indispensable needs had been satisfied their purchases

came to a standstill. Labour had killed the goose which might have laid golden eggs for years to come.

Both in England and in the United States the strongly organised trade unions practised extortion upon the consumer in the most shameless manner. In the United States wages for unskilled workers, such as milkmen, carters and navvies, rose up to \$10 a day, which at the current rate of exchange is equal to £3. In England wages of £1 a day became common. However, English wages were comparatively more onerous than American wages because of the extraordinarily small output of the British workers. An American miner produces as much coal per day as an English miner per week, and an American bricklayer, working under the Taylor system, lays as many bricks per hour as an English bricklayer lays per day. Not satisfied with making everything scarce and dear, the organised industrial workers, both in the United States and in England, inflicted further injury upon their industries by reckless strikes of unparalleled magnitude and duration. Extravagant wages ruined the trade of the United States, while high wages, coupled with an extraordinary reduction of output, ruined the trade of Great Britain. The effect of the policy pursued by British labour may be seen from the following figures furnished by the Monthly Review of the London, Joint City and Midland Bank for September :—

				Volume of Exports. (1913 = 100.)	
				American. Per cent.	British. Per cent.
Year 1919	118·6	54·8
March quarter, 1920	113·5	71·3
June " "	103·4	73·5
September " "	92·4	73·6
December " "	121·2	65·4
Year 1920	107·7	70·9
March quarter, 1921	103·4	53·5
June " "	100·4	38·4

Commenting on these most disquieting figures, the Bank stated :—

"Unfortunately it is not possible to get away from the fact that, in whatever way statistics are compiled or analysed, our export trade is apparently only about half what it was before the war. Relying as we do on our exports of manufactured goods to pay for imports of corn, beef and other necessities of life, and raw materials, it is obvious that reduced exports must involve, as in fact they have involved, unemployment and a reduction in the standard of living. The alarming decrease in our foreign and internal trade should be a powerful incentive to the removal of the causes which have influenced this condition in so far as it is in our power to do so."

The figures given show that American exports, measured by bulk, were after the war somewhat greater than in 1913. During 1919 British exports, on the other hand, were only slightly larger than half the quantity of 1913, while during 1920 British exports came only to 70·9 per cent. of their pre-war weight. During the first quarter of 1921 they fell to 53·5 per cent. and during the second quarter to 38·4 per cent. of the pre-war figure.

The bulk of our exports, measured by weight, consists of coal. Our coal exports have shrunk to about one-third the pre-war total. However, manufactured goods of every kind also have shrunk alarmingly. That shrinkage has been particularly great for the products of those industries, such as the iron and steel and engineering industries, in which coal is a most important factor. The wicked policy of the coal-miners, or rather of their leaders, is very largely to blame for the stagnation of British trade and general unemployment. According to the Monthly Review of Barclay's Bank for August the great miners' strike has led to the following losses to the nation :—

Coal lost, 15,250,000 tons, valued at	£70,000,000
Miners' loss in wages	65,000,000
Increase of railway subsidy	40,000,000
Coal subsidy	10,000,000
Unemployment Insurance loans	30,000,000
Cost of Defence Force and other precautionary measures	30,000,000
Loss of revenue—income-tax and super-tax—due to trade disturbance	120,000,000
	<hr/>
	£365,000,000

Without taking into account the vast losses inflicted upon the industries which were brought to a standstill by the three months' coal stoppage, the loss caused by the miners' strike greatly exceeded the cost of the three years' war against the Boers. At the very time when increased production at lower cost was called for, the miners chose to dislocate the industries and trade of the country. However, the coal strike, notwithstanding its ruinous cost, was not as harmful to the British industries as the fact that the miners have succeeded in keeping British coal at a price which is bound to strangle our industries and trade. Excellent non-anthracite coal is currently sold in the United States at prices which range from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per ton, which is equal to from 12s. 6d. to 15s. in English money; while German coal is currently sold at from Mk.250 to Mk.300 per ton, inclusive of the tax on turnover and the coal tax, which price is equal to round about 10s. at the recently prevailing rate of the German exchange. We cannot wonder that British manufacturers are unable to sell their wares in competition with the United States, Germany and other

countries. In the past England enjoyed the priceless advantage of having the cheapest coal in the world. Now it has by far the dearest coal among the coal-producing nations. The ruinous handicap of our coal being three times as dear as American, German, Belgian, French, Japanese and other coal is not due to natural causes but to the policy of restriction and extortion practised by the miners at the bidding of their Socialist and Communist leaders, who desire to create confusion and ruin in the hope of bringing about a revolution. For a great many years the miners of South Wales have been particularly notorious in the pursuit of a policy designed to bring industry and trade to a standstill. That policy has found classic expression in the pamphlet, "The Miners' Next Step," published in 1911 by a group of Welsh miners, in which we read :—

"Lodges should, as far as possible, discard the old method of coming out on strike for any little minor grievance, and adopt the more scientific weapon of the irritation strike by simply remaining at work reducing their output, and so contrive by their general conduct to make the colliery unremunerative.

"Use of the irritation strike.—If the men wish to bring effective pressure to bear, they must use methods which tend to reduce profits. One way of doing this is to decrease production, while continuing at work. Quite a number of instances where this method has been successfully adopted in South Wales could be adduced."

Unfortunately the Welsh miners succeeded in forcing their disastrous policy upon the British miners in general. Their example was largely followed by trade unions everywhere. The policy of extortion and of restriction had proved so advantageous to the miners that the workers in other trades also wished to benefit themselves by establishing a scarcity value for their labour. They believed, or pretended to believe, that the capitalists and the nation possessed a bottomless purse from which all demands, however extravagant, could easily be satisfied.

The remuneration of labour depends upon the produce of labour. British labour cannot hope for a high remuneration because its output is exceedingly low if compared with output in the United States. The only census of production taken in this country relates to the year 1907. The American census of production nearest in date was taken in 1909. From these two censuses the actual value produced per worker can be extracted by ascertaining gross production per head at wholesale prices and deducting from that sum the cost of raw materials used and other working expenses. An analytical comparison of the two censuses yields the following most extraordinary result :—

	Net output per Worker per Week.			United States			United Kingdom		
				in 1909.			in 1907.		
				£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Boots and shoes	3	10	0	1	7	4
Cardboard boxes	2	15	0	1	0	0
Butter and cheese	8	3	0	2	8	1
Cement	4	17	8	2	10	10
Clothing	4	7	4	1	3	11
Cocoa, chocolate and confec- tionery	4	18	5	1	12	3
Cotton goods	2	13	9	1	10	6
Clocks and watches	4	3	0	1	7	9
Cutlery and tools	4	1	6	1	8	1
Dyeing and finishing, textiles	4	4	3	1	18	11
Gas works	11	16	7	4	1	1
Firearms and ammunition	4	19	2	2	2	8
Gloves	3	10	9	1	11	2
Hats and caps	4	1	10	1	5	10
Hosiery	2	2	8	1	3	5
Leather tanning and dressing	4	13	1	2	5	0
Lime	3	2	4	1	13	5
Brewing and malting	19	10	5	6	7	3
Matches	7	3	1	1	13	0
Paint, colours and varnish	12	9	3	3	16	2
Paper	5	3	5	2	2	8
Pens and pencils	4	5	9	1	9	8
Printing and publishing	7	16	11	3	13	1
Railway vehicles	4	0	5	2	7	5
Silk goods	3	9	3	1	1	2
Soy and candles	11	7	8	2	19	8
Average per head for all the industries enumerated ...				£5	17	7	£2	3	1

Since 1907-9 the difference to England's disadvantage has greatly increased. At present the output per worker is fully three times as great in the United States as in this country. A single American worker produces as much as three British workers. We can, therefore, not wonder that the American workers have far higher wages than the British and enjoy a far higher standard of living. The Socialists pretend that production is ample, that distribution is to blame for the insufficient remuneration of the workers. If, in 1907, the British workers in the boot and shoe industry had been given the whole value of the work done, if capital had gone without remuneration, the average wage could have been no higher than £1 7s. 4d., while the workers in the cardboard box industry could have received no more than £1 per week. The low wages which prevailed in this country previous to the war were not due to the greed of the capitalists but to under-production on the part of the workers, which arose from the policy of 'ca' canny pursued by them.

During the war and since the armistice British wages have risen very greatly, and they have risen not merely on paper. The fact that real wages have been advanced very substantially may be seen

by the fact that the working classes are better dressed and better fed than in the past, and that they spend money with the utmost freedom on luxuries and on amusements of every kind. As British production per worker has recently been considerably lower than it was previous to the war, it follows that the increased remuneration of the workers has been made possible by drawing upon the national capital. The well-to-do and the middle class have been impoverished in order to enable the workers to spend more than they earned. Naturally that process cannot be continued indefinitely. That policy was bound to defeat itself.

Unemployment is unprecedented both in the United States and in Great Britain because labour insists upon demanding considerably more than the value of its produce, because it insists upon wages which the impoverished people of the world cannot afford to pay. England's foreign trade and England's domestic trade have come almost to a standstill because labour has forced prices above the capacity of the consumer. This country is more dependent than any other State upon its foreign trade. British exports have shrunk disastrously, as has been shown in the foregoing, and there are few indications of a revival. Socialist labour leaders and others have advocated the stimulation of foreign trade by Government credits with which the war-impoorished nations abroad should be enabled to buy British goods. That policy is bound to be a disastrous failure as long as British goods are far dearer than foreign goods of similar quality. At present England is unable to compete in many markets because her prices are 30, 40 and 50 per cent. higher than the prices of her competitors. A little while ago a group of Chinese bankers called for tenders for railway engines and waggons. In respect of 30 locomotives of the Prairie type the Belgians tendered £9,150 per engine, while the lowest British tender was £13,075 and the highest £19,750. In other words, the same locomotive would have cost twice as much if ordered in England than if ordered in Belgium. For 100 open waggons the Belgians secured a contract at £666 per waggon, while the lowest British tender was £1,014, or more than 50 per cent. higher. For 100 covered waggons the Belgians will receive £722 per waggon. The lowest British offer was £1,383, or practically 100 per cent. higher. Even the most generous financial arrangements made by the British banks in conjunction with the Government would not induce foreign governments or foreign individuals to pay 50 or 100 per cent. more for British goods than they need pay for non-British goods of similar quality.

The British industries are being undersold not only in foreign markets but also in the home market. Every day we hear of British contracts for iron, steel, machinery, etc., going to German,

Belgian, French and American firms. Foreign nations are building and repairing British ships, while our yards are idle, and the shops everywhere are filled with German, Belgian, French and American goods which English labour might supply if it would condescend to do a fair day's work for a fair day's pay. However, British labour unfortunately insists upon demanding wages which the consumers both abroad and at home cannot provide, and the result is unprecedented unemployment.

There is a superabundance of work for all. The world has never been in more urgent need for goods of every kind. Railway construction has been at a standstill since 1914, and the permanent way, locomotives and rolling-stock everywhere have been allowed to fall into disrepair. The cheapening of iron and steel and of the goods made from iron and steel would immediately usher in the most prosperous period for the iron and steel trades of England and the United States. The nations of Europe are in rags. If labour would consent to produce cloth and clothing at moderate prices, there would be an unprecedented demand for woollen and cotton goods which would keep Lancashire and Yorkshire busy for years to come. If the workers in the building trade would consent to work for a reasonable remuneration, millions of impoverished householders would have their decaying houses repaired and repainted, and hundreds of thousands of houses would be built for the working classes. The building trade and the trades connected with it, such as the paper trade, the cement and brick-making trade, the furniture trade, etc., could easily give full employment to a million additional workers. Hundreds of thousands of families who used to keep servants are now without them, because servants are obtainable only at prices which are beyond the means of the great majority of people. While hundreds of thousands of willing employers are servantless, hundreds of thousands of able-bodied women are maintained in wilful and shameful idleness at the cost of the community.

Unemployment is unprecedentedly great both in England and in the United States because the highly organised workers insist upon a remuneration which the impoverished people cannot provide. In the case of the United States, where intensive production prevails, the lowering of wages is called for. In the case of Great Britain, where under-production is chiefly responsible for unduly high prices, intensified output alone would furnish a remedy in the great majority of cases. The doubling of coal output per miner, for instance, would almost halve the price of coal. However, labour in its blindness hopes to remedy the position by reducing output still further, thus keeping prices at an impossibly high level, and demanding unlimited doles and Government credits.

which will only impoverish the taxpayers still more and reduce their ability to buy goods except in the smallest quantity and at the lowest price. The policy of export credits, which at present is so much discussed, will do more harm than good as long as British prices are high above the prices charged for similar goods by our great competitors. The Monthly Review of Barclay's Bank for October stated with excellent good sense :—

"It is worse than useless to adopt, as a policy, methods which will aggravate the disease. To be effective, an increased export trade must be with countries from which we can be reasonably certain of ultimately receiving payment. To trade with some countries, on a credit basis, may merely retard their recovery, by prolonging a false and impossible position; it may easily amount, for all practical purposes, to giving our goods away, and giving them away without achieving any permanent benefit. The fact we have to recognise is that the unemployment problem will not be entirely solved by an extended Export Credits Scheme. Generally speaking, sound business can readily be financed through normal channels, and it is broadly true that the principal obstruction to trade in these, the more desirable markets, is the fact that our prices are relatively too high. For such a position, obviously the cure is not wholly to be found in extended credit facilities. Lower costs of production, made possible by the increased efficiency both of labour and capital, are also essential."

While the great majority of labour leaders who stand under the influence of Socialist and Communist doctrinaires advocate the impossible policy of under-production and of over-payment, and the treatment of the unemployed problem by means of doles, public relief works and export credits, there are a few labour men who have the vision and the courage to recommend a sane policy which alone can provide a remedy. For instance, Mr. W. A. Appleton, the Secretary of the General Federation of Trade Unions, wrote in his excellent book, *What We Want and Where We Are*, which has just been published :—

"Government, as science and art, plus inspiration, has long been decaying. Not what was right, but what was expedient, has become the object of the politician. Ultimate results have been sacrificed to immediate advertisement. No man occupying or usurping the seat of a statesman has dared to say to the people that unless they work they must starve. . . . Neither government nor parliaments can override economic law, and the attempt to do so has brought revolution very near to us. Get back, or perhaps forward, to sane conceptions; let Capital and Labour settle their differences between themselves, and let the State content itself by keeping the ring, interfering legislatively only when life and health and material are in danger. . . .

"Either you transfer the people who want food to the lands which grow food, or you increase the variety and the quality and the saleability of the goods your people manufacture, and also your capacity as world carriers of merchandise, or you starve and deteriorate until your effectiveness is less than the cheaper yellow and brown men, and then, you go out. Go out, and give place to the more adaptable. . . .

“ ‘Establish a credit system,’ cries another palliator. . . . It may be possible to lend more, or to send out more goods on mere promises to pay, but the safer policy seems to be that of bringing the price of our merchandise within the purchasing capacity of those peoples who, because of our price and our delayed deliveries, are seeking other sellers. ”

“ A levy on capital has been the proposal of many and is still the premier plank in the programme of the Labour Party. You cannot have your cake if you have eaten it, and you cannot develop your trade with capital that has been dissipated. . . . Maintenance without work means universal pauperism, to be followed by national bankruptcy. Subsidised work is another form of pauperism. . . . There is no secret about the American, and Belgian and German capacity for underselling Britain. They have cheaper coal and more effective labour. Work accomplished breeds the possibility of more work to undertake. Employment tends to create employment by developing purchasing power. We must either decrease our numbers and our standards of living, or increase our capacity for profitable exchange in overseas markets.”

Palliatives, such as doles, Governmental and municipal relief works, Government credits to the export trade, etc., may be popular, but they will do more harm than good because they fail to treat the cause of unemployment. There is a superabundance of work for all at reasonable prices. Unemployment is principally, one might almost say exclusively, due to the attitude of labour, which refuses to cut its coat according to its cloth, which vainly insists upon demanding boom wages in respect of an utterly inadequate output from an impoverished world. Let statesmen, politicians, and publicists tell the workers the truth. Mr. Appleton has shown them the way.

With a great flourish of trumpets the Government programme for the relief of unemployment has been put forward. Unfortunately it is a programme of doles, dope, and make-believe. £51,000,000 are to be devoted to export credits and loans on contracts placed in this country, while £11,900,000 are to be used for relief works, unemployment benefit, and emigration. Government loans and credits will not facilitate sales to *bona-fide* buyers in England or abroad so long as British goods are 30, 40, 50 or more per cent. dearer than equivalent foreign goods. They will either not be utilised or will be wasted in supplying goods on credit to those who have no credit, who deserve no credit, and who are sure to abuse credit. The Government proposes to remedy unemployment by futile legislation and by subsidies which will only impoverish the British purchasing public still further, and which will prevent the prices of British goods going down to a competitive level, whereby alone employment can be improved. The Government scheme may be popular, but it is certainly not sound.

J. ELLIS BARKER.

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A DECEMBER RAIN-SCENE.

THERE trudges one to a merrymaking
With a sturdy swing,
On whom the rain comes down.

To fetch the saving medicament
Is another bent,
On whom the rain comes down.

One slowly drives his herd to the stall
Ere ill befall,
On whom the rain comes down.

This bears his missives of life and death
With quickening breath,
On whom the rain comes down.

One watches for signals of wreck or war
From the hill afar,
On whom the rain comes down.

No care if he gain a shelter or none,
Unhired, moves one
On whom the rain comes down.

And another knows nought of its chilling fall
Upon him at all,
On whom the rain comes down.

THOMAS HARDY.

DISARMAMENT AS A PRACTICAL POLICY.

MANY students of history and of practical statesmanship consider the Washington Conference with the greatest scepticism. They are aware that all attempts at abolishing war and reducing armaments have failed in the past, and that most peace and disarmament conferences were promptly followed by devastating wars. The ancient Greeks created their Amphictyonic Councils and soon afterwards embarked upon the most ruinous internecine wars. Napoleon III. strongly advocated international disarmament a few months before the outbreak of the Franco-German war. The peace and disarmament meeting at The Hague in 1899 was speedily followed by the Russo-Japanese war, the Balkan wars, and the war of 1914-1918. It is worth remembering that Count Mouraviev, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, stated in his invitation to the Powers that the object of The Hague meeting was to arrive at "an understanding not to increase for a fixed period the present effectives of the armed military and naval forces, and at the same time not to increase the budgets pertaining thereto, and to undertake a preliminary examination of the means by which a reduction might be effected in the forces and budgets above mentioned." *Post hoc sed non propter hoc*. It is true some of the greatest wars of all time followed closely upon peace and disarmament conferences. However, they did not occur because peace conferences had been held. The coincidence has been due to the fact that at times of unparalleled tension and stress, when great wars seemed to be inevitable, eleventh-hour peace and disarmament meetings were hastily called which, unfortunately, failed to prevent the expected collision. Once more the danger of war, or at least of economic ruin, has led to the calling of a disarmament conference. Happily there are signs that it may succeed, notwithstanding the utter failure of all its predecessors. An unprecedented situation in international relations has arisen, and as a consequence the Washington Conference may have unprecedented results.

It is no doubt a delusion to believe that the Washington meeting may lead to universal disarmament. Unfortunately, many excellent people who have the peace of the world at heart attempt to do too much and to do it too suddenly. *Natura non facit saltum*. We cannot overnight replace universal distrust among nations, the *bellum omnium contra omnes* whereby Thomas Hobbes not incorrectly described international relations,

by a League of Nations, by a super-national Government and a super-national police force, by the Parliament of Man. Unpractical idealists have done more mischief in the world than the greatest criminals. There is little hope of practical result from the Washington Conference if unpractical idealism sways its proceedings, and if the assembled statesmen endeavour to achieve the impossible. Every attempt at creating a new world has hitherto been followed by disaster.

History teaches us that wars are due to the conflicting interests and ambitions of nations and of their rulers, and that they are most frequent among tribes and among small nations of approximately equal strength. The formation of great States has abolished the unending inter-tribal wars which used to devastate England, France, Germany, and all other countries. The world enjoyed the longest period of peace when it had a single master, when it was ruled by Imperial Rome. The break-up of the Roman Empire led to the most terrible series of wars among the numerous small nations which took its place. For more than 1,500 years the world has been devastated because it had many masters instead of a single one. Happily there is a possibility that the *Pax Romana* of old may be replaced by the *Pax Britannica*, or rather by the *Pax Britannica et Americana*. The peace of the Anglo-Saxons might have been brought about long ago had the American colonies not revolted. If, in 1914, the British Empire and the United States had formed a single State, or a wisely organised Federation of States, the peace of the world would not have been broken. A league of some nations or a league of all nations has as yet little promise. There are too many nations in the world for cordial co-operation. Besides, they differ too greatly among themselves. On the other hand, there is every possibility that the United States and the British Empire may arrive at an understanding in favour of the maintenance of the world's peace. Such an understanding will enable the two Anglo-Saxon nations to reduce their armaments very greatly, and their example will undoubtedly promptly be followed by other nations, as will be shown in the course of these pages.

The best hope for the success of the Washington Conference lies in the cordial agreement of the British Empire and of the United States. The material and human resources of the two are boundless. If they are firmly united, although such a union need not be expressed in a formal treaty, they could safely reduce their military and naval forces to the absolute minimum because no single nation and no combination of States would dare to attack them. The war of 1914-1918 has destroyed the legend that England, her Dominions, and the United States will not

fight or cannot fight which prevailed among the military nations previous to the Great War. The world has learned that the Anglo-Saxons are able to raise gigantic armies which need not fear comparison with the armies of any of the old military States, and that the United States can create a gigantic navy and merchant marine in an incredibly short space of time. After all, vast armaments can easily be raised by nations which possess the necessary spirit, large numbers, and adequate resources. The war has shown that Englishmen and Americans possess the warlike spirit. The white population of the two States alone exceeds at present 150,000,000, and it will, before long, exceed 300,000,000. Last, but not least, the material resources of the two are absolutely boundless.

The British Empire and the United States combined own about one-third of the earth's surface. Under the two flags dwell more than 150,000,000 white people and more than 450,000,000 coloured people. While these two States possess together more than 600,000,000 citizens, the rest of the world is inhabited by approximately 1,000,000,000 people. At present the British Empire and the United States are, as regards population, in the minority if compared with the rest of the world. However, it must be remembered that more than half of the vast territory under the British and the American flags consists of very thinly populated white man's land, which will rapidly fill up, and that the British and American territories contain a superabundance of the most valuable natural resources. If we compare not only quantity but also quality, it may be stated without exaggeration that Britain and America combined possess half the world's territory and half the world's population. However, the time seems near at hand when the two combined will possess considerably more. Mr. John Fiske, a distinguished American historian, wrote in his book, *American Political Ideas*, published in 1880:—

“The work which the English race began when it colonised North America is destined to go on until every land on the earth's surface that is not already the seat of an old civilisation shall become English in its language, in its political habits and traditions. . . . The race thus spread over both hemispheres, and from the rising to the setting sun, will not fail to keep that sovereignty of the sea and that commercial supremacy which it began to acquire when England stretched its arm across the Atlantic to the shores of Virginia and Massachusetts. . . . The world's business will be transacted by English-speaking people to so great an extent, that whatever language any man may have learned in his infancy, he will find it necessary sooner or later to learn to express his thoughts in English. . . . By the end of the twentieth century such nations as France and Germany can only claim such a relative position in the political world as Holland and Switzerland now occupy.”

Mr. Fiske's forecast may come true unless the Anglo-Saxon nations should choose to destroy themselves in suicidal folly, for united they are invincible.

There was a time when the Anglo-Saxon race was relatively as insignificant as the Romans were in the seventh century before Christ, or as one of the minor Balkan races is at the present moment. The Anglo-Saxons have expanded with extraordinary energy and success. They have seized and populated some of the most valuable and most promising portions of the world and have increased amazingly in numbers. Their possible future growth may be gauged from the progress of the United States. In 1800 the Republic was inhabited by 5,310,000 people. In 1920 105,683,108 people were enumerated, and according to the most conservative estimate contained in the report of the Roosevelt Commission on America's natural resources, the United States should have 250,000,000 inhabitants in the year 2000 and 500,000,000 inhabitants in the year 2100. Between 1800 and 1920 the population of the world has increased from 640,000,000 to 1,600,000,000 or has grown only two-and-a-half fold. During the same period the population of the United States has increased twenty five fold, or ten times as fast. Canada, which is larger than the United States, has fewer inhabitants than Greater London. Australia, which is larger than all Europe, has fewer inhabitants than little Belgium. By the year 2000 the United States and the British Empire will each probably contain 250,000,000 white inhabitants. There is room for several United States within the British Empire. If the peace of the Anglo-Saxons should be preserved for a few decades, they will jointly dominate the world, not by military means but by weight of numbers, and they will easily be able to protect its peace and to discountenance military ambitions among the other nations, provided, of course, they are united in aim.

Hitherto Europe has ruled the world. The military ambitions of the European States have been the principal cause of war. The great struggle of 1914-1918 has brought about the downfall of Europe. The history of 2,000 years has been chiefly the history of the expansion of Europe. During the last four centuries Europe conquered the other four continents and dominated them. The predominance of Europe has come to an end. The European continent, divided into numerous quarrelling nations and possessing comparatively small natural resources, will in the future occupy a position similar to that held by ancient Greece in the Roman world. England will become an appendage of her over-sea Empire and its European outpost. At present the yellow,

brown, and black races of the world exceed the white race in number. Imaginative writers, such as Mr. Lothrop Stoddard in his most interesting books, *The Rising Tide of Colour* and *The New World of Islam*, have pointed out the danger threatening the supremacy of the white man. That danger will scarcely materialise if the United States and the British Empire live and act in harmony. In a few decades the number of white Anglo-Saxons alone should equal, or exceed, the teeming millions of China and Japan combined.

Wealth and strength go hand in hand. The United States and the British Empire can raise the largest armies and fleets because they possess the bulk of the world's resources and the bulk of the world's wealth. Natural resources determine the growth of nations. The two Anglo-Saxon States possess or control not only more than half of the world's best territory and of the world's best agricultural soil, but they possess, at the same time, more than half of the world's most valuable minerals and of the world's water-power resources which can be converted into electricity. According to the best estimates available, the British Empire and the United States combined have approximately three-fourths of the world's coal and the bulk of the world's iron, copper, tin, gold, silver, nickel, lead, zinc, etc. In addition they produce the bulk of the world's cotton, wool, oil, and rubber. Owing to these vast resources the two nations combined produce far more than half of the world's manufactured goods and are supreme in ship-building and in shipping, while the rest of the world is dependent on the Anglo-Saxon nations for a great deal of its food and for a large quantity of those raw materials which are indispensable to the manufacturing industries. The two nations combined may easily utilise their firmly established economic predominance for enforcing the peace of the world. The mere threat of depriving a recalcitrant nation of its imported food, cotton, wool, copper, oil, rubber, and of Anglo-American shipping would have at least as telling an effect as an ultimatum reinforced by the display of overwhelming military and naval strength. Besides, the former step would be far less costly than the latter.

The predominance of the Anglo-Saxon nations is by no means restricted to the factors enumerated. Nearly all the most important straits, harbours, and other strategical points of the world are in Anglo-Saxon hands. Most of these can be held by relatively small forces. The world-strategical position of the Anglo-Saxon nations is at least as favourable to their economic position. North America, lying half-way between over-populated Europe and over-populated Asia, can keep both in order and can prevent

their uniting for action, especially if the British Empire cordially co-operates with the Americans.

Consideration of the factors described shows that the British Empire and the United States can vastly reduce their armaments if perfect harmony reigns between them. They could restrict their armies and navies to the irreducible minimum and need not regard very greatly the armaments of other nations. No nation and no conceivable combination of States would care to challenge the two Anglo-Saxon States even if they had almost completely disarmed. The nations of the world have learned that the Anglo-Saxons can fight and that they can create gigantic and well-managed armies and fleets in an incredibly short time. Besides, the Anglo-Saxon nations would not allow the creation of huge armies and fleets which might endanger their peace. They could easily compel a reduction in armaments by making use of their industrial, commercial, and financial predominance. The limitation of credits, of shipping facilities, or of indispensable supplies of food and of raw materials might prove as effective as a strict blockade. Its mere threat should turn an ambitious nation from its dangerous course. The example of disarmament set by the United States and the British Empire would promptly be followed by some nations, while others might be persuaded to follow suit. Their desire to be on good terms with the Anglo-Saxons would be a powerful factor.

In considering the possibility of reducing very greatly the armed forces of the United States and of the British Empire, we must bear in mind that the two differ completely in character, and that the super-police maintained by the one must be different from the super-police of the other. The United States are in the happy position of possessing little territory outside their borders. Few troops are required for defending important strategical points and for policing natives living under their protection. The British Empire, on the other hand, requires a considerable number of troops for defending the valuable positions which it possesses in all parts of the world and for keeping order among about 400,000,000 coloured people. If the armies of the two countries should be reduced to a super-police, the forces retained by the British Empire would necessarily be far greater than those required by the Republic. Unfortunately, England cannot indulge in the luxury of reducing her armies to the American level. An attempt to do so might lead to the most dangerous consequences in India and elsewhere.

With regard to naval matters also the United States are far more favourably situated than is the British Empire. The Americans possess a closely knit land empire which is practically

self-supporting. It cannot be starved into surrender and it cannot be seriously injured by an invasion, except by way of the Atlantic coast. The Pacific coast-lands of the United States and the territories bordering upon them are sparsely inhabited, and they do not possess resources which are vital to the life of the State. The bulk of America's population and the great majority of her most important industrial undertakings, coal mines, iron mines, etc., are to be found on, or near to, the Atlantic border. Within a circle of 200 miles' radius drawn around New York are to be found all the most important ordnance and rifle factories, chemical and gunpowder plants, armour-plate works and shipbuilding and ship-repairing establishments of the United States, and within a somewhat larger radius are situated the principal coal mines, ironworks, and other manufacturing establishments which would be of supreme importance to the Republic in case of war. A powerful army might conceivably land on the Pacific shore and invade the western States. It could not possibly march across the continent and seize the great armament plants. The central and eastern States would have ample time to raise and equip an army of overwhelming strength, drive out the invader, and destroy his power with the help of an extemporised fleet. An attack on the more vulnerable Atlantic coasts could be effected only by some European Power or Powers. However, the task would be exceedingly difficult. It would require a huge fleet, a huge army, and a huge transport service, but even then the aggressor would probably fail, because the United States, like Russia, are protected by space. The great coalfields and ironworks, the true sources of America's military power, lie hundreds of miles inland. A determined population of more than 100,000,000 dwelling on a continent cannot be subdued by an expedition. Such a war would probably be as disastrous to the aggressor as the Sicilian expedition was to the Athenians. No nation in its senses would care to undertake so terrible a risk. There remains, of course, the possibility of a State powerful at sea destroying the American fleet and blockading the country. However, that possibility also is very small. The United States could never be defeated by naval war alone. It would not exactly be easy to blockade the extensive American coasts. Besides, such a blockade, even if completely successful, would not bring the United States to their knees. They could easily live without foreign trade for any number of years. However, they would in the meantime build an all-powerful fleet with the help of their gigantic iron and steel and engineering industries and would destroy the nation which had attacked them. As long as England goes hand in hand with the United States, a naval or a military attack on the

more vulnerable Atlantic coast on the part of some European Power or Powers is of course inconceivable, and an attack upon the United States by some Power or Powers acting in union with England is equally inconceivable. Such an attack could not possibly benefit England, but would certainly lead to the loss of Canada.

The British Empire obviously requires a strong fleet far more than the United States. It is scattered all over the globe. It is vulnerable in many places, and the Motherland is dependent upon the sea for its very existence, for it imports from abroad not only the bulk of its raw materials but even the bulk of its food. To the British Empire open seaways are as important as the railways are to the United States. The cutting of the sea communications of the British Empire by a Power stronger at sea would lead to starvation in the United Kingdom and to the downfall of the Empire. It follows that the British Empire requires both a stronger army and a stronger navy than the United States merely for self-preservation.

The British Empire is a sea Empire. Its existence is bound up with the freedom of the sea. As England has not been willing to live at the sufferance of the great military nations of the Continent, she has made it her fixed object to have a fleet of predominant strength. After all, there was the possibility of an attack by a Continental coalition. Such attacks have occurred in the past, and attempts to bring about a united attack upon the British Empire were made by German, French, and Russian statesmen during the last few decades. Herein lay the justification of the Two-Power Standard. Formerly the British Fleet occupied a position of absolute predominance in the world. That predominance is disappearing, or has already disappeared, and in a few years England may occupy the second or even only the third place on the sea. Rapidly swelling armaments are an infallible sign of the danger of war. According to the *Scientific American* of November, 1921, the position of the three leading naval Powers, measured by first-class battleships and battle-cruisers, will be as follows in 1924 :—

				Total tonnage regardless of age.	Total tonnage as depreciated by age.
<i>First-Class Battleships.</i>					
United States	722,000	554,467
Great Britain	548,250	192,484
Japan	272,520	195,939
<i>First-Class Battle-cruisers.</i>					
United States	261,000	261,000
Great Britain	355,400	254,986
Japan	284,000	204,867

				Total tonnage regardless of age.	Total tonnage as depreciated by age.
<i>Total First-Class Battle Fleet.</i>					
United States	983,000	815,467
Great Britain	903,650	447,469
Japan	556,520	400,806

The *Scientific American* is a serious publication, and it should be observed that it arrived at the true strength of the three Powers in 1924 by estimating the life of first-class battleships and battle-cruisers at fifteen years and deducting one-fifteenth from the tonnage in respect of every year of their age. It will be seen that in 1924 the superiority of the United States Fleet over that of Great Britain will be overwhelming, and that in first-class battleships Japan will be slightly superior to England. Not only the United States with their gigantic wealth are building a huge fleet with feverish haste, but the Japanese with their narrow means do likewise. The battleship figures given make it perfectly obvious that the United States and Japan are preparing for war with one another. Herein lies at present the greatest danger to the world's peace, and the question arises whether such a war is necessary or advisable, and whether it will, if fought, lead to a lasting peace.

There is a good deal of tension between the United States and the Island Empire. The points of friction are well known and need not be discussed in this place. However, the most serious thing about the American-Japanese tension is that a great many Americans suspect that they may experience the hostility of Japan and Great Britain combined. The meaning and the objects of the British-Japanese Alliance have been misunderstood. Owing to this suspicion the Americans have endeavoured to establish a Two-Power Standard on the sea. Reference to the table previously given shows that in 1924, according to the figures supplied by the *Scientific American*, the first-class battle-fleet tonnage of the United States, as depreciated by age, will come to 815,467 tons, while that of Great Britain and Japan combined will amount to 848,275 tons. The desire to maintain a Two-Power Standard against the two States strongest on the sea is frequently expressed by leading Americans. In commenting upon the naval position, the *Scientific American* of November, 1921, stated:—

"By 1924, if the present programmes of construction of the three leading naval Powers are completed, we shall find ourselves in the position of being about equal in capital ship efficiency to the two other naval Powers combined."

Those who dislike the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon nations have endeavoured for a long time to create differences between Great Britain and her Dominions and Colonies, between the British Empire and the United States, and between the United States and Japan. The Bernhardis of Germany, for instance, while advocating a war of conquest, have declared for decades the inevitableness of the disintegration of the British Empire, of a war between the United States and Great Britain which would lead to the loss of Canada, and of a war between the United States and Japan. The enemies of England and of the United States are very largely responsible for the misunderstandings existing between Great Britain and the Republic on the one hand and between the Americans and the Japanese on the other hand. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance was concluded for purely defensive reasons. Those Americans who state that England ought not to have concluded an alliance with a yellow nation are not acquainted with the facts of the case. Twenty years ago Russia was steadily encroaching upon India and upon Japan's interests on the Asiatic mainland. The Japanese feared that Russia would make war upon them, and wished to strengthen themselves by an alliance. They would have liked to ally themselves with Germany or with Germany and England combined, and they were ready to conclude an alliance even with Russia. The inner history of the Alliance may be studied in the *Memoirs* of Viscount Hayashi and of Baron Eckardstein. Towards the end of 1901 Marquis Ito went to Petersburg, where he stayed for some considerable time, and then went on to London, where the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was concluded on January 30th, 1902. If England had not concluded the Alliance, Japan would have allied herself either with Germany or with Russia. A Russo-Japanese alliance would have tended to divert Russia's activities towards India. A German-Japanese alliance would have been directed against Russia, but it might have led to Japan supporting Germany in 1914. That would have been an exceedingly serious matter. Not only India but Australia and New Zealand lie in easy reach of Japan. The consequences to England and the world would have been incalculable.

The Japanese have rendered services of the greatest value not only to England but also to the United States and to democracy by ranging themselves on the side of the Allies, and it would seem not only ungrateful but also unwise on the part of England not to renew the old Alliance, which was concluded for the maintenance of peace and order in Asia. The Asiatic position is as yet too uncertain to throw away so valuable a safeguard. England's withdrawal might lead to Japan allying herself with

another Power, and such an alliance might be as dangerous to the peace of the world as a Russo-Japanese Alliance or German-Japanese Alliance would have been in 1901. The Australians and the New Zealanders share the views of the Americans regarding the necessity of maintaining the purity of the white race. They also try to exclude the Chinese and the Japanese. Nevertheless, they are strongly in favour of maintaining the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Its dissolution would compel Australia and New Zealand to build gigantic fleets for their protection.

The conclusion of the Alliance with Japan in 1902 was undoubtedly wise, and its maintenance seems exceedingly desirable, not only to Englishmen but also to the inhabitants of the great Dominions. However, that Alliance, which is purely defensive in character, could not possibly be directed against the United States. The Japanese know that Englishmen would never support them against the Americans. Besides, no Englishman desires the downfall of the United States. The American fear that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is aimed at the United States or might be used against them is absurd.

Up to 1914 general disarmament was impossible because of the rivalry between Germany and her territorial neighbours on land and because of the rivalry of Germany and of England on the sea. General disarmament will be impracticable as long as the race of armaments between the United States and Japan continues. The strain which the armament race is putting upon Japan may be seen by the fact that that country is spending at present as much on naval defence as Great Britain spent previous to the war. There is some danger that the Japanese may think it cheaper to let it come to war with the United States than to continue increasing their navy in order to keep up with America's fleet. On the other hand, there is the danger that the Americans, feeling reassured about the true nature of the British-Japanese Alliance, will think their superiority sufficiently great to make war upon Japan. An American-Japanese war is quite unnecessary. The differences existing between the two countries are of comparatively minor importance and can easily be adjusted. The Japanese have hitherto acted in foreign affairs with the greatest wisdom and moderation, and they are not likely to abandon their traditional attitude. An American-Japanese war is not only unnecessary, but is unwise because it cannot possibly lead to a satisfactory end. The United States, as has previously been shown, cannot be subdued by an attack in the Pacific. Similarly, Japan cannot be subdued by the Americans. It is true that the American Fleet is numerically twice as strong as the Japanese Fleet and that America's wealth

is immeasurably greater than that of Japan. Numbers and wealth alone would not decide the struggle. The Japanese spirit is unconquerable, and in a defensive war against the United States the Island Empire would be powerfully aided by its extraordinary natural strength. Japan is a gigantic fortress in the sea. The principal towns and harbours of the country lie on the inland sea of the principal island, the four narrow approaches to which cannot be forced. Vice-Admiral Ballard, a former Assistant Director of Naval Intelligence and Director of the Operations Division of the Admiralty War Staff, wrote in his excellent book, *The Influence of the Sea on the Political History of Japan*, which has just been published :—

“ Japan stands now wellnigh impregnable to direct attack, as a result of great natural advantages of position combined with success in war and wisdom in diplomacy. Surrounded by the Pacific Ocean, which has once again become her great guarantee of safety because she has learned how to use it as a line of defence ; separated by 10,000 miles of water from Europe and nearly 5,000 from America ; and having no great military neighbour near at hand since the break-up of the Russian Empire, her situation is such that no Power in the world can seriously threaten her in her own regions, in the near future at least. For any attack on Japan, as matters now stand, the enemy must be in possession of a fleet about three times as powerful as that of the defence because no other country has a fully equipped modern naval base and arsenal in the eastern Pacific capable of docking two or three of the largest battleships simultaneously. . . .

“ At present Japanese naval policy relies on the very largest form of battleship as the instrument of sea power, but it is at least an open question as to whether the greater part of the money thus spent would not be better invested in the form of submarines, for Japanese waters are particularly well suited to the operations of that type of vessel on account of their great depth, which precludes the possibility of submarines being ‘ mined in ’ as they were in the North Sea. With a couple of hundred of these craft as a defence, no foreign battle squadron would ever be likely to approach her coasts or attempt to enter the Yellow Sea.”

Japan, like England, depends largely on imported food and raw materials. However, her dependence on these is not as great as is that of England, and a blockade of the Japanese Isles would be infinitely more difficult than that of the United Kingdom. That may be seen by a glance at the map. If, unhappily, it should come to a war between the United States and Japan, it would prove exhaustive to both States and would result in a draw. The Japanese cannot subdue the United States and the Americans cannot subdue Japan. An American-Japanese war would mean the beginning of a series of wars between the two countries. It might last for centuries. It is in the interests of both the United States and Japan to avoid such an unnecessary

struggle, which would injure both countries very seriously, and perhaps permanently.

Disarmament will become a practical policy only when the possibility of a war between the United States and Japan need no longer be considered. The first thing needful to stop the mad race of armaments is the abolition of all friction between the two countries. As soon as neither of the two suspects and fears the other, they will reduce their naval programmes. The United States may well set the example because they are far less vulnerable from the sea than is Japan, and their security against naval attack will be absolute as soon as they feel certain that the British Empire will stand shoulder to shoulder with the Republic in the maintenance of peace. Japan is not likely to attack the United States because her interests lie in Asia. However, if the Japanese statesmen should be mad enough to desire attacking the United States, they would shrink from such an undertaking if they knew that they would find England on America's side.

A cordial understanding between the British Empire and the United States will allay the danger of an American-Japanese war, and will make a drastic reduction of naval and military armaments practicable not only among the Anglo-Saxon countries but throughout the world. It would no doubt be desirable to arrange for Anglo-American co-operation for the maintenance of peace and the reduction of armaments by means of a treaty of alliance. However, it seems questionable whether it will be possible to conclude such a treaty. America's policy with regard to foreign nations was formulated by Washington in his famous Farewell Address of 1796, in which he stated :—

“ The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. . . Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have no, or a very remote, relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. . . It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world.”

Hitherto the United States have followed the policy laid down by their first President. However, the Republic need no longer follow the policy of isolation which, no doubt, was wisest at the time when the Republic was small and weak. She may choose to adopt the advice of President Jefferson, who wrote on October 24th, 1823, to Mr. Monroe at the time when Mr. Canning urged

upon the American Government to make that declaration which has since become known as the Monroe Doctrine :—

“ Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe ; our second never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs. . . . Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of anyone, or all, on earth ; and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship ; and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more with her, side by side, in the same cause.”

On November 1st Mr. Madison, the fourth President, wrote to Mr. Jefferson with regard to Mr. Canning's proposal :—

“ With the British power and navy combined with our own we have nothing to fear from the rest of the world ; and in the great struggle of the epoch between liberty and despotism we owe it to ourselves to sustain the former, in this hemisphere at least.”

Jefferson and Madison were among the founders of the Republic. Their views may possibly influence the American Government and people, and cause them to favour the conclusion of a British-American treaty which would establish the peace of the world and which would make the drastic reduction of armaments possible. President Harding seems in favour of such a policy. However, although his influence is great, he must reckon with the Senate. The American Constitution states : “ He (the President) shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur.” The American Senate has ninety-six members. It follows that at least sixty-four would have to be in favour of such a treaty. The Senate contains only sixty Republican members, and not all of these need support the President. Mr. Harding included the leaders of both the Republican and Democratic parties among the American negotiators so as to make sure that a treaty agreed upon would be ratified by a two-thirds majority. The possibility that the Washington Conference may lead to an Anglo-American understanding, and even to a solemn treaty embodying such an understanding, is by no means small. In order to allay all doubt among both Americans and Japanese as to the true nature of the alliance between Great Britain and Japan and of an alliance between Great Britain and the United States, the two alliances might fitly be merged into an Anglo-American-Japanese Alliance. However, American public opinion may not yet be ready for such a consummation. The co-operation of the three Powers may, of course, be secured without a written manifestation of their unity.

J. ELLIS BARKER.

A WARLESS WORLD.

"CIVILISED warfare," "legitimate warfare," "clean fighting," are all delusive phrases. War was never civilised or legitimate; it was always foul.

Savagery is not excrescence, but an essential of war. It is idle to protest against its atrocities: war has been and must always be atrocious. The attempt to palliate its cruelty, or to mitigate its miseries, is as idle as to expect the wild beast in conflict to abstain from its full use of claw and fang:—

"In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility,
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger."

This is the advice which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of that heroic militarist, Henry V. It is advice which must be followed till war is wholly abolished.

The fond hope that civilisation would, or could, mitigate the horrors of war has been completely exploded. The French Commission on German atrocities reported:—

"Never has a war, carried on between civilised nations, assumed the savage and ferocious character of the one which at this moment is being waged on our soil by an implacable adversary. Pillage, rape, arson, and murder are the common practice of our enemies."

To read the details of those atrocities reported, on conclusive evidence, by the English and French Commissions, is a veritable descent into Hell. Humanity sickens at the horrible recital. But it must not be forgotten that such outrages are the logical outcome of war; the dominant resolve of each combatant is at any cost and by any means to win. The inevitable result is set forth with brutal candour by Major-General von Disfurth in the *Hamburger Nachrichten*:—

"Frankly we are and must be barbarians, if by this word we understand those who wage war relentlessly to the uttermost degree . . ."

"It is of no consequence whatever if all the monuments ever created, all the pictures ever painted, all the buildings ever erected by the great architects of the world, be destroyed, if by their destruction we promote Germany's victory."

"Let them cease to talk of the Cathedral of Rheims, and of all the churches and all the castles in France which have shared its fate. These things do not interest us. Our troops must achieve victory."

The same spirit animated the Allies, though less openly declared. In his great book, *The Realities of War*, Sir Philip Gibbs gives a vivid account of the atrocities he witnessed. He strips "glorious war" of the "pride, pomp and circumstance" which serve to disguise it, and exhibits the monster in its naked and revolting savagery.

When one combatant sets the pace in savagery the other is compelled to follow. The Germans employed poisonous gas, the use of which is forbidden by international law. Lord Kitchener denounced the practice as "barbarous and inhuman," and in the next breath announced that the English had resolved to adopt it.

Air is even more essential to life than water. If the enemy poison the wells as they poisoned the air, must the English follow their example? If they scatter cholera and smallpox germs, must the English do the same? These are questions for the next great war. It is easy to anticipate the answer. But we cannot guess what new, more hideous because more effective, engines for wholesale slaughter inventive genius will by that time have endowed the combatants with. "War," said a great American General, "is Hell." The next great war threatens mankind with "A lower Hell, to which the Hell they suffered seems a Heaven."

The mere declaration of war works a grotesque and hideous transformation on the morality of men and nations. In peace all civilised nations recognise the sanctity of human life and obey and enforce the Divine Command, "Thou shalt not kill." Murder is regarded as the foulest of crimes, no matter how humble or how worthless the victim. The State exhausts its resources to secure the capture and the punishment of the murderer! Often the conscience of the guilty wretch himself is so tortured by the enormity of his crime that he surrenders himself, a willing victim, to the law.

War is declared, and at once the whole system of morality, enforced by the national law and the conscience of Christianity, is reversed. Wholesale murder is no longer a crime, but a virtue! The State, which exerted itself to suppress, now exerts itself with tenfold vigour to encourage.

The abhorred dynamitard in peace is the efficient combatant in war. To wreck railway trains, mangling the passengers; to blow up great vessels with infernal machines, sending their crews to the bottom; things which in peace were the crimes of ruffians, in war become the exploits of heroes. All this, let it be remembered, is "civilised war" duly sanctioned by so-called international law. Combatants are all legitimate victims of "civilised warfare." It is the combatants that supply the great holocaust of wounded and slain, and in the war, just over, those victims were numbered by the million. The imagination is stunned by this vast, inconceivable sum of death and suffering.

"A woman when she is in labour hath sorrow because her hour is come; but when she hath brought forth the child she remembereth no more the anguish for joy that a man is born into the world."

After long years of love and care her baby boy is grown into a man. War is declared, and the man is converted into a soldier—"cannon fodder," "food for powder." Far away in some foreign land, while he crouches in a trench or rushes on the enemy, a shell bursts, a bullet hums, or a bayonet flashes in the sunlight and is dimmed by blood. That is the end! In a moment the young life, so cherished, goes out in darkness, and desolation closes on those who loved him. The mother loses her son, the girl her sweetheart, the wife a husband, the children a father!

Multiply the tragedy by a million and you have civilised war!

On the huge wastage of war I have already written in a previous article in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*. The question has now to be asked, "Is war worth the price paid for it in the diversion of the resources of the world from industry to destruction in the infliction of inconceivable miseries on innumerable victims?" Strange as it may seem, the militarists have answered, and still answer, "Yes."

As might be expected, that answer was shouted most emphatically from Germany, at that time the paradise of the militarist. Nietzsche, the most influential of German philosophers, was an enthusiastic advocate of war, for in war alone could his inverted morality be realised to the full.

"Man shall be trained for war," he writes, "and woman for the recreation of the warrior, all else is folly. . . . Your enemy shall you seek for, war shall you wage. You shall love peace only as a means to new wars, and the short peace more than a long. You I advise not to work, but to fight!"

The greatest of German generals, Von Moltke, puts his views on the subject with a soldier's bluntness.

"Perpetual peace," he wrote, "is a dream, and not a beautiful dream. War is part of the divine order of the world. During war are developed the nobler virtues that belong to man—courage, self-denial, fidelity to duty. Without war the world would sink into materialism. Want, misery, disease and suffering, and war are the given elements in the divine order."

But it must not be supposed for a moment that the aggressive spirit of militarism was, or is, confined to Germany.

The taint of the vile doctrines of Nietzsche spread beyond Germany, and even found a welcome in England. The late Cambridge professor, J. A. Cramb, in his work, *Germany and England*, approves of the Nietzschean doctrine and bears unequivocal testimony to its dominating influence as "ousting the worn-out religion of Christ."

"Hence," he writes, "the significance of Nietzsche. Nietzsche clears away the accumulated rubbish of twelve hundred years; he attempts to set the German imagination back where it was with Alaric and Theodoric."

"In Germany," he adds, "Corsica has conquered Judea."

In America Professor William James makes deliberate choice between peace and war.

"Pacifism," he writes, "makes no converts from the military party. The military party denies neither the bestiality, nor the horror, nor the expense; it only says that these things tell but half the story. It only says that war is worth these things. . . . Militarism is the great preserver of our ideals of hardihood, and human life without hardihood would be contemptible."

Strangest of all is it to find eminent divines eulogising war as a prolific garden of Christian virtue. "Watered by war's red rain the virtues grow."

"We must not," writes Luther, "look at the business of war or the sword with the eyes of men asking why those murders and horrors? It will be shown that it is a business divine in itself and as needful and necessary to the world as eating or drinking or any other work."

The late Dr. Alexander, Bishop of Derry, one of the most gifted prelates that ever adorned the Protestant Church of Ireland, at the beginning of the British campaign in South Africa published in the *Times* an eloquent poem in glorification of war.

They say that war is hell, the great accursed,
The sin impossible to be forgiven,
Yet I can look beyond it, at its worst
And still find blue in Heaven.
And as I note how nobly natures form
Under the war's red rain, I deem it true
That He who made the earthquake and the storm,
Perchance made battles, too."

He congratulates the soldier mangled by exploding shells :-

. . . "That for him is made
Almighty music, solemnly, what time
The oratorio of the cannonade
Rolls through the hills sublime."

Examples of the utterances of aggressive militarisms might be multiplied indefinitely : let what have been written suffice. The same spirit still prevails. Militarists we have always with us, even under the shadow of the Great War.

But the advocates of war, though eloquent, are vague. Its miseries, savageries, and bestialities are not to be palliated or denied. But when demand is made for a specific statement of its counterbalancing excellences they reply, for the most part, with confused metaphor and rhetoric, "full of sound and fury signifying nothing."

Through this metaphor and rhetoric, however, we have glimpses of the following militarist arguments :—

War is a continuance of the primæval struggle to secure a

survival of the fittest ! War prevents over-population ! War promotes courage ! Finally (strangest argument of all), war is an effective school of Christian virtue and morality !

This list seems to exhaust the arguments that have been urged in favour of war as something in itself desirable. It is worth while to examine them a little in detail.

"Man's primæval struggle" was not against man, but against the opposing forces of nature. It was not by internecine strife, but by friendly co-operation that he was evolved from the beast, and human predominance was achieved.

But let us meet the militarists on their own ground. Does war tend to the survival of the strongest, the bravest, and the most strenuous of the race ? In ancient warfare, indeed, strength and courage were the chief factors in the struggle ; the race was then for the fast, the victory for the strong. But modern appliances have equalised the chances. Long before these appliances had reached their present perfection of indiscriminate destructiveness, Shakespeare's courtier railed against powder : —

"Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly" !

A bursting bomb does not discriminate between an Achilles and a Thersites, a Lancelot and a Modred. The strength of a Hercules or a Samson is of slight avail against a fragment of shell or shower of bullets. The pigmy may aim the gun that slays the giant.

It is easy to press the argument still further to prove that even from militarists' point of view war means the survival of the unfittest. The virile manhood of the contesting nations is drained away to slaughter, the weaklings, the cowards, the decrepit, the diseased, remain secure from danger to perpetuate the race. Even amongst the soldiers in the field the fittest, the strongest, the bravest, are the least likely to survive ; those that love danger perish in it ; modern warfare ensures an epidemic of heroes.

"But war," it is next urged, "is preordained to prevent the over-population of the earth." This is surely the most grotesque defence to which its advocates could be reduced. Living men are to be deliberately slaughtered to make way for generations yet unborn.

If the vast energy and wealth which nations have expended on war were concentrated on peaceful industry, the earth would provide comfortable substance for an almost indefinitely increased population. But in any case, to kill a man to make room for his great-great-great-grandchildren seems a somewhat illogical expedient.

If war is to be encouraged to thin the population, why should

pestilence and famine be opposed? They are rather entitled to the preference; they remove the weak and sickly; the healthy and the strong are the victims of war. By the same argument the murderer, who does his bit in this thinning out of a surplus population, deserves not punishment but reward.

In exaltation of courage the militarists find their favourite argument for war. But they fail to realise that motive makes courage a virtue or a vice. Courage at its best is supreme charity: "greater love than this no man hath, than to lay down his life for a friend"; at its worst it is a reckless lust for slaughter. It would be idle to deny that the battlefield has witnessed many instances of heroic devotion. But the courage which is most common in war, and the most useful, is the love of a fight for a fight's sake, a blind instinctive pugnacity in which man is surpassed by the brute. The most pugnacious man is less pugnacious than a bulldog. To say a man is as brave as a lion is always an exaggerated praise.

Human courage will still survive at its best when war is abolished. In conflict with the hostile elements of fire, air, and water, will be found ample opportunity for its development.

In the desert and the forest, in the airman's car, on the fireman's ladder, on the shipwrecked vessel, in the railway accident and the mining disaster, will human courage be tested and proved. The men who stood aside and calmly waited for death on board the *Titanic*, while the women and children went on to safety, were as brave as the soldiers seeking the "bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth." The doctor who, in an epidemic, daily faces death in its most hideous form to succour the suffering is a figure at least as glorious as the officer who charges at the head of his squadron, eager to slay. In all military history there is no more heroic figure than Father Damien amongst the lepers. It is nobler to rescue than to kill, the medal of the Humane Society is a prouder distinction than the Victoria Cross.

It is, indeed, hard to have patience with the eulogy of war as "a stern school of Christian virtue." If war is desirable because suffering begets patience, then is disease also to be desired, and doctors and sanitarians are sinners against the light.

"Every year thousand who could have been braced and steeled by manly tussles with smallpox or diphtheria are robbed of that blessing by the great changes made in our drains. Every year thousands of women and children must go their way bereft of the rich spiritual experience of the widow and the orphan."

Will any Christian divine dare preach a eulogy of war from the shattered high altar of the great Cathedral of Rheims? Such teaching is in truth a horrible travesty of Christianity. Hatred

is the driving power of war—hatred, ill-will, and all uncharitable ness. Murder and plunder, and rape, are its Commandments.

If, as Nietzsche contends, cruelty is a virtue, if greed is a virtue, if lust is a virtue, the reverend and right reverend eulogists of war are justified, but Nietzsche was more frank than they when he boldly proclaimed that war was the very antithesis of the doctrine of Christ.

The militarists are, however, a small, though a compact and aggressive minority. The vast majority of mankind know war to be abominable, but believe it to be inevitable. Familiarity has not bred contempt but a numb endurance. Human nature would never tolerate this infamy.

"If damned custom had not brazed it so
That it be proof and bulwark against sense."

It is this hopeless inertia which prevents the peoples' insistence on a permanent peace. Let us examine the grounds of that belief.

The first objection urged against the possibility of a permanent peace is the innate pugnacity of man. Appeal is made to the history of all nations, "war has been and must be, you cannot change the character of man."

The answer is, man's character has changed and is changing, the wild beast in him is being eliminated by Christianity and civilisation.

Modern legislation is altruistic, it purports at least to help the helpless, to protect the weak against the strong. Of such legislation the provisions for old age pensions and general insurance are conspicuous examples. The same spirit is displayed in the multitude of great charities, private and public, the hospitals and the asylums for the poor and the afflicted, which are an integral part of the social life of our times. The spirit of humanity is strong in the present generation, and the spirit of humanity is fatal to war.

Militarists complain bitterly, but truthfully, that the public opinion of mankind is opposed to war. Of the people of Germany Bernhardt wrote :—

"They are accustomed to regard war as a curse, and refuse to recognise it as the greatest factor in the furtherance of culture and power."

General Homer Lee laments the decline of militancy in America :—

"There exists," he complains, "not only individual prejudice against military ideals, but public antipathy; antagonism of politicians, newspapers, churches, colleges, labour unions, theorists, and organised societies. They combat the military spirit as if it were a public evil and a national crime."

At the present hour the militarists are shamed into silence, and every people and every Government in Europe, Germany

not excluded, professes an ardent desire for a perpetual peace. It remains to find a way to give effect to that almost universal desire.

The famous *Pax Romana* is an encouraging precedent.

When Augustus returned from the conquest of Mark Antony, then, for the first time for centuries, the temple of Janus was closed, and a universal peace established over the world-wide Roman Empire—a peace which, with brief and trivial interruption of frontier trouble and a Jewish insurrection, lasted for over two hundred years.

"The Army," writes Mr. Stobart, in his standard work, *The Glory that was Rome*, "was greatly reduced and employed mainly as a peace force both in Rome and in the provinces. The Romans lived in a state of peace far more profound than the world has enjoyed before or since. Within the circle of the armed frontier *Pax Romana* reigned supreme. The Roman citizens hung up their swords for ever."

If perpetual peace is to be secured in the future it is not by the conquest, but by the co-operation, of all civilised nations. The hope is that religious, moral, humane, or commercial considerations will alone suffice, though such considerations are vital in exciting general detestation of war, and making possible drastic and effective measures for its suppression.

The "great illusion" of Mr. Norman Angell, that war would cease on proof that the game was not worth the candle, that conquest didn't pay the conqueror, has been rudely dispelled. There are only two ways of settling disputes between nations—by force or by law.

As might be expected, the militarists rail contemptuously against law, for war, which they worship, is the negation of all law, human and Divine.

Schiller realised the antagonism between them when he wrote :—

"Law is the weakling's game,
Law makes the world the same.
But in war man's strength is seen,
War enobles all that is mean."

To this may be opposed the eloquent tribute of a great English divine :—

"Of law there can be no less acknowledgment than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world, all things in Heaven and on earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, the very greatest as not exempted from her power."

But law, to be effective, must have binding force behind it. In its present form, international law (so-called) is the merest sham, because its decisions have no sanction.

There is hardly a principle or pact of peace conventions that has not been violated by the combatants on both sides on the plea of expediency.

It is the first essential of law that it is capable of being enforced. Such enforcement may not be often needed, but when it is needed it must be readily available.

Appeals to reason or humanity are wasted on the criminal and on the militarist; force respects only superior force.

Armies and navies co-operating for the preservation of the international peace must play the part of the national police. A supreme international authority with adequate force at its back to preserve the peace of the world is no new-fangled notion. Such an authority made *Pax Romana* possible through the then known world for over two hundred years.

Locke urges the same remedy against "the aggressive nation, revolting from its own kind to that of the beasts, making force be the rule of right." "The rest of mankind," he maintains, "should join in the execution of justice as on any other wild beast, with whom mankind can have neither society nor security."

Kant, the greatest of the German philosophers, in his famous treatise on *Perpetual Peace*, realises that the issue of right or wrong can never be decided by war, and urges that "the law of nations should be founded on a federation of free states, able and willing to enforce it."

The late Mr. Roosevelt was at one time a militarist who considered :—

"A great nation must play a part in the world and especially perform those deeds of blood and valour, which, above everything else, bring national renown. By war alone can we acquire those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern stuff of actual life."

The Great War converted him to the belief that :—

"Surely the time ought to be ripe for nations to consider a world agreement among all the civilised military powers to back righteousness by force. Such an agreement would establish a sufficient world league for peace and righteousness."

He provides for the establishment of an international court, and adds :—

"To supplement and make this effectual it should be solemnly convened that if any nation refused to bide by the decision of such a court the others would draw the sword on behalf of peace and justice, and would ultimately coerce the recalcitrant nation."

There are two essentials to the success of an international court—immediate creation, unrestricted jurisdiction.

Never before were the horrors of war so vividly displayed, never before was the longing for a permanent peace so universal and so intense, never before was the time so opportune for its establishment.

The object of an international tribunal is to make war impossible, to ensure permanent peace, by which alone can disarmament become feasible and room be kept for the independent existence and free development of the smaller and weaker nationalities.

It has been suggested that questions of national honour cannot be properly submitted to arbitration.

A century ago the "honour" of a peace-loving man was, as the phrase goes, "wounded" by some wanton insult or deliberate outrage, he was struck in public by a reckless bully, or his wife or daughter is betrayed by a treacherous seducer. A duel was his remedy, which he could not "honourably" evade. The aggressor triumphs, the victim is slain, and "honour is satisfied"! The refusal to submit questions of national honour to an international arbitration would make international arbitration a farce.

The weak nation whose "honour" was wantonly assailed by a strong would be entitled, like Belgium, to the "satisfaction" of a war with the aggressor. Its honour would be vindicated at the cost of its existence.

What is called the honour of a nation is even more intangible than the honour of a man.

But the history of the duel assures us that a nation's honour, like a man's, can make a more confident appeal to justice than to force.

A little more than a century ago, the curse of duelling was rampant all over Europe—nowhere more rampant than in Great Britain and Ireland. It was a national institution. The most distinguished men, on the most flimsy pretext, risked invaluable lives on "the field of honour."

The tyranny of the duel is now practically at an end. Two generations back its abolition would have been regarded as less credible than the abolition of war. How was the miracle accomplished? By an enlightened public opinion, enforced by law. It is by the same means that war must be abolished.

It may be argued by the militarists that force to resist force carries the nations no further on the road to peace; that they come round again in a vicious circle to war.

Such critics forget that the establishment of an international authority implies national disarmament. The sole legitimate object of national armament is self-defence; the necessity of armament ceases with the danger of aggression. The international

police force at the disposal of the court must be strong enough to make resistance unthinkable; evasion of the court's authority will be as impossible as resistance. A nation cannot go to war on the sly. The offence, if committed at all, must be openly committed. "What's open made to justice, that justice seizes." The crime that cannot be concealed can be easily suppressed.

It is, of course, true that an international court, however carefully constituted, may occasionally deliver erroneous or prejudiced judgments. Being a human institution it must be a fallible institution. But, then, any authoritative decision is infinitely preferable to war.

To take a concrete illustration. When Austria issued her ultimatum to Serbia there were in the end but some minor points in dispute between them. Assuming there was a court authorised to decide those points, and powerful enough to enforce its decision, how slight would have been the injury inflicted by an erroneous judgment on the defeated litigant, be it Serbia or Austria, in comparison with the calamity both have endured in the arbitrament of war!

Nor was the evil only to the disputants themselves. The lack of such authoritative decision involved the whole world in colossal disaster.

By the establishment of an international tribunal for the protection of peace, the high ideal of Mr. Gladstone will be fully realised at last. "Public right will be enthroned as the governing idea," not merely in European, but in world-wide politics; a great partnership of nations will be federated in the joint pursuit of a freer and fuller life, who by their peaceful and unbroken co-operation generation after generation will maintain the progress and enrich the inheritance of humanity.

Imagination fails to picture the beneficent miracles to be achieved by such peaceful international co-operation, when all the material wealth of the earth, all the power of human brain and muscle, shall be diverted from mutual attack and destruction, and concentrated on the peaceful development of the world's resources and the improvement and happiness of mankind.

"A warless world:—

Every tiger madness muzzled, every serpent passion killed,
Every grim ravine a garden, every blazing desert tilled.
Robed in universal harvest up to either pole she smiles,
Universal ocean softly washing all her warless isles."

M. McD. BODKIN.

IRISH ADMINISTRATION.

IN the melancholy annals of Ireland revolt and punishment follow in successive alternation, and base assassinations, which bring shame on the fair name of Ireland, breed in turn outrages which cast a slur on the Government of England. Is there no solution of the problem save the subjugation of the country by fire and sword? Has the policy of charity and conciliation perished? On the response which will be given depend interests which stretch far beyond the limits of Ireland. Great are the issues, and how great the possibility of an unfortunate conclusion may be seen in the passionate language in which the subject is discussed; great is the danger that the Irish question may once again be put into the cauldron of party strife.

Many are the opinions which have recently been expressed on the question, but they are, as a rule, made by persons who are much in the dark with regard to the state of Ireland, which, by a variety of experiments, has been brought into her present situation—a situation which can only be comprehended in the terms anarchy and bloodshed. Some of the experiments now proposed are new and impractical, some are ancient and would again be followed by a heightening of the distemper.

The suggestion or claim, made by the leaders of the Sinn Fein party, that Ireland should be a Republic independent of England, is the most impractical. The claim, however, appealed to the strong spirit of nationality which has always been a chief characteristic of the Celtic character. It caught the ear of the young who had been nurtured on "Our Own Again" and "The Rising of the Moon," two of the noblest of Irish ballads. Led away by the zealous preaching of old ideals impossible of attainment and the spirit of adventure, they now form the rebel army, and once more the gathering is "in the old spot by the river by the rising of the moon." And full bitter has been "their fate." They have found themselves in the grip of a most efficient, powerful and secret organisation which is conducting a campaign of arson and murder. These lads must obey orders, no matter if it be to commit murder. They consider that they are bound by their oath, and they labour under the delusion that in carrying out these orders they are patriots doing a service to their country. But the Church they love, the spiritual authority to whom they owe respect and obedience has, somewhat late, emphatically declared that "murder is murder and arson is arson, whether

committed by the agents of the Government or by members of the Volunteer organisation." The Bishop of Cork has declared in plain words: "Let there be no doubt about it, there is no doubt about it. These ambushes are murder, and every life taken in ambush is murder." With courage that deserves the highest respect his Lordship has passed the dread sentence of excommunication on everyone who shall organise or take part in an ambush or in kidnapping or otherwise shall be guilty of murder. The sentence has been disregarded by the leaders of the Irish Republican Army. O'Connell declared that, though Ireland took her religion from Rome, she would as soon go to Constantinople for her politics; so at this time the current dictum is: "Our religion from Rome, but our politics from home." Rome has a difficult and intricate path to tread. The Vatican, the best-informed diplomatic body in Europe, knows that nine-tenths of the students at Maynooth, the great Catholic Seminary, are supporters of the extreme Sinn Feiners who demand a Republic, and the Vatican fears that when these men become priests and obtain a Republic, their next demand will be the administrative independence of the Irish Catholic Church, and they will pay allegiance only to the spiritual authority of the Pope.

Unswerving activity in exterminating murderous gangs is the Government's first duty, so too is unswerving firmness in suppressing outrages on the inhabitants. The Bishop of Cork stated that the murder of the Lord Mayor of Cork was the first reprisal. The general belief, supported by some evidence, is that members of the police force, driven wild at the base and cruel murder of a comrade, rushed the house of the Lord Mayor and murdered him. The Sinn Feiners declare that, after trial, they have killed every policeman who took part in that deed. The people gave no credence to the theory started by the police, that the Lord Mayor was slain by the Sinn Feiners because they doubted his fidelity. It was regarded as a cruel calumny on a dead man and increased the popular fury. The number of policemen assassinated increased. The Government sent a body of recruits to reinforce the Royal Irish Constabulary, and as they were sent to Ireland faster than police uniforms could be made for them, they were dressed in khaki with black glengarries. Quickly they were nicknamed "Black and Tans" by the populace of Cork, after a well-known breed of mongrel hounds. Most of them were demobilised soldiers, some of them men who had, owing to the curse of war, lost all respect for property and life. No officers were sent with them to maintain discipline. The R.I.C. were not equal to the task. The military had no authority to interfere. To mad freaks of passion and revenge the inhabitants of

Cork were exposed. To catalogue them would be a hateful task. Here is an instance, but it is far from being the worst. A visit was paid to some business premises, and while the officers were upstairs searching the premises a Black and Tan kept placing his rifle against the breast of an aged member of the staff. "Take it down," said the old man. No response. "No nonsense, take it down," repeated the old man. "Why should I take it down?" said the Black and Tan. "Do you think I mind shooting a damned Irishman? I was in the war." "I did more for the war than you ever did," replied the old man; "I gave my only son."

Great was the hatred aroused by these atrocities and numerous were the suspicions to which they gave birth, but the most terrible was the firm conviction that the Irish Administration passively sanctioned them. They were not at the time vigorously repressed and manfully condemned. Upon the homes of the peasantry were let loose the licence of an irregular soldiery. In July, 1920, a special Auxiliary Force was organised, and, instead of being attached to the military, it was attached as an Auxiliary Division of the Royal Irish Constabulary but as a perfectly distinct body from the R.I.C. This force must not be confused with the Black and Tans, who are English recruits (mainly demobilised soldiers, as we have stated) to the R.I.C. The Auxiliary Force consists entirely of ex-officers of the Navy, Army, and Air Force, and it was divided into about twelve companies. The first companies up to D consisted of the best class of young men. K Company—involved, it is alleged, in the disastrous burning which took place in Cork—was mainly composed of ex-officers, elderly men promoted from the ranks, who had gained commissions during the earlier years of the war for lack of experienced officers. The K Company has now ceased to exist. Against the Auxiliaries a bitter feeling prevails in Ireland, mainly due to the fact that they are regarded as mercenaries. A great deal of unfair criticism has been launched against them. The majority—officers of English regiments during the war—have done their work without prejudice and passion. The C Company, for example, was stationed at Macroom, and after the "Kilmichael Ambush," where a great many of their comrades were killed, behaved with great self-restraint towards the inhabitants of the town. The excesses committed can primarily be attributed to drink and want of discipline among a set of men recruited in haste under unfavourable conditions. The discipline has now greatly improved. It was a grave blunder not to have placed, at an early date, the R.I.C. and Auxiliary Force under the supreme and direct control of the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. Against the military there is very little popular ani-

sentation. Peers may be candidates and election is for five years. After three years, however, the Parliament of Southern Ireland or Northern Ireland may alter "the qualification and registration of the electors, the law relating to elections and the questioning of elections, the constituencies, and the distribution of the members among the constituencies, provided that in any new distribution the number of the members shall not be altered, and due regard shall be had to the population of the constituencies other than University constituencies."

The Act, following the example of the Canadian Constitution, created two local legislatures, but its fundamental aim, which was not sufficiently recognised by its Irish critics, is "the eventual establishment of a Parliament for the whole of Ireland." To further this object and bring about "harmonious action between the parliaments and governments of Southern Ireland and Northern Ireland," and to promote "mutual intercourse and uniformity in relation to matters affecting the whole of Ireland," and to provide "for the administration of services which the two parliaments mutually agree should be administered uniformly throughout the whole of Ireland, or which by virtue of this Act are to be so administered, there shall be constituted, as soon as may be after the appointed day, a Council to be called the Council of Ireland." This Council is to consist of "a person nominated by the Lord Lieutenant acting in accordance with instructions from His Majesty who shall be President, and forty other persons, of whom seven shall be members of the Senate of Southern Ireland, thirteen shall be members of the House of Commons of Southern Ireland, seven shall be members of the Senate of Northern Ireland, and thirteen shall be members of the House of Commons of Northern Ireland. The members of the Council of Ireland shall be elected in each case by the members of that House of the Parliament of Southern Ireland or Northern Ireland of which they are members. The election of members of the Council of Ireland shall be the first business of the Senates and Houses of Commons of Southern Ireland and Northern Ireland." To the Council is transferred the control of railways, fisheries, and the administration of the Diseases of Animals Act. The two parliaments may, however, by identical Acts delegate to the Council any of their powers, and such Acts may determine the manner in which the powers so delegated are to be exercised by the Council. The Council has no legislative power. It is meant to be a temporary connecting link between the two legislatures and is to cease on the date of Irish union. "The Parliaments of Southern Ireland and Northern Ireland may, by identical Acts agreed to by an absolute majority of members of

the House of Commons of each Parliament at the third reading (hereinafter referred to as constituent Acts), establish in lieu of the Council of Ireland, a Parliament for the whole of Ireland consisting of His Majesty and two Houses (which shall be called and known as the Parliament of Ireland)."

Each legislature has the power to make laws for the peace, order, and good government of the section of Ireland within their jurisdiction. They are, however, not prevented from making by identical legislation laws respecting matters affecting both South and North. As in Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1886, which was accepted by Mr. Parnell and the Irish Members, so in the present Act the following subjects are reserved to the Imperial Parliament: the Crown, peace or war, the army, navy, defence, etc., foreign and colonial relations, dignities, titles of honour, treason, trade, post office, coinage. As in Mr. Gladstone's Bill the two legislatures are forbidden to make any laws respecting (*inter alia*) the endowment of religion or in restraint of educational freedom or relating to customs duties, excise duties on articles manufactured or produced, excess profits duty, corporation profits tax and any other tax on profits, and, with certain exceptions, income tax. Mr. Gladstone considered that to allow the customs and duties of excise relatively to customs to pass to the domestic legislature of Ireland would endanger the fiscal unity of the Empire. "I must admit that," he said, "while I cannot stand on the high ground of principle, yet, on the very substantial ground of practice, to give up the fiscal unity of the Empire would be a very great public inconvenience and a very great public misfortune—a very great public misfortune for Great Britain; and I believe it would be a still greater misfortune for Ireland were the fiscal unity of the Empire to be put to hazard and practically abandoned. If Ireland consented to leave the authority of levying custom and excise duties in the hands of the Imperial Parliament it should be on the condition that the entire proceeds of the Customs and Excise should be held for the benefit of Ireland, for the discharge of the obligations of Ireland, and for the payment of the balance, after discharging those obligations, into an Irish Exchequer, to remain at the free disposal of the Irish Legislative Body."

By the Act a Joint Exchequer Board is to be established consisting of two members appointed by the Treasury, one member appointed by the Treasury of Southern Ireland, one member appointed by the Treasury of Northern Ireland, and a chairman appointed by His Majesty. This Board is to determine Ireland's contribution towards Imperial liabilities and expenditure, "having regard to the relative taxable capacities

of Ireland and the United Kingdom." In the sixth Schedule is given a list of the Imperial Liabilities and Expenditure. They are as follows :—

1. National Debt charges.
2. Naval, Military, and Air Force Expenditure, including pensions and allowances.
3. Civil Expenditure, that is to say :—
 - (a) Civil List and Royal Family.
 - (b) Expenditure in connection with :—
 - (i) The Parliament of the United Kingdom;
 - (ii) The National Debt Commissioners;
 - (iii) The Foreign Office and diplomatic and consular services, including secret service, special services, and telegraph subsidies;
 - (iv) The Colonial Office, including special services, and telegraph subsidies;
 - (v) Trade with any place out of the United Kingdom;
 - (vi) The Mint;
 - (c) Such of the expenditure in connection with any other Government Department as the Joint Exchequer Board may determine to be Imperial expenditure.

This Act determines that the amount of Irish contribution to Imperial expenditure shall in the first two years be £18,000,000 annually; though if the Joint Exchequer Board at the end of the second financial year are of opinion that this sum "ought justly to have been less," then the overcharge is to be refunded.

By the Act Ireland is to be represented in the House of Commons by forty-four members. Ireland thus maintains her right to have a share in the power and government of the British Empire, to the creation of which Irishmen have shed their blood, and in the administration of which they have taken an important part. A distinguished Irishman, who was a fervent Home Ruler, has well said, "The Executive transition made by the Act is as striking as the Legislative." The executive power in Ireland continues vested in the King, and the exercise of any prerogative or other executive power may be delegated to the Lord Lieutenant by His Majesty. The powers so delegated shall be exercised in Southern and Northern Ireland through such Departments as may be established by the Provincial Parliaments. The Lord Lieutenant may appoint officers to administer those Departments, and they shall hold office during the pleasure of the Lord Lieutenant. Heads of such Departments shall be the Ministers of Northern and Southern Ireland. No one can be a Minister unless he is a member of the Privy Council of Ireland. The persons who are Ministers of Southern Ireland or of Northern Ireland shall form an Executive Committee to aid and advise the Lord Lieutenant in the exercise of his executive power. When a Parliament for the whole of Ireland is brought to life,

the Ministers in charge of the Departments so created "for the administration of services which the two parliaments mutually agree should be administered uniformly throughout the whole of Ireland or which by virtue of this Act are to be so administered" shall advise the Lord Lieutenant. The Lord Lieutenant will then have responsible and not irresponsible advisers who, if they know little of the wants and aspirations of the country, do know their relatives and friends and the views of the fashionable minority who support them. The religious disability attached to the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, which Mr. Gladstone proposed to remove, has now been removed, and after some centuries an English Catholic, a representative of one of the noblest English families, has been appointed by the Crown to the high office. The term of office is to be six years by the Act, without prejudice to the power of His Majesty at any time to revoke the appointment. The Lord Lieutenant's continuance in office is, however, not to be affected by any change of Ministry. The salary and expenses of the Lord Lieutenant are to be paid by the British Treasury, but, says the Act, the Irish are to contribute £5,000 towards the Lord Lieutenant's salary. Whether the Lord Lieutenant and his responsible advisers will be allowed to administer the country without interference in every detail by the Chief Secretary, the Cabinet, and the Irish Office in London is a vital question. The shadow of Downing Street has too long overhung the Castle. A Prime Minister informed the House of Commons on May 25th, 1916, that Castle Government in Ireland had hopelessly broken down. It has hopelessly broken down because it did not represent the people of Ireland. The "Lord Lieutenant and Governor-General of Ireland," assisted by a Privy Council, is officially the head of the Irish administration. He reigns in Court splendour at the Viceregal Lodge, but he is not allowed to rule. It is the Chief Secretary who is the direct head of the administration. Under him there is a permanent Under-Secretary and Inspector-General of Police, and a vast number of Boards. Ireland has, to quote a popular saying, "as many boards as would make her coffin." The Chief Secretary, a party politician, goes to Ireland, like most Englishmen, ignorant of Irish conditions. His tenure of office depends on a better post being found for him in the Ministry, or a change of Ministry. "He forgot the number of Chief Secretaries," said Lord Morris, "that he had welcomed to Ireland. They all came over perfectly ignorant, but three hours after they had landed at Kingstown pier they could show him over his estate in Speddal."

The Act declares that the Royal Irish Constabulary and the Dublin Metropolitan Police, and the management and control of

those forces, shall be reserved matters for three years. The future organisation of the Irish Police, however, demands immediate attention. The Royal Irish Constabulary was a highly organised force and recruited from the best class of the peasantry, the same class as the priest and the schoolmaster. They were popular and had the confidence of the people until, in an evil hour, they were used for work for which they never enlisted. They were used as intelligence officers for political purposes. They have displayed magnificent devotion to duty and courage in the campaign to repress base assassination. But that instrument, so finely fashioned, is now broken and destroyed. It consists at present of the remnant of the old Constabulary men promoted for bravery but not necessarily for ability or experience of police work. The officers consist of the remnant of the old Constabulary and retired military officers who have done distinguished military service, but have had little experience of police duties, and have no acquaintance with the temperament of the Irish people and their affairs.

On December 23rd, 1920, the Bill for the Better Government of Ireland became law. It was forced through the House of Commons without adequate discussion and amendment. The majority of Irishmen rejected the Act on the ground of partition, lack of fiscal and financial independence, and the impossibility of Ireland being able to pay £18,000,000 annually as her contribution towards Imperial service. The financial and fiscal problems ought to be settled by a Royal Commission on which Ireland has due representation. The question of partition is closed. Ulster did not care for the Act, but she realised that it made provision for her future security and accepted it. Ulster will never consent to any fundamental alteration in her new constitution. On June 21st the King, when opening the Parliament of Northern Ireland, made one of the noblest speeches that ever fell from a sovereign. It was the utterance of a man whose heart was charged with sympathy and affection for the people of Ireland. It found a ready response. What good consequences have followed from it we can all see. It has led to those negotiations which all men of good-will trust will close the bitter strife, and give peace, prosperity, and happiness to suffering Ireland.

GEORGE W. FORREST.

LORD ACTON'S AMERICAN DIARIES.¹

II.

I WENT to the Clarendon and saw Sir Charles Lyell, who gave me a letter for Prescott. He spoke in great admiration of the schools at Boston where the poorest Irish children read very well. He says Mrs. Stowe has given the best description of the blacks, though her book is unfair. He thinks more has been done to elevate the minds of the negroes in the South than for the poor in the schools of the North. They have to be raised from such a low and degraded state, with innumerable superstitions and terrors. Comparing this with the condition they are generally in now, he thinks much has been done for them in course of time. Though they cannot be educated, yet their children are generally found reading with the children of the house, and the masters tolerate this because they know it will make better servants of them. Sir C. thinks that in England we might learn much from the Americans, and that there would be no obstacle to our incorporating in our institutions all there is good in theirs. He told me that if he were not so much occupied in thinking of what happened thousands of years ago, he would consider the contemplation of the political state of America most interesting and instructive. It is necessary to come back here at intervals to see the wonderful progress that is being made. He thinks it by no means clear that the strengthening of the central government on the plan of the Federalists is safest; for as the Western States grow larger they will go on sending representatives, and as they are all violently democratical, their influence will become very dangerous to the whole Union, in Congress. If the independence of the States is preserved, the bad ones will have no influence over the good ones. I was much pleased with Sir C. Lyell's conversation. He is both very sagacious and pleasant. I know not whether his geological studies do not give him a philosophical way of viewing things on a great scale and by geological periods which must be useful.

I returned by an omnibus and hastened on board, for I was to dine in the gunroom at six. It was amusing to hear the different observations the officers had made on shore. After dinner I played at whist in the cabin with the Captain and two officers. Afterwards we amused ourselves on deck telling stories till a late hour, and then we went down to one of the cabins where my companions got drunk, and it was past 2 before I could go and

(1) Continued from November issue of the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*.

pack up. I only got an hour's sleep, for I was to start early in the morning to sail up the Hudson.

We went on board the Hudson steamer at 7 on Wednesday morning. Our party consisted of Mr. Campbell, lieutenant, a mate, an Irishman, a very clever old fellow, and two youngsters. They were all going to Niagara. I wished to see the bishop of Albany and to go thence to Boston. Our steamer, the *New World*, is the largest but one on the Hudson, and I had a good opportunity of making acquaintance with these immense vessels. The deck is very broad and extends many feet beyond the sides of the ship, about 6 feet above the water. The paddle-boxes are enormous; there are two funnels, one on each side, and four low ornamental masts. There were not many people and very little luggage on board, so we saw it under favourable circumstances. The cabin was very large, finely decorated, and furnished with splendid tables and chairs of fanciful forms. Every part of the ship is painted white. The working of the engine is visible. You contemplate it through a splendid railing. The real deck, to all intents and purposes, is above the roof of the cabin, and it is covered with a solid roof supported on pillars. There is an immense dining room under the cabin. In this magnificent ship we quitted N. York and saw something of American scenery for the first time. I did not expect at this time that the trip was to turn out so delightful.

The right bank of the Hudson is very fine immediately above New Jersey. We could not see this shore from the *Leander* where she lay at anchor. We saw the river opening up the country, and my curiosity had been excited by the recollection of American views I had looked over often at Aldenham when extremely young. On the left bank the city of N. York covers the extremity of the island, extending several miles up the river. Above the city the east bank of the river is at first rather broken; soon after it is covered with fine trees, and here we passed the orphan asylum which is prettily situated among trees with a lawn coming down to the river. The range of rocks above this on the right bank are called the Palisades. Many scores of small vessels with perfectly white sails were at anchor several miles along the river, waiting for the tide to carry them up. They added very much to the beauty of the scene. By this time the morning fog had been dispelled by the sun, and the view of the river and the shipping was very brilliant.

I was interested by a passage I met with in the *New York Tribune*, speaking of T. Paine's reply to Burke as containing all the energetic, Saxon, sledge-hammer logic and pitiless array of facts which characterize the political writings of the author

"The Guillotine marked, watchlike in regularity, the progress of despair and protestation against monarchs who cried death to every freeman found with arms." "The English democrats look proudly on a system of commerce (Free trade) which has successfully beggared Ireland, India, and Portugal, and is the parent of the political convulsions of this country." These passages seemed to me sufficiently to characterize the political principles of the paper. As I was sitting on deck, I observed two elderly, respectable gentlemen near me, examining the places we passed, with a guide book. One of them asked me, "Is that the gentleman you came with?" rather abruptly, pointing to an old gentleman of goodly appearance who was reading the paper. He evidently thought we were all officers of the *Leander*, though none of my companions were in uniform. I said "No." "Oh, because we saw the name of Sir John Acton on some of your trunks and thought that might be the gentleman." Seeing my name in the papers he had figured me to his imagination a pleasant old gentleman, about 60, with spectacles and a prominent waistcoat. I told him that I was the person he looked for, and he was very civil, lent me his guide book, and pointed out several places on the banks. In return, at his request, I explained which is the right and which the left bank of the river.

About 25 miles above N. York the river widens into a kind of lake a mile or two wide. Here, on the left bank, on a slight eminence, amongst a sort of shrubbery, close to the water, is Washington Irving's house; an old fashioned Dutch building. A little higher up is Tarrytown, now a flourishing village, near which André was taken. Tappan, just opposite, was Washington's headquarters, and here we saw from a distance the monument which marks the spot of André's execution.

The entrance into the mountains above Tappan bay reminded me of the Taunus above Mainz. Here the river is narrower and the rocks wild and high. There is more water than in the picturesque parts of the Rhine, and the scenery is bolder, but there are no ruins, no vines and very few villages. Otherwise for many miles the scenery very closely resembles that of the Rhine.

About 50 miles above N. York is West Point, on the right bank. The military school is here. We saw some of the cadets in blue uniforms. I have been told that the discipline is very strict here, and the studies very severe. They are examined each successive year, not only in the new matter they have lately studied, but in the subject matter of all previous examinations, so as to be forced to keep up their knowledge. West Point is an •

important position. It was this place that Arnold¹ was governor of and meant to surrender to the British. The scenery here is the finest on the whole river.

Higher up we came out of the Highlands into a much less beautiful country. Here, however, we saw the Catskills in the distance. The scenery of these mountains is very fine; they are not more than 3,000 feet high. The water of the Hudson is very dirty. We went ashore in the afternoon at a shallow place, but got off backwards, and taking a good run steamed across the bank. We did not go more than 16 miles an hour, but the *Alida* went to Albany in 1849 at the rate of 21 miles. The railroad follows the left bank of the river all the way, and we can get to Albany by it in 4 hours, but it is much less pleasant than the steamer.

Some of the names on the Hudson are Dutch. Hudson sold all this country to the Dutch, who settled here in 1609 and called it Nieuw Nederlands. It was named New York in honor of James II, to whom it was granted in 1664 and who sent out an expedition to reclaim it.

We arrived at Albany after a very pleasant journey about 7 in the evening. The Inn, Congress Hall, was not very good. They gave us only two rooms for five. After ordering dinner we walked into the town and I took a bath. Albany is situated on a hill sloping very steep down to the water. It is the *entrepôt* of the State and New York. There is a great deal of traffic by canal and rail with the interior, and down the river to N. York. I was rather struck with the number of churches, which is not a characteristic of N. York. I found that Dr. McCloskey² was absent. I had meant to stay a day here, go for a week to Boston, and return to N. York before the *Leander* sailed, to reclaim my linen and take leave. I had resolved to sacrifice Niagara and all beauties of scenery to the Slave States. Now, however, I determined to accompany our very pleasant party to Niagara. After dinner we went for half an hour to a wretched little theatre. The piece was *Paddy Miles' Boy*, and the chief actor was an Irishman, who did the part of an Irishman very well. All the other actors were detestable. The place was almost dark, and the company not numerous, nor probably very select, but their behaviour was decorous. I slept that night for the first time for five weeks in a real bed in a real room, and I was very unwilling to leave it in the morning.

The railway station is a dirty place, all the cars equally good, like the second class carriages in Wurtemberg. There are no guards, or police, or porters in uniform, which seems repugnant

(1) Benedict Arnold, the traitor of American history.

(2) Later Archbishop of New York and first American Cardinal.

to the independent feeling of the country. A 2nd class exists, but it is said to offer very bad accommodation. Places are not kept. If you leave your place you may lose it. I tried to keep two places for my companions who had got out. First one man sat down in spite of my remonstrances, but presently got up again. And then a man with a large party whom I had repulsed once insisted on putting two of his companions in these. They all sit, in this country, with their faces to the engine, otherwise they would be sick. One can pay for one's place in the carriage, if one likes, after the train has started. A dirty man, very unlike an official, comes round the cars between each principal station and tears a piece off your ticket each time. There is but one line. Altogether it is very slovenly. There is no care taken of the passengers, and nothing architectural about the stations. The cars only contain a water closet. Wretched boys distribute handbills proclaiming some new book, and presently, having prepared our minds, offer the book itself, some wretched novel. At the station others come with cool water and cool lemonade at exorbitant prices. The heat was extreme and the dust accumulated on us in a way I never saw the like of. At one place the engine detached itself from the carriages and ran away, leaving us in the lurch. For a long distance we followed the course of the Mohawk river. From Albany to Utica it is a very interesting country. The vegetation is very rich. The country is but partially cleared. In many places you see the stumps of trees recently cut down, or already burned. Sometimes we passed through the heart of the old forest. I have never seen forests at all like these. The trees are not very large, but the lower vegetation is so thick as to be impenetrable. The railway passing through the forest produces a strange, solemn sound. A good deal of the cleared land was for pasture. There are numerous villages built of wood. There are churches looking just like an English country church, but built of wood. There are no hedges, but wooden fences. All these scenes interested me very much from their novelty, as well as from their great beauty. The names of the places are sometimes Indian and sometimes classical; Utica, Syracuse, Rome, and not far off, Troy and Carthage; then Canastota, Cayuga, Oneida, Canandaigua, etc. Schenectady on the Mohawk was the home of the Mohawk Indians. It was on this route that I for the first time rattled along the streets of a town in the railway train. Syracuse is rather prettily situated on a lake. Farther westward the country becomes less interesting. This part was formerly a portion of lake Ontario. We were close to the lake at Rochester. Here are the Genesee falls, which are not very remarkable. From Utica it is but 15 miles

to Trenton falls, which are said to be extremely beautiful and perfectly different from Niagara. I saw one curious bridge across the Mohawk. There were a number of piers, and each pier supported a kind of long decrepit wooden shed that reached half-way to the other pier on each side, where it encountered another equally clumsy shed of the same form. On this journey I picked up something about the adulteration of wine which takes place at N. York to the value of 3,000,000 dollars annually. There is a story of a N. York dealer who bought some whiskey of a country merchant, and resold it to him for good wine before he left town at a profit of 500 per cent. It was dark when we arrived at the village of Niagara Falls, on the right bank of the Niagara. We crossed the suspension bridge in a thunder storm. It was so dark that we could not see the Falls. We got out at the Clifton House on the British side about 10 o'clock, without any trouble from the custom house. Here we found a party from our ship; the chaplain with my best friends amongst the youngsters. They were gone to bed. I went out to the edge of the rock and looked at the Falls that shone perfectly white in the black night. They are much better seen on this side. The inn is below them, and they do not cross the river at right angles, so that they can hardly be seen at all from the opposite side. The roar and the foam had a fine effect at night. Campbell and I had the same room, and before we fell asleep I discoursed upon the principles of historical criticism, and the facility with which truth is exaggerated. I gave as an instance that no doubt the first man who saw the Falls greatly exaggerated their magnitude, upon which he, who had just read the guide, told me that when Hennepin discovered the Falls he reported them to be 600 feet high, which was gratifying to my literary vanity. We talked a good deal on literary subjects on the road. He is a great admirer of Longfellow and lent me his poems, which I read in the railroad. He was inflamed by our conversation with admiration for learning, and the last night at Niagara he told me he would probably suspend his career for a time and go and study in Germany, for that a life of action might profitably be combined with a life of thought. I rather dissuaded him because I understood his feeling well. When a few things are told of which we are ignorant, or information given on some point, we are apt to attribute immeasurable learning to the person who spoke; but the appearance is often fallacious. A little knowledge, extending no farther than just these facts, and perhaps but recently acquired, may be made to look as great as the learning of a great scholar. I have very often observed this effect produced upon various people, particularly on myself,

though now I know its fallacy. I know not whether Campbell will adhere to his resolution.

In the morning, Friday, I had the pleasure of walking out on my balcony in my shirt, with a full view of the Falls. It was a beautiful morning. I took a bath, and on going to breakfast met with a very flattering reception from the youngsters I had not seen the night before. I persuaded the chaplain to let them stay with us that day, though he was to have brought them back to the ship. He was weak in consenting, as there was danger of a row when they did go on board, but I saw the blame could not fall on the boys. They were delighted to stay and their presence added very much to the mirth of our party. After some delay we set off to look at the Falls.

Half a mile above the Falls the river is divided into two branches by an island, called Goat island. At the same time the Rapids commence. There is no great beauty in the scenery of the country above the Falls. Below there is necessarily a ravine for it to flow through, and the wooded rocks on each side add very much to the beauty of the scep. We went down the road from the inn to the ferry. The view from below is much finer than what we had seen from above. One might sit here for hours and the Falls would grow upon one, or one's mind would grow to appreciate them. One can be disappointed only at the first impression. If one contemplates the Falls, they much surpass, in the effect they produce, anything one could have conceived. The current is very rapid below the Falls in the middle, and carried us down and tossed us about. A steamer, the *Maid of the Mist*, goes right up to the Falls every day as far as she can go. An Englishman whose acquaintance we made, a Mr. Wood, swam across here. He landed a mile below his starting point on the other side. On the American one is pulled up the rock in a sledge along an inclined plane. The first thing we did was to stand quite at the edge of the fall on the American side. There are some houses here, and we went up to the bridge which was made with great difficulty across the American rapids. After some delay at an ice-cream shop, we went over. The finest view of the rapids is presented by this bridge. It is a fine sight to see the water dashing and foaming down till it reaches a velocity of 15 miles an hour. The roar of the rapids is very great. There is a toll on the island with a shop of Indian curiosities. There are two or three small slands on the American side of Goat Island, and the scenery, with the current running between them, is very pretty. The American falls are smaller than those on the English side, but quite straight. Next after the first islet is a lesser fall. Standing near the top of it, among the trees, it looks like a small

river floating among trees, and has a pleasant diversifying effect. After this comes the rocky extremity of Goat Island between the two falls. It disfigures them. Crossing Goat Island, which is covered with trees, we came to the edge of the English falls, called the Horseshoe Falls from their shape. A rock runs out into the river at the edge here, and a tower is built upon it. The view from the tower is one of the finest. These falls are not straight, but something like a horseshoe. The middle is more than 100 yards above the sides, so as to make a curious kind of hollow. They are really magnificent from their great size and the mass of water. It is 20 feet deep at the angle and falls 160 or 170 feet. It boils as white as milk below. The spray sometimes comes up in a cloud far above the fall. Looking down from up the river, it looks like the vapour of a boiling spring. It was such a glorious sight as to fill me with exultation, and yet with a feeling of melancholy at not being able to comprehend it adequately. We gathered wild strawberries on Goat Island and took an ice there. While I was on the tower a man was there writing verses. I did not feel poetical, which I seldom do, but boisterously happy, which made me appear far from overcome. We spent a couple of hours here most delightfully. There is the greatest paper mill in the Union on Bath Island, taking advantage of the water power. We returned to the inn in time for a romp before dinner at 3. Sam Patch jumped down the Middle Fall, which is called his leap. He was drowned when attempting the same thing at Genesee. Nobody ever shot the falls alive; there are several stories of people being drowned. The power of the water is so great that flocks of geese have been carried down and drowned. There is a whirlpool about four miles down the river, where everything which is carried down reappears for some time. The bodies of seven English deserters who tried to swim across were seen chasing each other round here for some time after. An old steamer was once sent down, and drew 18 feet of water, which shows the depth at the edge.

After dinner we undertook to go under the Falls. There is a house on Table Rock, where you dress yourself and take a guide for the purpose. We took off everything we had on and put on some rough clothes for the purpose. There is also a costume for the ladies. A great ugly black went with us. There is a round wooden staircase down Table Rock and there we walked along the rock and went under the falling water. It is like a cave. The velocity of the water and formation of the rock leave an arched space comparatively dry. One can walk a good way in along a kind of ledge, and one sees the water arched above one. The roar is terrific. We were un-

fortunate, for the wind drove the water in against us, and we were almost suffocated. It was much as if we had taken a bath. Our guide had taken a young man in who insisted on jumping down on to a rock in the water. The water beat over him and at last washed him away, and he was never seen again. We carried off a bit of rock from the farthest point we reached, and a printed certificate of our having been there, as trophies. Then, in two carriages, we went to the burning springs, about two miles above the falls, in Canada. A shed is built over the place where the spring is, about 10 feet from the Niagara. They put in a tube, and set fire to the gas that comes out. The flame is about a foot high, emitting great heat. You may put your thumb on the tube and direct the flame or put it out without being burned, or you may press your handkerchief over it and it will not be injured. All the gas is concentrated in the tube, but when it is removed, a light applied to the surface of the water produces a lambent flame that soon goes out. The water is quite pure to drink, without any sulphurous smell. On returning we passed near Lundy's Lane, where the battle of Niagara was fought in the last war.

In the evening we played at prisoner's base in a field close to the Falls. Here I lost my hat. It was dark when we returned to the inn. The youngsters went forth to look for sand-martins' nests and they found some eggs and young ones. It was getting on for 11 when we had some supper. I ordered a bottle of champagne up to the boys' room. We were to separate the next day, and we had been very good friends.

It is perhaps wiser not to record the scene that passed that night. It was something quite unexpected by me, and which gave me the greatest pleasure of anything that has occurred for a long time. I shall never cease to look back to it with delight.

We were up early next morning to start at 8. We crossed the suspension bridge, about two miles below the Falls. It is of very light construction, supported by wires. The last view of the Falls was taken here. The moment they were out of sight I felt a lively regret at the thought that I should never see them again. I quitted this extreme western point with sorrow, for the great lakes and Indians and the scenery of that part of the world had great attraction for me. As it was Saturday, and the ship was to sail that day week, my time at Boston would have been very short if I had returned to N. York in time to see the ship, so I determined to go on to N. York with the rest and do my business there at once. The long railway journey was hot and dusty, but the company made it very pleasant. The row the boys kicked up amused the ladies, but may sometimes have annoyed them. At

Albany we took the river boat for N. York, and got excellent sleeping accommodation in very fine cabins.

Before we had gone far we stuck in the same place as before, and remained there two hours, though my naval companions had many skilful suggestions to offer for getting her off. The sunset was fine, and we sat till 11 o'clock looking at the banks by moonlight. When I awoke on Sunday morning the Palisades were in sight, and we landed so early as to be in time for service. I found the Ellesmeres on board, and was received by them and the officers, who did not expect me, in the most flattering manner. They were much pleased with Philadelphia. Lord E——'s gout and the illness of one of their servants threatened all their plans. The captain and officers were in an ill-humour with N. York. Twenty-four men had run, and many were on board the *Sovereign of the Seas* and going to England, where they would be taken. This made it advisable to leave N. York, and in accordance with orders they were to sail next Saturday.

Some gentlemen who had been on board had invited some of the officers to dinner. They were most hospitably treated. The Queen's health was drunk first, though resisted by a Red Frenchman. Then one of the officers proposed the President, and the Frenchman made a speech about republicanism and fraternisation, for which, and for his abuse of the Queen, the others afterwards apologised. This I thought not uninteresting.

I had a conversation with Lord E——, which determined me not to go south. I rejoiced at the time I should save for seeing other parts of the Northern States. The evening was very pleasantly spent in relating our adventures.

I took an opportunity of speaking to the Captain, and told him of his nephew's habits of drinking. He had no idea of it. I invited the boy to dinner on shore, and in the evening, after his return, he got tipsy again. This night occurred the lamentable scene with Grosvenor. I slept in Campbell's cabin, as he was not returned, and mine was full of ship linen.

On Monday morning the Ellesmeres started for Niagara before I was up. They meant to go to Niagara and then to Canada until the opening. The Captain and a party went with them. I spent the day on board, packing up and taking a melancholy leave of everybody. I was to sail for Boston at 4 in the evening. When the time came for me to leave the ship, everybody thronged to the gangway to see me off. It was such a scene that I was quite unhappy at going away. There were waveings of hands until I was quite out of sight. The steamer for Boston was very large with ample accommodation for a couple of hundred people during the night. I saw some

state cabins gorgeously fitted up. There was rather a crowd on board. At the ticket office "Beware of Pickpockets" was written up, so great is the danger from them. A Bible of the missionary society lay on the table, as I have also seen in all the rooms of all the inns. A young woman came on board offering for sale a life of Miss Somebody, of which she said she was the authoress. She was a decidedly strong-minded person. We did not, as I had hoped, pass near enough to the *Leander* for recognition. Another steamer, the *Commodore*, sailed at the same time as we did. Passing up the Sound, a few miles above N. York, in a narrow place we were close to the rocks, but passed through, while the *Commodore*, who did not follow us exactly, got ashore and lost a couple of miles. It was very fine and smooth. The shores on either side were pretty but not striking. A splendid supper was served on board by a great number of waiters. I slept so long that when I awoke we were at Newport, where the steamer stopped, and the train for Boston had started, so I had to wait an hour, and only arrived at Boston about 10 o'clock. I put up at the Revere House, as a companion on the steamer had advised me. The Revere and Tremont House are both first-rate hotels at Boston. They belong to the same proprietor, Penan Stevens. In each there are near 300 rooms. At every corner is a printed warning against hotel thieves. Precious things are to be left at the office, and the door is to be bolted at night. Busts of Webster and Clay adorn the staircase. There are about 50 waiters serving at dinner. In all the inns I have seen the waiters are very numerous. Here they are mostly Irish, but at Niagara and elsewhere they were half blacks. I observed the whites are generally better servants. At noon I went to Mr. Prescott's.¹ He was not at home and was to leave town the same afternoon. I left Sir Charles Lyell's note. Then I went to Mr. Ticknor's. His house is in the best situation, close to the State House and at the corner of the Common.

I found Ticknor in his library, without his coat. A Mr. Curtis, a young literary man, who is very unpopular for some reason or other, was with him. He received me very well. Sir C. Lyell had already announced me. He spoke a good deal of Germany. He studied at Gottingen with Everett² in 1817 and knows the country well. Bancroft³ also studied at Gottingen under Helsen. Ticknor asked so many questions after European literary men that I could learn very little. His conversation is very lively and agreeable. He is something like Sheil, Lord Rutherford, and old Wilberforce. After half an hour's conversa-

(1) The historian.

(2) Minister in London.

(3) American historian.

tion I promised to come again in the evening. Close to his house is the Athenæum, a new literary and artistical institution, with a fine library, reading-room, etc. I went in to see the pictures. There are a few copies, one or two works by Leutze, much the best of all, and a quantity of American paintings. There were many by Allston, who passes for their first artist, but nothing about them struck me, except the fearful ugliness of his *Magi* in an unfinished painting of Belshazzar's feast. There were some interesting portraits; the best head of 'Washington in existence, and three of the finest portraits of Daniel Webster. The gallery of sculpture contains nothing remarkable but some beautifully finished busts by Hiram Powers.

I walked about Boston for some time. Several streets are full of carriages, with good houses and shops. I made a few purchases. Boston is situated on a promontory or peninsula, joined by a narrow isthmus to the land. There is an elevation in the centre called Beacon Hill. The State House, a fine building with a dome, is on the summit. Before this is the Common, a kind of small park where the Puritans used to put heretics to death. There are two or three other islands and peninsulas near Boston covered with houses and connected by bridges and causeways. The city itself has about 150,000 inhabitants, but, including the suburbs, a quarter of a million. There are some low hills near the town on the mainland; and the general view of the place is very fine. A tall pillar in the lower part of the town commemorates the battle of Bunker Hill. There is hardly any elevation visible.

This was the hottest day I ever spent, Tuesday, June 20th. The thermometer was 100 in the shade. Such heat is very rare here. It makes cooling drinks very necessary. Oyster shops are combined with ice-cream shops and offer all sorts of refreshments. I made acquaintance with the names of more than 50 drinks. Many of the names are fantastical, and were invented, I was told, to evade a prohibition of the sale of liquors. Water ices seem unknown. I never saw such abundance of strawberries. They are particularly cultivated here. The oysters are enormous. They come from Providence and Virginia. I slept part of the afternoon, and got a bad solitary dinner about 5.

At 8.30 I went to Mr. Ticknor's and was presented to his wife and two daughters. It was so hot they were sitting on the balcony. Mrs. Ticknor looks like a dreadful woman with a temper, but I saw nothing disagreeable about her and she was very kind to me. The girls are not handsome, but rather agreeable. The youngest seems about to be married for I have seen a silent young man about her. Ticknor has a very fine library,

particularly for Spanish books. He sends to Europe offering fabulous sums for rareties. He respects Schack very highly. Clasus, whose name I told him, he said, had not sufficient materials, and his book is heavy. He thought they were both Catholics. Munch Bellinghausen has sent him his bibliographical work on old Spanish plays, and he says it is very exact, and he can make but few corrections in it. He recommends Griswold as on the whole the best work on American literature. He thinks Bryant a greater poetical genius than Longfellow, and puts them on a level with the best living English poets, of none of whom he thinks highly, though his family stick up for the Brownings. He agrees with Ford that a better Spanish library may be bought in England than in Spain. Ford, he says, has innumerable prejudices about Spain. There is a collection of Spanish writers appearing at Madrid which he says will be very complete and valuable. I could not learn much about America from his conversation, but he was very kind and pleasant. He gave me letters for Professor Child of Harvard College, where I was to go next morning, and in the evening he said I should come to his house and dine out with the ladies. Miss Lawrence came. Her father, formerly minister in England, lives next door.

BOSTON, JULY THE 6TH.

I resume the narrative of these events from the 22nd of June, after an interval of a fortnight, during which I have been obliged to carry about in my memory, without any notes, not only my proceedings and impressions, but also the substance of long conversations.

On Wednesday morning, the 23rd, I went in the omnibus to Cambridge. We had to cross a long causeway, and the first thing we saw on the other side was the remains of several houses that had just been burned down. We continued for about two miles between houses and gardens, rather a solitary road, to Harvard College. Cambridge is a considerable town, but so scattered that there is nothing that can be called a street in it.

Surrounded with a few trees appear a couple of red brick buildings of rather tumbledown appearance, and two small edifices of stone. This is Harvard College, the oldest and principal University in the United States, having been founded in King Charles I.'s time. As I traversed the grass under the trees, hardly a soul was to be seen. I found Mr. Child's lodgings in one of the brick buildings. He is a little, fair man, with spectacles, and a very German look. He is about 28. He was born in low circumstances, but attracted the notice of the directors of the common school when a boy, and they procured him a better education. He studied at Harvard College and, after spending

a year at Gottingen, was appointed professor of rhetoric here. He was hearing a boy say his lessons, whom he appeared to treat very kindly, as I thought, in consideration of his being very dull. We had an hour's conversation about the University, Germany, etc. His salary is about 350 pounds a year, which, considering the high prices in America, is not much. He explained the nature of the institution, and I have since collected some more facts. Harvard College proper takes its name from a liberal benefactor at its commencement. It is supported entirely by private means. The State, instead of contributing anything, claims a tax of 700 dollars a year. Its revenues, considering that it is not two centuries old, are comparatively great. Still, there is not enough to collect a fine library, nor to reward the professors well, nor to make literature a profitable pursuit. What would be called in Germany the philosophical faculty alone exists here, and that very imperfectly. But annexed to the College, and forming the University, are the three faculties of law, medicine, and theology. The students number about 600. They pay 80 dollars a year, and live principally in lodgings about the town. They pass for the most dissipated set of students in the Union. They remain four years.

In the first two years they are freshmen or sophomores, with little liberty. The first year they read a few books of *extracts* from classical authors, and a bit of Horace and Cicero. Mathematics are at once much studied in the works of their eminent Professor Pierce. Also Arnold's later Roman History, for history. Next year: two books of Homer, two or three plays, some Horace, Cicero. History is studied only one term in each of the two first years. Rhetoric is now studied a good deal. Also some science. In the third year Reid becomes a text-book; Smythe's lectures and some sciences. Now come the elective studies. Mathematics, classics, modern languages, and divers sciences; two languages or sciences must be chosen. The amount of Greek and Latin, if they are chosen, is prescribed for these two years. Two Greek comedies, two Latin comedies, Gorgias, Annals of Tacitus, the Crown speeches and Lucretius . . . *pour tout potage*. For philosophy, Stewart, Whately, Whewell, Paley and Butler succeed Reid. History is only studied two terms altogether. A few lectures on secondary subjects are prescribed, but they do not succeed well.

Nothing is studied for its own sake, but only as it will be useful in making a practical man; thus rhetoric is cultivated, as each man may be called upon to speak in the course of his life, and indeed he is very likely to speak often without being called upon. Mathematics and certain of the sciences are pursued, because

they correspond to the utilitarian character of the country. There is no demand for learning. Thus hardly any Latin or Greek is read, and both are placed among the elective sciences as of little consequence. For history Worcester's manual is used, which they told me is worth little or nothing. Smythe's lectures are the chief work; Hallam for the very profound, and perhaps Gibbon may close the list at its longest development. Some of the modern languages are cultivated. The whole system is a cross between that of Germany and England. The studies are as languid as in England and the discipline as loose as in Germany. This is indeed a consequence of the institutions and character of the country. Learning may become desirable some time or other; I should not wonder if this were to happen out of vanity; more men may have leisure, after a time, and will be able to devote themselves to occupations which are their own reward. This is seldom the case now, as money is the great object of life. These deficiencies are well known to members of the University, many of whom have studied in Germany. It seems to me that most is to be hoped from the circumstance that a literary society is growing up and increasing at Boston, consisting partly of young men who have all studied at Cambridge. The progress literature may make in their hands will, I expect, force the University in self-defence to exert itself not to remain behind. It would create at least a partial demand for higher learning. Nothing, however, can be done unless the States offers assistance. The circumstance that it does not do so shews how cheap literature is held. It frequently happens that a man is named professor of something that he is quite ignorant of, and is then sent abroad to qualify himself.

The President is Dr. Walker, they say a very good one. Everett did not succeed in this office. Sparks¹ came between them. He was also professor of history, but has resigned in order to prosecute his works on American history. The period of the Revolution he knows well. The correspondence of that period is being published by him. I have his life of Washington. It is dry, heavy, far from comprehensive or complete, and yet with no other merit than laboriousness. This is Sparks' best quality. He is devoid of talent, plodding and honest, but his research is very different from that of the Germans. His principles of editing called down a storm upon him. He was said to have falsified Washington's letters, but there were two MSS. which did not agree, and his readings were shewn to be the best. On the whole he enjoys no great reputation here.

Agassiz is one of their most famous men. His valuable collec-

(1) American patriotic historian.

possibly be put into more intelligible language. I could not understand the lines any better than the lady. He seemed hardly willing to allow Goethe's superiority to Schiller. He had a good deal to say about Germany. He asked me and Child to come and take coffee at his house. He has a very good house, once Washington's headquarters. From his professorship and his wife's fortune he is very well off. Mrs. Longfellow was sitting in a very well furnished library. She is rather good-looking but languid. The first Mrs. Longfellow died at Heidelberg. I saw two ugly boys about 7 years old, her children. Longfellow shewed me his copy of Lord Ellesmere's poems, and praised his translation of *Faust*, for its perfectly gentlemanlike tone. We sat in his garden half an hour, they smoking. Nothing interesting was said. Indeed I learned singularly little from Longfellow's conversation. On my way to the omnibus, about 5 o'clock, we passed a fine elm which rejoices in a tradition that Washington drew his sword under it. We went into a bookseller's shop, but Child could not tell me much about the books there. I agreed to come again on Friday, which was to be a Class day, with various ceremonies.

(To be concluded.)

BAD MONEY AND GOOD TRADE: A LETTER FROM BERLIN.

BERLIN, November 13th.

GERMANY is marching headlong to bankruptcy, and Germans—at least the industrial-commercial classes—are marching to unexampled prosperity. Berlin city is thronged with non-German business men, would-be importers, investigating credit-givers, concessions-hunters, currency speculators, and mere minor buyers who have acquired marks at a farthing or a third of an American cent, and who rightly hold that these marks are cheap, for they can buy good boots with 400, and good dinners with 60, of them. And as everyone is buying, of course everyone—which means producers and sellers—are profiting. The intelligent foreigner who reads such reports, reads perhaps in the same newspaper column that the Funded Debt has increased from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 80 milliards, the Floating Debt from 220 millions to 233,102 millions, the currency circulations from 2,406 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions to 99,807 millions; that the mark's foreign exchange has dropped from 20.45 to the pound to nearly 1.200; and that the State has, including the last official estimate of Reparations, a deficit of 100 milliards, which will soon, unless the mark has a rapid and lasting recovery, be re-estimated at 200, 300, or even 400 milliards. But again the intelligent foreigner reads that on October 1st the proportion of unemployed among 6,000,000 members of Trade Unions was only 1.3 per cent.; that industrial shares of nominal value 100 marks are quoted up to 4,500 marks; that one industrial company pays 75 per cent. and many 40 per cent.; and that the real dividend of such concerns, allowing for various bonuses and other veiled shares in profits, often reaches over 100 per cent. And so the foreigner gets the paradoxical, but by its paradox attractive, notion that with the State things are going infamously, and that with the German nation they are going too well to be true.

On the rest of the world, which suffers from very bad trade without the compensation of flourishing State finances, this conception of Germany and Germans has begun to take effect; and as the average citizen cares more about his business than about his State, it has taken effect in ingenious schemes for restoring good trade by ruining—or, as is more politely put, by inflating—the currency. Ever the Germans, at least the economically less instructed, give colour to this intelligent place by launching the notion of "The Catastrophe Boom" (*die Katastrophenhause*). The "Catastrophe Boom" expresses the conviction, the in part entirely true conviction, that bad money means good trade. The

catastrophe is the result for the State, for bond-holders, creditors, and persons with fixed incomes ; and the boom is the result for all who can make or sell anything. Into this notion I lately made careful inquiry ; and before giving reasons for my conclusions I shall give the conclusions themselves. They are : (1) That the currency depreciation is indeed ruining the State finances. (2) That the industrial prosperity is not a result of the currency depreciation as measured by the mark's low average exchange, but is a result of violent downward fluctuations in the exchange ; that therefore, as the mark exchange, like all others, has recoveries, the prosperity cannot be permanent. (3) That the prosperity does not consist mainly in increasing the national wealth, but rather in transferring wealth from one class of citizens to another ; and that one specious feature of the prosperity wave, the increase in exports, is an unpaid-for transfer of German national wealth to foreign buyers.

As what will be later said requires many references to indexes and figures, I have compiled a table showing the movements of certain essential factors, the currency circulation, the exchange of the United States dollar in Berlin, and the wholesale commodities index. Production statistics are here not adduced, because, where at all available, their terms do not correspond with those major movements of the mark exchange which dominate German business conditions ; and foreign trade statistics (also imperfect) are useless because the mark exchange governs only the placing of foreign orders, and not the actual export dates : —

Date.	Currency Circulation. Millions of Marks.	U.S. Dollar Ex change in Berlin.	Commodities Index (<i>Frankf. Zeitung's</i>).
1920, beginning of :			
Jan.	49,480	50 (104 end Jan.)	100
April	58,901	75	146
May	•	•	156
July	67,608	38 (35 end May)	138
Oct.	75,083	62	146
Dec.			153
1921.			
Jan.	80,838	73	143
April	79,684	62	130
June			128
July	84,027	75	135.4
August	•	•	156
Sept.	•	•	166
Oct.	93,993	115	184
Nov.	9,807	177	246

The first question arising out of this table is : What is the cause of the two heavy drops of mark exchange of early 1920 and of the past summer and autumn, and of the extra-

ordinarily rapid rise of March-May, 1920? As all considerable mark exchange drops have been followed (not preceded) by considerable price-rises, this question can be otherwise formulated : What is the cause of the German price-rise? On such questions orthodox economists are usually content to answer : The currency inflation, starting from the indisputable fact that if, for no reason, or for reasons not elucidated, the currency in circulation in any country is increased, prices are also increased. In 1919 a similar question evolved curious answers from a Commission appointed by the Swedish Government to consider the relation between Swedish inflation and Swedish high prices. The orthodox economist members of the Commission agreed that inflation had caused the high prices, and the banker members agreed that high prices had caused the inflation. Applying the conflict of judgments to Germany, the bankers were unquestionably right. While it is true that the present German inflation must prevent a recovery of the mark exchange beyond the point at which Germany's price-level would be as high as that of abroad, inflation has demonstrably nothing to do with any specific German mark exchange fall, or with the fall as a whole. Inflation, acting through a rise in the price-level, could not have set down the mark exchange, because notoriously German prices at any recent exchange have been so much below foreign that there could be no question of a check to export. Further, the inflationist theory is untenable because it takes inflation as a first cause, and practically implies that Governments or State Banks inflate for their amusement. In Sweden, as the bankers affirmed, inflation was caused by the price-rise, and not the opposite. The war caused a great price-rise first in imports, particularly in food and fuel; the State expenditure and private expenditure rose; the demand for credit increased; and inflation was the result. In Germany, since June 1st, 1921, commodity prices have risen almost exactly twofold, the mark exchange collapse being the sole cause. Government expenditure correspondingly rose; at the beginning of this month the Wirth Cabinet was obliged to concede a 30 per cent. increase of official salaries, and materials prices have risen much more. As the State cannot immediately raise additional taxation, the current deficit will be increased and with it the Floating Debt; and as this Floating Debt almost entirely consists of Treasury Bills discounted at the Reichsbank, against most of which fresh paper money has to be issued, the inflation must also increase. The mark exchange collapse, acting *via* high prices, is therefore indisputably the cause, and not the result, of the inflation.

An examination of the mark exchange and of the inflation

figures in the table on p. 936 shows that not only has the rapid inflation not depreciated the mark exchange, but that a perverse economist might even argue that the inflation temporarily improved the exchange. This would be absurd, but not much more absurd than saying that the rate of inflation affected the mark exchange either way. An orthodox economist might argue that as between December 31st, 1919, and November 4th, 1921, the currency in circulation rose from 49,480,000,000 marks to 99,807,000,000 marks, it is natural that the mark exchange fell from 50 to the dollar to 230. But the perverse economist, going closer into figures, might reply that the greatest inflation rate was in the first two quarters of 1920; in the first quarter the circulation rose from 49,480,000,000 to 58,901,000,000 marks, and in the second quarter to 67,608,000,000 marks. No German period has ever witnessed such rapid inflation. Yet in these six months the mark exchange rose from 50 to 38 to the dollar; and, what is more remarkable, between end of January and end of May, 1920, when inflation was at its wildest, the mark recovered from 104 to 35. Such a perverse economist might further point out that in all 1920, in which the additional inflation was 32 milliards, the mark sank only from 50 to 73 to the dollar; whereas in 1921, a relatively low-inflation year, with a circulation increase in ten months of only 18 milliards, the mark fell from 73 to over 300. The mark exchange, it is clear, has not been governed by inflation, but by speculation and sentiment. The enormous mark interests, here including those Germans who buy foreign currencies when mark prospects look bad, have dominated the market so thoroughly that even the fluctuations in the heavy passive foreign payment balance have comparatively played no rôle. The dates of the beginnings of the last three violent mark-exchange movements prove this. On March 9th, 1920, the dollar in Berlin stood at around 91, or a little lower than its highest point of January. On that date appeared an Entente communication promising that steps would be taken to set Germany again upon her legs. The dollar immediately sank to 75; at the end of April it was around 57, and, without a single reaction of note, it fell just before the end of May to 35. Then came a reaction; but at end of May, 1921, the dollar still stood low at 64. To this period belongs the Reparations Ultimatum; and as soon as the (for Germany) unfavourable settlement was come to, the mark started on a new plunge downward. This plunge ended with the dollar at around 124; and in the first third of October a new period of relative stability seemed to have been reached. But a day after the first precise news of the League of Nations' decision regarding Upper Silesia, a last and worst downward

plunge began, bringing the dollar to its highest point of 310 marks. Bad or good news has entirely governed the mark exchange; the mark exchange has governed the home price-level; and the home price-level has governed the inflation rate. From this it follows that nothing more substantial than bad or good news and bad or good views govern the whole of German trade.

The "Catastrophe Boom" is ultimately an outcome of currency speculation; and Germany's economic life is dominated by shifting foreign, and in some measure shifting native, sentiment. A catastrophe boom is essentially an increase of all nominal values. First goes a rise in stock values. German stocks are far more rapidly sensitive to the foreign exchanges than are German prices, which (prices of imports excepted) lag behind exchange movements. When the mark is falling, Bourse activity is enormous; and all stocks, regardless of their dividend value, rise. The wild stories appearing in the foreign Press as to Berlin stock exchange conditions are in no way exaggerations. In September, 1921, the State's stamp duty revenue from stock transfers was just four times as high as in the same month of 1920. The three distinct mark exchange falls which have occurred since 1919, and the two distinct mark recoveries, were duly accompanied by three rises and two falls of stocks. The following table, compiled from a *Frankfurter Zeitung* index based on the sum of quotations of twenty-five leading dividend-paying stocks, shows how entirely the stock market has fallen under control of the mark exchange:—

Date.			Stock Index.	Dollar Exchange in Berlin.
1920, Jan. 1	7,792	(about) 50
Mar. 1	12,311	100
June 1	8,533	39
1921, Jan. 8	15,724	73
Mar. 5	12,286	62
Nov. 10	39,234	273

Stocks in other low-exchange countries also move with the exchanges; on the Vienna Exchange stocks are quoted at 40,000 and more. As the currency declines the nominal value of industrial properties as of all other property rises. The catastrophe boom's expression in trade is precisely the same; it is simply a violent price-rise, with all the accompanying phenomena common, though on a much smaller scale, to rising-price periods before the war. Feverish production, good employment, and easy selling go together. Necessarily, other things being equal, high employment means high production. The German labour-market is as absolutely dominated by the mark exchange as is the stock market. In August, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* published a diagram

showing the mark exchange and the unemployment rate since January, 1920; and during nearly the whole period the two curves ran closely together and in the same direction.

Employment in Germany during the present, and also during the earlier (1919-20), catastrophe boom has been extraordinarily good. On October 1st only 189,000 persons were publicly supported as unemployed. The *Statistisches Jahrbuch* shows that the unemployment rate (1.3 per cent.) of that date is well below the average of good pre-war years.

This high percentage of employment is due to the buying panic caused by every heavy mark exchange drop. Foreigners having acquired their marks cheaply hasten to convert them into German goods before the inevitable price-rise comes, and natives, also foreseeing a price-rise, do the same; they even, in their eagerness to acquire something solid in exchange for their dwindling money, buy goods which they do not need at all; and they lay in supplies of clothing, boots, and other necessities sufficient to last for years. At present Berlin retail warehouses are sold out, and a complete "Warenhunger" exists. First shopkeepers sold freely; then they began to ration their wares, in order, as they said, to be fair to everyone; later they admitted buyers only in numbered batches; and to-day some shops are closed, and display cards announcing that nothing sellable is left. At first the shop was upper dog as against the shopper; to-day the wholesale dealer is upper dog against the shopkeeper; and the manufacturer is top dog of all. He can sell anything at any price. All Germany has hardly one textile or footwear concern that will undertake to fulfil an order before next spring or next summer. Being doubtful of the currency future, manufacturers refuse to make binding contracts. Nearly all their contracts are qualified as "freibleibende," which means that the manufacturer's hands are free, while his customer, as a rule, is pledged to take the goods at any date, and even to pay any price which the manufacturer later finds justified by the cost of labour and materials.

Such are the chief phenomena of the catastrophe boom. Being pessimistic, German economists naturally explain that the boom is not genuine trade and industrial prosperity, as its sole source and inspiration is the depreciation in the currency's buying power, which is a misfortune for the State and for the non-business classes. But this pessimism is unfounded. For *industry* and *trade* the prosperity is entirely genuine. Feverish producing and feverish selling mean prosperity. For the industrial interest an uninterrupted and rapid mark exchange decline presents no terrors except one. This is the rapid dwindling of the mark's value as international payment medium, with the threat that

soon Austrian and later Russian conditions will be reached. With that industry and trade will cease because there will be no possibility of paying for foreign materials, or for home labour, which consumes foreign food. That this risk is real already, although the mark stands about twenty times higher than the Austrian crown, is shown by the fact that between April and November the price of American cotton at Bremen rose from 17 to 147 marks a kilogramme. German ordering from abroad has almost entirely ceased; and industry is living upon large stocks of materials already in hand. That the mark, like the rouble, might even cease to be accepted in home trade is shown by the fact that already manufacturers are demanding dollar contracts from home buyers. Russian conditions are, in fact, merely a *reductio ad absurdum* of German. A chronic "Catastrophe Boom" exists also in Russia, in that all that is produced, whether of food or manufactured goods, is bought up immediately, greedily, and at any demanded price.

That is sound catastrophe boom theory. In practice Germany is a long way from Russia's state, because no uninterrupted and rapid fall of the mark exchange has so far taken place, and, judging also by exchange movements in other low-currency countries, none is possible. As with stocks, sharp reactions invariably take place. The Austrian crown, though in general moving heavily down, recovered in the first half of 1920 from 1,000 to 500 to the pound. The Hungarian exchange this year also rose 100 per cent. in a few weeks. The French and Belgian franc exchanges, which move together, had big rises in both of the two last summers. The Finnish mark exchange, useful as instance, because it moves independently of the Austro-German and Latin groups, quoted in London: January, 1920, 126; March, 61; November, 180; February, 1921, 110; September, 350; November, 200. Now as every considerable German mark recovery has been accompanied by industrial depression, it cannot be argued that a low (which means low average) mark exchange, as such, helps German industry, but only that the downward plunges help. If on the whole German industry has been better than English during the last two years, that is because the mark exchange fell over longer periods than it rose. Whereas the mark rose only in March-May, 1920, inclusive, and in December and January of the following winter, it fell, when not stable, during the rest of the two years. A low German mark exchange, if stable, would not benefit industry in the least. The home public would have no special stimulus to buy, as it would expect no price-rise; and once the home price-level, at the given stable exchange, was about the same as that of good exchange countries,

the foreigner would have no special reason for preferring German goods to those of Germany's competitors.

The characteristics of a German trade depression period, following a mark exchange recovery, are exactly the contrary of the characteristics of a catastrophe boom. In the summer of 1920, after the mark had risen from 104 to 35 to the dollar, stocks fell, prices fell, buying declined, manufactures declined with it, and unemployment increased. An immediate result was that industrial producers, also wholesale and retail dealers, had left on their hands large quantities of goods produced or bought when the buying power of the currency was lower, and from inability to sell, or compulsion to sell on the new lower price-level, heavy losses were incurred. The price-falls, instead of attracting natives and foreigners, repelled both. Foreigners ceased to buy because, though German prices fell a little (the commodities prices index on p. 936 shows how little), they paid for their marks about 200 per cent. more than early in the year. Natives concluded that currency conditions were permanently improving, and that the price-fall would go much further; and they, too, ceased to buy. The "flight from the mark" was suddenly transformed into a "buyers' strike." In July and August, 1920, the Berlin retail warehouses were almost without a customer. The crisis spread from the retailer to the wholesaler and the manufacturer. It was least marked in the heavy iron industry, which has large capital resources and can afford to produce for stock; and it was most marked in the textiles and clothing branches, being aggravated by the fact that, during the preceding catastrophe boom, the public had supplied itself for long ahead. At Pirmasens, the chief centre of Germany's boot and shoe industry, nearly every mill closed; the textile mills of the Wupperthal (Elberfeld district) worked at most two or three days a week; and the pottery, glass, toys, clothing, and other branches were similarly hit. Unemployment increased rapidly, and reached its apex at the end of June, just a month after the mark exchange had reached its highest point of the year. After that, with a slowly falling mark exchange, business remained moderately good until the tremendous exchange collapse of the past summer and autumn revived the "Catastrophe Boom" in exaggerated form, bringing trade to a condition of activity probably never before experienced in any country at any time. But every German understands that this prosperity hangs on a thread. A Reparations respite, a gold loan, or even a mere reaction among speculators from the exaggerated depreciation of German prospects, might any day produce a mark recovery as extreme as that of early 1920. The chief of one of the largest western iron syndicates, Privy Councillor Kloeckner, wrote with truth in September: "The duration of the

(present) prosperity depends upon the movements of the mark. A rapid rise of the mark's exchange would cause a catastrophe of unexampled dimensions." In this passage the word "catastrophe" has changed its place, being transferred from the currency which it fits in time of a falling mark exchange to trade, which it equally fits in time of a mark exchange recovery.

Bad currency as such, it is clear, does not affect German industry; but the violent fluctuations inevitable to bad currency do affect it, in sharply contrary ways. (The fluctuations of the high currencies' exchanges against gold are not only absolutely but also proportionately much smaller than those of the German, Austrian, and other low currencies, and their effect on trade is hardly visible.) It follows that the net effect of German currency conditions is merely to produce an abnormal instability in industry and trade. In fact, mark exchange vagaries disturb orderly business, and make speculative business or pure speculation more attractive as paths to individual prosperity. The finances of a German manufacturer depend largely upon incalculable movements of the mark. Enormous profits are reaped, but also enormous losses are suffered. A price-rise following an exchange fall multiplies profits. — As instance, between June 1st and November 1st the commodities index figure (based on 100 at beginning of 1920) rose from 128 to 248. On the average, an article which sold in June for 10 marks can to-day be sold for nearly 20. Were the article produced in June for 8 marks, and had the price-level remained stable, the manufacturer's profit would have been 25 per cent. As it is, an article produced in June and put on the market only in November yields 150 per cent. Experience of past mark movements shows that, had the mark exchange risen instead of fallen, prices would not have dropped in proportion, but they would probably have dropped sufficiently to cause the manufacturer loss; and from this cause heavy losses were suffered about a year and a quarter ago. The effective working capital of a manufacturer depends absolutely upon the exchanges as the one factor governing home prices and prices of imports. A fixed nominal return from sales in June would finance then a certain fresh output; in November, owing to the rise in wages and home materials and to the enormous rise in the mark prices of imported materials, the same nominal return would finance a much smaller output. This explains the demand for fresh industrial capital that follows every heavy mark exchange fall. The exporter also is compelled to gamble against the exchanges. He must invoice in marks in the importing country's currency or in a third currency, usually the dollar or Swiss franc. (At present export licences are granted only on condition of invoicing in a high-exchange currency.) If the mark falls before payment is

received, the exporter invoking in marks loses; he has smaller buying power for foreign materials, and also (owing to the price-rise) for home materials and labour; but if the mark rises his buying power is increased. If he invoices in a foreign high-exchange currency, he may gain enormously from a fall in mark exchange; or if the mark rises he may go bankrupt (as many did in 1920) from inability to meet his home mark liabilities. (The Reichsbank in some measure helps against these risks by its exchange system with merchants; and a plan for creation of an exchange bourse for forward delivery has existed since early 1920.) The result is that legitimate business is transformed into primarily an exchange speculation; and some Germans reason that they might as well abandon manufacturing or trading and devote themselves wholly to dealings in exchange. The present German speculation mania is largely due to the fact that currency conditions do not favour the gaining of a moderate out sure return from invested capital and skill.

The very real benefits to German industry from a falling mark exchange are vitiated by the depression following every mark recovery, and by the instability and uncertainty obtaining both during a falling and a rising exchange. However, even if one concedes the advantages of the catastrophe boom as long as it lasts, there is yet a heavy bill of costs to be paid :—

1. The price-rise burdens the State finances with additions to salaries and with heavier outlay on materials. Salaries, as stated, were this month again increased by 30 per cent. State undertakings are also heavily burdened; since June 1st, for instance, the mark collapse has sent up the prices of steel ingots from 1,400 to 3,300 marks per metric ton, for bar-iron from 1,850 to 4,500 marks, and for thick plates from 1,800 to 5,100 marks. Whereas Dr. Wirth could last summer announce a reduction of the railways deficit from 16 milliards to 12 milliards, his successor at the Finance Department, Dr. Hermes, was this week obliged to re-estimate the deficit at 19 milliards, which means, according to a later announcement, a new 50 per cent. increase of freight rates and fares. The expenditure of all departments goes proportionately up; the current deficit increases until new taxes, if these are at all practicable, are collected, more Treasury Bills are presented to the Reichsbank, and fresh currency inflation is the result.

2. The price-rise automatically expropriates bondholders, creditors, and the fixed-income citizens, so that the prosperity of industry is the ruin of other classes.

3. The heavy exchange fall leads to export of goods at far below the prices of high-exchange countries; and as Germany

must pay full world-market prices for her imports, national wealth is transferred abroad without any equivalent return. This increases the passivity of the foreign payment balance, depreciates still more the mark exchange, sends up prices further, increases the burden on the State and on the bondholder-creditor class, and causes still further inflation. All countries with falling exchanges complain that the price-indexes for imports rise far more rapidly than those for exports. Since December 20th, 1919, the German Government has tried to stop this drain abroad of national wealth. By law of that date it made practically all exporting subject to licence, and made the granting of licences conditional upon the charging to foreigners of prices about equal to those of high-exchange countries. In order to gain for the State some of the enormous extra profits earned by exporters from such compulsory raising of export prices, export duties of up to 10 per cent. were imposed. Owing to the rapid fluctuations in mark exchange and to the variations in world-market prices, these measures failed. Sometimes they checked export altogether; sometimes, owing to violent intervening mark falls, they did not succeed in checking what foreigners rightly call dumping, and what Germans with equal justice lament as *Deutschlands Ausverkauf*—the selling out of Germany for a song. As always, the mark's exchange dominated; and as the mark's exchange was in turn dominated only by sentiment among mark speculators, no preventive measures based on foresight could be of any avail.

A question which has naturally attracted attention in the foreign Press is the earning capacity of German industrial and trading companies under catastrophe boom conditions. Expressed in nominal operating surpluses or in dividend percentages earnings are very big. For an industrial company for the business year ending June 30th, 1921, 15 per cent. is considered low, 30 per cent. is very common, 40 per cent. is fairly common, and even 75 per cent. has been reached. A list of some of the companies paying big dividends is instructive, for it shows that they represent nearly every important branch of industry. Dividends under 40 per cent. are ignored; not all dividends of 40 per cent. or over are included; and all the companies listed have their stocks quoted on the Berlin Exchange; in general, dividends of unquoted companies are even higher:—

Aachen Leather	...	40	Rhenish Mirror-Glass Co....	60
Guberen Hat Co.	...	46	Rosenthal Porcelain Co. ...	50
Brunswick Machine Co.	...	40	Sarotti Chocolate ...	40
Gelsenkirchen Chemicals	...	75	Schwedewitz Wool Co. ...	47½
Kraft Eisenwerk	...	40	Thale Iron Co. ...	50
Schalke Glass Co.	...	70	Varziner Paper Co. ...	40
Continental Asphalt Co.	...	45	Thuringian Metal Co. ...	40
Northern German Potteries	...	50	Wilke Boiler and Gas Co....	65
Walther Tobacco Co.	...	60		

In most cases the real dividends were much higher, because the declared dividends absorbed only part of the net profits, the remainder going to bonuses of various kinds; the real dividend of one of the above companies was 133 per cent. At a time when many of the best industrial companies in Western Europe are paying no dividends at all, such German dividends seem very high, all the more so because the last business year, unlike 1919-20, was not under the influence of a "Catastrophe Boom," having begun in the serious depression caused by the mark exchange recovery of March-May, 1920. But in fact German high profits and dividends (excepting those of a few companies which have largely increased their capital since 1914) are a fiction. First, because the marks booked as net profits are paper marks; and, measured by their present gold exchange, or, as is more reasonable, by their buying power at home, are very much smaller than the profits earned before the war. Secondly—this explains the high dividend percentages—because a complete revolution has taken place in the ratio of turnover to capital. The present nominal capital of a German industrial company is hardly ever more than a small fraction of the realisable value of its assets in shape of land, buildings, machines, stocks of goods, patents, processes, and goodwill. Many German companies have trebled, quadrupled, or even more increased their capital; but as the total capitalisation of companies last summer was 29 milliards, against 14 milliards before the war, the average nominal capital has only about doubled. Since then further large capitalisation increases have taken place; and to-day the average capital has, perhaps, increased threefold. But the assets listed above have increased incomparably more in nominal value. Land, for instance, according to the Reichswirtschafts-Ministry, had risen sixfold before September, and is now probably tenfold; the cost of building was recently put at twentyfold—it is now much more; machinery has risen in value twenty- to thirtyfold; and goods, judging from the last commodities index, twenty-seven fold. At a minimum, industrial properties are worth in paper marks twenty times as much as they were worth in gold marks. The present average capitalisation, it follows, is very low.

The effect of this displacement of values upon the ratio of profits to capital and upon dividend percentages hardly needs explanation. A company which to-day maintains exactly its pre-war output and its pre-war ratio of profit to turnover will (new factors, such as the taxation increase, being for the moment ignored) earn profits twenty-seven times greater than before the war, this without any unreasonable profiteering, and merely as a result of the price-rise. Were capitalisation unchanged (as it

is in many concerns), the company might easily pay 270 per cent. where it formerly paid 10 per cent. Assuming a threefold capital increase, the dividend would be 90 per cent. Higher taxes and other unfavourable factors prevent such high dividends, but against the unfavourable new factors is the circumstance that the company's nominal liability for interest on its debenture and other debts has remained unchanged, so that the heavier the company's debts the greater, other things being equal, is its nominal gain from the currency depreciation. But all this means no additional real profits unless the nominal amount distributed among shareholders has increased more than the currency's buying power has decreased. An individual non-corporate manufacturer no more considers himself enriched if his profits have multiplied fifteenfold since 1914 than his employees consider themselves enriched if their wages have multiplied fifteenfold, and a stock company's position is in principle the same. The real position is shown by the following comparison of an imaginary company :—

1913.	1921.
Capital, 1,000,000 marks.	Capital, 3,000,000 marks.
Output, 5,000 tons of goods.	Output, 5,000 tons of goods.
Price per ton, 100 marks.	Price per ton, 2,700 marks.
Gross receipts, 500,000 marks.	Gross receipts, 13,500,000 marks.
Profits at 20%, 100,000 marks.	Profits at 20%, 2,700,000 marks.
Earned on capital, 10%.	Earned on capital, 90%.

High German dividends, mostly between 20 and 30 per cent., are not to be wondered at, or to be ascribed to any flourishing condition of industry, even if industry really flourishes in a "Catastrophe Boom" period; they are sufficiently accounted for by the fact that the currency depreciation has expressed itself fully in turnover but not fully in capitalisation. The shareholder drawing a 30 per cent. dividend to-day is really much worse off than he was when drawing 10 per cent. before the war. Here one must measure not by the gold exchange of the paper mark, or even by commodity prices, but by the cost of living. The cost of living to a working-class family has risen 15 per cent.; to the average shareholder (who benefits relatively little from food subsidies) it has risen at least as much. The purchasing power of each 10 gold marks drawn in dividends before the war was 10 gold marks; the purchasing power of 30 paper marks drawn in dividends to-day is 2 gold marks. Under the apparently high dividend is hidden an income confiscation of 80 per cent. The position of an investor who purchases shares to-day is little better. Because though the currency depreciation is hardly at all expressed in capitalisation, it is expressed, though not always fully, in Bourse quotations. Nearly every industrial share carrying a dividend of 20 or 30 per cent. is quoted around 1,000; many

such stocks sell at 1,500, and some much higher. The yield, on an investment in paper marks, is at most 2 or 3 per cent. in paper marks. That German stocks are quoted abnormally high when measured by their dividend yield is due to two factors: first, the extraordinary abundance of money; and secondly, the circumstance that persons who distrust the mark currency regard the "liquidation value" of the companies as a solid refuge. The industrial workman has on the whole come better out of the currency revolution than the capitalist, because wages, unlike dividends, have increased rather more than the mark's buying power has fallen. The chief of the Allgemeine Elektrizitäts-Gesellschaft, Herr Deutsch, shows that 66 companies which in 1907-8 paid in wages 76.7 per cent. of their total expenditure on wages, taxes, and dividends, in 1919-20 paid in wages 84.9 per cent. But it does not follow that, because the German real wage is higher than in 1913, the standard of living is also higher. The standard of living depends upon the real income, which is a different thing, being determined by, among other things, the frequency of employment and the interest on savings, and the real interest on pre-war savings has almost entirely disappeared owing to the mark's collapse.

German industrial prosperity, one must conclude, is not altogether a myth; prosperity exists at certain times, and within certain limits. The profits of industry, however, are as a whole much lower than before the war. Exceptions to this rule are those individuals and companies which before the war had heavy secured debts. The real road to wealth for any German who is confident of the indefinite further depreciation of the mark lies in acquiring debts. The citizens most enriched in real wealth—in buying power—since 1914 are not the useful producers or traders, but those who were well equipped with debts. These, whether as mortgaged landlords or hoarders of goods bought on credit, could simply sit still, and watch the nominal value of their land or goods wax in value while the nominal value of the debt remained the same. Thus the currency depreciation lavished its undoubted benefits on the less deserving citizens, and abstracted the amount of the benefit from the pockets of others. This conclusion is entirely in accord both with economic theory and with common sense; the notion that any nation could increase its prosperity by setting note-printing machines to work is rejected by both.

ROBERT CROZIER LONG.

EMPIRE PARTNERSHIP.

"The whole course of human affairs has been altered because the British Empire has been proved to be a fact and not, what a good many people who knew nothing about it imagined, a fiction. . . . There is no doubt at all that the events of the last few years have consolidated the Empire in a way which probably generations would not have done otherwise."—*The Prime Minister in the House of Commons, 18th August, 1921.*

"Having regard to the constitutional developments since 1917, no advantage is to be gained by holding a constitutional Conference."—*Resolution of Conference of Prime Ministers, 1921. (Report, p. 9.)*

ENGLAND is the realm of eternal paradox. To every foreigner, even the most sympathetic and the best informed, the character of her people is inscrutable, and her political institutions are unintelligible. Her success is unquestionable; but what is the secret of it? Has it been due to mere blind chance, to the favour of an over-partial Providence, or to profound but carefully veiled calculation? She disclaims with apparent sincerity territorial ambitions; yet every decade she adds to her oversea possessions. She contends upon her dependencies, avowedly with a view to preparing them for complete independence, the largest measure of autonomy; but year by year the ties between them are strengthened and multiplied. What wonder that her diplomatists should be charged with perfidy and her people be denounced as hypocrites? For her policy is apt alike to disconcert friends and to disappoint enemies.

No enemy of England was ever more cruelly disappointed than was Germany in 1914. The German plan was based upon two assumptions: first, that England was too unprepared and too much distracted by domestic difficulties to go to the assistance of France, and that consequently Germany would be able to march into Paris and dictate terms to a vanquished France before she had to tackle the real enemy; secondly, that when England's turn came England would have to fight Germany without allies, and above all without assistance from the sister nations and the dependencies oversea. The military party at Potsdam had indeed accepted without question Bernhardt's confident assurance that the first shot fired in a great European war would be the signal for the dissolution of England's "loosely compacted Empire." But although Bernhardt's prophecy was entirely falsified by the event, the war did reveal grave defects in the Constitutional machinery of the British Empire. By the Act of the

United Kingdom Cabinet the whole Empire was, on August 4th, 1914, involved in war. No part of that Empire, whether a self-governing Dominion or a Crown Colony or a Dependency, could escape the consequences of the declaration of war. Not that the Dominions were in any way bound to active co-operation; they were not compelled to contribute to the common cause a single man or a single shilling. But although their participation in the war was voluntary, their legal implication was not. The anomaly of the situation was too acute even for men of English blood who are inured to anomaly. "It is not," said Mr. Bonar Law, "a possible arrangement that one set of men should contribute the lives and treasure of their people, and should have no voice in the way in which those lives and that treasure are expended. That cannot continue. There must be a change." Dominion statesmen spoke to the same effect and with even greater emphasis.

Yet though the outbreak of a great war forced it into prominence, the anomaly itself was of long standing. It arose in essence from the grant of responsible self-government to the more important parts of the Dominions. When in the middle of the nineteenth century Great Britain initiated the policy of responsible government, it was generally assumed and frequently asserted that it was intended as a step towards complete separation. Mr. Arthur Mills, in his work on *Colonial Constitutions*, published in 1856, faithfully reflected the mind of the great majority of the governing classes in this country when he wrote: "To ripen these communities to the earliest possible maturity, social, political, commercial, to qualify them by all the appliances within the reach of the parent State for present self-government and eventual independence, is now the universally admitted aim of our Colonial policy." Cobden some years earlier (1842) had based his advocacy of Free Trade in no small measure upon the means which such a policy afforded of getting rid of colonial entanglements. "The Colonial system, with all its dazzling appeals to the passions of the people, can never be got rid of except by the indirect process of Free Trade, which will gradually and imperceptibly loose the bands which unite our Colonies to us by a mistaken notion of self-interest." The Titan was obviously weary of the burden imposed upon him; the triumph of Free Trade would soon reduce to a minimum the economic advantages of an extended Empire; the young communities, guarded with parental solicitude during the period of adolescence, would one by one reach man's estate, and endowed with the liberty appropriate to that status would set up for themselves, and contribute in free but friendly competition to the common good of

the family of nations. Such was the settled policy, begotten in part of cynical indolence, but not wholly devoid of high idealism, which was consistently pursued by successive ministries from the passing of the first Reform Bill to the passing of the second.

The Manchester school had, however, already passed its zenith, and during the last three decades of the nineteenth century *laissez-faire* rapidly lost ground, alike in the sphere of social economics and in that of Colonial policy. The idealistic dreams of the same school were during the same period dismally dissipated. Prussia, under the masterful domination of Bismarck, proved that blood and iron could accomplish that which parliamentary methods, as exemplified at Frankfür, had failed to do. Germany had hardly attained to hegemony in Europe before she began to develop Colonial ambitions. Nor was Germany alone. France began to turn from thoughts of revenge on the Rhine to the consolidation of her substantial interests in Northern Africa and the Far East. Italy, having like Germany achieved unity in 1871, was also like her embarking upon Colonial enterprise. Plainly a new spirit was moving on the face of the waters, and under the impulse of that new spirit the Cobdenite dream faded.

There were not lacking other convergent tendencies, but space does not avail to enumerate them. The year 1885 would seem to have marked the turning point. In that year the late Mr. W. E. Forster inaugurated the campaign in favour of what was known at that time as Imperial Federation. He justified the campaign on this ground: "In giving self-government to our Colonies we have introduced a principle which must eventually shake off from Great Britain Greater Britain and dissolve it into separate States; which must, in short, dissolve the union, unless counteracting measures be taken to preserve it." To grant to the Dominions domestic autonomy, but at the same time to deny to them any official or effective voice in foreign and Imperial policy, was to rely on contradictory principles of government. Autonomy and subordination could not permanently co-exist. Precisely the same point was made in the same year by Sir James Service, at that time Prime Minister of Victoria, when he complained of "the very anomalous position which these Colonies occupy as regards respectively Local Government and the exercise of Imperial authority. In regard to the first, the fullest measure of Constitutional freedom and Parliamentary representation have been conceded to the more important Colonies, but as regards the second we have no representation whatever in the Imperial system."

Undeniably true in 1885, had that statement become less accurate in 1914? Between those dates a significant Constitu-

tional development had taken place : the initiation and elaboration of the Colonial Conference. At those Conferences, which met at intervals between 1887 and 1911, the Imperial temperature, if the phrase may be permitted, steadily rose. In particular, the representatives of the Dominions laid increasing stress upon the necessity for consultation between the home Government and the Dominions in reference to the conclusion of treaties involving Colonial interests. The Imperial Conference, though a valuable expedient, was, however, loose in its organisation and severely limited in scope ; it possessed neither legislative nor executive competence ; it was neither Parliament, nor Cabinet. At the Conference of 1911 the Colonial statesmen were, nevertheless, admitted to a knowledge of the diplomatic situation such as Cabinet Ministers alone possess. The results of that confidence so wisely conferred, and with such responsibility accepted, were plainly visible in 1914.

In no part of the Empire, excepting South Africa, was there, on the outbreak of war, any hesitation in coming forward with offers of material assistance, still less was there any attempt to evade its legal responsibility. Conversely, the Imperial Government were careful to respect most scrupulously the autonomy of the Dominions. The legal position required that British subjects throughout the Empire should be warned that by contributing to German loans or making contracts with the German Government they would render themselves liable to the penalties of high treason as abetting the King's enemies. Similarly, the whole Empire was included within the scope of the Proclamations and Orders in Council "dealing with the days of grace allowed for the departure of German merchant vessels from British ports throughout the Empire, the carriage of contraband of war by British ships between foreign ports; the definition from time to time of contraband goods, and the operation with restrictions of the Declaration of London, and its final abandonment in favour of more rigid rules of war."¹ Prize Courts in the Dominions were also called into activity to exercise their jurisdiction under Imperial enactments, and the procedure in prize cases was regulated by Acts passed by the Imperial Legislature in 1914 and 1915. But, as Dr. Keith properly insists, Dominion autonomy was respected in all matters where it was possible. Thus the restrictions imposed on the transfer of ships from British

(1) A. B. Keith : *War Government of the British Dominions*, p. 20. Oxford : at the Clarendon Press (1921). Published on behalf of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. In this work Dr. Keith contributes yet another to the series of masterly and penetrating studies which have done so much in recent years to elucidate the Constitutional relations of the several parts of the Empire.

ownership by Acts of 1915 and 1916 were not extended to British ships registered in the Dominions. Again, persons who though resident for a time in Great Britain were ordinarily resident in the Dominions were explicitly excluded from the Conscription Acts (1916-18). Even more remarkable was the abstention on the part of the Imperial Government from any interference with the discretion of the Dominions in regard to the conduct of their military expeditions and their occupation of enemy territory. Thus it was General Botha who decided the terms on which the German forces in South Africa laid down their arms, and it was Australian and New Zealand officers respectively who arranged the terms of the capitulation of German New Guinea and Samoa. There are those who think that in these and similar matters the Imperial Government carried the policy of non-interference to unreasonable lengths, but at least it cannot be denied that the most scrupulous regard was shown alike for the rights and the susceptibilities of the younger communities oversea. If the confidence of the Dominion Governments had been won by the frank disclosure and discussion which took place in London in 1911; if their prompt and spontaneous co-operation in the war was in no small degree attributable to the precise information then vouchsafed to them, the most sensitive could hardly fail to be reassured by the policy pursued by the Imperial Government throughout the whole course of the war and in the peace negotiations which ensued thereon.

Nevertheless, the machinery of co-operation proved itself, during the war, to be lamentably defective. Nor was there, on this point, any illusion among the leading statesmen of the Dominions. On the contrary they were, as we have hinted, unanimous in asserting that the existing status of the self-governing Dominions could not be much longer maintained. The Imperial Conference was due to reassemble in 1915, and but for the outbreak of war it would no doubt have met. The Imperial Government decided, however, that under the circumstances it was impracticable to carry through the arrangement. Somewhat unwillingly the Dominions acquiesced in postponement, but only on the understanding that it was the intention of the Imperial Government to consult the Dominion Premiers "most fully, and if possible, personally, when the time arrives to discuss possible terms of peace."

Before that happy time actually arrived an exceedingly important step towards completer Empire partnership had been taken. In December, 1916, the Prime Ministers of the Dominions and representatives of India were invited by the Home Government to visit England "to attend a series of special and con-

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...ous meetings of the War Cabinet in order to consider urgent questions affecting the prosecution of the war, the possible conditions on which, in agreement with our Allies, we could assent to its termination, and the problems which will then immediately arise." The invitation was accepted, and the experiment was so successful that it was decided to repeat it annually. The Imperial War Cabinet accordingly met again in the summer of 1918.

Hardly were its sessions closed before the war ended and the Peace Conference opened. That Conference marked, as we shall see, the accomplishment of a further stage in the evolution of Colonial nationalism, if not of Empire organisation. It may be well, therefore, at this point, to pause to estimate with precision the results which had been achieved during the last two years of the war. That the meeting of the Imperial War Cabinet marked an immensely important epoch in the development of Empire cohesion cannot be denied. But it is equally clear that, parallel with the movement towards closer unity, there was a persistent movement towards what Sir Robert Borden described as the "full status of nationhood on the part of the Dominions." It would, indeed, almost appear as if the more closely the Empire approached towards the goal of unity the more sensitive became the feelings of the Dominions in regard to independence.

This paradoxical conclusion certainly derives considerable support from the resolution adopted at the Imperial War Conference of 1917. That historic resolution ran as follows:—

"The Imperial War Conference are of opinion that the readjustment of the Constitutional relations of the component parts of the Empire is too important and intricate a subject to be dealt with during the war, and that it should form the subject of a special Imperial Conference to be summoned as soon as possible after the cessation of hostilities.

"They deem it their duty, however, to place on record their view that any such readjustment, while thoroughly preserving all existing powers of self-government and complete control of domestic affairs, should be based upon a full recognition of the Dominions as autonomous nations of an Imperial Commonwealth, and of India as an important portion of the same, should recognise the right of the Dominions and India to an adequate voice in foreign policy and in foreign relations, and should provide effective arrangements for continuous consultation in all important matters of common Imperial concern, and for such necessary concerted action, founded on consultation, as the several Governments may determine."

The terms of the resolution, though apparently unambiguous, gave rise at the time to some differences, if not of interpretation, at least of emphasis. Sir Robert Borden, for example, laid especial stress upon that part of the resolution which affirmed that the

readjustment of the Constitutional relations of the Empire was a question which must be dealt with as soon as possible after the cessation of hostilities. General Smuts, on the other hand, bluntly declared that "the idea of a future Imperial Parliament and a future Imperial Executive" was, by implication, negatived by the actual terms of the resolution. And General Smuts seems to have been nearer the mark. Four years have elapsed since the Imperial Conference of 1917; three years have elapsed since the cessation of hostilities; not only has the special Conference for the consideration of the Constitutional question not been summoned, but its meeting, as we shall presently see, has been authoritatively postponed *sine die*.

We pass to the Paris Conference. At that Conference the Dominions claimed, wisely or unwisely, separate representation. In a sense they obtained it. In a sense they did not. Their status at Paris almost defies analysis, but it is, in this respect, all the more characteristic of the British Empire. But, if the situation defies analysis, it may perhaps be illustrated by two passages in a recent speech of the Prime Minister. "The representatives of the Dominions and of India constituted part of the British Delegation, and sat in almost constant session in Paris directing the policy of the British Empire." Virtually, that is, the Imperial War Cabinet was continued at Paris. Mr. Lloyd George proceeded: "My Right Honourable friend, the President of the Council (Mr. Balfour), and I represented the British Empire inside the Conference, but there was no action taken by us that had not been submitted beforehand to the British Empire Delegation, on which the Dominions and India were represented. We held constant Conferences or Cabinets in Paris where the whole of the Empire was represented, where representatives of all parts of the Empire took part in the discussions, and where they had exactly the same voice in determining British policy as any member of the British Cabinet." That the Dominions gained by the status thus conferred upon them will hardly be denied by anyone conversant with the facts.

"Supposing," said Mr. Lloyd George, "they had been there as separate independent nations, holding no allegiance to the British Crown. They would not have had one-fifth of the power and dignity they had as representatives of nations inside the British Empire. There was one man sitting on a Commission—the Prime Minister of Canada—deciding questions of the Turkish Empire. There was another sitting on a Commission deciding the fate of Poland and the Eastern frontiers of Germany. Why were they there? If they had been independent nations, they would not have sat so high in the Council Chamber. It was the fact that they were independent nations inside the British Empire which gave them all this power, and they knew it, and they are proud of it."

That the Dominions got all they wanted at the Peace Conference it would be hazardous to affirm, but who did? The territory formerly known as German South-West Africa passed to the Union of South Africa under that form of mandate which permits it to be administered "under the laws of the mandatory as an integral portion of its territory." If the Union of South Africa was vitally interested in the ex-German colony adjoining it, not less were Australia and New Zealand interested in the disposition of the former German possessions in the Pacific. Accordingly the Bismarck Archipelago, German New Guinea, and those of the Solomon Islands which had formerly belonged to Germany were assigned to Australia; German Samoa to New Zealand, and Nauru to the British Empire—in all cases under mandate. The islands north of the equator were assigned to Japan. This arrangement was not satisfactory to Australia and New Zealand. They want no near neighbours in the South-Western Pacific, least of all the Japanese. But the Imperial Government, bound by its agreement with Japan, felt constrained to acquiesce in the wishes of their ally. Australia would further have been glad to see the Condominium in the New Hebrides, which has worked none too well, terminated by the withdrawal of France. But, as France was unwilling, the point plainly could not be pressed. The question naturally obtrudes itself: Could the Dominions have got better terms had they gone to Paris as completely independent States instead of as separate units in the British Empire Delegation? The answer must be an unequivocal negative. Unless protected by the British Navy, the Australasian Colonies would be at the mercy of Japan, and at Paris they would have been compelled to accept, assuming that they had been at Paris at all, any terms Japan had chosen to dictate.

Thus Australia and New Zealand might not unreasonably feel, though their feelings were on the whole kept well under control, that despite the superb services they had during the war rendered to the common cause, their immediate interests were, at the Peace, sacrificed to considerations dictated by the world policy of the British Empire. Detailed discussion of these questions is, however, beyond the scope of the present article. To return to the more limited problem of Imperial machinery.

In the Constitutional history of the British Empire and its component parts the Paris Conference will for ever stand out as a landmark of unique significance. For the first time the British Empire was diplomatically recognised as a Power; for the first time the Dominions and India were recognised as Powers. The status of each was made clear by many documents and memoranda incidental to the Conference, and, not least, by the

attestations to the Treaties of Peace and by the Covenant of the League of Nations. The Treaty of Versailles was signed on behalf of "His Majesty the King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the seas, Emperor of India," by five English Ministers as well as by two representatives for Canada, two for Australia, two for South Africa, two for India. Similarly, in the list of the high contracting parties, the British Empire appears *eo nomine* as one of the five principal Allied and Associated Powers. To clinch the position the terms of the Treaty were formally approved by each of the Dominion Parliaments, though the legal ratification was the act of the Crown, and the ratifying document was deposited on behalf of the British Empire by a United Kingdom Minister, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

The new status of the Dominions also received remarkable recognition in the Covenant of the League of Nations, and by its terms was further confirmed. Under the Covenant, the Dominions and India are original members of the League, and each of them has the right of separate representation in the Assembly of the League. Canada and Australia, for example, have precisely the same rights as Belgium or Spain. They have the same voting powers, including the right of voting for the elected members of the Council, and the right of becoming a candidate for one of the four elective seats. They have the same right also of direct access to the Council (should they choose to exercise it), and the right of *ad hoc* representation on the Council during the discussion of any particular question in which they may be interested. As there are many questions on which the decisions of the Council are required to be unanimous, it is plain that the Dominions can veto practically any action inimical to their interests or opposed to their wishes.

How far the concession of such powers to nations which are still integral parts of the British Empire accorded with the best interests of the Dominions or of the Empire is an arguable question, though it cannot be argued here. Still less is it certain that the separate representation conceded to the British overseas Dominions helped to commend the League to other Powers, notably to the United States of America. But again discussion must be declined. The outstanding fact remains that in the League the Dominions are recognised as separate entities, as nations enjoying equal status with all except the principal Allied and Associated Powers.

During the two years which elapsed after the signature of the Peace Treaties, the Dominion statesmen, like those of the Home-

land, were busily occupied in trying to put their own households in order. But June of the present year found them once more assembled in London. What was the precise status of this Assembly? The overseas Dominions were invited to take part, in accordance with resolutions previously adopted, in an Imperial Cabinet. But in the intervening years some suspicion of the term Cabinet seems to have been engendered in the Dominions. Were the overseas statesmen, then, merely to take part in a Conference of the pre-war type? That, after all that had happened since 1914, was plainly unthinkable. Yet a "Cabinet" seemed to imply responsibility for executive decision. To whom, then, were the members of the Cabinet to be responsible? The responsibility of one was to the Imperial Parliament, of another to the Canadian, of a third to the Australian Parliament, and so on. There was, therefore, it must be acknowledged, some constitutional force in the objection taken to the term "Cabinet." The difficulty of terminology seems to have been shelved rather than solved, and the official report is given out as "A Summary of the Proceedings at Conference of Prime Ministers and Representatives of the United Kingdom, the Dominions, and India." The larger Constitutional question was, however, frankly faced, and the following resolution was adopted :—

"The Prime Ministers of the United Kingdom and the Dominions, having carefully considered the recommendation of the Imperial War Conference of 1917 that a special Imperial Conference should be summoned as soon as possible after the war to consider the constitutional relations of the component parts of the Empire, have reached the following conclusions :—

"(a) Continuous consultation, to which the Prime Ministers attach no less importance than the Imperial War Conference of 1917, can only be secured by a substantial improvement in the communications between the component parts of the Empire. Having regard to the constitutional developments since 1917, no advantage is to be gained by holding a constitutional Conference.

"(b) The Prime Ministers of the United Kingdom and the Dominions and the representatives of India should aim at meeting annually, or at such longer intervals as may prove feasible

"(c) The existing practice of direct communication between the Prime Ministers of the United Kingdom and the Dominions, as well as the right of the latter to nominate Cabinet Ministers to represent them in consultation with the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, are maintained."

To some ardent Imperialists this resolution must have caused a considerable pang. Yet it is abundantly clear from the published utterances of the leading statesmen of the Dominions, not less than from the remarkable speech delivered by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons on August 18th, not only that the resolution was reached with unanimity, but that its

acceptance in no degree impaired the Constitutional significance of the recent meeting. "The general feeling was," said Mr. Lloyd George, "that it would be a mistake to lay down any rules or to embark upon definitions as to what the British Empire meant. . . . You are defining life itself when you are defining the British Empire. You cannot do it, and therefore. . . we come to the conclusion that we would have no constitutional Conference." Mr. Hughes was even more explicit: "It is now admitted that a Constitutional Conference is not necessary, and that any attempt to set out in writing what are or should be the constitutional relations between the Dominions and the Mother Country would be fraught with very great danger to the Empire. The question of a constitutional Conference or any attempt at reduction of the Constitution to writing may be therefore regarded as having been finally disposed of." "No written Constitution," said Mr. Massey, "is required." Yet Mr. Massey made it clear, as have other Premiers, that, in his opinion, the recent meeting was "a long way the most important which has yet been held," and for this reason: That it was "the first Conference where the representatives of the overseas Dominions had been called upon to take part in matters connected with the management of the Empire as a whole." Nor can it be doubted, whatever technical name be given to the meeting, that it did act, in effect, as an Empire Cabinet. It not merely discussed, but decided, questions of supreme moment to the Empire and to the world, and its decisions, like those of a British Cabinet, were invariably reported immediately to the King.

Of those decisions and discussions, incomparably the most important were concerned with the foreign policy of the Empire. That policy is becoming more and more focussed upon the Pacific: the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; the position of Canada on the one hand and of Australasia upon the other in regard to Japanese immigration; the relations between our American friends and our Japanese allies; and other problems which, if subsidiary, are by no means without significance. These topics, discussed in detail at the Conference of Prime Ministers in Whitehall, will be discussed again, from a somewhat different angle, at the Conference which has just assembled at Washington. That Conference may well be destined to mark an epoch in world-history. To the issue of its deliberations all men of good-will are looking with anxious expectation and fervent hope. Will it, indeed, in President Harding's striking phrase, liberate "the captive conscience of the world"? The prayer ascends that it may, but failure or success would equally be pregnant for the future of mankind.

At Washington, as at Paris, Canada, Australja, New

Zealand, and India will, as distinct from Great Britain, be individually represented. South Africa will have no representative, but the reasons are not quite clear. According to a telegraphic message from Pretoria, General Smuts is reported recently to have said that South Africa, having no direct interest in the Pacific, did not look for an invitation from the United States Government. That South Africa should not have been invited in the same manner as the other Dominions is hardly conceivable. If it were, we can only infer that the manner did not accord with General Smuts's views as to the international status of the Dominions, for he is reported, on the same occasion, to have said that if Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, not having received a direct invitation from the United States, nevertheless attended as part of the British delegation, a very bad precedent, in his opinion, might be set, and "the American challenge to Dominion status" would not have been met in a proper spirit. I have no means of verifying the accuracy of the report, but General Smuts's words, if used, strikingly illustrate the extreme sensitiveness of Dominion statesmen as regards the position of the Dominions *vis-à-vis* the other nations of the world.

In view, therefore, of the temper which at the moment prevails, it behoves those who value the essential unity of the British Empire to walk warily. Partnership in the Empire is a sentiment which appeals at least as strongly to Canadians and to Australasians as to Britons of the homeland; but a sentiment it remains; every attempt to translate it into machinery, to embody it in concrete political institutions, has, thus far, served only to produce a recoil on the part of the overseas partners. The recoil was most marked when the sentiment seemed at the zenith. Is the sentiment strongest when weakest? Anyhow, paradox persists.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

RECONSTRUCTION IN FRANCE.

THE grand spirit of the French nation is slowly but surely asserting itself, and recovery from the after-effects of the war is gradually becoming an accomplished fact. It will, of course, be some time before substantial progress is made, but there are undoubted signs of a trade revival throughout the country—this being proved by the fact that there is at present a minimum of unemployment everywhere—the official report of October 28th showing that the total number of men and women out of work has been reduced to 16,400, 75 per cent. of whom are in the Seine department, which includes Paris.

The significance of these figures is incontrovertible, and the more especially when one contrasts them with the parlous state of affairs in the United Kingdom to-day—with unemployment in every trade; the latest information issued by the Ministry of Labour giving the approximate number of workless of both sexes on October 21st, as 1,423,000.

In the course of an extensive tour I have just made through France I had ample opportunity to get an insight for myself into the present condition of the country, and I was much impressed with the firm determination of everyone to make up for the lost years with as little delay as possible.

It is really surprising to note that notwithstanding the suffering and loss endured by the nation during the past seven years, the disposition of the peasantry and the general body of workers should have remained unchanged—and that the anarchist or communistic theories which have been so freely preached in Europe during recent years have produced in France a result which is quite contrary to what has been the experience in other countries—in Italy, for example.

It seems to me that the explanation of this satisfactory state of affairs lies in the remarkable resilience of the French temperament, which has enabled the people to recover its equanimity with a minimum of effort. In despite of all the trials through which the nation is passing there is no doubt that the average Frenchman realises thoroughly that the future welfare of his country—for all classes—depends entirely on the maintenance of social rule—despite the theories of the extremists.

A striking proof of this was established in the recent conferences of working men and Socialists, when the representatives of order obtained an impressive majority. The Frenchman has, above all, a desire for liberty, and he would therefore never understand the methods of domination of the Soviet—moreover, there

always exists with him the readiness to discuss matters pacifically with "the patron."

In France among the working classes it is certain that, quite independently of the question of wages, which is the only thing that matters with our trade unions, there exists an underlying sentiment of patriotism which is easily roused.

I do not intend to infer that the French working man is insensible to big pay, quite the contrary—but at the same time he does not, in making his claim, entirely lose sight of the national side of the question.

In England the sentiments of the working classes are frankly egotistical without a trace of patriotism—and every day I spent recently in France only served to accentuate this conviction. As little work as possible for the biggest pay obtainable is the slogan of our unemployed—hence the extraordinary conditions of affairs at present in England—and which is exciting the most outspoken comment across the Channel.

There are, of course, loafers in all countries, people who won't work even if they are given the chance, but it is certain these are the exception in France—for the reason that industry is a natural characteristic of the French, as is patent to everyone who has lived among them. Were it not so the nation would assuredly never recover from the deplorable state of affairs brought about by the war. Whereas it is certain that she will, and perhaps within less time than is generally imagined, arise from her ashes a new and still greater France than ever.

It is a veritable object lesson for an Englishman to leave the beaten track and visit the French provinces, for there alone does he discover the true heart of France and come away imbued with the indomitable spirit of the nation, and as sincere admiration of pluck and grit is one of our English characteristics, he will also realise how wonderful in this respect is the French people in the face of tribulation which would have knocked all the heart out of an ordinary race.

In the meantime, while reconstruction is certainly proceeding, it is somewhat surprising to find that it is being continually hampered by untoward causes which could assuredly have been foreseen and guarded against. My own impression is that in this respect the situation is not yet fully grasped—and is therefore treated too cursorily.

The endeavour, very laudable in itself, is being made to reconstruct the past and at the same time improve upon it, and this is occasioning a certain indecision which has frequently the effect of retarding matters very seriously. It struck me that there is an immense amount of goodwill everywhere and many extremely

able men in all classes who have the desire and strength to carry on, but there is as yet not sufficient central organisation to back them up—with the result that their efforts are nullified, and only produce feeble effects.

Many projects, I was informed, are on the *tapis*, but otherwise, as far as I could gather, reconstruction is being carried on haphazard, in a sort of watertight compartment fashion very different from what one remarks in Germany, where the determination to make a certitud of success dominates everything—even politics.

A well-known manufacturer put it to me very aptly—"The present conditions can be likened to a contractor who is asked to build the skeleton of a house, without a definite plan to follow, the walls will go up, carpenters will be put in, but he has no knowledge of how the different floors will be divided or for what purpose they are destined."

In spite of these disabilities, however, things will right themselves; no one who has visited France recently can have any doubt on that score. One has only to recall her marvellous recuperation in the six years following the 1870-71 war after what appeared to be a veritable knock-out blow. Of course what happened then was but child's play as compared with the situation to-day though at that time it presented almost, if not quite, as serious a proposition for France.

But apart from what the French themselves admit is likely to retard reconstruction—namely, the task of co-ordination—there is a "black" side to the industrial revival which is of serious import all over the country, brought about by the excessive price of coal, which at the present time in France costs twice as much as in England and three times as much as in Germany.

This terrible handicap to French industries of every description is, of course, mainly attributable to the destruction by the Germans of the mines in the north of France. Before the war France produced only two-thirds of the coal she consumed, and the importation of English coal was in itself a big industry. At the present rate of exchange it is holding up many big manufacturers—and is in no small degree stifling trade between the two countries—being, moreover, the cause of no little of the existing ill-feeling of the French nation towards England to-day.

It came as somewhat of a surprise to me to learn how distorted a view the majority of Frenchmen, in the provinces especially, have regarding the coal question—as, for instance, when one is told in all seriousness that while the prices England quotes are always to her advantage, they are disastrous so far as France is concerned. That as a result of the enormous profits England is making out of selling her surplus to France she has been able to

raise considerably the pay of the miners, distribute fat dividends to the owners or shareholders, and furthermore to pile up a big cash reserve for the Government—and all this at the instigation of Mr. Lloyd George!

Argument, or even reasoning, in the face of statements so devoid of fact becomes obviously impossible, as will be admitted.

It would then be pointed out with a certain air of satisfaction that the iniquity of the British Premier was recoiling on his own head, for as a direct consequence of the stoppage of the importation of British coal the Americans were stepping in, capturing the market, and tendering to deliver coal from the United States at French ports on more advantageous terms than could be obtained from either England or Germany—in spite of the great distance and cost of freight.

Considerable quantities of American coal had already been received, I was told, and in view of the possibilities of rapid development in the trade, a fleet of cargo steamers was, I learned, being built specially to cope with it. France would then, it is claimed—pending the rehabilitation of her own mining areas—be quite independent of English coal.

That this will help to speed up France's efforts at reconstruction is certain, but to my mind it is very regrettable that a complete misunderstanding of conditions in England should have brought it about.

The metallurgical industry, ruined by the scientific savagery of the Germans, should take on a new lease of life with the advent of supplies of coal. Rebuilding on a bigger scale than has hitherto been possible will be started and a big step made in the right direction.

Meanwhile, pending the accomplishment of these projects, no time is being lost. Factories that were solely occupied on war-work are re-opening, and there are signs of reviving activity in every branch of industry. The statistics of the Custom House proves this conclusively.

Exports for the first six months of 1913 were roughly twenty millions of francs—in 1920 they were only seven millions, whereas up to June 30th, 1921, they amounted to 15,800,000. One must not, at the same time, lose sight of the difference between the value of raw materials in 1913 and 1921.

An important result of the new life which is being infused into most of the national industries is the adoption of new methods. Many big works which were always content to continue in traditional time-worn grooves have begun to realise the necessity for modernisation in machinery and equipment, and have decided not to delay in making this an accomplished fact.

There appears no doubt therefore that when trade again becomes normal French manufacturers will be in a much stronger position as regards German competition than they were before the war. But that they will need every effort to achieve this is clearly demonstrated, as German travellers representing important firms are already with unabashed assurance endeavouring to undersell French manufacturers in various parts of the country.

I was told of one glaring instance which sufficiently proves this, and which occurred only a few days ago. In Troyes, the headquarters of the cotton and woollen hosiery industry, Germans were actually offering black stockings at 52 francs, which could not be produced in the mills under 140 francs—and precisely the same article at that! It is a well-known fact that before the war France had become almost a commercial tributary of Germany, and it is not intended, after the sacrifices she has made, that such a discreditable state of affairs should recur, if it can by any means be guarded against.

For the moment, however, the preoccupation of manufacturers in France is to make good as rapidly as possible the *dégâts* caused by the war and to regain their commercial footing in the world. Once this is established they will doubtless know how to deal with German competition.

The progress of rehabilitation, however, varies considerably. While in some places it has been undertaken with remarkable energy, in others the magnitude of the task to be accomplished, and the vast sums of money which it will necessitate, appears to have quite sapped the energy of the people, with the result that but little has yet been done so far as one can judge for oneself.

This, of course, applies more particularly to the devastated areas where it will take years yet to obliterate the traces of the war and reconstruct the local industries.

Rheims is perhaps the most poignant example of this harrowing state of affairs, and a few figures may be of interest in order to convey an adequate impression of what this means.

In 1914 the city comprised 13,806 houses—8,625 have been burned or totally destroyed. The remainder were all more or less damaged and require important reconstructional work to make them habitable—39 public buildings were totally, and 108 partially destroyed. Of factories and mills, 45 were completely demolished and 124 so ruined that they will have to be entirely rebuilt before work in them can be re-started.

With the exception of one or two unimportant thoroughfares near the centre and round about the railway station, where a colony of wooden huts has been established, the city to-day is

still but a chaos of rubble and hideous shells of houses. Ruin is to be seen on all sides. Rebuilding, it is true, is proceeding, but it is perforce very slow, as it is terribly hampered by the gigantic work of clearing away the débris, and very little headway has been made so far.

It is very difficult to convey anything but a very slight conception of the heartbreaking task facing the Rémois, nor the length of time it will require to make Rheims a city of life and activity again. It will, however, give some idea of the magnitude of the work when one learns that in the case of certain quarters, where the very alignment of streets is obliterated, the city will have to be entirely re-planned.

It will indeed be a new Rheims that will rise Phoenix-like from its ashes—for it has been decided that the new Rheims is to be no jerry-built mushroom city, but one worthy of its tradition and its ancient glory. Unfortunately, this laudable project is likely to be delayed in its realisation by the difficulties hitherto experienced in raising the funds necessary to carry out the work. Apart from this the French system of building is certainly somewhat archaic as compared with American methods to which one has become accustomed in England. Entire steel construction is, I believe, but rarely employed, with the result that the parts of Rheims where rebuilding has been started resemble a stonemason's yard. Extra solidity is certainly obtained, but the cost must be materially increased, without taking into calculation the time required to put up a stone building.

It has been estimated that twelve hundred millions of francs, spread over a period of twelve years, would be sufficient to rebuild Rheims—this, of course, apart from the Cathedral, which will take ten years to restore and would cost another three hundred millions; a total according to the present rate of exchange of £325,000,000.

It looks, therefore, as if Rheims will retain her war scars for many a long year, as there is no indication as yet of any appreciable proportion of this vast sum being forthcoming in the near future.

Then there is so much to be done apart from actual reconstruction. Those unfortunate Rémois who have been rendered absolutely destitute by the destruction of their homes have to be looked after—wooden houses erected, food distributed and so forth; and for this purpose the City Council have had to place a loan of £120,000,000. This with economy will last a year, then another will perforce have to be obtained somehow.

The Government meanwhile has been helping as far as it lay in its power. Private owners who have houses which can

be repaired receive advances up to 75 per cent. of the cost, at intervals as the work progresses, but most of the damage necessitates entire rebuilding.

It had been hoped that one of the rich cities of England would have "adopted" Rheims, but it was evidently far too big a proposition, and really when one surveys the immense area of ruins one can understand what it would have meant.

Meanwhile, on the principle that every little helps, it is hoped that some English or American cities, or rich societies, will "adopt" certain portions of the reconstruction, as, for instance, the schools or the sanitary system or the waterworks.

The Carnegie Trust has made a start in this direction by donating a sum for the erection of a municipal library—the first stone of which was laid on July 19th of this year.

There is no dearth whatever of labour, I learned, but the workmen, in the majority of instances, are of necessity forced to live under the most trying conditions, in cellars and ruined houses, owing to the lack of real accommodation.

It is hoped that the clearing up of the débris will be accomplished by the end of the year—though this struck me as quite excessive optimism, since some quarters have not yet been touched, and the ruins are in exactly the same condition they were the day after the Armistice. In fact vehicular traffic is forbidden in many of the streets, and it is even dangerous to walk through them owing to the danger of falling masonry.

In the Cathedral much has been done to clean up the interior and render it fit for divine service; a temporary roof has been put up, and stonemasons are repairing the floor, but nothing serious in the way of restoration has as yet been commenced, I believe.

The exterior has been terribly battered since I saw it in September, 1914, and I fancy will take far longer to restore than is at present estimated. No photograph can convey any commensurate idea of the destruction, it is practically irreparable, and many portions of the venerable pile will probably have to be entirely rebuilt.

All this means finding money, money, and yet more money, and where it is to come from is causing the deepest anguish to those who have the resurrection of Rheims at heart, and who are putting forth their utmost endeavours to find a way out of their colossal difficulties.

I understand that financial propositions of help have been received from England and Chicago, but the rates of exchange have stood in the way of their acceptance. It is to be hoped that some satisfactory solution of the dilemma will be found ere long.

Meanwhile it is pleasurable to note that all is not completely ruined in Rheims.

The champagne industry, which was practically the backbone of Rheims, has already re-started, thanks to the relative preservation of the vast cellars in which the handling of the wine is carried on. The four years of military occupation considerably reduced, but did not exhaust the immense stock which the cellars contained. On the other hand, the vineyards suffered much more than is generally known—and it will take many long years before they are completely rehabilitated.

At the present moment all the big champagne firms that were obliged to leave during the war have returned, and with them most of the industries specially connected with the trade—such as glass bottle manufacture, cork-cutting, packing-case, and wine-hamper works.

The reconstruction of the world-renowned textile industry will take a very long time to effect owing to the almost complete destruction of the mills.

There is a heartbreaking amount of leeway to be made up indeed, as out of the original population of 100,000 before the war only 30,000 remains to-day.

It is not surprising, therefore, that over the greater part of the city a Sabbath calm reigns. After nightfall in the deserted streets the few scattered lamps cast a dim glimmer of light on a scene of ruin and desolation, the impressiveness of which could only be adequately depicted by the brush of a Doré or the pen of a Jules Verne.

The rehabilitation of France is, however, not confined to industries which were injured by the war. On all sides one hears of ambitious projects for the future which, should they materialise successfully, will have a cogent bearing on the prosperity of the nation.

Foremost among these is the *houille blanche*, a vast scheme for utilising the innumerable waterfalls on the principal rivers flowing from the mountains as is done in America and elsewhere. It is estimated that a practically inexhaustible supply of water-engendered electric power could be thus obtained, which could be distributed at relatively small cost through the manufacturing districts of each region, and gradually supplant the use of *la houille noire*, otherwise coal. Investigations of the feasibility of the scheme are already in an advanced stage, and if it is reported on favourably it is likely that active operations on a big scale will be started without undue delay.

There is also another project, of a somewhat similar character, which is known as the *projet de la houille bleue* for harness-

ing the tides on the northern and western coasts—on somewhat similar lines to the one contemplated in the estuary of the Severn, and also for the purpose of generating electricity. If proved to be practicable this, together with the *houille blanche*, would, of course, go far towards solving the fuel question. It is, I am informed, being very seriously studied, and developments may be expected very shortly. The principal difficulty will, I fear, prove to find the capital required.

It will be gathered, therefore, that France is not likely to lag behind the other nations in the struggle for commercial prosperity through lack of initiative.

Meanwhile there are several big cut-and-dried projects which present no element of speculation, and which are only waiting Government assistance to be put in hand without delay.

Among these is the scheme for the complete transformation of the canal system. These fine waterways which have long been regarded as the cheapest means of transport in France are to be widened and deepened to allow of the passage of barges with a capacity of 600 tons—or double the tonnage of those most generally used at present.

There is also a big project for the improvement of the harbour of Dunkerque; it is to be considerably enlarged and a canal constructed which will connect the Meuse with the Scheldt.

All these projects are, however, necessarily *en l'air* at present, so it is of special interest to turn to what has already been accomplished in the big effort of reconstruction during the past three years.

In this respect the manner in which the railway system all over the war zone has been re-established presents a remarkable example of what can be achieved by indomitable energy and the stern resolve to overcome all obstacles.

One must have examined the collection of official photographs, taken immediately after the Armistice, to be able to form even a slight conception of the heartbreaking scenes of ruin and devastation which confronted the French everywhere.

There was always, to my mind, something uncannily impressive in the spectacle presented by the wreckage of the railways.

In the devastated towns and villages the ruins of the houses conveyed the suggestion of having, in the majority of instances, received their quietus instantaneously—nothing remaining but crumbling masonry or rubble; whereas on the railways the wrecked bridges and viaducts, the battered stations with their names still showing, the flapping débris of flamboyant posters on what remained of the walls—together with the weirdly dis-

torted metals along the track—gave the curious impression of a slow death by torture.

How wonderful has been the resuscitation can only be realised if one travels to-day over any of the lines traversing the war zone. Many portions had to be practically reconstructed, bridges and culverts re-built, and the entire track re-laid and ballasted for miles.

It is difficult to get a true idea from a mere description of what this meant or how it has been possible to have effected such a transformation in comparatively so short a time. The chaos of débris that had to be cleared away before even any commencement of reconstruction could be made was in itself a colossal undertaking.

One must have seen what remained, for instance, of the stations of Lens, or Laon, or Noyon; the famous bridge of Verberie; the ruins of the magnificent viaducts of Blagny, of d'Ohis, and of Poix; and the tunnel of Vauxaillon; to mention only a few of the examples of deliberate destruction by the Huns.

Since the cessation of hostilities the engineers have accomplished some veritable *tours de force*, and to-day the majority of the system is in better condition than it ever was.

The work of rehabilitation in all directions is, however, being much retarded by the stringency of money and dear living. Similar conditions exist in all the allied countries to-day, though they affect the French to a far more serious degree—but the Gallic temperament will know how to surmount all difficulties.

During the war so much money was made by certain classes of *ouvriers*, and so easily, that the habit of spending it freely became, as it were, ingrained—with the result that the soaring of prices passed unnoticed. Now the reaction has set in and the pinch is being felt very seriously.

On all sides one hears outcries. The "high cost of living" is becoming an obsession with the French people as it is with us in England, but with this difference—across the Channel the matter is being taken in hand by energetic *Prefets of Police* who have the power to make drastic regulations, and big developments in this direction are expected shortly.

Napoleon's well-known dictum that an army marches on its belly can perhaps be applied to the progress of a nation, and rehabilitation may march in step with food prices—but this *en passant*.

I have returned from France with a very firm conviction that,

once the difficulties with which she has to contend—and which are the inevitable *sequela* of war—are overcome, there will commence a new and glorious era of prosperity for her.

It is, however, necessary that these difficulties should be understood in their true proportions by the nation generally.

Continual lamentation or recrimination, and periodic fits of an unfounded suspicion of her friends, are certainly not calculated to improve matters; the situation requires common recognition of the fact that the trying condition of affairs at present is not the lot of France alone but that of the greater part of the world to-day.

Once this is recognised the rehabilitation of France will go ahead with ever-increasing resolution and confidence, and her triumph in peace will be as glorious as it was in war.

JULIUS M. PRICE.

LABOUR IN WAR AND PEACE.¹

ANY estimate made now of the effects of the war on Trade Unionism is bound to be provisional. The forces set in motion by the war and by the peace which followed it are still active in every department of economic life, and no one can foresee the results of the future interaction between them and the policies of statesmen, capitalists, and Trade Union leaders. But perhaps the time has arrived for the making of a provisional estimate, or at least for an attempt to draw together the tangled threads of the past seven years in such a way as to make clearer the significance of past developments and of forces which are still in motion.

This task is rendered difficult by the extraordinary complexity of the facts. Before the war, each trade had its own distinct problems and methods of dealing with them. The forms both of Trade Union and of employers' organisation varied widely from industry to industry, and there was very little attempt either to co-ordinate in action, or to bring together into a common account the separate activities of the different groups. But to this complexity was added during the war a host of fresh complications. The war affected different industries and groups of workers in quite opposite ways, and the various forms of State control and intervention in industry completely altered, each in its own fashion, the forms of settlement and adjustment of differences.

Anyone who would pick his way through this tangle must, unless he is prepared to write a fat book about it, be rigidly selective and prepared for broad generalisations which will not hold good in every particular instance. His object being to convey a broadly true impression, he must ignore much that is interesting and even significant, without being typical, and must not be afraid of stressing the obvious when its importance is in danger of being overlooked.

First of all, it is essential to understand, in broad outline, what was the situation, and what were the active forces in the British Labour movement immediately before the outbreak of war; for these forces both influenced Labour's attitude and position during the war period, and largely determined the issues which arose in British industry as soon as the Armistice was signed.

In 1913 I published a book, *The World of Labour*, in which I attempted to explain the forces and tendencies which were

(1) The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors. He only desires to illustrate different points of view.

then at work in the Trade Union movement. The accident of history caused that book, which seemed, when it was written, to be barely apace with the movement of forces capable of putting it out of date at any moment, to take rank as the picture of British Labour on the eve of the great calamity. The forces and tendencies which it depicted in rapid motion, and apparently on the eve of substantial achievement, were violently and suddenly arrested in August, 1914. Plans on the eve of maturity were laid aside, even the process of thinking out new lines of advance was, for the time, suspended. Gradually, indeed, as the necessities of war brought the problems of industry once more into prominence, the processes of thinking were resumed, and a few plans were brought out of their pigeon-holes. But the war-time situation was, in most of its essentials, very different from that of 1913, and for the most part fresh plans were devised to meet the changed conditions. Only in 1919 did many of the pre-war plans and claims of the Trade Unions, modified and expanded in the light of war-time experience, come again into the forefront of the industrial struggle.

The years from 1910 to 1914 are remembered as the period during which labour unrest, of a new kind and on a new scale, first made itself strongly felt. The first nine years of the century had been a time of exceptional industrial quietude, during which the main activity of the Trade Unions, apart from their day-to-day work as negotiating bodies and benefit societies, had been occupied in the building-up of the political Labour movement. During these years prices, increasing at a rate which then seemed rapid, although now it would appear almost negligibly slow, outstripped wages, which remained practically stationary in the majority of trades. The consequence of this, and also of a certain disillusionment with the immediate results of political activity, was the growing prevalence, from 1910 onwards, of a spirit of industrial unrest. New ideas of Trade Union purpose and policy, reaching this country from the Syndicalists of France and the Industrial Unionists of America, began to stir the imagination of the younger leaders, and their advocates, hitherto almost unnoticed, found themselves suddenly prominent. Official Trade Unionism, strongly suspicious of these new winds of doctrine, was nevertheless spurred into increased activity by the attitude of its own members. A wave of organisation spread through certain of the worst paid and least regularly employed groups of workers, notably the transport workers and the general labourers. The railwaymen's Unions, keenly dissatisfied with the inconclusive settlement of 1907, rapidly enlisted new members, and the impulse spread gradually from

these sections to the more strongly organised and entrenched craft Unions of the skilled workers.

The great transport strikes of 1911—the successive victories won by industrial action by the seamen, dockers, and railwaymen—profoundly stirred the world of Labour, and almost every section turned a critical eye on its own past proceedings, and began to prepare some sort of schedule of demands to be put forward at the first convenient moment. The national mining strike of 1912, ending in a compromise which at least recognised the miners' strength, was the first big attempt to put one of these programmes into actual effect; the London transport workers became involved in a second, and unsuccessful, stoppage.

After 1911 and 1912, the year 1913 was comparatively tranquil, so far as great disputes were concerned. The numbers involved in all disputes during the year fell to 688,000 from the 961,000 of 1911 and the 1,463,000 of 1912. The only big dispute of the year was the great struggle in Dublin, which began in August and lasted until February, 1914—but this dispute exercised on the British Labour movement an effect out of all proportion to the numbers involved. Moreover, the disputes of the year made up in number what they lacked in individual magnitude. The number of separate disputes rose from 903 in 1911 and 857 in 1912 to 1,497 in 1913.

It was noted at the time by many observers that, whereas of course many of these disputes continued to centre round the wages question, there was a big crop of struggles of a comparatively new type, in which the workers asserted their right to a measure of control in matters other than wages and hours, and what was ordinarily understood by "working conditions." Refusal to work with non-unionists became a fertile source of trouble, and the right of the workers and their Trade Unions to interfere in questions of "discipline" and "management" came, as the direct consequence of a number of struggles in which these issues were raised, to be hotly debated. The signs of the new and more aggressive spirit that was abroad in the Trade Union ranks were more than ever manifest, and the Press was full of forebodings of great troubles to come.

This fear was not decreased by the fact that not a few of the disputes of 1913, and to a less extent of 1911 and 1912, were "unofficial" in the sense that they lacked the full support of the Trade Union executives. More than at any previous time, the rank and file workers attempted to take the question of action into their own hands. When a grievance arose, they were no longer content to wait for the working of the slow and cumbersome machinery of negotiation, which might end in dead-

lock after long delay; in case after case they struck, and their belief that striking would lead to a speedier settlement of grievances was again and again justified by results. This tendency was accentuated because some of the claims which were being made arose directly out of the issues described in the preceding paragraph, and were therefore of a character to which the recognised forms of negotiation were not properly adjusted. "Spontaneous" strikes were a feature of the year; and there was also a strongly marked tendency, when one body of workers became involved in a dispute, for others indirectly concerned to join in by taking "sympathetic" action. Refusal to handle "tainted goods," i.e., goods handled by blackleg labour, or coming from a works in which a dispute was in progress, was frequent, although, in the majority of cases, it was discountenanced by the Union officials.

The first half of the year 1914 continued the record of 1913. Apart from the Dublin dispute, which lasted well on into the year, and the big London building lock-out, which was still in being on the outbreak of war, there were no single disputes of exceptional magnitude. But during the first seven months of 1914 there were 836 disputes, involving 423,000 workers in many different trades and occupations.

Moreover, it was generally recognised that the autumn of 1914 promised to be a period of quite exceptional Trade Union activity. In most of the principal industries the Trade Unions had been busy during the first part of the year marshalling their forces and preparing their schedules of demands. The railwaymen were on the eve of launching their national programme; the miners in Scotland and elsewhere were on the verge of serious disputes; the engineers and shipbuilders were engaged in a national joint movement for a shorter working week; the transport workers were rallying their forces after the set-back of 1912; and both the cotton and the wool operatives had prepared important demands to lay before their employers.

The outbreak of war put a sudden stop to all this activity. The disputes which were in progress were hastily settled, and all the Unions put aside for the time the programmes which they had prepared, and set about adapting their organisation to deal with the new and perplexing circumstances confronting them. At first, everyone was bewildered by the uncertainty of the new conditions; and Trade Unionists were as little able as economists to forecast the effects of the war on the economic situation. The Trade Union Congress and the Labour Party joined in proclaiming an "industrial truce," and for the first few months of the war attention was mainly concentrated on securing some pro-

vision for the large numbers who were thrown out of work by the dislocation of industry. It seemed that the war would altogether eclipse the importance of industrial questions; and there was hardly a hint at this stage of the vast effort of national economic organisation which it would involve.

Not only trade disputes and programmes for improved conditions were set aside; the outbreak of war also put a stop to the big movement towards closer unity among the working-class organisations. The years preceding 1914 had been marked not only by the increase in unrest and disputes, but also by an energetic movement for the consolidation of Trade Union forces. The outstanding achievement of the "amalgamationists" was the formation, in 1912-1913, of the National Union of Railwaymen, which aimed definitely at becoming an "industrial" Union organising all grades of railway workers. But there had been many lesser amalgamations of importance; and in 1914 much bigger developments seemed to be pending. Every Union had inside it an energetic body of rank and file advocates of amalgamation, and in almost every industry some scheme for the fusion of rival and sectional Unions had at least reached the preliminary stages of negotiation.

All these movements, including the preliminary plans for the Triple Industrial Alliance of Miners, Railwaymen, and Transport Workers, were put aside in 1914, both because of the uncertainty of the situation, and because it was felt to be impossible, in face of the heavy enlistment of Trade Unionists, to make, in their absence, any substantial changes in the forms of Trade Union organisation. Rightly or wrongly, the first months of the war found the Trade Union movement largely paralysed in face of an unprecedented situation whose development it was impossible to foresee.

But, even during the early months of 1915, the situation was already beginning to change. The first alarm was sounded by the outcry concerning the shortage of shells at the Front, and in February the problem of increasing the output of munitions was first taken seriously in hand. The dislocation of industry was already passing, and first men and then women displaced from peace-time industries were being rapidly absorbed, either to take the places of men who had enlisted, or to aid in the huge expansion of the industries directly concerned in supplying the commodities required for use in the war. The prices of commodities, after a period of rapid oscillation during the early months of the war, settled down to rise steadily, and before long it became obvious that the workers would have to secure higher wages in order to compensate them for the increased cost of

living. The first hesitating demand for a "war bonus" was made by the railwaymen, grossly underpaid before the war, in February, 1915, and small advances were granted. The South Wales Miners proposed to the coalowners to forgo wage advances on condition that no increase was made in the price of coal; but this lead was not accepted or followed up elsewhere. Throughout the whole range of industry prices rose first, and it was only under pressure of higher prices that the Trade Unions demanded, and at length secured, advances in wages.

In March, 1915, the Treasury Conference, at which most of the Unions directly concerned in war production were represented, arrived at an agreement in general terms covering the questions both of wages and advances and of the supply of labour. Special arbitration machinery was established by the State to deal with wages claims; and the Trade Unions, in return for certain guarantees, which soon proved to be quite inadequate, undertook to suspend those of their regulations that might restrict output by preventing the introduction of untrained labour on work previously reserved for skilled men. The "dilution" of labour, by the wholesale introduction of untrained workers into the munitions industries, began, and continued at an increasing pace throughout the war period. The Munitions Act of July, 1915, gave compulsory sanction to the provisions of the Treasury Agreement, and established, for the principal war industries, a temporary system of compulsory arbitration.

By this time it had become evident that, so far from the exigencies of war forcing industrial problems into the background, the war would be fought almost as much in the workshops at home as on the field of battle. The Trade Unions found themselves compelled, instead of relaxing for the time their industrial vigilance, to be constantly active in dealing with the new problems and situations that almost daily presented themselves, and to enter into all manner of negotiations with Government Departments as well as employers over the adaptation of workshop practices and Trade Union regulations to war-time needs. As prices rose, more and more wage applications became necessary, and it was only gradually and imperfectly that the common pre-war system of separate settlements and negotiations by each trade in each district was replaced in many of the major industries by the method of national negotiation. All changes in established rules and customs involve some friction; and the drastic changes enforced upon industry in the process of adaptation to war conditions led to constant friction everywhere. To an astonishing extent, the number and magnitude of actual trade disputes were kept down, but only at the cost of an infinite

expenditure of effort and patience in negotiations, both in the workshop and at local and national conferences.

While these adjustments were being painfully accomplished, recruitment, first under the voluntary, then under semi-voluntary, and finally under the compulsory system, was denuding the workshops of the younger able-bodied men. The industries producing munitions of war were least affected; but all trades suffered roughly in proportion to their "unessentiality" from the standpoint of military success. Even the mines, however, were denuded of at least 280,000 men under the voluntary system, so that recruitment of miners had to be actually prohibited.

The places of these enlisted workers were being filled by newcomers, drawn either from trades which were largely shut down, or from adolescents entering industry for the first time, or, as the shortage became more acute, increasingly from women who would not normally have entered industry. It was not long before the Trade Unions realised that, if these huge masses of labour were left unorganised, an almost universal destruction of the standards established by Trade Union action would become inevitable. Accordingly, the Trade Unions, and especially the "general labour" Unions catering principally for the less skilled or less specialised types of workers, set seriously about the task of organisation, with the result that a great increase in Trade Union membership took place. This increase was maintained, not only during the war, but through the period of artificial prosperity which followed its conclusion. Indeed, it was accentuated during 1919, when a wave of organisation brought into the Trade Union ranks many different classes of workers who had hitherto resisted all attempts at organisation. The following table, showing the growth in membership of all Trade Unions, and of the general labour Unions in particular, during this period, brings out this fact of the increasing momentum gathered as the movement advanced :—

TRADE UNION MEMBERSHIP. 1914-1919

		1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919
All Trade Unions	3,918	4,141	4,399	5,547	6,624	8,028
General Labour	366	452	509	732	1,102	1,490
Proportion of General Labour to Total09	.11	.13	.13	.16	.18

Figures in thousands.

This vast growth in numbers, by which the total membership of all Trade Unions was more than doubled between 1914 and 1919, brought with it problems of its own. Taken in conjunction with the growth which had raised Trade Union membership from less than two and a half millions in 1910 to almost four millions

in 1914, it involved that the great mass of Trade Unionists had only a short experience of organisation, and that for the most part under distinctly abnormal conditions. The years immediately before the war were a period during which the Unions, under conditions of trade prosperity, were improving their position, and making up the leeway of the slack years at the beginning of the century. The war years were altogether abnormal, both because the draining away of men for the fighting services gave a high scarcity value to those workers who remained; and because the extraordinarily rapid rise of prices made considerable wage advances inevitable. The experience of the newer Trade Unionists was thus almost wholly one of at least relative success. Periodical advances in wages came to seem almost a matter of course; it seemed natural that the Unions should continually wax more powerful; the effects of trade depression and widespread unemployment had never been faced by them since they joined the Trade Union ranks. It follows that the loyalty of the members to their Unions was not submitted to any searching test: for such tests occur mainly in times of misfortune.

The natural result of these conditions was a somewhat facile optimism, and a readiness to exaggerate the merely mechanical aspect of Trade Union power. A mood was encouraged in which it seemed enough to belong to the Union; the machine with its own strength would do the rest. Wage advances, sometimes inadequate in amount, but still advances, were regularly conceded by the Government arbitration tribunals; and it was seen that, in face of the scarcity of labour, only these tribunals stood between the workers and the winning of more substantial concessions. There was practically no risk that joining a Union would lead to victimisation, and vast bodies of workers joined, and then thought little more about it, as long as the periodical advances came along not too unsatisfactorily. Just as labour was diluted in the workshops, the Trade Unions themselves were inevitably diluted by the inrush of comparatively apathetic members.

It must not be supposed that this is a criticism of the new members, or that all, or even a majority of, the old ones were necessarily keen and alive to the implications of Trade Union action. But it can hardly be disputed that one result of the enormous and rapid increase of Trade Union membership was a certain deterioration in its quality, not so much because the new members were inferior in character or courage as because they had never been, in the common phrase, "up against it." They had experienced only success: they knew Trade Unionism only under certain, on the whole favourable, conditions. It was

from the first an open question how they would stand adversity, and how far the Trade Unions would be able, in the time at their disposal, to absorb and give stability to the newcomers.

It was not until some time after the conclusion of the war that these sources of potential weakness became plainly marked. As soon as hostilities ended, the various Unions brought their national programmes and demands out of the pigeon-holes in which they had laid them in 1914, and opened up negotiations with the various groups of organised employers. The conditions were still on the whole favourable to success. Prices were rising more rapidly than ever, and it was clear that the upward march of wages could not be arrested as long as this rise continued. Trade was good; for there were big arrears of demand that could not be met during the war, and purchasers, as well as Governments, were still in the mood for "reconstruction," and inclined to give out orders without too carefully taking stock of the world's economic situation. Demobilisation was gradual, and there was no sudden flood of returning soldiers who could not be absorbed. The prospects of success for the Unions therefore appeared to be bright.

And, in fact, substantial concessions were gained during the first part of 1919. In a number of trades in which wage rates had fallen behind the advance in prices, the leeway was recovered, although the higher rates were in some cases, notably in the metal industries, more than offset by reductions in earnings due to the restriction of overtime and the return to peace-time production. The most important advances made by the Trade Unions in 1919 were, however, mainly improvements in working conditions and reductions in the normal hours of labour. Although the local, semi-official strikes on the Clyde and in Belfast failed, and neither the 40 nor the 44 hours' week was generally secured, the workers in most industries succeeded in getting hours reduced, and the 48 hours' week was very widely adopted. The engineering and shipbuilding trades secured a 47 hours' week, the building operatives one of 44 hours, and the miners, through the Coal Industry Commission, a seven hours' day.

At the time when these demands were granted, they appeared to almost everyone, and certainly to the workers themselves, but the prelude to further and more far-reaching concessions, through which the first effective breach in the capitalist system would be made. But, in fact, the tide was already turning. In February, 1919, the miners were on the verge of a national strike, and unrest existed and trouble was threatened in almost every trade. Faced with the threat of a general indus-

trial upheaval, the Government played for time. It persuaded the miners to accept the Coal Commission, and agreed that the Commission should be composed, and should have terms of reference, in accordance with the miners' demand. At the same time, Mr. Lloyd George persuaded most of the other Unions to enter into a National Industrial Conference with the employers. In both cases, the Unions were given plainly to understand that any recommendations arrived at by these means would be carried fully into effect by the Government.

Thus, the crisis of February, 1919, was postponed, and for the next few months the centre of interest lay in the proceedings of the Coal Commission and of the National Industrial Conference. In both cases, the immediate results were favourable to Labour. The miners actually secured an advance in wages and a seven hours' day as the price of postponing action; and they also secured from the Commission a majority recommendation in favour of joint national ownership and joint control of the mining industry by the State and the workers. At the Industrial Conference, the other Trade Unions got the employers to agree to a practically universal application of the 48 hours' week, to the principle of a general system of legal minimum rates of wages, and to other important concessions. But, while the argument was proceeding to the workers' advantage, the moment favourable to action was passing, and, by the time the Commission and the Conference had finished their work, the chance of securing actual concessions was already waning.

During these months of Conference, there was a great mobilisation on the side of the employers, who were already beginning to foresee the ending of the period of trade prosperity. The resistance of the Government was stiffened up, and the business Members of Parliament made plain their opposition to further concessions. When, therefore, the Trade Unions asked that legislative effect should be given to the proposals of the Coal Commission and the Industrial Conference, they were put off as long as possible with evasive answers, and finally, when evasion could be no longer maintained, their demands were refused outright.

Through the winter of 1919-1920 the Trade Unions were still endeavouring to get the pledges given to them redeemed. As failure became manifest, projects of "direct action" revived, and the Miners' Federation, in March, 1920, definitely asked the Trades Union Congress to support it in taking "direct action" to enforce mines nationalisation upon the Government. But the Trade Union atmosphere was already different from that of 1919. Although membership was still growing, the sense of weakness

was returning, and the first after-war impulse to aggressive action had passed away. The Trades Union Congress refused, and recommended political action and education in preference to "direct action." With that decision definitely died the menace of aggressive action by the Trade Union movement as a whole in support of demands involving substantial modification of the capitalist industrial system.

There followed a period of indecisive struggles and negotiations, resulting on the whole in an unstable maintenance of the *status quo*. In April and May, 1920, wholesale prices began to decline, marking the beginning of the trade depression. The employers in most trades were no longer willing to consider concessions; they were already awaiting with mixed feelings the time when depression and unemployment would turn the tables upon the Trade Unions.

Despite the fall in wholesale prices, retail prices continued to rise steeply until October, 1920, when they stood, according to the Ministry of Labour, at 176 per cent. above the pre-war level, as against 141 per cent. in April. During the same period the wholesale price index number, according to the *Statist*, had fallen from 266 to 239. From November, 1920, to the middle of 1921, wholesale and retail prices fell together, and in June the Ministry of Labour figure stood at 119, and the *Statist* figure at 155. Retail prices had by no means caught up with wholesale; but the campaign for reduced wages was in full swing, and the number of registered unemployed had already risen to 2,178,000. In addition, there was short time in almost every industry.

For the most part, the earlier reductions in wages were accepted without a stoppage of work. The last big strike for increased wages was that of the miners in the autumn of 1920, which ended in an inconclusive and purely temporary settlement. At the beginning of April, 1921, this settlement came to an end, and the action of the Government, despite pledges to the contrary, in precipitately decontrolling the industry, forced the miners into a disastrous lock-out, which ended, after more than thirteen weeks' struggle, in defeat. Defeat was, indeed, inevitable from the moment when the miners' partners in the Triple Alliance withdrew, on the day which has come to be known as "Black Friday," their pledged support, and left the Miners Federation to fight a hopeless battle alone.

I do not want to discuss the vexed question of the responsibility for the "Black Friday" collapse, or to deal at all with the incident except for the purpose of stating its effects on the general Labour situation. There is no doubt that these effects were devastating, from the standpoint of those who were looking for

an advanced Trade Union policy. Suddenly, the fundamental weakness of Trade Unionism stood plainly revealed; its lack of coherent organisation, and, much more important, its timidity and hesitation in face of a crisis. Doubts of the leaders were met with doubts of the rank and file; the whole question was raised of the meaning which membership of a Trade Union bore to the mass of the members. Would the railwaymen or the transport workers have struck if the call had been given? There was at least a doubt, eating at the heart of the movement. "Black Friday" and the miners' defeat sapped the vitality of Trade Unionism, and placed it at the mercy of unfavourable economic conditions.

While these events were weakening the Unions in face of a situation which called for all their strength, the material consolidation of the movement was still proceeding. The obsolete machinery of the Trades Union Congress was being replaced; and, in September, 1921, the old Parliamentary Committee gave place to the new Trade Union General Council, improved in structure and with duties far more clearly and broadly defined. At the same time, a new Co-ordination Scheme between the Congress and the Labour Party was brought into force, and for the first time the whole movement was equipped, on paper at least, with an adequate central organisation. It is too soon yet to say how this new machine will work in practice; but it is safe to prophesy that it will prove no stronger than the links which compose it, and that no refashioning of the central machinery will remedy weaknesses which lie in the spirit and attitude of the movement itself.

Yet, while Trade Unionism as a whole has been facing situations too difficult for it, and has more than once failed to rise to the occasion, there have not been wanting signs that, within the movement, new constructive forces are at work. Two of these forces, in particular, are significant of a coming advance. The undoubted success, in face of big obstacles, of the Building Guild movement, through which the building operatives are showing their ability to organise for production, and to build houses for the public both better and more cheaply than the private contractor, has, despite the attempts of the Ministry of Health and of the employers to crush it, produced a big effect. It is not so easy, owing to the problem of high fixed capital charges, for the workers in most other industries to follow the builders' example; but, in cases where it is possible, the idea is being taken up, and in most industries the success which the building workers are making of self-government is giving an impetus to the demand for "workers' control" in other forms.

It may yet be that along lines of development such as these the workers' organisations will regain more than they are losing in the ordinary sphere of "collective bargaining."

The second significant new force is working-class education. For the first time, the Trades Union Congress this year has explicitly recognised the obligation resting upon every Union to provide for the education of its members. Practically, the work of education among Trade Unionists is rapidly expanding. The Labour Colleges and the Plebs' League, protagonists of "class-conscious" Marxian education, on the one hand, and such bodies as the Workers' Educational Trade Union Committee and the Workers' Educational Association, which are working in co-operation with local authorities, the Board of Education and the Universities, are increasingly active in the Trade Union field. Undoubtedly, there is a larger Trade Union demand for knowledge than ever before; and this is bound before long to be reflected in the development of Trade Union organisation and power.

For the time, however, Labour is faced by difficulties with which neither the practical developments of Guild organisation nor the growth of educational movements can do much to cope. Members are inevitably falling away as unemployment is prolonged, and a few pence weekly become more difficult to spare out of reduced wages, even for those who are at work. This does not mean that industrial quiet is to be expected; for who knows what explosion may result if no adequate measures are adopted to deal with the unemployment problem? But it does mean that, except in the case of unemployment, the present rôle of the Trade Unions is mainly defensive. The Unions emerged from the war period with a delusive appearance of strength. Under the favourable conditions of 1919 they won some concessions. These produced a more coherent and determined resistance, and a deadlock had been reached by the winter of 1919-1920. Thereafter, the Trade Unions lost the initiative, and, with declining trade and increasing unemployment, began the campaign of the employers for reduced wages and a return to worse conditions of labour. We are still in the midst of that campaign, and its end is not yet. In some ways, Labour is stronger and more conscious of its power than ever before; but it is now learning once more, by painful economic experience, its dependence, under capitalism, on changing conditions of world trade. Labour is seeking a policy that will meet these changed conditions; but it is conscious that the obstacles in its way will not be easily surmounted.

G. D. H. COLLIS,

FOREIGN POLICY AND ROYAL INFLUENCE.

LORD COURTNEY of Penwith and Sir William Anson had as theoretical writers on the growth and development of the Constitution the enormous advantage derived from a long experience in the House of Commons of a practical knowledge of the working of our governing institutions. Both these eminent men made the best conceivable use of that knowledge in explaining and expounding in their writings constitutional principles. Lord Courtney, in the very first page of his book, *The Working Constitution of the United Kingdom and its Outgrowth*, has enunciated a doctrine of which a recent incident presents an object lesson. "The special and almost unique characteristic of the Constitution," writes Lord Courtney, "is that it is subject to constant and continuing growth and change. It is a living organism absorbing new facts and transforming itself. Its changes are sometimes considerable, even violent, and then for long periods the movement is almost imperceptible, although it is quickly realised when we compare the outcome presented at different points of time. The Constitution of to-day is different from what it was fifty years since, and fifty years hence it will certainly be different from what it is to-day."

An illustration of the accuracy of this statement is, I think, supplied by the publication in the *Times* of December 24th, 1920, of the minutes of a conversation between M. Clemenceau, Prime Minister of the French Republic, with a correspondent of the *Times* in August, 1908, in which the relations between France and Great Britain in reference to probable hostilities on the part of Germany were freely discussed. These minutes were subsequently given to King Edward VII. to assist him in a conversation on international affairs with M. Clemenceau. At that conversation neither the Foreign Secretary nor a Colonial Minister, nor anyone except the late King and M. Clemenceau, was present. The *Times* correspondent, in his introduction to the publication of these minutes, states that they had been used by the King as a preparation for his conversation with M. Clemenceau, then sent to Lord Hardinge, who was then permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and, of course, not a member of the Ministry, and finally transmitted to the owner—the *Times* correspondent. He writes: "On his way to Marienbad, where since 1903 King Edward had taken an annual 'cure,' the King, attended by Lord (then Sir Charles) Hardinge, had met the German Emperor at Friedrichshof, near Wiesbaden. During the meeting some limitation of British and German naval armaments had

been suggested on the British side and summarily rejected by the German. Distressed by this rebuff, King Edward had then gone on to Ischl to pay a visit to the Emperor Francis Joseph on the occasion of the veteran monarch's Diamond Jubilee. There on August 12th, 1908, the King mentioned to his host the idea of limiting British and German naval armaments, but, contrary to his expectations, had found the Emperor Joseph unreceptive. German representations had doubtless preceded him." King Edward made, in fact, several visits, unattended with the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, nor any Cabinet Minister, nor any member of the Ministry, to the heads of several foreign Powers—the King of Italy, the President of the French Republic, the Emperor of Germany, and the Czar of Russia. He received letters from the heads of foreign Powers addressed to himself directly, and not through the medium of the responsible Minister, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. King Edward VII. was named by the enthusiasts of the time in connection with these visits to heads of foreign States unattended with responsible Ministers in which international affairs were discussed "the great international statesman" and "the European peacemaker." This practice, for which there is no precedent before the Foreign Secretaryship of Lord Lansdowne, and which in the late King's reign was continued in the Foreign Secretaryship of Sir Edward (Viscount) Grey, was believed to be the cause of prolonging for two years the existence of the Government of Mr. Balfour, which had long out-stayed its welcome from the people, but whose foreign policy was carried out in compliance, not with the will of the people, who were deliberately kept in the dark on foreign matters, but with the will of King Edward VII.

Now this practice would a generation ago have been held to be out of accord with the trend and genius of the Constitution, and would at the present time be wholly inconceivable. These proceedings illustrate Lord Courtney's position that the Constitution of to-day is different from what it was fifty years since. They show a deviation from that position by proving that the Constitution, having changed in its practice from the practice of the Constitution of fifty years ago, has reverted in some respects to the former practice through the operation of causes which are responsible for that reversion—in itself a great change. The older practice which has been resumed has been thus enunciated by Mr. Todd in 1887: "At every interview between the Sovereign and the Minister of any foreign State it is the duty of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to be present. Private communications between a King of England and foreign Ministers are contrary to the spirit and practice of the British Constitution." The

position thus enunciated has the support of an almost unbroken series of precedents till the change in the time of Edward VII. George III., although he used all the resources of prerogative in the choice of Ministers and appointments to offices, never held private communications with foreign Sovereigns or Ministers. In 1799, when Napoleon Bonaparte was First Consul of France, he addressed a letter containing proposals of peace to George III. himself, but it was acknowledged and received by the Foreign Secretary. "Napoleon," wrote Canning in reference to this incident, "presumes to talk of transacting business directly in confidence with the King; he fancies that because he is absolute in France our good King will act as if he was so here. But we show him the difference. The letter is very properly treated with silence, and answered only by an official declaration in the third person" (Stapleton's *Canning and His Times*, p. 53). Canning in this letter admits that "a King of France or an Emperor of Germany might indeed write to the King, but this letter would be a matter of form and of supererogation. The letter of business would come from the Minister to Lord Grenville" (the Foreign Secretary). Again in 1815, at the close of the Napoleonic War, the Czar proposed a "Holy Alliance" between the victorious Sovereigns—himself, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the Prince Regent. He wrote an autograph letter to the Prince inviting him to sign the necessary treaty. Lord Castlereagh, as Foreign Secretary, broached to Lord Liverpool, who was then Prime Minister, the idea of allowing the Prince Regent to sign this treaty, which he described as "a sublime piece of mysticism and nonsense," without the intervention of Ministers. Lord Liverpool, however, absolutely refused to entertain the suggestion. In a letter to Lord Castlereagh dated October 3rd, 1815, he wrote: "It is quite impossible to advise the Prince to sign the act of accession which has been transmitted to him. Such a step would be inconsistent with all the forms and principles of our Government, and would subject those who advised it to a very serious responsibility. . . . Nothing is more clear than that the Regent, or King of Great Britain, can be a party to no act of State personally; he can only be a party to it through the instrumentality of others who are responsible for it" (Young's *Life of Lord Liverpool*, II. p. 232). In 1825 Canning, who had expressed himself so strongly in relation to Napoleon's autograph letter to George III. more than a quarter of a century before, wrote from the Foreign Office to Lord Grenville, who was then in Paris, in reference to private communications of Prince Metternich with George IV.: "I wonder whether he (Prince Metternich) is aware that the private communication of Foreign Minis-

ters with the King of England is wholly at variance with the spirit, and practice too, of the British Constitution : that during his reign of half a century George III. (whom all parties now agree in taking as the model of an English King) never indulged himself in such communications, and that the custom introduced in the time of my predecessor was exercised only by sufferance, and would not stand the test of Parliamentary discussion : I should be very sorry to do anything at all unpleasant to the King, but it is my duty to be present at every interview between His Majesty and a Foreign Minister nothing would induce me to go to that extent, but short of *that*, being in the right, I would justly resent and pretty effectually repress such manœuvres as Metternich has been encouraging " (Stapleton's *George Canning and his Times*, pp. 433-434). In 1847 the King of Prussia wrote a private letter to Queen Victoria relating to a political question of European affairs, which he requested the ambassador to deliver to Her Majesty at a private audience. But by the intervention of the Prince Consort this irregularity was corrected. The letter was read in the presence of the Foreign Secretary, and the reply was, after discussion, approved by him. Lord John Russell, speaking as Prime Minister in the House of Commons on January 31st, 1854, said that the Prince Consort had never been in the habit of corresponding with Foreign Ministers. There was one instance, and he believed only one, in which it had happened that a Minister at a foreign Court wrote to him, and His Royal Highness immediately sent the letter to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and desired to know what answer he advised him to return. The private letters addressed by Queen Victoria or the Prince Consort to foreign Princes, or received from them, if they touched upon politics, were shown to the Prime Minister or to the Foreign Secretary, or to both.

The visits of King Edward VII. to the heads of foreign States, and his private interviews with these heads of foreign States and their Ministers unattended with a responsible Cabinet Minister, which had an undoubted influence in effecting great international arrangements, seem in poignant contrast with the spirit and practice of the Constitution since the time of George III., which, as we have seen clearly, preclude the independent action of the Sovereign in foreign affairs. "There is," wrote Professor Sheldon Amos in 1885, "no doubt a current underlying assumption in some quarters that the Sovereign is entitled to interfere more actively and personally in foreign affairs than in other administrative matters. The incessant attention to them, and the real acquaintance with them, manifested by the late Prince Consort, the family relationship by which so many of the European

monarchs are bound together, and the diplomatic usage of centuries, as well as the chronic inattention of the general public in ordinary times to matters outside the country, have no doubt largely tended to expand the sphere of the English Sovereign's action in foreign policy as contrasted with what is recognised as allowable in home and colonial affairs." (*Fifty Years of the English Constitution*, p. 315.)

The question as to whether the active intervention of the late King in foreign affairs, which was undoubtedly conducive to the best interests of the country, was actually a breach of the Constitution, was answered, in my judgment, correctly by Sir Edward (Viscount) Grey, speaking as Foreign Secretary, in the House of Commons on June 4th, 1908, when the late King's intended visit to the Czar at Reval, attended with the permanent heads of the Foreign Office, the War Office, and the Admiralty, but without the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs or any Minister of the Crown, was the subject of criticism in the House of Commons. Viscount Grey stated that the visit of King Edward VII. to Reval under these circumstances was undertaken on the advice of Ministers, that while it had no special diplomatic significance in the sense that it was to lead to an alliance or some treaty, or connection between the two countries which was not then known, it would, nevertheless, have a political effect, and was desired to have a beneficial effect on the relations of the two countries. He thus expounded the Constitutional position: "In the first place let me say that as far as the King's action with regard to this visit is concerned he acts upon the constitutional advice of his Ministers, as he does in all affairs of State, and for this it is the Government which is responsible. There is no distinction in constitutional practice between the act of the King in respect of this visit and his acts in regard to other affairs of State in which he, as much as any Sovereign ever has done, has always carefully conformed to constitutional practice. It has been said that it is a breach of constitutional practice that the King should go abroad without a Minister. I believe that has not been the universal practice. [Viscount Grey, however, did not cite any instance of a departure from that practice.] But what the House has really a right to demand is not that it should decide the actual methods by which the Cabinet of the day maintains its responsibility for affairs of State, but to demand of the Cabinet to see that responsibility is maintained, and with respect to this visit, as has been the case with respect to all the King's previous visits, no public affairs will be transacted which in any way impair, or can impair, the direct responsibility of the Ministers at home. I am further entitled to say this, and it is not saying too much, that the general

impression produced and the influence exercised by previous visits which the King has paid abroad, have been beneficial to the State. That is from the outside point of view. I will say—so far as we (the Cabinet) are concerned, and I have no doubt it will be confirmed by the right hon. gentleman opposite—that in the transaction of affairs of State no diplomatic inconvenience, nothing which even trenched upon a breach of the Constitution, has taken place in connection with these visits. It is true that Sir Charles Hardinge (then Permanent Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) is going as a member of the King's suite. In so far as he takes any part in discussing diplomatic affairs he does so on instructions from me in precisely the same way as any other Ambassador should discuss diplomatic affairs at the Court to which he is credited. I am responsible to the Cabinet for everything that takes place in respect of what Sir Charles Hardinge may do in any diplomatic matters. He is responsible to me in the same way as every Ambassador abroad is responsible to me. I am responsible to the Cabinet and, in common with the Cabinet, responsible to the House. We shall continue to see that the responsibility is maintained, and though methods have varied in constitutional practice from time to time, there is as little danger as ever there was of the constitutional responsibility of Ministers being infringed."

This statement of characteristic candour and ability of Viscount Grey ascribes implicitly, I think, to the Crown a power of taking the initiative in policy, for whose exercise no doubt the Cabinet accept responsibility thus merging in themselves the origin of the policy they adopt. The Crown has constitutionally no power of initiative. "There can," wrote Mr. Gladstone in 1878, "be in England no disloyalty more gross as to its effects than the superstition which affects to assign to the Sovereign a separate and so far as separate transcendental sphere of political action. Anonymous servility has, indeed, in these last days hinted such a doctrine (*Quarterly Review*, April, 1878), but it is no more practicable to make it thrive in England than to rear the jungles of Bengal on Salisbury Plain." (Gladstone's *Gleanings of Past Years*, p. 230.) Lord Courtney of Penwith, speaking in the House of Commons so far back as 1879, deprecated, albeit unconsciously, by way of anticipation, the constitutional propriety of the doctrine that the Crown has an initiative in policy for which the Cabinet accepts responsibility. "The true function of the Crown," said Mr. (Lord) Courtney in a debate on a motion attacking the Government of the day for undue use of the name and authority of Queen Victoria, "was thus laid down by Mr. Bagehot: 'The Sovereign has, under a constitutional monarchy such as ours,

three rights, the right to be consulted, the right to encourage, and the right to warn.' Not one of these rights suggested the power of initiation. The first two had reference to the action of the Ministers, and the third to warning given against action taken by the Ministry. The writer added, 'And a King of good sense and sagacity would want no other.' Another high authority, Sir Erskine May, said: 'A constitutional Government assures to the King a wide authority in all the councils of the State. He chooses and dismisses his Ministers. Their resolutions upon every important measure of foreign and domestic policy are submitted to his approval—and when that approval is withheld his Ministers must either abandon their policy or resign their office. They are responsible to the King on the one hand, and the Parliament on the other, and while they retain the confidence of the King by administering affairs to his satisfaction, they must act upon principles and propose measures which they can justify to Parliament.' Then again, as the Crown had no power of initiation, the Crown must not be put forward as having used it. It must not be suggested that the Crown had a policy of its own which had been adopted by the Ministry instead of being put forward by the Ministry and sanctioned by the Crown. If the Ministry accept suggestions from the Crown they must do so on condition of making them their own and merging their origin in themselves. All this sprang from the principle that the Crown could never take responsibility upon itself." The personal intervention of King Edward in foreign affairs, acting on the advice of a Cabinet who accepted full responsibility for his action, fulfils a very curious anticipation of Mr. Hallam's writing in 1816.

"What, indeed," he wrote, "might be effected by a King at once able, active, popular and ambitious, should such ever unfortunately appear in this country, it is not easy to predict; certainly his reign would be dangerous on one side or other to the present balance of the Constitution." (Hallam's *Constitutional History of England*, III., p. 297.)

The statement of Viscount Grey on the relations between the Sovereign and the Cabinet, on which King Edward's active personal intervention in foreign affairs was based, proves not merely the possibility but the actual existence of a flaw in constitutional government, thus described by Professor Sheldon Amos, writing more than a generation ago: "It is quite possible for the Sovereign himself to have an active personal concern in foreign policy, and occasionally to intervene either by initiation, over-zealous superintendence, remonstrances, cautions or impulses, given in certain specific directions with the action of the Cabinet in such a way as to impair its independence and to perplex its relations with

Parliament. When the Cabinet, or even the influential chief of the Cabinet, is content to acquiesce in this intervention and to assume in the presence of Parliament all the responsibility it imposes, there is no formal constitutional check provided against the country being to the extent of the intervention supposed governed by the direct will of the Sovereign and not by the deliberate authority of the Cabinet in the unhampered exercise of the special and confidential powers delegated to it by Parliament" (*Fifty Years of the English Constitution, 1830-1880*, pp. 371-372). No check is in fact provided against the country being governed by the direct will of a sovereign who may dominate the will of a Cabinet—a wholly unconstitutional practice. The controlling influence at times not of Parliament and through Parliament over the Cabinet in foreign affairs, but of the Sovereign is shown in the astonishing variations from day to day in the attitude of Lord Aberdeen during the Crimean War, which we now know from Sir Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*, published twenty years after that war, to have been due to pressure brought upon him as Prime Minister, and through him on the Cabinet, not only by Queen Victoria, but by the Prince Consort in matters of foreign policy. The following letter addressed by Queen Victoria to Lord Aberdeen when Prime Minister, owing to his having deprecated the extreme violence of Lord Lyndhurst's denunciation of the Russian encroachments, is an instance of the influence of the Crown being brought to bear on the action of the Cabinet, which, however, must be distinguished from the placing by the Cabinet in the discretion of the Crown of the control of the foreign policy of these countries by tendering to the Crown advice to visit without a Minister, and to enter into close personal communication with Foreign Powers on questions of international arrangements, while the Cabinet undertake to accept full responsibility for diplomatic arrangements and understandings thus established for which their advice was not asked, or given, or needed :

"The Queen is very glad to hear that Lord Aberdeen will take an opportunity to-day of dispelling misapprehensions which have arisen in the public mind in consequence of his last speech in the House of Lords, the effect of which has given the Queen very great uneasiness. She knows Lord Aberdeen so well that she can fully enter into his feelings and understand what he means; but the public, particularly under strong excitement of patriotic feeling, is impatient and annoyed to hear at this moment the First Minister of the Crown enter into an impartial examination of the Emperor of Russia's character and conduct. . . . The Queen hopes that in the vindication of his own conduct to-day,

which ought to be triumphant, as it wants, in fact, no vindication, he (Lord Aberdeen) will not undertake the ungrateful and injurious task of vindicating the Emperor of Russia from any of the exaggerated charges brought against him or his policy at a time when there is enough in that policy to make us fight with all our might against it."

I have stated these instances of personal interference by the Crown in matters of foreign policy, and of the exercise of an initiative in the direction of that policy albeit with the sanction of the Cabinet, express or implied, not for the purpose of expressing any opinion on the effect of such intervention, which has, I believe, in the main been highly beneficial to the interests of these countries, but of directing attention to the fact that such intervention, whether its results be beneficial or otherwise, is contrary to the trend and spirit of Cabinet government. When behind the responsible Ministers there is a subtle undefined, unlimited influence in the initiative and control of the foreign policy of the country of which the Cabinet may be merely an official mouthpiece, a factor is introduced for which no theory of the English Constitution in its present form can find place.

This danger to constitutional government, which is very serious, has been, if not removed, abated or reduced to a minimum by the Great War, which by lessons which have been almost literally burnt into the hearts of the people, has impressed upon them that on the relations of the British Empire to Foreign Powers the most vital interests of every subject depend. The sufferings and the losses of the Great War have impressed on the least imaginative of the subjects of the Crown the fact that an intelligent knowledge of foreign affairs, and of their bearing on the interests of the Empire, are essential requirements for every one to whom the preservation of life and liberty is precious, and the continued existence of the Empire desired. The Great War came upon us like a thief in the night simply because from a multiplicity of reasons into which I cannot now enter, foreign affairs awakened no public interest, and were a matter of utter indifference to the people of these countries. In the minutes which were placed at the disposal of King Edward VII. as a preparation for his historic conversation with M. Clemenceau, the great French statesman referred to the "appalling ignorance of your (British) public men in foreign affairs." These words, when the notes were returned to the *Times* correspondent, were underlined in red ink, presumably by King Edward himself. The appalling ignorance of the people of these countries of the importance of the relations with Foreign Powers, and their insular distaste for the expenditure of time and trouble in obtaining

adequate knowledge thereof, were notorious, hence the secret diplomacy which prevailed before the Great War with results too dreadful to contemplate. To give one illustration of this state of things. On June 21st, 1911, in a speech at the Guildhall, the present Prime Minister, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, announced that war with Germany was all but inevitable. It was truly stated in the House of Commons that if the war, which then was all but inevitable, had broken out, not one hundred people in England could have told the reason for that war. It is no exaggeration to say that the declaration of war in August, 1914, took the people of these countries absolutely by surprise. Lord Courtney, in his work to which I have referred, writes: "It seems contrary to the fundamental principles of a Parliamentary constitution that a nation should be bound by obligations upon the policy or impolicy of which its representatives have had no power of pronouncing an opinion since they have been kept in absolute ignorance of their existence." The Great War has made intelligent participation by the people in the foreign policy of the Government of this country absolutely unavoidable. In every step of foreign policy they must be henceforth fully informed and consulted and obeyed. Viscount Bryce wrote in 1886: "The day may come when in England the question of limiting the, at present, all but unlimited discretion of the Executive in foreign affairs will have to be dealt with." That day has now come. Its coming has been manifested by the full and free communication to the people of these countries of the foreign policy of the Government, which is subject to their revision and control. A Cabinet which no longer can control a foreign policy itself cannot give the control of that policy to a Sovereign. The control of foreign policy asserted since the war by the people would alone prevail to render control of that policy by a Sovereign an impossibility. But the foreign policy of the Empire will no longer be controlled and directed exclusively by a Cabinet responsible to the people of the United Kingdom alone. The Dominions of the Crown must as States of the British Empire have a voice in the direction of the foreign policy of the Empire just as they have their representation in the League of Nations, whose establishment has rendered the system of secret diplomacy a thing of the past. The interest in foreign affairs awakened in the people of the United Kingdom by the war, the participation by the Dominions of the British Empire as an inevitable result of that war in the work of the constitutional reconstruction of the Empire and in the control of its foreign policy, and above all the establishment of the League of Nations, preclude in the future the personal

influence of the Crown in the foreign policy of the Empire, for which not merely the Cabinet of the United Kingdom, but the Cabinets of the States of the British Empire will be responsible, while open diplomacy which would be thus necessarily substituted for secret diplomacy is absolutely secured to the democracies of the world by the League of Nations. The war by which the Crown has become the most effective factor in the union of the nations of the British Commonwealth in the bonds of sympathy and affection, has also in the very necessity of things destroyed the expansion of the sphere of action of the Sovereign in foreign policy on the advice and responsibility of the British Cabinet—an expansion which owed its origin to the indifference of the general public of the United Kingdom in ordinary times previous to the Great War to matters outside these countries.

This view which I have ventured to express as to the probability, amounting to moral certainty, that the establishment of the League of Nations will tend to open instead of secret diplomacy, and to the nations being given full information of their international relations and accordingly a potent voice in decisions on their respective foreign policies, finds strong and most welcome corroboration in the following passage from the address of the Earl of Reading, on January 31st, to a gathering promoted by the League of Nations Union which was delivered after these words had been written: "As discoveries spread," said the Earl of Reading, "so it is the hope of all of us that the people would have more to say as to war, that they would exercise more power, and that as a result of the League of Nations and all that they had learned, that the people would be taken more into the confidence of the Government." On the formation of the Constitution of the British Empire, as distinguished from the Constitution of Great Britain, decision on foreign policy will be made by a Government and a Parliament responsible to the whole Empire, not responsible merely to the electors of these two islands.¹ The practical influence of the Sovereign on the

(1) These words were written in the belief that in accordance with the recommendations of the Imperial War Conference of 1917 a special Imperial Conference would be convened as soon as possible after the war to consider the constitutional relations of the component parts of the British Empire. In the official report of the proceedings of the Conference of Prime Ministers and representatives of the United Kingdom, the Dominions, and India during June, July, and August, 1921, the statement is made that it was "decided that having regard to the constitutional developments since 1917 no advantage is to be gained by holding a constitutional conference." As, however, the members of that Conference hold, in the words of the report, the "deep conviction that the whole might of the Empire should be concentrated behind a united understanding and common action in foreign affairs," the position assumed in this article of the participation of the Dominions in the shaping of the foreign policy of the Empire, and of the results of that participation, is unchanged.

foreign policy of the Government of the Empire will be similar to the practical influence of the Sovereign in accordance with the spirit of the Constitution on the Cabinet of the United Kingdom as enunciated by Sir William Anson. "The King or Queen for the time being is not a mere piece of mechanism, but a human being carefully trained under circumstances which afford exceptional chances of learning the business of politics. Such a personage cannot be treated or regarded as a mere instrument. It is evident that on all matters of State, especially on matters which concern the relations of our own with other States, he receives full information, and is enabled to express, if not enforce, an opinion. And this opinion may in the course of a long reign become a thing of great weight and value: It is impossible to be constantly consulted and concerned for years without acquiring experience if not wisdom. Ministers come and go, and the policy of one group of Ministers may not be the policy of the next, but all Ministers in turn must explain their policy to the Executive Sovereign, must effect it through his instrumentality, must leave upon his mind such a recollection of its method and of its results as may be used to inform and to influence the action of their successors" (*Law and Custom of the Constitution*. II. The Crown. Part I., p. 49).

Post Scriptum.—This article had been written just as it appears several months before the publication in the *Times* on the 21st, 22nd and 23rd July, of three illuminating letters of Sir Sidney Lee, in which are recorded "some unpublished pieces of evidence regarding King Edward's sagacity of judgment and prudence of action in matters of international importance, some of which are still stirring the liveliest public interest." The fuller information supplied by Sir Sidney Lee constitutes, I think, irrefutable corroboration of my views. The account in these articles of the interviews of King Edward with Ministers of Foreign States on his own initiative, unaccompanied with a Cabinet Minister, confirm my judgment on the startling deviation from the constitutional practice which till the accession of King Edward to the Throne had been scrupulously maintained, whereby the Sovereign was precluded from independent action in foreign affairs. Sir Sidney Lee relates that King Edward had a long conversation in Copenhagen on April 14th, 1904 (immediately after the successful termination of the Anglo-French negotiations and the establishment of the *Entente*), with M. Iswolsky, the Russian Minister in Denmark—a report of which corrected by King Edward himself was forwarded to the Foreign Minister at St. Petersburg, while King Edward sent a

colly, Lord Lansdowne, who was then Foreign Secretary, for exclusive communication to Mr. Balfour, who was then Prime Minister. "King Edward," writes Sir Sidney Lee, "apparently on his own initiative, frankly told M. Iswolsky how the Anglo-French *Entente* encouraged the hope of reaching by the same method an analogous understanding with Russia." Sir Sidney Lee thus justifies King Edward's conversations with foreign Ministers and his independent action in foreign politics. "The King," he writes, "loved conversations with foreign Ministers, but he left details to the professional diplomatists. There was no encroachment on Ministerial responsibilities. Ministers were open to reject the King's suggestions, and rejection would involve no embarrassment. Most of the King's proposals were so clearly imbued by shrewd wisdom that their acceptance was a matter of course. In writing to Lord Lansdowne of the interview with M. Iswolsky the King hoped that he was guilty of no indiscretion. His only object, he pointed out, was to pave the way towards a better understanding with Russia, and in time to initiate *pourparlers* on the vexed questions pending between the two countries." The action of the Sovereign on his own initiative in foreign affairs, so long as a system of secret diplomacy prevails, must render it a matter of uncertainty whether the Cabinet, who can only follow the suggestions of the Sovereign by making them their own, are adopting a line of action consonant with their own views, or a policy against their own inclination, but pressed on them owing to a situation created by the independent action of an irresponsible Sovereign. Interviews of the Sovereign with foreign Ministers and the heads of foreign States, unaccompanied with a responsible Cabinet Minister, and letters written by the Sovereign to these personages on his own initiative, unread and unrevised by responsible Ministers—in fact independent action in foreign affairs by the Sovereign—must invariably, under a system of secret diplomacy, have the character of initiating and formulating a policy in such a way as directly or indirectly to influence Ministers of the Crown far more powerfully than was probably intended. Independent action on the part of the Sovereign, while it may or may not be an "encroachment" on Ministerial responsibility, must be a potent factor in the moulding of Ministerial policy—and as such is contrary to the theory and the practice of the Constitution, however beneficial its results in some cases may be.

J. G. SWIFT MACNEILL.

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT.

TOWARDS the end of the summer of 1920 the Canadian Government found itself with many Bills on hand and with little time to pass them. It called a Committee together to discuss the position. The Bills were divided into three classes: those that must be passed, those that might be passed, and those that must be shelved. So little value did the Cabinet place on the protection of Canadian literature that the Copyright Bill of 1920 was among those that were put on the shelf.

In the late autumn of the same year the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers sent the secretary of the Society out to Canada to investigate the position and to stir up some enthusiasm amongst the authors—in the widest sense—of Canada and those who were seriously interested in the development of a great and individualistic Canadian literature.

The secretary's task was a hard one, not because the authors were not enthusiastic, but because a great literature is the result of proper protective laws rather than the cause of them.

But his hardest task lay in the fact that the Printers' Trade Unions were clamouring for retaliatory measures against the United States, and the politicians seemed more anxious to obtain good votes than good literature. The Canadian Government, however, realised that if Canada was not to be left behind civilised nations on the question of copyright legislation, some action must be taken.

Early in 1921 Bill 12 was introduced. The Bill shelved in 1920 was by no means satisfactory, but the Bill brought forward in 1921 was a most astounding document. We do not know those who were advising the Government, but they were clearly as ignorant of recent copyright legislation as of the present methods of marketing literary property.

The Canadian Authors' Association at once leapt into being, starting with a small nucleus in Montreal, Toronto, and Ottawa. It swept through Canada from coast to coast. Mr. B. K. Sandwell, the editor of the *Canadian Bookman*, was the original organiser, but he was at once supported by all those who had claim to the title of author. Mr. J. Murray Gibbon, of Montreal, was elected president.

At the first meeting, held in Montreal, Mr. Ritchie, the Register of Copyrights at Ottawa, who is reported to have drafted the Bill, was present, and made a long speech in defence of the Government policy. He stated that the Government felt that it could not legislate for one class, and so the provisions of the Bill

would appear in the nature of a compromise to all classes affected by it, such as the author, the publisher, the printer, and the labour element. What a demonstration of the ignorance of all copyright legislation, ancient and modern! Finally, with unconscious humour, he suggested that some form of endowment should be established for the maintenance of authors, so that they need feel no interest in royalties, but could work untrammelled by such sordid considerations.

Those present at the meeting would have none of Mr. Ritchie's arguments. They appointed at once a committee to deal with the Bill and to take every possible action to stop it from passing into law.

One of the chief movers in the Authors' Association thought the situation so serious that he went so far as to state that the Canadian authors proposed to fight the Bill, even at the expense of leaving the present copyright laws unchanged.

The Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights, and Composers of England, a body that represents over three thousand copyright owners, and has accordingly some claim to speak on their behalf, also took immediate action. Owing to the connections established in Canada through the secretary's visit, the Society received the first copies of the Bill that arrived in England, and, with a full knowledge that the issues were of urgent importance, obtained a Report on the Bill, which, passed by the Committee of Management, was circulated broadcast in Canada through its many Canadian correspondents, and in Great Britain to those concerned with the criticism of the law and to those whose property was specially involved. The Report was in the hands of all the Canadian politicians, and, with the report of the Authors' Association of Canada, was referred to when the House sat in Committee on the Bill.

What, then, were the clauses that made the Bill so objectionable? And what were the points that raised such strong opposition both among the Canadian authors and the authors of Great Britain?

The fundamental objection to the Bill lay in the fact that it was opposed to all recent domestic and international legislation. It is impossible, without giving authors the widest freedom, to stimulate the creation of that distinctive literature for which each country strives. Restrictions and technicalities, with which the Bill was crowded, must hamper an author in dealing with his property.

The Bill so far as it followed the British Act of 1911, which had been adopted in its principles by all the other self-governing Dominions, was good. So far as it deviated from that Act it was

bad in almost every essential point. The most serious clauses affecting the rights of authors were as follows :—

1.—Clause 13, which compelled the owner of the copyright to register a notice :—

- (a) Specifying the publisher of the book.
- (b) Whether it was intended to print the book in Canada.
- (c) Whether it was intended to import the book.
- (d) Whether or not it was intended to publish the book in serial form.

It will be seen by this statement alone how conversant those responsible for the Bill were with the modern literary market.

2.—Clause 14, by which if the book was not intended to be printed in Canada or if such book was not printed in Canada within two months after the registration, or it was shown that the owner of the copyright at any time within the duration of the copyright had failed to supply the reasonable demands of the Canadian market, any person other than the owner might apply for a licence to print the book.

The Government undertook to grant such licence subject to conditions which :—

- (a) Took the control of the property out of the author's hands.
- (b) Fixed the royalty on the book at 10 per cent. on the retail selling price.
- (c) Gave the sole right to print in Canada during the term of copyright.
- (d) Made no statement as to the price and format of the book, or
- (e) When the accounts were to be rendered and other necessary details of an exceedingly technical contract.

To discuss the absurdities of Clauses 13 and 14 in detail would take longer than the space allotted to a magazine article. But take one example from the many, the condition which fixes the royalty on the book at 10 per cent. on the published price. The royalty that an author can demand depends on many conditions, none of which has apparently been taken into consideration. As the licence is a compulsory licence, an author's own value of his own property cannot become a factor in the settlement. The author, as usual, is ignored. What, then, is the point of view of the tradesman? He considers the royalty payable to an author dependent on three circumstances :—

- 1. The probable circulation of the work.
 - 2. The cost of production of the first and subsequent editions.
 - 3. The price at which the work is published.
1. Though it is true that it would not pay to publish some authors at even 10 per cent., it may be taken as a broad rule that

10 per cent. is the lowest royalty paid to any author whom a publisher thinks it worth his while to publish. Nearly all authors would have a royalty rising with the sales; many would have a royalty starting with 15, 20, or even 25 per cent.

It would appear that the Government was ignorant of these facts.

2. The cost of production must vary considerably at different times and seasons. Publishers might only be able to pay 10 per cent. flat royalty to-day, when the cost of printing and paper is high, and when the book is priced at the limit the public will pay—for there is a limit to the published price of books just as there is a limit on the taxation of articles—but might easily be able next year to pay up to 25 per cent. on the same book at the same price.

3. The price at which the work is published is an important factor, but under this admirable Bill the price did not depend on the cost of production, for the compulsory licence (see later) was granted to the applicant proposing the highest retail selling price. If, therefore, the applicant proposed to sell a book at \$10, which—the author's royalty and the cost of production being taken into account—would sell profitably at \$5, then it is quite clear that the royalty on the \$10 book is wholly inadequate.

If the mere drafting of such clauses shows the ignorance of the marketing, it is quite easy to imagine what would be the kind of contract upon which a Government expert would insist.

3.—Clause 15, by which if it should appear by the notice that any book was to be published as a serial, or if without the filing of a notice the publication of a book was begun as a serial elsewhere than in Canada, then a licence might be granted to any publisher of a periodical in Canada. The contract was to be settled by the Government, and the applicant was required to deposit such an amount of money as might be required by the regulations. What these regulations may be it would be most important to know, as they are vital for the author, but, though referred to in the clause, they are not set out in the Bill, and would most probably, after the Bill had become law, be left to be settled by some secondary Government official.

4.—Clause 16, under which the licensee became practically the owner of the copyright. In other words, a clause by which the Government forced the copyright owner to give up the most valuable portion of his property.

These Clauses 13, 14, 15, and 16 appear to be drafted not for the benefit of the author, but for the benefit of the tradesmen who exploit the author's work. If the Canadian publisher desires

to secure the author's rights, like the publishers in any other country, he should show sufficient energy to compete in the world's markets. The Canadian publisher is just as capable and just as free under ordinary circumstances and a proper copyright Act to obtain the rights of the author for Canada and other countries as is the publisher in Great Britain or elsewhere. He should not be allowed to obtain these rights at the expense of the author and at the risk of destroying an author's market. In many of the speeches that were put forward in deference of the Bill the Government covered up the advantages it proposed to give to the publishers and printers, robbing the author of the control of his property by trying to argue that the restrictions were really for the benefit of the Canadian public, but it was quite clear that this was not really the motive that prompted the drafting of the Bill, for the licence was to be granted (Clause 14, 6) to the applicant proposing the highest retail selling price. In other words, if an applicant proposed to sell the book at \$10 he would gain an advantage over the applicant who proposed to sell the book at \$2, and, in consequence, the public would suffer, would receive no benefit, but would be severely hampered by this compulsory licence.

Under Clause 15, dealing with the serial licence, there was no specification that the money was to be paid forthwith to the owner of the copyright. The contract for serial publication, though not such a complicated contract as the contract for book publication, still is a very difficult contract, and requires a great deal of technical knowledge to draw. If the Government has shown itself so ignorant of the methods of marketing literary property in book form, there is no reason to suppose that it would not show itself equally ignorant of the marketing of serial property. The unfortunate author would find himself in a difficult position, and most probably would obtain a reward wholly inadequate to the value of his work.

With these remarks the criticism on the Bill may be concluded.

The Bill passed the Canadian House of Commons with considerable amendment.

It was clear from the statements of Mr. Doherty, the Minister of Justice, who had the conduct of the Bill in Committee, that he did not desire the Bill to transgress the provisions of the Revised Convention of Berne, and he stated clearly, "No doubt there will be a different situation if the United States changes its position, and we will then have to consider what we ought to do about it."

Clause 13 was deleted entirely. The compulsory licence (Clause 14) at first for the term of copyright was not to exceed

five years, and further alterations were made by which the Government obtained a wider control and forced more careful terms upon the licensee.

The Bill went to the Senate and was passed with some minor alterations on June 4th of the present year. But still, with all the alterations and amendments, the Act was wholly inadequate.

Immediately a copy of the Act was obtainable the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights, and Composers made a Report upon it. They got into close touch with the Publishers' Association of Great Britain. It was decided to act in unison with a view to obtaining the alteration of some of the very serious points which still remained in the Bill. It is true that under the Act registration is entirely optional in Canada, but it is still clear from the Report of the Committee of Management of the Society that the Bill is contrary to the Berne Convention.

The licensing provisions are now contained in Sections 13, 14, and 15 of the Act. They are an improvement on the original proposals, but are still far from satisfactory. The owner of the copyright is now required to register his intention of printing or importing, and the compulsory licence, if granted, is to be for a maximum period of five years. The licensee is bound to print and to continue to print and to keep the market supplied. The owner of the copyright retains his right to restrain other parties from infringement, and if the licensee does not fulfil his obligations he may apply to the Court to have the licence cancelled. The principal evil, from the author's viewpoint, remains that if the author does not do certain things the compulsory licence may be granted for a term not exceeding five years. But the strongest argument of all lies in the fact that this compulsory licence is in direct violation of the Revised Convention of Berne. Mr. Doherty stated that he held the opinion from those in charge of the International Bureau that the licensing provisions were not inconsistent with the Revised Convention of Berne. This, however, is not the opinion of lawyers in England, nor does it appear to be the opinion of Herr Rothlisberger, the great authority and secretary of the International Copyright Bureau. He has written a strong article in the *Droit d'Auteur*, the organ of the Convention, in opposition to the Act.

Mr. Doherty in his remarks before the House of Commons, in order to illustrate his point about the licensing clauses, referred to the clause under Section 4 of the Act of 1911, which authorises the grant of a compulsory licence in certain circumstances after the author's death if the owner of the copyright has refused to permit republication. But this clause is clearly not on the same footing as the licensing clauses of the Canadian Bill, which im-

pose conditions on the *author's exclusive right during his life*. The Imperial Act gives what the Convention demands, *i.e.*, absolute and unconditional protection to the author during a definite term of protection—*i.e.*, the author's lifetime. The Canadian Act does not give this.

With these facts before them the Committee of the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights, and Composers endeavoured to see Premier Meighen during his stay in England, and asked that delegates of the Society and of the Publishers' Association might meet him and place forward their views. Although every influence was used in order to obtain such a meeting, Premier Meighen, owing to the pressure of business and to the small importance he set on the question of copyright, replied through his secretary that it was impossible to fix an appointment. He left England without having heard the views of English authors and copyright owners on this disastrous Act.

The Act, however, will not become law, and its operation will be suspended until a date to be fixed by the Proclamation of the Governor-General in Council. This delay has been explained by Mr. Doherty as being for the purpose of enabling the Canadian Government to satisfy itself that the Act complies with the conditions of the Revised Convention of Berne and the requirements of the United States with regard to reciprocity. In the interval, therefore, between the passing of the Act and its proclamation there is still time for the Government of Canada to take steps to come into line with other civilised nations and with the other self-governing Dominions. The copyright owners in Great Britain and throughout the Dominions must use every effort to bring pressure to bear, that the Canadian Government keeps pace with the evolution of international copyright legislation. We would ask the authors of Canada and the politicians to utilise every available channel, and we trust that His Majesty's Government will consider it within its scope to remonstrate against the terms of the Act, which certainly cannot become law in its present form if Mr. Doherty's statement already quoted is to have effect.

The *Westminster Gazette* in an article published in its columns headed the article with the following words, "A Retrograde Step." And Mr. Geoffrey Williams, the president of the Publishers' Association, in that article is reported to have stated: "It is rather a sad thing to find one of the Dominions of the Empire, progressive in many ways, adopting an attitude with regard to literary property which places it behind a State like Liberia." In an article which appeared in the *Musical Times* another well-known authority on copyright states: "It has taken

Canada nearly ten years to formulate this measure of confiscation.* A more retrograde step has never disfigured any Copyright Act, and no more deliberate attack on the principles which govern copyright legislation, national and international, throughout nearly all the more enlightened countries of the world has ever been perpetrated."

Mr. Doherty, in a personal interview, stated that the difficulties of the Canadian Government were many, and that it was very anxious to get some form of Statute on the Books where other Governments had failed. He implored the British authors to give him bantling a chance by allowing the Act to be proclaimed, and threatened that if the British Government repudiated the Act on the ground of the lack of reciprocity, the Canadian Government would be forced to legislate independently. This very remark showed the lack of knowledge of the great principles of the International Copyright. If the Canadian Government legislates independently, and cuts its authors off from the British markets, it kills absolutely the growth of Canadian literature, as the Canadian authors, failing to obtain adequate markets in their own country, would either cease to write or would fly to other countries. A Canadian author in a Canadian magazine comments that Canada is being flooded with United States literature. He is patriotic, and considers it "propaganda of the most dangerous and insidious type."

In a copy of the *Times* in August the Canadian Premier is reported to have said:—

"Canada must walk with the Nations of the Empire or walk away from them. The gospel of isolation was one of separation in disguise. Canadians enjoyed the fullest self-government that the heart of a people could desire. It was their heritage, and he knew of no one who wanted to take it away. Under these conditions he was for co-operation and unity. 'I believe in the British Empire,' he said."

These are sound words. Surely the first and easiest step is to pass an Act which, while giving the widest freedom to Canadian authors in the control of their property and scope to the development of Canadian literature, will enable Canada to join the great Convention that governs the copyright property of nearly all the civilised nations of the world.

G. HERBERT THRING.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE REMEDY. THE SOCIALISATION OF INDUSTRY.

"For why? Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them; the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

—WORDSWORTH, *Rob Roy's Grave*.

It has been pointed out in a previous paper, dealing with what I have called Rob Roy finance,¹ how the wealth of the new rich, equally with the misery of the unemployed poor, both derive from the see-saw of booms and slumps which in manufacture causes a perpetual alternation between enormous profits and the impossibility of making any profits at all. Under these conditions, the manufacturer I have compared with Rob Roy, being Controller of the Industry, can so throw the cards that he can take the profits almost entirely to himself while, by closing his mills and ceasing to pay wages, he throws the burden of the losses on his hands.

His action in this matter is facilitated by the fact that humanity compels the State to maintain his out-of-works by a system of unemployment doles, until such time as recurring demand makes it profitable for him to recommence manufacture. He is therefore in the position of a farmer who in winter, when the ground was frost-bound, could send his horses to the parish stables, and have them out again when he wanted to recommence ploughing. Such a system would be profitable to the farmer but costly to the parish. It would indeed be far less objectionable than our present method of dealing with the pawns of industry, because the animals would presumably be fairly well done for in the parish stables, and at least be spared all anxiety as regards their means of living.

Unemployment is our greatest curse. If any serious attempt to improve the position of Labour is ever to be made, we must begin with the establishment of the principle that work and wages for all persons concerned in any given industry must be continuous, and include pensions for sickness and old age. Having got so far we can endeavour to improve the conditions of employment, starting from the normal.

¹ (1) For the meaning of this expression, and explanation of how fortunes, of which the workers get no share, are made out of industry, see my article in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, Sept. 1921.

And here a word of explanation is necessary. Under our present industrial system, booms and slumps follow one another like gigantic waves and deep troughs in a heavy sea. When, for the watcher on the shore, it is not easy to distinguish the normal level of the water, or to say at what precise moment the wave ceases to fall and begins to rise. Yet we know a normal exists, as in the case of a calm sea. Similarly it is hard in economics to discern exactly the period of normality as between booms and slumps, yet we know that such a period there must be, and for economic purposes it may be defined as a time when each person engaged in the industry receives the least for which he will consent to give his services, and no more. This applies to the employer, as well as to the employed. Competition with other employers will so cut down his profits that the royalty, so to speak, which he receives on each of his men's wages is very small indeed. And this again enables him to argue with a certain amount of plausibility that the conditions of the industry do not admit of any considerable improvement in the circumstances of the workers. It is when things cease to be normal that his situation differs greatly from theirs. With rising prices in time of a boom, his royalty on each man's labour may be increased ten-fold, twenty-fold, thirty-fold, and by extensions of his business and the engagement of more hands, he may add to these profits almost indefinitely. This law of the Multiplication of Profits, as it may be called, enables the manufacturer, or shipowner, who works under the same conditions, to make immense fortunes in periods of high prices or high freights, and these accumulations they can withdraw from the industry when prices fall. The manufacturer closes his mill, the shipowner lays up his ship. Their invested moneys provide them with an income equal to perhaps ten times their normal profits previous to the boom. Their hands starve, go to the workhouse, or live on an unemployment dole. And since it is by playing on the alternation of booms and slumps that the industrial employer class make their fortunes, so it is to their interest that this state of things should continue, and their methods are such as to ensure that this result will be attained. To return to the simile of the waves, their interest is in the rough sea, but that of their hands is in the calm. Because it is by the maintenance of normal conditions that we can best help the employed, first by affording them continuity of employment, and next as a basis for gradual improvement in their circumstances, to be brought about by a dead lift of the normal level, defined as the lowest wage a man will consent to receive for his services. This improvement is perfectly possible even now.

the surplus profits of each successive boom are retained to the industry and not skimmed off for private profit and outside investment. Also the methods of industry should be such that violent alterations of price may be prevented or modified as far as possible, instead of being as at present exaggerated.

There are alternative lines of action whereby the legitimate claims of the workers to continuity of employment, and gradual improvement in the conditions of their lives, may be attained.

One might follow the lines of what is known as the Guild system of industry, under which employers generally would accept the principle of the Government services, which guarantee to a man, once engaged, continuity of employment during life, and a pension for his old age. This, combined with some form of profit-sharing, uniting in an effective partnership all concerned in a particular industry, should offer satisfactory results with little disturbance of existing arrangements.

But it is hopeless to expect that Rob Roy will of his own accord abandon the good old plan which has enabled him up till now to set apart for himself all the kernels of industry while throwing the shells to his lands.

He will only do so on compulsion, and the most practical means of compulsion is that the State should compete with him for the workers' services, so that he must bid up to State conditions or go out of business.

If the workers of this country really desire an all-round dead lift improvement in their circumstances they must remember that Heaven helps those who help themselves, and they must insist that the State, which they can control through their votes, shall take a hand in the game. Direct pressure on Rob Roy is probably impracticable, and neither is it necessary. The principle of State intervention is as simple as that of Columbus's egg. The Government provides, as it is, an Unemployment Dole; let it strike out the evil word *Dole* and provide *Employment*.

Of all economic and social devices the Unemployment Dole is perhaps the worst. It blesses neither him that gives nor him that takes. From the taxpayer's point of view it is, apart from the duty of humanity, pure loss, because no return is made for the money. From the point of view of the recipient it is equally unsatisfactory as necessarily constituting less than a living wage. It benefits nobody but Rob Roy, who by its means and in accordance with the working of our industrial system is enabled to levy blackmail on the community to maintain his out-of-works. From the economic point of view it tends to perpetuate the system we have compared to a rough sea—the system of violent and exaggerated booms and slumps. Morally it encour-

ages idleness and conduces to a lowered standard of living. "D—n your charity, give us work" has always been the virile demand of the honest unemployed.

In view of certain ancient statutes of Elizabeth the demand may even be legal. In the light of reason, morals, and common sense it is thoroughly sound, honourable, and justifiable. It is the purpose of this paper to show that it is equally sound and justifiable from the point of view of economics.

The method to be employed is indicated by the conditions of the problem. Cuts of wages are effected by the limitation of employment. Let the Government, when faced with any considerable amount of unemployment, purchase or requisition whatever number of mills or factories may be necessary. Every mill or factory closed down on account of slack times should be liable to requisition and permanent retention by Government at a reasonable price.

Next let Government appoint for each mill a really competent expert manager at a liberal salary and bonus on profits.

Then collect the unemployed and offer them work at reasonable wages, carrying also a bonus on profits, in lieu of idleness or an unemployment dole. If the products of their industry can be sold forthwith at a profit after all expenses have been paid, there is no more to be said. If they cannot, no matter. They can always be stored. Sooner or later the slump will end and the glutted market become receptive. Then the stored goods can be placed, and profitably placed. Obviously expert salesmen must be employed to do the placing. Ridiculous blunders, such as the entrusting of the sales of munitions to Engineer Officers, altogether without commercial experience and totally ignorant of business, must be avoided.¹ The goods properly placed will repay all expenses in the way of manufacture and sale. The fact of their existence will, moreover, tend to check the rising boom and keep it within limits. The limitation of the boom will lead to a corresponding limitation of the ensuing slump. These stores of Government goods, produced in slack times with a view to future sales, will act like oil upon the waters of the rough sea of industry. Some fluctuation there must still be, but it will be fluctuation deriving from natural causes, and which the conditions of industry will tend to limit and not to exaggerate.

And, be it noted, no attempt is made to infringe on the liberty of Rob Roy, except as regards his liberty of blackmailing. He is perfectly free, if he likes, to run his mill full time while

(1) It is impossible to avoid the suspicion that these and similar blunders by the plutocratic powers that be are expressly arranged for as object lessons in the interest of Rob Roy.

times are slack, with a view to sharing later on in the profits of the ensuing boom. The conditions of industry will very well allow him to do this and still accumulate a very large reserve or private fortune. Or he may fall back on the Guild method, already referred to, guarantee continuity of employment, and offer some system of profit-sharing in good times as a set-off against reduced wages when times are bad. If it be understood that these reductions never fall below a decent minimum, and if his workpeople find this arrangement satisfactory, our object, so far as they are concerned, will have been attained.

He can also, if he chooses, apply the price of his requisitioned mill to the starting of another when in his judgment boom conditions have again come round. What he will not be allowed to do will be to close his mill without fear of requisition, and saddle the community with the cost of maintaining his workpeople until it shall suit his lordly pleasure to require them back to earn for him another fortune to be again withdrawn from the industry. Or alternatively to keep his hands at work on half-wages and in a state of semi-starvation, like cruel gamekeepers keep their dogs on starvation rations from February to August.

Consider the question from the point of view of credit and debit in the classical double columns :—

DEBIT.

(1) The wages payable in the first instance will be higher than the unemployment dole.

(2) Rob Roy will no longer be able to squeeze immense fortunes out of the necessities of the public and of his hands.

(3) Nil.

(4) Nil.

CREDIT.

Yes, but the amount so paid will all be restored to the community, the unemployment dole will not—it is the difference between a loan and a loss. Meantime the money so paid out will not be lost, it will be spent in the country and help to stimulate business.

So much the better.

The workers of the country will be assured of regular employment and the conditions of a decent life with prospects of improvement therein.

The public will gain by the substitution of more even prices for the violent fluctuations of booms and slumps. At present prices are often maintained artificially against the public. For example at the time of writing, July, 1921, the price of wool in the warehouses of Dunkirk is Frs.800 the bale. A short time

DEBIT.

CREDIT.

before it was Frs.5,000 the bale. But the manufacturers will not buy it, even at Frs.800 until they have worked up their stock of material and passed on the high price they paid for it to the public. If the conditions had been reversed, however, the high price of the raw material would have been promptly passed on to the public as from its first occurrence, and the manufacturer, fortunate in having laid in a stock of raw material cheap, would make a fortune. "Hoads I win, tails you lose."

In innumerable ways the system of booms and slumps leads to waste and confusion, for all of which the public pays.

(5) Nil

Once this system is fairly established the taxpayer will no longer be liable for unemployment dole, which comes at a time when business is slackest and taxation consequently most oppressive.

(6) Nil

Both taxpayers and ratepayers will economise largely over workhouses, hospitals and gaols.

(7) Nil.

Contented workers with an interest in the business will work more efficiently, and will willingly agree to the introduction of all kinds of improved machinery. This will ultimately lead to a cheaper production of all goods required by the public, especially of those which are necessities rather than luxuries.

It will be seen that credit wins all along the line and debit is nowhere. All sense and reason are in favour of the proposal. Nevertheless, it is certain that no such changes as are here proposed will ever be brought about without the stiffest possible fight, and this for the very reason that practically all the great fortunes of the country have been sucked out of industry by the methods I have described, or are in one way or another bound

(1) The exceptions are few, and more often apparent than real. The wealth of the great landed families tends to disappear in so far as it is not reinforced from industrial sources. Moreover, these fortunes are already taxed almost to the limit, and in the matter of giving continuous employment the landlords of this country have always set a good example. The shipowner stands economically in exactly the same position as the millowner, it being even easier for him to sweat his crew when freights are booming and dismiss them when freights are

up with the system, and consequently the whole plutocracy of the country is solidly behind it. Now the plutocracy of the present day, by its control of the Press and the extent to which it can influence public opinion thereby, possesses *power without responsibility* such as has never been paralleled in our history since the time of the "Kingmaker" Barons of the Wars of the Roses; whose activities, after they had kept the kingdom in a state of war and turmoil for over two hundred years, were ultimately put an end to by the extraordinarily able Sovereigns who inaugurated the Tudor line, backed by the full power of their Parliaments.

Like a hen at night-time whose beak has been pressed down in a glaring light on to a chalk line and who cannot thereafter lift her head, but remains a hopeless prisoner of an imaginary cord, even so we have had it impressed on us by reiterated assertion that the State cannot manage an industry, cannot make its business pay, and so on and so forth, while our ears are deafened by everlasting references to the national workshops of Louis Blanc, now reinforced as awful warnings by the Bolshevik fiasco in Russia, or by gloomy prognostics drawn from the methods of our own Post Office.

These things are warnings; let that be granted at once, and let us use them for our profit.

The national workshops of Louis Blanc were directed by the wrong men, at the wrong time, in the wrong way.

The Bolsheviks, at the outset of their revolution, committed the inconceivable folly of exterminating all their experts, which is much as though you were to boil a watch by way of cleaning the works.

As to the errors of our Post Office and certain other branches of our present Administration, they are very largely due to the incessant and interested clamour against them by our plutocratic Press. They are attacked on account of their very moderate salaries, trifling though these be, compared with the gigantic incomes of plutocracy, on account of everything they may do or attempt in the way of housing, education, or sanitation, until they feel themselves so poor, so unsupported, and so uncertain of their position, that they lose the nerve necessary to the successful carrying through of any business proposition, especially if

slack. The interests of bankers, solicitors, stockbrokers, and so on, are all more or less bound up with the system, and their wealth is generally the result of long accumulation. The great fortunes sometimes made in trade may perhaps be put in a class apart, and so unquestionably are the fortunes that occasionally reward a genius like Lord Carson at the Bar, Signor Marconi in invention, or Lord Haig or Lord Beatty in the service of the State. Speaking generally, the exceptions prove the rule.

involving any novelty of method, and play for safety every time, thereby declining into the rut of bureaucratic mediocrity.

So long as our Press remains held like Laocoon in the strangling embrace of plutocracy we should be very slow of adopting its conclusions, however we may welcome and profit by its criticism.

Moreover, the conditions of Government service, as now arranged, tend especially to attract safe and unenterprising men. This is because the salaries paid are so small, compared with the rewards of equal ability, in the more competitive professions. We shall need to bid higher for ability, both in cash and recognition generally. On the other hand, our great limited liability companies—as for instance our railway companies—find no difficulty in procuring for themselves the men they require, furnished with all the necessary qualifications of enterprise and go, technical ability, and organising power. What they can do the State can also do and do it better.

Nor must it be forgotten that the State has actually managed certain businesses exceedingly well. For instance, during the Great War the business of transporting, feeding, clothing and providing with medical care, and even amusement, the millions of soldiers employed on all the fronts, and in particular on the French front, was carried out with admirable precision. But of course we hear little or nothing of this or similar feats. It is to the interest of the plutocracy and of the Press it controls that the State should appear inefficient, and except when some national emergency renders the risk too great they can generally contrive that it is inefficient.

Let us grasp firmly in our minds and keep ever before our eyes the governing fact of our present circumstances, viz. that the industrial situation is utterly unsatisfactory to everybody concerned, except the masters, and incapable of any serious improvement on individualistic lines.¹

Let us then resolve to go forward resolutely and courageously, but prudently and experimentally, with the socialisation of our industry, remembering that mistakes must happen, and cannily resolving to take warning by the mistakes of others in the past and to learn from our own in the future.

The following, it is suggested, are the principles that should guide the advance :—

(1) Cleave to the expert. Beware of placing in charge the enthusiast or fanatic unless, of course, he happens to be an expert as well. Fanatics have their uses, as we will proceed

(1) Very capable, however, of coming to the ground with a smash under conditions that would involve disaster for all concerned. See Lord Rothermere's recent book on *Success*.

to show, but the Utopian enthusiast, out of touch with realities, is as dangerous as a mad dog on the board of administration of a company.

We have experts available in abundance, as has been said. Let the expert direct.

But by all means encourage enthusiasm both among the leaders and the rank and file, subject to the above qualifications. By every means of propaganda, and appeal to their personal interests, let us cultivate among the workers the idea that they are engaged in a Holy War against Rob Roy capitalism, in which any shirking or malingering would be as disgraceful as though they were in the trenches.

(2) Let equality be sacrificed to efficiency. We may strive after equality as Matthew Arnold advised. But it is mere folly to suppose that a man capable of directing the affairs of a great company will be content with the wages of a factory hand. We should be liberal towards the men appointed as managers, paying them salaries equal to the incomes earned by private millowners in normal times.¹ In the boom times they should receive bonuses *pari passu* with the increases in the wages of their subordinates. Even so, probably some 90 per cent. of the boom profits would be saved for the industry. In industry the difference between a general's pay and a private's is now often as 100, as 1,000, even as 10,000 to 1. We shall be doing very well if we can reduce it to something like 10 to 1, as in the Regular Army.

(3) Discipline must be maintained. The manager must have power to dismiss the slacker or hopelessly inefficient worker. Every precaution must naturally be taken that the power be justly used. Perhaps something on the lines of our jury system, the jury being selected from among the man's own mates, would be the best way to deal with dismissals. There might also be an advisory committee of the mill, including experts in the different branches, foremen, and workmen, to assist in the management.

Trade Unions should be regarded and should regard themselves as partners in the enterprise. Their disinterested advice and assistance would be welcomed. Their help in difficulties requested. But in so far as they are militant bodies existing to protect the interests of the workers against the capitalists, they should recognise that as regards State enterprises, created essentially to carry out their own principles, militancy would be out of place; as between a father and his children.

(4) Employ every legitimate means of increasing production, for the greater the total of production the more wealth there will be in the country to divide. In particular make every

(1) Not including, of course, the interest on the private millowner's capital.

possible use of improved machinery; if any workers are displaced in consequence in any particular industry, the State will provide them with work and wages elsewhere.

(5) Let our methods be elastic. Encourage private competition, but let the State set the pace in matters of wages, pensions, and continuity of employment.

Suppose a particular mill taken over for the purpose of providing work for the unemployed. In the first instance, the State provides money for the purchase of the mill, for that of raw materials, for wages, etc. For a while it will be out of pocket, but on the return of boom conditions the money will come back and more besides. These profits will be in part distributed in bonuses, in part placed to reserve and sinking funds. Ultimately the question will arise whether the mill should continue under State management or be handed over to the workers, who would elect their own directorate. The decision may well be left to the people most directly concerned, and sometimes, no doubt, one course will be adopted, sometimes the other. Experience will teach us in these matters. Then questions will arise as to the closing down for good of factories which appear superfluous, the permanent transfer of labour from one occupation to another. Again we require experience and *solvitur ambulando*.

It would, however, seem fair that some tax on the excess profits of all industries should be collected by the State. Not to be muddled away on Asiatic or other foreign adventures, but to be used as an Industrial National Pool in aid of struggling industries at home; and in particular to assist in the transfer of workers from any one industry, demonstrably overmanned, to other industries in need of hands. We must regard it as our duty to provide tolerable conditions of life for all workers, and not to confine our efforts to any particular industry.

And in this connection we will do well to remember that the tendency of the future will be for nations to become more and more self-dependent. We may continue, if we choose, the Free Trade policy of the Nineteenth Century, but we cannot, even if we would, reproduce the conditions of cheap transport, cheap oceanic transport in particular, that gave to that policy so extraordinary an extension. Anomalies such as that of freights for wheat, from New York or even from San Francisco to Liverpool, cheaper than from Malden in Essex to London, are gone for ever. They were based on a practice of sweated wages for seamen and other transport workers which we would not revive if we could. Home production of the necessities of life is indicated as the ruling policy henceforward, and this means that every country will become more of a family affair.

From a Labour point of view control of Parliament is essential. It is an idle dream to think we can obtain our object by revolution, open or veiled, as in the case of a general strike. Strikes have their uses, but they have terrible limitations. In times of boom they may enable the workers to demand and obtain justice; in times of slump, when factories are closing down, they are apt to prove a double-edged weapon that wounds the hand that holds it. In point of fact strikes during a slump play right into the hands of Rob Roy; frequently he has exercised them himself.

As to the general or political strike, it reminds one of the old joke about trying to wind up a watch with a corkscrew. It may possibly break the watch and it is certain to blunt the corkscrew. Unless, which is most unlikely, the plutocratic interests are terrified into prompt submission, a strike of the kind can only have one of two results. If it were really general the nation would starve; if it is—as in practice must always be the case—only partial, the country as a whole is united against the strikers and their defeat is a foregone conclusion.

On the other hand, once the battle is fairly joined in Parliament as between the Plutocratic and the Labour Parties, control of the House of Commons, sooner or later, is almost a certainty, and everything else follows.

Plutocracy is very strong. Its power is most formidably entrenched in the Press, in Parliament, in its subscriptions to the various party cliques, in its ability to attach to itself rising talent in its absorption of the leaders of the people. We know historically that plutocracy ruined the Roman Empire; let that be a warning, and a summons to action, lest perchance it ruin the British. But let us be of good cheer. The world has by now advanced far beyond the Roman period, with its ignorant idle proletariat caring only for eleemosynary bread and sports, to say nothing of the real workers of that age, the human cattle herded in the slave dens of the Romans.

Our State reposes upon an educated and liberty-loving working population, and is controlled by their votes. Let them once become conscious of the situation, let them once see clearly whither the ways are tending, and Rob Roy may yet find the query pertinent:—

“Canst thou draw out Leviathan with an hook? Or his tongue with a cord? . . . Wilt thou take him for a servant for ever? . . .

“Shall the companions make a banquet of him? Shall they part him among the merchants?”

A. S. HERBERT.

DOSTOIEVSKY AND FLAUBERT.

By a curious coincidence in the history of literature there were born in the same year, 1821, two great novelists, one Russian and the other French, who, though profoundly different in many ways, had only too many similarities of heredity and environment. Each was born in a hospital. Each was the son of a provincial doctor. Each suffered from a curious form of epilepsy. Moreover, both the Russian and the Frenchman, at once through their genius and through the misfortune of heredity, were compelled to view their fellow beings with a profound and lasting detachment. Each was haunted from time to time by the impulse towards suicide. Each has again and again expressed his repugnance to the common routine of life. Each was inclined, through necessity, if not from conviction, to regard life from the standpoint of an onlooker.

Even as a boy, Flaubert would deliberately lose himself in dreams, so as to avoid the crude realities of his teacher and his school-fellows. "When I woke up," he writes, "with gaping eyes, they laughed at me—the greatest idler of all—who never would have a positive idea, who would show no penchant for any profession, who would be useless in this world, where each must take his own share of the cake, and who, in fine, would never be good for anything, or, at the most, merely of becoming a buffoon, an exhibitor of animals, or a maker of books." And though the glamour of history captivated the imagination of Flaubert, he reduced pitilessly to the common level of world experience its heroes, its victims, its criminals:—

"Quand on lit l'histoire, quand on voit les mêmes roues tourner toujours sur les mêmes chemins, au milieu des ruines et sur la poussière de la route du genre humain, ces figures-là ressemblent aux pfiapes égyptiens mis à côté des statues des immortels, à côté de Memnon, à côté du Sphinx. Ces monstres-là expliquent pour moi l'histoire, ils en sont le complément, l'apogée, la morale, le dessert. Crois-moi, ce sont de grands hommes, des immortels aussi. Néron vivra aussi longtemps que Vespasien, Satan que Jésus-Christ."

The penetration of Flaubert, cruel enough in early youth, was to become withering in its scrutiny. In the early days he used to worship Victor Hugo, regarding him "comme une cassette dans laquelle il y aurait des millions et des diamants royaux." But when he saw him in actual life the eyes of Flaubert detected merely "un homme comme un autre, d'une figure assez laide et d'un extérieur assez commun; très poli et un peu guindé." As for the ordinary citizen of his day, Flaubert confessed that in

his youth he was unable to pass him by in the street without an intense desire to kick him. In this spirit of antagonism he studied the French bourgeois with a merciless minuteness that was eventually to flower into the terrible excrescence of M. Homais.

For Dostoevsky the bourgeois was not Russian, but essentially French. "The bourgeois," he wrote in his essay on the bourgeoisie, "is a strange man; he proclaims directly that money is a superior virtue, and the duty of man, and none the less he loves to play at elevated sentiments. All the French have an air of extraordinary nobility. The vilest Frenchman who would sell you his own father for a twenty sous piece, and would willingly give you, without your even asking for it, something into the bargain, maintains a tone so imposing that you become quite uneasy before it."

In his youth the author of *Madame Bovary* was compelled to study law, and his opinion of the Digest and the Code is summed up in these words: "La justice humaine est pour moi ce qu'il y a de plus bouffon au monde; un homme en jugeant un autre est un spectacle qui me ferait pitié, si je n'étais forcé d'étudier maintenant la série d'absurdités en vertu de quoi il juge." Dostoevsky was drawn from the army to literature just as Flaubert was drawn to it from the law. Writing of his experiences as an officer in the Engineers to his brother Michel, the Russian exclaims: "The service disgusts me, like potatoes." Exactly in Flaubert's manner, too, the author of *Crime and Punishment* compared the society of certain people with the atmosphere of a police court. Flaubert, indeed, might have written of the general public as Dostoevsky actually wrote:

"Our public has instincts, like all crowds, but no knowledge. They cannot understand how one can have a style like mine. They like to see in everything the face of the author; but I have not shown mine. They cannot understand that it is Djevuschkin who is speaking and not I, and that Djevuschkin would not know how to speak otherwise. They find the novel too long drawn out, and yet there is not one word too much in it. They recognise in me an original note (Bielinski and the others) which consists in the fact that I employ the method of analysis and not synthesis—that is to say, that I descend into the depths, and, in examining the atoms, search for the whole, while Gogol starts with the whole; and it is for this reason that he is less profound than I am."

But whereas Flaubert passed from romanticism to realism, and from the "shiver of history" to the torment of the *mot juste*, Dostoevsky's art was from the beginning wholly different.

Flaubert's contempt for external life led him to art as the one sanctuary. His contempt of the petty dreams of amelioration led him to the theory of *L'Art pour l'Art*. He repudiated utterly

any conscious mission of the artist, demanding from him impassibility rather than enthusiasm, impersonality and not faith. It is in this spirit that he protests to Louise Colet: "Il faut toujours pour les femmes que le beau se rattache à quelque chose, à un but, à une question pratique: elles écrivent pour se satisfaire le cœur, non par attraction de l'Art. Je sais très bien que ce ne sont pas là tes idées mais ce sont les miennes." Again, ~~still more~~ emphatically, he urges Louise: "Aime l'Art plus que moi; cette affection-là ne te manquera jamais. Ni la maladie ni la mort ne l'atteindront." Finally, in a crescendo of what one can call only personal-impersonality, he exclaims to the woman who loves him: "Aimons-nous donc en l'Art comme les mystiques s'aiment en Dieu et que tout pâlisce devant cet amour; que toutes les autres chandelles de la vie, qui toutes puent, disparaissent devant ce grand soleil." He failed, needless to say, to make "un hermaphrodite sublime" of Louise Colet, and his reasoned theory of Art has more significance in connection with de Bouillét, the poet of whose work he wrote: "Aussi se gardait-il de l'Art *prêcheur* qui veut corriger, moraliser; il estimait encore moins l'Art *joyeux* qui cherche à distraire comme les cartes. . . . Quant à l'Art *officiel* il en a repoussé les avantages parcequ'il aurait fallu défendre les causes qui ne sont point éternelles."

Such was the artistic creed of Gustave Flaubert; Feodor Dostoevsky's was wholly opposed to it. The author of *Poor Folk* was to lose his almost physical shrinking from the crowd, and was to seek to be merged in it, forgotten in it, lost in it. He was to become the suppliant rather than the castigator of poor humanity. Flaubert, in his intellectual arrogance, might well have exclaimed with Théophile Gautier: "Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, mighty Imperial Romans! O you whom the world so little comprehends, at whose heels the rabble-rout of rhetoricians is ever barking! I am your fellow-sufferer, and all the pity that is left in me is compassionate towards you!" Dostoevsky, on the eve of his long exile among the lowest criminals in Russia, was to observe: "The convicts are not wild beasts, but men probably better, and perhaps much worthier, than myself. During these last months I have gone through a great deal, but I shall be able to write about what I shall see and experience in the future." And in the same spirit long afterwards he wrote, speaking for all the disinherited of the earth:

"I never could understand the reason why one-tenth part of our people should be cultured, and the other nine-tenths must serve as the material support of the minority and themselves remain in ignorance. I do not want to think or to live with any other belief than that our ninety millions

of people (and those who shall be born after us) will all be some day cultured, humanised, and happy. I know and I firmly believe that universal enlightenment will harm none of us. I also believe that the kingdom of thought and light may be realised in our Russia even sooner than elsewhere, because with us even now, no one defends the idea of one part of the population being enlisted against the other, as is found everywhere in the civilised countries of Europe."

Dostoevsky, in short, was to demand, no less than Tolstoy, a religious rôle for Art, and to reject categorically the formula of *L'Art pour l'Art*. Flaubert's pessimism was innate. There was no affectation in his confession that he could never see a child without thinking that it would become an old man, nor a cradle without visualising a tomb. He was not playing grotesquely on the nerves of Louise Colet when he informed her that the sight of a woman made him think of a skeleton. His pessimism marred the very objectivity for which he toiled. Placing impersonality before all other things he was himself personal, as he, very well knew. Asked from whom he had taken *Madame Bovary*, he replied: "*Madame Bovary, c'est moi—d'après moi.*"

Pity irradiated the pessimism of Dostoevsky, but his pathos was wholly different from that "*tendromanie féminine*" of Gustave Flaubert's derision. He had known well the moral solitude of Flaubert, but his passion for humanity was to allow him to escape from it. The creator of *Madame Bovary* was chained to his own ego; the creator of *Sonia* became universal through pity. The Frenchman, placing art before life, was to sum up artistic experience in the formula: "*Ne pas conclure.*" The Russian was to interpret what he believed always to be the moral destiny of his race, which, in his own words, "consists in revealing to the world a Russian Christ, unknown to the Universe, and whose origin is contained in our own Orthodoxy. In my opinion, it is there that the source of our future civilising power, and of the resurrection through us of the whole of Europe, and the whole essence of our future force, are to be found."

As the years passed Gustave Flaubert was to crave more and more for serenity as the *summum bonum* of existence. He had a curious antipathy to violent action, and, inexhaustible worker as he was, his life had become peculiarly sedentary. "It exasperated him," notes Guy de Maupassant, "to see people walking or moving about him, and he declared in his mordant, sonorous, always rather theatrical voice, that it was not philosophic." Flaubert himself declared: "One can only write and think seated." This accentuated antipathy to physical activity, this helpless and puzzled irritation at physical disturbances is particularly conspicuous in Flaubert's correspondence with George Sand during the Franco-Prussian war.

Dostoevsky was to develop on wholly different lines. It must have appeared to him, as he glanced back, that his own life had been as mutilated as those of so many of his creations. He had been tossed about as flotsam on the waves of chance. From the beginning his fellow-beings had been permitted to mangle his sensitive talent like apes playing with a masterpiece incomprehensible to them. Even at the School of Engineers he had been in want of ordinary necessities. As a sub-lieutenant the routine of his duties had been repugnant to him. "Liberty and a vocation" had been his watchword, as he struggled with the precarious chances of hackwork in Petersburg. "Liberty and a vocation," and for that the rouble; always the rouble was to haunt him. He asked for so little, just enough to preserve life, while he stamped down the record of his youth. Somehow or other, through hunger and through the temptations of suicide, he had written *Poor Folk*. His little hour of prestige had come and passed. He had tasted the disorder of life only to find poverty grimacing at his elbow again. And then this Christian opponent of revolution was arrested as a revolutionary. Stripped to his shirt on that twenty-second of December, 1849, he had waited for death in Semionovsky Square. Experience deepened terribly during those twenty minutes, and in the greatest of his complete books, *The Idiot*, he has recorded the strain of waiting second by second for certain death. Imprisonment in that "distant locality" had given this frail epileptic new and stern lessons. He was to learn from torment as Dante himself had learnt. The former officer and already famous man of letters was to busy himself in grinding alabaster and shovelling snow. From being a convict he was to become a private soldier until he rose once more to the rank of a commissioned officer. Convicts, derelicts, outcasts, soldiers, exiles, the whole flotsam of humanity, had imparted to him their inarticulate secrets. Somehow or other he emerged alive and returned with his wife, the widow of a Siberian exile, to work once more in the Russian capital.

But misfortune was still with him. The sufferer was to continue to suffer. His wife's death, his brother's death, his best friend's death, the necessity of supporting his step-son, the necessity of supporting his dead brother's family, the necessity of satisfying his dead brother's creditors—all these things began to threaten even the "cat-like" vitality, more mental than physical, of Dostoevsky. Once more he was to be an exile, in the depths of poverty, hunted from place to place, pawning his wife's clothes, unable to raise two thalers for a telegram. In addition to all this, roulette mastered him, and this unfortunate man, who had endured so much through no fault of his own, was

to endure every sort of humiliation by reason of his own weakness. He was to see the young girl, his second wife, suffering through his own fault, and this was perhaps the deepest torment of all. This was what made him understand the depths of Marineladoff. For everything in his odyssey of misfortune deepened his power as a creative artist. Fetters, the difficult discipline of a private soldier, the ban of exile, the insults of creditors, the thousand and one concrete, differentiated humiliations of poverty, his personal shame on account of his passion for roulette, those subterranean whispers that find voice in *The Underground Spirit*—all these things were to find interpretation. And yet he was never to waver from his faith in the Christian mission of his country. The culture of Europe, its restless progress, its belief in human reason, its delight in competition, left him always indifferent. He had borne tranquilly enough the degradation of Siberia, but he complains bitterly again and again in his letters of the stifling associations of the Continent, and his ideal remains always that of Sonia in *Crime and Punishment* and of Prince Myshkin in *The Idiot*, while to the last he preserved the strange confidence of the sinner, the hope of Marineladoff, that some day all would be understood.

Certainly the path of Dostoevsky was to diverge strangely from that of Gustave Flaubert. Under happier circumstances they might easily have met, easily have become friends. For each of them knew the great writer, who was a veritable link between the brilliant Petersburg literary circle of the 'fifties and that other brilliant circle at Paris of which the *Journal des Goncourts* has left such exhaustive, and still anticipated, annals. Turgenev, in the early days at least, produced an excellent impression on his younger rival. "Ah, my brother," he exclaims in a letter written in 1845, "what a man!" And he goes on to analyse the future author of *Smoke*: "He has a real talent, he is a poet, an aristocrat, good-looking, rich, intelligent, well read, he is twenty-five years old—I do not know what Nature has been able to refuse him! Finally, he possesses a character that is absolutely honourable, formed in a good school, and a perfect disposition." So sympathetic did Turgenev seem to him then that he even submitted to be lectured by him on the disorder of his life. But Dostoevsky was essentially a difficult personality, and he was very soon to change his mind about Ivan Turgenev, who was unfortunate enough to offend him at a card party. Dostoevsky happened to enter the room just as a burst of laughter greeted some blunder or other at one of the card-tables. White with rage, Dostoevsky left the room at once, and when Turgenev, his host, went out to inquire about him, he was informed that this

odd guest had been walking up and down in front of the house without his hat for a long time. Turgenev tried to pacify him, assuring him that no one in his house had been rude enough to ridicule him; but Dostoevsky declined to listen to reason, and, returning for his hat and overcoat, left abruptly.

As the years passed the gulf between the two great Russian novelists widened more and more. On the eve of his return from his ~~long~~ exile, Dostoevsky protested, in a letter to his brother Michel, against the discrepancy between the payment for his work and the payment for his rival's: "I know very well that I write worse than Turgenev, but my work is not as bad as all that, and besides, I hope to write as well as he does. Why then, when I am in so great need, should I receive one hundred roubles, and Turgenev, who owns two thousand souls, receive four hundred roubles? Necessity compels me to hurry and to write in order to procure money, and consequently to spoil my work inevitably."

Later on Dostoevsky began to disparage even the work of Turgenev which he had once so genuinely admired. He ridiculed *The Education of Troppman* and greeted *King Lear* with the comment: "He is failing; he is becoming paler and paler." For Turgenev, Dostoevsky had become "a badly balanced mediocrity"; but in his heart the author of *Smoke* knew well that this epileptic of genius was very far from that. When the unintelligent storm of abuse greeted *Fathers and Sons* in 1860 its author acknowledged that Dostoevsky was the one man who had divined exactly what he had meant by the book. Dostoevsky, on his side, was delighted with Maikov's criticism of the first part of *Demons*, which ran: "These are the heroes of Turgenev in their old age." For all that, in this very book, the answer to *Fathers and Sons*, he had openly caricatured his rival in the person of Karmazinoff. This fatuous author admits that he no longer believes "at all in the Russian God"; and when he is asked if he believes in the European God, he replies: "I believe in no God. I have been calumniated in the eyes of the Russian youth." Of Dostoevsky's parody, Turgenev remarked carelessly: "I believe he has put me *en scène*." The hostility had grown intense and "C'est du Dostoevsky" had become Turgenev's most scornful comment.

Demons was published in 1871, the year in which Dostoevsky closed his wanderings to settle down with his family in Petersburg for the last phase of his broken life. In that very year Turgenev settled down at 50 rue de Douai to commence the purely Parisian period of his career in which his friendship with Gustave Flaubert counted for so much. He had attended one of the Magny dinners as early as 1863, and, on February 23rd of that year, we find in the *Journal des Goncourts* the first note on him:

"Dinner at Magny's; Charles Edmond brought us Turgenev, that foreign writer with such a delicate talent, the author of the *Memoires d'un Seigneur russe* and of the *Hamlet russe*. He is a charming colossus, a suave giant with white hair, who seems to be the good genius of some mountain or forest. He is handsome, gloriously handsome, enormously handsome, with the blue of the heavens in his eyes, with the charm of the Russian sing-song accent with that melody in which there lurks a suspicion of the ~~black~~ and of the negro. Pleased and put at his ease by the ovation that we gave him, he talked to us curiously on the subject of Russian literature, which he maintains, from the novel to the play, to be regularly launched upon the waves of realism." It was not, however, until three years later that Flaubert met him for the first time at a dinner. "That man," he wrote to George Sand, "has such an exquisite power of producing impressions, even in conversations, that he has shown me George Sand leaning over a balcony in Madame Viardot's château at Rosay." In 1870 the intimacy between the Frenchman and the Russian was firmly established. "Apart from you and Turgenev," Flaubert writes to George Sand, "I do not know a human being with whom I can talk over things which I have really at heart." The sympathy between them deepened, and it was to Flaubert alone that the author of *Smoke* could reveal, without fear of misunderstanding, every facet of his sensitive and complicated temperament. In a letter from Russia in 1872 Turgenev expresses admirably the significance of this friendship: "I shall go straight as an arrow to Paris, then from there to my daughter in Touraine, who is on the point of making me a grandfather; then from there to Valéry sur Somme, where I shall rejoin my old friends, the Viardots. I shall idle and I shall work if I can, then I shall go to Paris, in order to meet there one Flaubert, whom I love much, and with whom I shall go to his home at Croisset, or to Madame Sand, at Nohant, as it appears she wants to have us there. And then, from October onwards, Paris. There you are!"

It is significant that of all the Frenchmen whom Turgenev met at those famous dinners of the Hissed Authors it was only Flaubert whose habit of thought never clashed with his serene and yet difficult temperament. But he was always a welcome guest at these Parisian dinners, and his suavity was acknowledged all over Europe. The most kindly of human beings, his relations with Tolstoy were almost as unfortunate as they were with Dostoievsky. More than once they were on the verge of exchanging pistol shots, and Turgenev's visits to Yasnaya Polyana seemed never to have been quite happy. For all that, the author of *Smoke*, when on his death-bed, wrote to Tolstoy a

plea that he should remain faithful to art: "My good and dear Friend, It is a long time since I have written to you, because I have been and I am, to speak frankly, on my death-bed. I cannot get well, there is no use in thinking of it. I write to you before everything else to tell you how happy I have been to be your contemporary, and to express to you my last and immediate prayer. My friend, return to literature! Reflect that this gift has come to you from the Source of all things." But when Russia acknowledged her loss in the death of Feodor Dostoevsky, who was the very symbol of her own suffering and endurance, it is indeed a peculiarly ironical circumstance that Turgenev, who ought best of all to have understood, took no part in the national mourning. It was quite otherwise with Count Tolstoy, who knew well that the secret of his own ideal had been always in the heart of Dostoevsky. "I never saw the man," he wrote, on hearing of his death, "and never had any direct relations with him, yet suddenly, when he died, I understood that he was the nearest and dearest and most necessary of men to me. Everything that he did was of the kind that, the more he did of it, the better I felt it was for men. All at once I read that he is dead, and a prop has fallen from me."

And at that very moment Dostoevsky was lying in state in the old Petersburg whose deepest and most festering secrets he had revealed. Into his poor room there swarmed not the official mourners of official Russia, but representatives of nondescript humanity who had found life through his heart. Just as none of them had been excluded from his novels, so none of them was refused admission into that strange death chamber which was in itself symbolic of his life. He was dead, but he had veritably fulfilled himself. He had left behind him not only the long series of masterpieces of psychology that are like no others, but he had published, almost in complete form, *The Brothers Karamazov*, that human document not of an individual existence, but of the whole life of Russia. In this great book the Public Prosecutor sneers at that life in the gibe: Abroad they have Hamlet, but Russia has only Karamazovs. But sympathy is not hemmed in by boundaries, and compassion is free of all frontiers. "Not in *Faust*," as Dr. A. Brackner has so well said, "but rather in *Crime and Punishment* does 'the whole woe of mankind' take hold of us."

Gustave Flaubert, who died in Rouen in May, 1880, some six months before the death of Dostoevsky, had also fulfilled himself, in spite of the irony of external circumstances. But for him, too, their irony was bitter enough. He had been reduced to poverty through his sacrifice to art, and he had been broken-

hearted at being forced to accept a wretched little post which he regarded as a sinecure that had been secured for him out of charity. But for him, as for Dostoievsky, the sacrifice had been worth while. His life, too, had been burnt out to produce a living flame. In that wonderful *tour de force*—*Salammbô*—he had given the veritable "shiver of history." In *Madame Bovary* he had given contemporary life, bourgeois life, stamped with the impression of a fastidious temperament that rejects automatically what it creates, but at the same time gives ample life even while it condemns. And in all his work there had persisted fidelity to his aloof tradition that art alone is the consolation for the natural hideousness of life.

His old friend Turgenev endeavoured to collect subscriptions in Russia for a monument to Flaubert at Rouen, naturally enough with very little success. A lady wrote to him from Odessa to ask why he troubled himself about a monument to Flaubert while Gogol was still waiting for one, and she reminded him in the same letter that the Russian people were hungry. Turgenev replied that, as Flaubert had very little popularity in France, no Frenchman would be particularly grateful to him for his trouble, and that the people who say "Our own poor first" are precisely those who give nothing to anybody at all.

A hundred years have passed since the birth of Dostoievsky and Flaubert, and the fame of each may be said to be secure in precisely the sense in which it may be claimed to have been due. In the chaos of modern Russia, whatever great literary figure may have been brushed aside, it is assuredly not the figure of Dostoievsky who divined so clearly the potentiality of that chaos. The proletariat, in the hackneyed phrase, has come into its own, has come into its own even more grotesquely, more hopelessly, more blunderingly than was indicated in Turgenev's *Virgin Soil*. It is the *Demons* of Dostoievsky who have become masters in modern Russia, and it is impossible that their creator can be forgotten. In any case, Dostoievsky, no less now than Turgenev and Tolstoy, belongs not only to Russia, but to the world. Gustave Flaubert has long been saluted as a master throughout Europe, and his torment for the *mot juste* has never been detected in his work. He who toiled so mercilessly for art is, by a beneficent irony, the great example in modern literature of *ars est celare artem*.

They live, each after his fashion, these two great novelists, in this year 1921, and it is not dangerous to predict that, a hundred years from now, not only in Russia and France, but throughout Europe and the world, the birthdays of Feodor Dostoievsky and Gustave Flaubert will be remembered.

J. A. T. LLOYD.

THE GUILD-COMPANY.

THE world is probably nearer chaos than any time since the Black Death of 1348. After four years of continual war and another three of equally persistent diplomacy, we are beginning to weigh the results. Our soldiers have won the greatest war in history, and our statesmen have imposed the most crushing of peaces on our enemies—and our financial position is worse than it was before our great rival Germany was beaten. We see that (after all our triumphs) the most important fact in our material life is that we should have all the necessities of existence and as many of the luxuries as are good for us; and that the only way we shall get these desirable things is by a flourishing industry. We now realise that our present chaos is mainly an industrial problem; and that we cannot be saved by soldiers or diplomats or professional politicians, but only by artisans and merchants, by farmers and labourers. We have even begun to see that the farmer and the merchant and the artisan have always been the foundation of civilisation, and that the politicians and statesmen are only the decorated weather-cocks on the roof.

The present economic position is intolerable. If we were not so near destruction, the situation would have its humour. Lancashire is glutted with cotton goods it cannot sell; Vienna is unclothed because it cannot buy. In one country there are starving people; in the next there are granaries of rotting corn. The world is full of wealth which it cannot exchange; and there are so many ships on the sea that it scarcely pays anybody to carry their cargoes to the lands that desire them. It is, in short, the vision of a nightmare.

There are two distinct sides to this industrial chaos, which for the sake of clarity must be discussed apart; though, of course, they have a common foundation where both meet. There is the international side of trade, in which whole nations may be considered as individual units in which the chief problem is the exchange of goods. There is, on the other hand, the national, internal side of industry, which is mainly concerned with the production of goods. This latter is the more fundamental side of the problem; for while it is conceivable that a nation might exist without any foreign trade, it is inconceivable that it should exist without producing. It is with this problem of primary production that this article is concerned; for the all-important problems of exchange of goods can only arise when this primary work of production is performed. Our productive industrial system seems on

the point of collapse. Strike succeeds strike; the two parties in the labour world, the masters and the men, are primarily engaged in resisting each others' attacks; and the production of goods is rapidly becoming a trivial incident. Capital refuses to work without profits; Labour replies that these profits are too great, or even that Capital has no right to profits at all. All these disputed points are of vast scientific and philosophical interest; but, if carried to excess by the combatants, may end by leaving both sides dead from exhaustion. An inexorable Nature says that if men will not work they must die—however brilliantly they may debate, and however cleverly they may out-manceuvre each other in these industrial wars.

This dispute between masters and men appears a radical one. The childlike intellects, the die-hards, on both sides are clamouring for a fight to a finish. People of a simple mental structure so often want to fight—it saves thinking, which they find wearisome, and, in their case, useless. But if they had any elementary knowledge of history they would know that a physical fight has very little effect in social or economic affairs. It is the lesson of history that, after the turmoil is over, the combatants find themselves (if they survive at all) much where they would have been if there had been no battle. It is certainly safe to say that history has no example of a revolution which has been of any direct benefit to the general democracy. By the verdict of history, Revolution is ruled out, for the simple reason that it scarcely ever brings reform. Human nature abhors a revolution even more persistently than Nature dislikes a vacuum. We do not dislike a revolution because it is troublesome and uncomfortable, but mainly because it is useless. We have to take facts as they are. In the industrial world as it lies before us to-day one of the most substantial facts with which we are faced is that old-established institution called Human Nature; and the other most persistent facts are the Limited Joint Stock Companies and the Trade Unions. These are the three elements out of which it is necessary to construct a working industrial system to take the place of the present unworkable one which is breaking down. If we start with ideal people or with imaginary institutions, we shall get results which will only resemble the working world as remotely as do the goblins and giants of the pantomimes. It is not unfair to say that modern industry is a contest between the non-working shareholders of a limited liability company on one side and the wage-earning workers, organised as a trade union, on the other.

At present the control and the rewards of industry are not divided between the two parties in a way that admits of permanence and peace. The management of a company is entirely

in the hands of the shareholders acting through the directors and officials appointed by them. Then, still more controversial, is the fact that, after the costs of production have been met, all the profits, however great, go to the shareholders who (*quid* shareholders) do no work except attend the annual meetings of the company if they please; while the working staff, from office boys to managers, only draw their fixed wages. On the one side are the shareholders with all the powers of control, and all the surplus profits; on the other side the working staff who have nothing beyond their wages and must do what they are told. The chief elements of discord revolve round these two points: the right of labour to a share in the control, and the right to a substantial share in the profits by those who do the work. Is there any way of coming to an agreement on these two points without a fatal quarrel between the parties; that is, without a revolution and the erection of an entirely new system of industry?

Socialism of the orthodox collectivist kind has been suggested as one remedy and an alternative to Capitalism. In so far as this would be the substitution of a State monopoly for the competition of independent traders, collectivist Socialism would mean economic revolution, whether it were brought about by a physical force revolution or by peaceful agreement amongst the parliamentary voters. But Socialism of this orthodox kind received a serious blow during the Great War. When State Departments were an ideal they seemed a fairly plausible solution; when they became a fact (as they did on a vast scale during these recent years) they became an object of the gravest suspicion. They seemed to invent as many new evils as they abolished of the old. Bureaucracy gives a minimum of opportunity to the efficient administrators, and a maximum of scope to the shirkers, the corrupt, and the incapable. It kills individuality, and would end (as it did in Germany) in a nation of sheep led by plutocrats, officials, and militarists run mad.

Out of this revolt against the State bureaucrat has grown another theory of government termed the Guild System. The Guild theory endeavours to avoid bureaucracy, to preserve individuality, to maintain personal initiative, while controlling it by the collective hand of society. Perhaps its essential principles are, first, that industry and trade are more fundamental functions of society than politics; secondly, that this industrial foundation should be primarily controlled as much as possible by the united wisdom of the group concerned; and only if compelled should the general organs of the State interfere. For example, the Guildsmen would put the control of mines under the management of the collective working staffs; on the grounds that they surely

should know more about the digging of coal than a State Department in Whitehall can ever do. Only in the event of mismanagement would the Guild-State reserve the right to interfere through Parliament, or some other national organ; and probably in every case the State would reserve the right to fix the maximum price which the Mining Guild could charge for its coal. Inside the Guild the management would be in the control of the collective vote of all the full members of the working staff; it ~~would~~ be a complete and frank democracy.

Now, baldly stated in outline, this proposal seems even more revolutionary than State Collectivism, which we have, in fact, largely got already by a slow process of which we have been somewhat unconscious. But the Guild philosophy denies the possibility of successful revolution; though it has happened that a few individual enthusiasts have never grasped its essential principles. The National Guilds League was founded by the odd collection of people who always cluster round new ideas. Many of them, being somewhat hasty in their judgments and deficient in historical knowledge, strangely confused the Guild idea with the Russian Revolution, which appealed to their emotional natures—as it has appealed to many generous people who are too tired to think. No doubt in its complete form the Guild system, if introduced suddenly, would amount to a real revolution in society; but we have realised that revolutions are never successful, even when they are possible. This article, however, does not propose to discuss the Guild theory as a whole. It will go no further than to suggest that the Guild gives us a hint for an immediately possible step in industrial organisation, which, although only a step, would be a substantial one on the right and permanent road. This proposed step is the Guild-Company, wherein the conflicting industrial parties can come to terms. The nature of this Guild-Company will be understood most easily by a concrete statement of the chief elements in its constitution. The articles of association of the Guild-Company will lay down the following principles:—

(1) The amount of interest paid on loan capital will be restricted to a defined amount, leaving the surplus profits to be distributed in wages and salaries. The non-working shareholders will thus have their interest limited to a fixed sum, while the working staff will have all the unlimited possibilities that may result from their energy; they will know that the production of greater profits will be to their direct gain, not (as now) to the sole advantage of the shareholders. By this simple, though radical step, the workers and the non-workers will be put in exactly reversed relation to their present position, where the

shareholders get all the surplus after paying wages and other costs of production.

(2) Under the present system the management of a limited company is ultimately in the hands of the voters of a general shareholders' meeting, where the directors are appointed and all great decisions made. In the Guild-Company it is proposed that a clause in the articles of association will place the managing power in the hands of the whole fully qualified working staff, whether manual, clerical, or scientific. It is hard to see that such a change could have anything but a good effect on the management of a business. It would surely be an improvement to replace the amateur decisions of a shareholders' meeting by the expert opinion of people who spend their whole time on the work being discussed. It may be replied that they would be making decisions concerning the fate of capital which did not belong to them, but to the shareholders. There are many replies that might be made. Thus, the shareholders already in fact entrust their capital to the skill of the working staff; and it would seem an added security to give more power to expert opinion rather than to prefer the haphazard judgment of a general shareholders' meeting. The working staff will be more likely to choose a good director than the vote of an ignorant general meeting will select; for the workers (even assuming that they have no shares in the capital) would have at stake all the possibilities of profits to which they were entitled under the already suggested restricted-interest clause in the Guild-Company's articles; and, from daily contact with their staff, they would know (at least better than shareholders) the men who were most skilful in their work.

(3) So far we have looked at the matter from the personal point of view of the shareholders and staff. The first clause restricted the non-working shareholders to a reasonable profit per cent. on their capital. The second clause raised the whole working staff to the reasonable dignity to which all worthy workers are entitled; and it would satisfy one of the most persistent demands of the labour world. It is now necessary to consider the welfare of the community as a whole. There has been a very just outcry against the extortion of the capitalist profiteer. When we give the surplus profits to the workers instead of to the "idle rich," we are under no delusion that "human nature" will thereby undergo a miraculous change for the better. The worst of the capitalists have usually been the men who have come most immediately from the working class. The aim of the reformers is, after all, not to make more "new rich," but to prevent the poor man from becoming a millionaire. So it will be wise to put into the Guild-Company articles a clause that will

compel such a corporation to submit its prices to a public tribunal. The precise constitution of such a tribunal—whether local or central, whether appointed by the Government or chosen by the local councils, or even directly elected by the community—is open to agreement. But its proposed function is quite clear: it will restrain the price of any products or services to the costs of production plus such a reasonable profit as the morality of the community approves. It will not necessarily be a precise figure; but it will certainly rule the “profiteer” out of civilised society, though it may leave the men of enterprise with an ample possibility of reward.

Such are the three main clauses which would be the basis of the proposed Guild-Companies. It is suggested that, although they would make a radical change in the present industrial structure, yet the change could be effected by immediate action without causing chaos. Unlike many proposals of reform, they would go to the root of labour discontent, although perhaps they would not pull these roots out of the earth. The extremists are never content unless they see some roots pointing towards the sky. But Nature has a (perhaps pedantic) rule that nothing grows from a plant with its roots in the air. When the extremists regain control of their emotions they will realise that even the smallest seed planted is better than the biggest tree uprooted. Under the above scheme Labour would feel that any extra energy which it put into its work would no longer go to increase capitalist profits, but to increase its own share of wages and salaries. Again, there would also follow a most desirable blending of the interests of the black-coated and the horny-handed workers. As members of the staff they would have equal right of voting in all cases where they were fully qualified in their respective grades; though the apprentices and the office boys would not necessarily have the full powers of the adults. The lower-grade majority would (for the first time probably) realise the vital importance of skill in management; they would quickly realise that if they are to receive better wages they must first get good management, which alone can make economy of working; they would agree that it is good policy, in the most selfish sense, to offer the right man a high salary if he is capable of increasing the welfare of the whole company.

On this realisation of the value of brains will rest much of the possibility of future developments in civilisation. Nothing will so quickly produce that realisation as putting the manual worker into a position in which he will see how much his own interests may depend on respecting and rewarding the mind of exceptional ability. It is a common charge against the Labour movement

that it has not, and will not, encourage brains and culture. There is little foundation for the charge, of course; and a more thoughtful public is beginning to realise that the present capitalist is appallingly careless of brains and scientific research.

In short, it is suggested that the introduction of the Guild-Company into industry would tend to the following results:

(1) Labour would know that the share of Capital was at least defined in such a way that it could no longer get beyond a reasonable limit. (2) Labour would also feel that if it liked to work hard and find improved methods, the increased profits would fall to itself and not to the idle shareholders. (3) The general public would have a substantial control over the price of commodities, and profiteering could only happen by rare ingenuity and with infinite trouble to the culprits. (4) Our present system would not be disorganised during the change over; for it could be done by each trading firm when convenient, without waiting for a vast combination as would be necessary in the Socialist solution by nationalisation. (5) In so far as it resulted in transferring wealth from the capitalist classes to the working classes, it would mainly affect the super-rich and not the modest citizen who gets no preposterous share of the national fortunes. For one thing, the restriction of interest on capital to, say, 5 per cent., would mainly clip the wings of the great speculating financiers; for the normal citizen only gets an average 5 per cent. for his money as it is. Besides, the middle-class man still depends mainly on his salary or profits as manager or active proprietor, and as such (assuming that he knew his business) it would probably pay the Guild-Company to retain him at a reasonable salary. In other words, the disorganisation of industry would be at a minimum, while there would be the maximum of possibilities in the fact that Labour (both the black coats and the manual workers), having all the surplus profits as its reward, would for the first time in modern industry be encouraged to do its best. That alone would take us as far towards Utopia as anything the "reds" have proposed. It would encourage energy and private enterprise, and yet allow the community by a direct and firm controlling hand to prevent any excessive profits; for it would give the greatest rewards to those who worked most and best. It may be hastily thought that this is the Utopia of a dreamer. It may be replied that the present system is the chaos of fools.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

"ARTISTE-MIME": A STUDY OF THE REAL DEBURAU.

COMPARATIVELY few of the readers or spectators of Sacha Guitry's clever play, *Deburau*, realise how deeply he is indebted to the originals of his leading parts, and with what skill he has manipulated and amalgamated his loans. Biography is always stranger than fiction, and often more pathetic, but left to itself it is apt to be deficient in "a strong love interest"; and M. Guitry's mastership is shown in the way he has gripped, concentrated, rearranged, and above all *piécé* his facts, creating an intrigue by darning neatly together two contemporary life histories.

One of these true tales had already been used as "copy," and was known to the world in the most famous novel of Alexandre Dumas, and the libretto of a favourite opera. The other was covered with the dust of seventy odd years, when Guitry delved for it in a rubbish heap of old playbills and stray contemporary notices, and proceeded to reincarnate and replace upon the stage a curious and arresting figure, who once upon a time had drawn, held, and enchanted innumerable audiences.

Artiste-Mime: this is the correct designation of Jean-Gaspard Deburau, as appears from his articles of contract with the Director of the Théâtre des Funambules, drawn up on December 10th, 1826. And it fits him and belongs to him in a very special way. To Chip the carpenter, or young Quill the lawyer's clerk, or old Bolus the apothecary, such legal descriptions are mere tickets; which have been adopted, and may be repudiated or exchanged; which are donned at the place of business and doffed in the home. Other actors were schoolboys or undergraduates yesterday, and may be shopkeepers to-morrow. They play many parts, and often essay many different lines. But the old Comedian *dell' Arte*, and his degenerate successor, the Pantomimist, had but a single rôle. He was completely identified with it. It often absorbed even his own name. Jean-Gaspard was *Mime*—if not the *Artist*—from early childhood, from sunrise to sunset, year in, year out. Once in a moment of depression and pecuniary embarrassment he threatens to become a locksmith; but some of his Parisian audience intervene. They make a little subscription, in order that he may remain an artist-mime, their pet Pierrot; and as he lies a-dying, it is as artist-mime, who can impart the methods and technique of his curious *métier*, that his son regards him.

Of all the lengthy monologues in Guitry's play, none is more moving and effective than that in which the protagonist, as a successful celebrity, replies impatiently to a journalist's questionings concerning his early life. He looks back on it through no-rosy spectacles. Heaven never seemed to lie about him in his infancy. A great bitterness of soul rises up within him and overflows into his turbid speech as he recalls the hardships of his itinerant boyhood. He had never in fact the temperament of a Bohemian in the metaphorical sense; though a Bohemian he certainly was by literal nationality. If he sometimes described himself as Polish, it was but a confused way of stating that he was born and bred in Varsovia. How he got his name no one has ever explained, or cared; but his father, a poor soldier, may have been of French descent, for the critical day in the boy's history was that in which news reached the family that Debureau père had inherited a property in Amiens.

Now how could a penniless man transport a wife and five children to take possession of their inheritance? The ingenious parent answered the vexing question by converting the family into a troupe of travelling acrobats. The two pretty daughters took kindly to the tight-rope. The two elder boys tumbled with ever-increasing satisfaction to their parents, their audiences, and themselves. Only the youngest, Jean-Gaspard, showed no aptitude for these displays. He owns that he objected to make his way through life upon his hands. In despair his father turned his stupidity to account by making him the clown and buffoon of the show, the doltish imitator of his clever brothers. He got the kicks when they had the halfpence. He was caned and sent supperless to sleep, one cannot say to bed, when they were regaled with dainty morsels. Once only did he get an advantage over them, and the rarity of the circumstance engraved it on his memory. At Constantinople—who knows when or wherefore they were there?—the family were commanded to play in an apparently empty room in the Palace. But the fool Jean-Gaspard, perched high on a ladder in some ridiculous attitude, could look down behind a thin silken curtain and behold the hidden audience of enchanting odalisques.

One other relatively agreeable recollection stood out in the man's memory when he recalled those grey, weary years of his wandering childhood. The father, who, if exacting, is never shown to us as other than resourceful and solicitous for his children's welfare, found himself possessed of eighteen spare francs, and with them purchased a horse and two large panniers! In these the children travelled by turns, Jean-Gaspard often perching astride on the ladder used for their performances, which was laid

across the horse's back. At nightfall it was often easier to find a stall for the beast than a lodging for the humans; and then the children curled up in the baskets, while their father watched beside them under the stars.

"At length the goal of their journeyings is reached; but the inheritance proves to be a Castle in Spain. A ruined hovel and a patch of unproductive land will not keep a family; and again they take to the road. Soon, however, we find them in Paris, with a roof over their heads, in a court off the Rue S. Maur. An addition is made to the troupe of an acrobatic husband and wife, and though they are at times inconveniently bibulous, a successful show is organised. The elder daughter is known as La Belle Hongroise, the elder son becomes Le Roi du Tapis. Jean-Gaspard remains the buffoon. The indefatigable father at length obtains the right to supply outdoor spectacles for general *fêtes*. The Emperor sees their performance. The family feel they are next door to being Government officials!

One day, moreover, Napoleon, driving to St. Cloud, sees our poor *paillasse* running in the same direction in perspiring haste. The coachman is ordered to draw up, and presently the panting Jean-Gaspard is seated in the carriage *vis-à-vis* the Royalty. Napoleon can talk any man's shop. Now he converses about the theatre, and asks the *paillasse* what he thinks of the dramatic poets of the day. Jean-Gaspard replies that, in his opinion, these gentlemen would have done better to have written a good pantomime.

The anecdote is significant of the direction of his thoughts at this epoch, and we are not surprised to find Jean-Gaspard detaching himself from the family performances and seeking an engagement at the Théâtre des Funambules.

It was a poor place, this Boulevard, rope-dancers' theatre, into which, we are told, one descended as into a vault; but its name must be written in capitals in the history of the drama. It was opened in 1816 as a speculation by a certain Nicholas Michel Bertrand, who had the wit to perceive that the performances popular in the temporary booth theatres of the great Parisian fairs might be made to draw permanently. Now the *pièces de résistance* in these *théâtres des foires* were, in fact, relics and reminiscences of the old Commedia dell'Arte—that unique flower of Italian genius, which, at the zenith of its career, had been housed in royal palaces, but which had at length declined into the booths from which it had sprung. And in its decrepitude it became mute—as it perhaps was in its far-off infancy. The

restrictions imposed through the envy of the legitimate drama only partially account for the pantomimic performances of the fairs. The art of improvisation was, in fact, inseparable from the genius of the Italian players, and as they died out or became denaturalised it became impossible to produce the old plays. Certain traditions as to staging, action, and character, however, lingered on, and degraded versions of the ancient *scenarii* were retained for dumb show representations.

A *pantomime sautant*, full of horse-play, gymnastic feats, and pyrotechnic display, was a conspicuous item in the bill of the Funambules, though it was less important than the really marvellous performance of the *chiens saquants*. Our poor *paillasse* was at the outset profoundly convinced of his inferiority to these clever animals; and only gradually did he shake off depression, and begin to exhibit streaks of talent and self-confidence, under the influence of a kindly spirit, who took the leading rôle of Harlequin. And then one evening his good angel took him by the hand and led him to an apparently unlikely place of inspiration. It was a little *estaminet* where players and men of letters were wont to congregate; and there, amid the fumes of smoke and beer, the talk on the night in question turned with enthusiasm on the rising star of Talma. Our *paillasse* listened, and then and there fell in love with Fame. He determined to win her—to be the Talma of Pantomime.

Gradually a change came over the Funambules' programme, and then over one of the stock rôles. The performing dogs disappeared, and the foolish pantomime of action gave place to the *pantomime dialoguée*, in which the most complicated plots and conversations were expressed by gestures and facial expression. To the ancient *Commedia dell' Arte* characters figuring in these pantomimes—the two Zanyes, Columbine, Pantaloon, the lovers, the Doctor—had been added the white-vested Pierrot. He had been born into the strange world of improvised comedy, because all the conventions demanded the existence of a doltish butt. Harlequin had originally supplied that demand: he had been the Fool, and his twin, Brighella, the Knave of every *scenario*. But in the middle of the eighteenth century the part of Arlecchino was played by a notable comedian, Domenico Biancolelli, a man of fine physique, of education and parts, the intimate of men of letters, who not only found it difficult to conceal the light of his intelligence, but perceived that a French audience required, before all things, wit. And so the Zany became witty, astute, and nimble. Fortunately, an imbecile was ready to hand in the French peasant of Molière's *Festin de pierre*. Molière had

borrowed his plot from an Italian *scenario*; and the Italian players in Paris, in their turn, took some of his most telling passages, and with them furnished up the ancient *Convitato di pietra*. A clever actor, Giaratone, made a great hit in the part of Pierrot, who "from this time," says M. E. Fourrier, "never again left the Italian comedy"; and, of course, passed from it into the derivative pantomimes.

And now, in the hands of Deburau, Pierre in his turn grows his simplicity. "With all due respect to the most perfect actor who ever lived," wrote one of his contemporaries, "he completely denaturalised his part. Pierre assumed the airs of master, and an aplomb unsuited to his character. He no longer received the kicks; he gave them. Harlequin now scarcely dared to touch his shoulders with his bat. Cassandro would think twice before boxing his ears. He would kiss Columbine and place his arm about her waist like the seducer of comic opera. He caused the entire action of the play to revolve round himself."

Another contemporary marks and explains the transformation of the *rôle* in the lines:—

"Et du Pierrot blafard brisant le masque étroit
Le front de Deburau perçait en maint endroit."

But the explanation merely emphasises the psychological peculiarity of the change without indicating how it came to pass. That the wit and aplomb of the successful Dominique should leak out and overflow into his *rôle* is comprehensible; but our poor *paillasse*, the uneducated acrobat, the fool of his family, diffident, awkward, and depressed in youth, and to the end of his days modest, unassuming, and melancholy—surely he of all actors seemed predestined to get into the skin of the original Pierrot, and hand on unchanged the conception of a naïve, though lovable simpleton?

The transformation of his part undoubtedly synchronised and corresponded with his own mental development; it marks the change which comes to a man who has found the line for which he is peculiarly fitted, the thing he can do better than his peers. He had shown no aptitude for acrobatic feats. He was not a great dancer, like Biancolelli—known to the Parisians as Dominique—whose fatal pneumonia was developed because the French monarch encored his performance till he was over-heated and over-tired. He had not the agility of the famous Scaramouche Fiorelli, who at the age of eighty could still deliver a box on the ear with his foot. He could not fence and box with the notable ease of his son and successor, Charles. His gift—and he knew it—lay in his unsurpassable mimetic power, in the

extraordinary mobility of his facial muscles and expressiveness of his hands. To display it he modified the traditional Pierrot costume, suppressing every detail which might conceal his play of feature or detract from its effect. Instead of the short woollen blouse with big round buttons and long hanging sleeves of the first French Pierrots, he donned the white blouse, with wide sleeves, showing every vein of his wrists and "speaking hands," worn by the Italian Pagliacci; but he deleted the neck frill, which hid the neck muscles, and the tall hat which threw a shadow on the forehead. The tight-fitting black skull-cap which he adopted brought out by contrast every movement of his features, well whitened according to the tradition of the French *badin*; and both black velvet and white flour enhanced the expressiveness of his brilliant dark eyes.

Thus equipped the great mime, night after night, with his speechless gestures drew and held an audience representative of *tout Paris*. The people, whose tastes and sufferings and joys Deburau knew and Pierrot incarnated, were never tired of him; while the world of fashion, literature, and art, weary of the cold conventionality of the Théâtre Français, found in the Funambules—ill-lit, ill-ventilated, and within earshot of the howls of a menagerie—a new and poignant sensation. Deburau-Pierrot became an institution, an interesting romantic figure—who could light an unreciprocated flame, and figure as the hero of a *petite passionette*.

To a little vendor of *pâtisserie* who keeps a stall outside the theatre he seems a wonderful and romantic personage. Deeply enamoured, she lavishes sweetmeats on his dog Coquette, last of the *chiens savants* he had ousted. But Deburau is blind to her languishings and deaf to her sighs, and at length she marries a butcher, whom she compels, for old sake's sake, to purchase one of Coquette's puppies. Pierrot's affections are, in fact, at this time bestowed on a pretty milliner, who one night imperils his performance by withdrawing, faint, from the theatre. He cuts short his speechless dialogue, throws a cloak over his white blouse, and hastens to her dwelling. His fellow actors wait, curious and alarmed. The audience become impatient. Suddenly Pierrot, wet, breathless, but reassured, rushes in, passes straightway to the stage, and with imperturbable aplomb resumes his part.

Presently we find our Pierrot a married man, with an inventory of movable property which extends to "six chairs, two chests of drawers, a secretaire, a bed, and two cradles." Another extant document makes us wonder how the *père de famille* contrived to support the occupants of those cradles. The contract between

Nicholas Michel Bertrand, Director of the Théâtre des Funambules, and Jean-Gaspard Deburau, of the Faubourg du Temple, No. 28, signed on the tenth day of December, 1828, gives to the actor the magnificent salary of thirty-five francs a week, with an extra ten francs a week in consideration of his services in distributing the properties and locking them away again each evening. He is to provide his own under linen, stockings, shoes, gloves, and make-up, and is to take part in ballets or *divertissements* given by the company, publicly or privately, without extra pay except travelling expenses. If he should be absent through illness his salary is to be suspended till the day of his reappearance; and he is liable to all the customary fines—so much for one scene of rehearsal missed, so much for two scenes, and so forth; so much, again, for appearing in a state of intoxication.

This last fine, at least, did not form part of our Pierrot's expenses. He was austere temperate, though on occasion he enjoyed a glass of beer or hot wine, or a cup of tea or coffee, and he always smoked a good deal. "But," wrote George Sand, "he never could be prevailed on to take a drop of champagne, fearing to upset the nervous equilibrium necessary for his art, which he regarded with almost religious seriousness." She tells us also of his reserve, of his quiet and excellent manners, his untiring industry. "He always spoke modestly of himself and seriously of his art. He laboured to satisfy himself, and the effects which seemed so spontaneous were the result of extraordinary study."

The stage in a man's life-history when the pains and struggles, the precariousness and romance of early youth are left behind, when poverty has become a mild companion, not a picturesque but brutal creditor, when the coy mistress Fame, and the chosen woman-partner have alike been won, and the provision of bread and butter, of education and careers for a growing family are paramount preoccupations—this *mezzo del camin di nostra vita*, however satisfactory to the individual and even to his sober biographer, is not the one which usually attracts the playwright in search of moving incidents and picturesque situations; nor again are the sentimental declarations and laments of a *père de famille*, faithless to a still young, pretty, and faithful wife apt to excite in spectators any feeling but amusement or contempt.

Guitry, however, does not choose to introduce us to his protagonist till Pierrot is at the zenith of his fame, and his first-born already a little lad of promise. And he makes his middle-aged hero's passion the pivot of the play.

The means by which he achieves the impossible is exceedingly

clever, though, or because, exceedingly simple. Instead of evolving a heroine from his inner consciousness, he simply interwove the strands of Deburau's life-history with another equally unusual and picturesque, which, though really disassociated, fell within the limits of the same time, place, and *milieu*. The beautiful *demi-mondaine*, Marie Duplessis, with her instinctive elegance, her fine taste, her curious innocence, her anomalous constancy, ~~was a~~ heroine ready made for the pen of Alexandre Dumas. As the Dame aux Camélias she secured his immediate and permanent success, and her own privileged position in French literature. From this secure height she has stooped to the aid of Sacha Guitry, who by bringing her upon his stage at once created in a French audience a prejudice in favour of his play, and eliminated a sense of the ridiculous by inspiring a sense of fatal, irresistible fascination.

The association of these two arresting personalities in the mind and work of Guitry is clearly to be attributed to a certain Parisian critic who was contemporary with both of them. Jules Janin wrote a critical study of Deburau; he also wrote a preface to an edition of Dumas's famous novel. In that preface he sketches the character and life of the original Dame aux Camélias, and relates his own *rencontre* with her.

One evening in 1845—a year, that is, before Deburau's death—Jules Janin, in company with the composer Liszt, remarked, walking along the street in front of them and in the same direction as themselves, a lady, noticeable for her grace of carriage and her elegant, though quiet and suitable, attire. On entering "an abominable *salon* of a theatre of the Boulevards" (it may well have been the Funambules) they found the lady, to their surprise, seated next to them, and still alone. After a time she entered into conversation with them, speaking of the play and music with discrimination and in well-chosen phrases, and though to be unattended at that epoch and that place was a thing accounted impossible for *une jeune dame comme il faut*, there was something in her distinguished bearing and beauty, her correctness and slight hauteur of manner, which left them puzzled as to her position. Later they discovered that she was the celebrated *demi-mondaine*, Marie Duplessis.

Madame Deburau does not appear among Sacha Guitry's *dramatis personæ*. A bigger dramatist and man than he might have been bolder, and have soared above the level of mere sentimentality in a meeting between the wife and mistress. Such a scene would have endowed the play with a second good female part, and have converted that of Marie Duplessis into a rôle

worthy of a great actress. Guitry, however, wrote not for an American or English, but for a French audience; that is to say, an audience both more tolerant of sentimentality, and far more alive to the purely intellectual, non-human aspects of a play which moves, indeed, round a biography, but a biography viewed from the standpoint and stated in the terms of literary criticism.

It is curious that Guitry's attribution to his ~~here~~ an unrequited and devouring passion compelled him to adhere to actual facts as regards his mortal illness, and to reject the far more picturesque popular version of the cause of death. Pulmonary trouble had slowly undermined a constitution on which early hardships had left a mark: but we find an unfavourable factor in the case not in "the pangs of disprized love," but in a damp, dark, unwholesome dressing-room. If Pierrot ventures to complain of his care he is referred to Article III. of his contract. "I agree to content myself with the lighting, heating, and costumes provided by the Administration." But at length he can content himself no longer, and he files a protest against the Administration. In the nick of time his advocate makes a sensation by the production of a toad-stool grown on the premises. But the *arrêt* given is wholly disproportionate to the horror and sympathy expressed in court. The Administration is merely ordered to "disinfect the aforesaid dressing-room at once, and to extirpate within twenty-four hours all fungi and other vegetables." The Administration accomplishes its horticultural work "at its own expense", and, clothed in his cotton blouse, Pierrot continues to cough and shiver in his care. The doctors frequently prescribe "a long rest" — a long rest for an ill-paid "artist-mime," who is the father of four children, and whose contract contains another unfortunate clause, to wit, that in case of illness the Direction has the right to suspend his salary until his reappearance. Moreover, the physicians' prescription was untempting because the excitement of acting had the fallacious appearance of being his best medicine. As he stepped upon the stage his asthma left him. He neither gasped nor coughed; new strength came to his limbs. Pierrot was young again in the hand of Cockaigne. What wonder that he did not wish to leave his audience, and that they never guessed his condition? When his death surprised them in the year 1846, they attributed it to a stage accident.

And a slight stage accident did happen. Maurice Sand, who with his mother George Sand occupied a box at the Funambules that night, describes it carefully; and his description forms an excellent illustration of the actor's relations with his public.

A trap-door through which Pierrot, in a piece called *Les Epreuves*, was wont to make his exit, refused to open. He stamped impatiently with his foot; it suddenly gave way, and he fell through it unprepared. Someone announced that the actor was hurt, and the audience rose quietly to go. But almost at once Deburau himself reappeared on the stage. "Assez, assez," cried the spectators; but Pierrot, maintaining his rôle, intimated by emphatic gestures that he meant to continue the show. The house broke into a long roar of applause.

George Sand sent next day to inquire for the actor, and he acknowledged this civility and a laudatory article she had written in the *Constitutionnel* in a brief but graceful note: "Ma plume," he wrote, "est comme ma bouche sur la scène; mais mon cœur est comme mon visage, et je vous prie d'en accepter l'expression sincère."

The fall compelled him to rest, and the rest benefited his health. But at the end of three weeks he declared he was again in his work, and his advertised return brought a long queue to the booking-office. The piece in which he chose to make his reappearance, *Les Noces de Pierrot*, was a favourite of his own and of his public; and he played it now for the six hundredth time. His entrance with a pretty girl on his arm and a bridal buttonhole in his white coat was a signal for delirious applause. True to his part he made no speech, but it was evident he was much affected. He bowed low, his hand on his heart, and a tear trickled down his floured cheek. In this scene, with the peasants grouped artistically to right and left, Pierrot the bridegroom was wont to execute a strange dance introducing some *can-can* steps. But he did not move. "Dansez, dansez!" cried a single voice from the gallery; but "Non, non!" was the call of numbers, and again came a great shout, "Vive Deburau." It was one of those rare moments when the public evinces delicate and acute perception. They were saying farewell to their "Artist-Mime."

A few days later propped up in his bed with pillows, the dying Pierrot gave his son, at the young man's earnest request, his first and last lesson.

Guitry here avails himself ably of an immense opportunity not only for transferring to monologue the æsthetic thoughts and information of Jules Janin, but of touching a deep and tender chord in the hearts of his audience. The desire of an admiring and ambitious son to gather up the fragments of his father's curious art that nothing might be lost to posterity; the wistful looking backward of an artist; the pang with which the old who

have drained the wine of life contemplate the young whose cups are brimming over; these natural, poignant emotions give to the play a very moving close.

Yet we who have tried to know the real Deburau must needs recognise that Guitry has told a true tale with a wrong emphasis, and thereby has belittled the character of his hero. Not professional jealousy but parental solicitude and ambition prevented him from training Charles to follow in his steps. ^{Those} Those steps had led him to very little comfort; and weary, suffering, and poor, he had the commonplace parental wish that his children should enjoy a greater measure of material prosperity. Accordingly he gave his first-born a training in drawing, design, and porcelain painting. When, however, he discovered that the stage-struck boy meditated running off with a travelling troupe of players, he changed his tactics, and sent him to the Conservatoire, that he might receive there, not the limited empirical instruction which he himself could give, but a first-rate, all-round, scientific training in his chosen profession.

Nor did Deburau, as Guitry dramatically represents, rise from his bed to witness the performance of his pupil, and acknowledge with a throb of mingled pride and pain that it equalled or surpassed his own. He had been dead a year before—in November, 1847—the name of Charles appeared for the first time in a play-bill at Les Trois Planètes. His father's reputation secured him a favourable reception, and his own merits soon established his position. He was tall and well-formed, with expressive eyes and noble features. He danced, fenced, rode and sang, had the agility of a clown and the strength of a pugilist; and he was versed in the traditions of sixty-four rôles. Nevertheless, he does not seem to have possessed the extraordinary personal magnetism of his father. It is interesting to remember that he appeared at the Adelphi Theatre, London, before an audience too much accustomed to rough and tumble pantomime to appreciate the finer artistry of French dumb-show; and also that he played by command before Napoleon III., who desired to see the son of the man who had delighted Napoleon I.

LAURA M. RAGG.

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY.—(X.)

PROFESSOR PIGOU, in the *Political Economy of War* (Macmillan), has made the most concise and yet the most complete diagnosis of our present financial disease that has yet been propounded. A large part of it is devoted to a description of the actual economic and financial processes of the war period and to an elucidation of their real meaning, which was often strikingly different from their apparent meaning. But he has two actual proposals to make for our present behaviour, proposals which to some extent depend on one another. One is that all the European nations should return as soon as possible to a gold standard and that we ourselves should aim at the restoration of the pre-war parity between currency and gold; the other is that we should undertake a capital levy on a scale sufficiently extensive to wipe out between three and four thousand millions of our internal debt. Neither proposal would commend itself to men of business at first sight, for the one involves a rigid policy of deflation and the other is regarded as anathema on account of its socialistic associations. When, however, we find first one and then another distinguished and non-Socialist economist coming forward to commend it, it is time we realised that this proposal is not merely the impossible dream of a few extreme politicians, but a matter of immediate and practical importance. We may decide against it, but if we do it must be on better grounds than those of general prejudice.

The world is gradually waking up to the fact that the international currency problem has to be faced, for the vagaries of the exchanges threaten the prosperity of every nation. We have got used to the fact that Russia, Poland, and Austria might, for economic purposes, almost as well be in the moon, but the sudden drop to 1.100 to the pound of the German mark has shocked us into the realisation that civilisation cannot endure with three-quarters of Europe commercially out of action. The effect of these exchange movements on business is roughly this. Nations can manage to trade with one another whatever the level of the exchange—within reasonable limits—so long as that level remains constant. Currency is, after all, only a token for the exchange of goods, and a shirt in Germany is worth to an Englishman a shirt in England minus the cost of carrying it from the one place to the other, whatever the value of the mark. Once the exchanges were stable, price levels would adjust themselves and trade could be resumed. But it is impossible to make a contract to buy goods six months hence if you have not the faintest idea what you will have to pay for them. If a German had agreed some months ago to pay £10,000 for a British machine it would now cost him four times as much in his own money as he had expected. If the Englishman had agreed to take payment in

marks he would only get £2,500 for his machine. The margin of profit and loss in business will not stand such fluctuations. They threaten ruin and make trade quite impossible.

Before the war exchanges could only fluctuate a very little on either side of the normal. The amount by which they could fluctuate was the cost of carrying gold from the one country to the other. If that maximum fluctuation were exceeded, actual gold was moved, and the situation righted itself, the general balance being so stable that a country which was threatened with an excessive loss of gold could rescue itself quickly by manipulating its Bank Rate. Nowadays, however, the currencies of Europe are no longer anchored to the solid bottom of the gold standard. The melting of gold and its export are restricted, and in spite of that restriction large quantities of the precious metal are drifting to America, whose fate threatens to be that of Midas. As Professor Pigou points out, the maintenance of a gold standard is not technically necessary to a stable exchange system. If Governments were strong enough to pursue a rapid and rigorous policy of deflation wherever the exchange moved against their own countries an inconvertible paper currency would be innocuous. But in point of fact they are not strong enough, and the only way to restore stability to the exchanges is to return to a gold standard. This need not necessarily be the same as the standard which existed before the war. In Germany where what was once a shilling is now a halfpenny, the restoration of such a standard is clearly impossible. She will have to devalue her currency and determine that a mark is worth perhaps only a pennyworth or three farthings worth of gold. This means an immense loss to the holders of old money securities, but not to the owners of tangible property or of shares in industry, for those have a real value independent of currency. Our currency, however, is so near to its old gold value that Professor Pigou advises us to aim at the restoration of the old standard. The right course for countries like France and Italy is more difficult to determine, but the path to the old basis would for them be difficult and painful.

This policy, of course, is based on the assumption that the European Governments have realised the impossibility of the present position. Our own at least says that it realises it, and they all of them ought to realise it; the Brussels Financial Conference shouted it loud and clear enough in their ears, and they can see the consequences all around them in the shape of universal unemployment in a world that clamours for goods of almost all descriptions. But a restoration of the old rules implies that the nations are prepared to play the game by those rules. One of those rules was that no country could sell in goods more than it was prepared to buy in goods, except to countries in which it was prepared to invest its

profits in the expectation of a still larger future return—again in goods. The old system was a system to facilitate the exchange of goods, a purpose which humanity very naturally and wisely wished to effect. It was not a system that permitted exciting juggling feats in international currency. Under the old system no country could say to another: "You owe £5,000,000,000 in gold to be paid in large annual instalments." If it had, actual gold would have begun to flow until there was no more left in the debtor country, and long before that moment the system would have broken down and we should have found ourselves in the kind of chaos we are in now. The indemnity schemes of the Peace Treaties can only be written on paper and carried out in paper currencies; they are far too unreal and impossible to stand translation into the stern realities of gold and goods. Professor Pigeon, of course, writes as an economist, and he deals with facts and not with dreams. Over all our present troubles hangs the fog of the indemnities and of the inter-Allied debts. Until we have made up our minds what we are going to do about those, and unless we make up our minds to do something sensible about them, we must remain in a world of politics and be content to leave such details as our work, our trade, and our livelihood to the mercy of an ironic fate, which is transparently enjoying the joke we must present to its gaze.

I do not say that there can be no payments at all on account of these debts and indemnities. So far as the debts are concerned, we ourselves can probably struggle along under our burden. The people who have reason to complain are the 6,000,000 American unemployed, for so long as we cannot raise a sufficient surplus of goods to defray our annual indebtedness to the United States it is manifest that we cannot buy from her any larger amount of goods than we are doing. If goods come into a country to meet a paper credit they will not provoke an equivalent outward flow of goods. By hard living and hard work debts can be paid in goods; only the fate of the creditor is apt, as I have said, to be the fate of Midas. But our comparatively small debt to America is one thing and the colossal German debt to the Allies is quite another. We positively refuse to take her goods in this country; we have erected a tariff barrier to prevent their entry. Then we cannot have it both ways, for goods, and goods which provoke no equivalent export, we must have or nothing. France is in different case. Her economic framework is very different from ours; she lives much more on her own resources. She can afford, especially owing to the condition of her devastated areas, to accept a large quantity of German goods, and she has arranged to take her share, and rather more than her share, of the indemnity in goods. But if the industrial nations of the world desire to return to the only system on which they can trade into one another, they must make up their minds beforehand

what they can take in the shape of free goods without indigestion and what their debtors can give in the shape of free goods without starvation, and they must reassess their mutual liabilities on that basis.

To go back to a gold standard does not necessitate, as has been pointed out, a return to the actual gold standard which existed before the war. But it is suggested that this country ought to aim at such a return. It would not involve a return to the old price-levels. It would mean, however, that our price level would have to be brought down to a point at which it would bear the same proportionate relation to the 1914 level as the American price level did to the 1914 level in that country. In both countries the actual value of gold itself in terms of goods has fallen, partly because there are less goods, and partly because by withdrawing gold from currency we have reduced the demand for it, and therefore its value. Although we should not have to reduce our prices to the 1914 level we should have to go some way towards that level. If and when we return to the gold standard we shall raise very considerably the value of money in the country, and we shall have to contract the amount of our currency and of our credits in order to do so. The result will be to raise the value of securities bearing a fixed rate of interest; they will go through the reverse of the process they went through during the war. One obvious consequence of this will be that while the money income of the nation will be reduced, the interest on our £8,000,000,000 of internal debt will remain the same, and the capital value of that debt will tend to increase. With falling prices the cost of all other items in the national expenditure will tend to go down, but that of the service of the debt will not go down. The actual burden of the debt will therefore become greater than ever.

This is one of the reasons, and it is a very cogent reason, why Professor Pigou supports the proposal for a capital levy to wipe out the bulk of the debt. An internal debt is in reality a mortgage on a certain part of the national income. Some £300,000,000 are collected each year in taxes and paid out to people, themselves in nearly all cases taxpayers, who hold the stock of the debt. So far as individuals are concerned, money actually passes from pocket to pocket; so far as the nation as a whole is concerned the process is merely a book-keeping adjustment, which itself costs money and causes disturbance to trade. An ideal capital levy would collect from each taxpayer a capital sum which would bring him in at 5 per cent. just that amount of which he is mulcted in taxation for the payment of interest on the debt. With that money the holders of debt would be paid off. Everyone would then have suffered a certain diminution of capital, but, as taxation could be reduced by the exact amount of the interest on the debt thus extinguished, no one would suffer any diminution of net income. In actual fact it is

not, as a rule, proposed to impose the levy on people whose income is earned, and if that were not done they would gain at the expense of those who draw the bulk of their income from investments. This discrimination, however, is not essential; it is a matter of expediency, and it is most important that we should realise that the whole question of the levy turns on considerations of expediency. There is no confiscation about it; we are faced with a simple choice between two methods of paying off a debt which in any case we shall have to pay off by one of them.

The arguments against the levy Professor Pigou meets very fairly and very effectively. It is urged that the prospect of such a levy creates financial uneasiness and drives capital out of the country. To that argument the obvious reply is that such a levy is inscribed on the programme of one of the great political parties; therefore the uneasiness exists. On the other hand no party proposes to make a habit of such levies, and when the levy had been imposed and the debt repaid the prevailing uneasiness should in fact be allayed. The other main argument against it is a practical one. It is said that so many people would find themselves compelled to sell shares and securities in order to pay the levy, that there would be a colossal run on the Stock Exchange, and that the consequent loss to each individual would be many times the amount of the levy, if indeed the task of realisation was possible at all. To this Professor Pigou replies that as all the money collected would be paid out to debt-holders they would presumably need to invest it, and there would be as many buyers of shares as sellers. Large amounts of the levy would be paid in actual war loan scrip, which would be accepted in lieu of cash. The gap in time between the selling, the collection of the money, its payment to debt-holders, and its re-investment could be adjusted through the banks. The Government, knowing exactly how much money was coming in, could pay off debt out of specially created short-term credits, and the processes of buying and selling could thus be made simultaneous.

There are, of course, more valid objections than these. It may be argued that the people who patriotically subscribed to war loan when other far-sighted people with a more selfish perspicacity were buying industrial shares, which soared up after the Armistice, are entitled to a small aftermath of the rich harvest of capital appreciation reaped by the latter. There is also the point to which I referred above. It would in practice be extremely difficult to impose the levy on earned incomes, and it seems a little unfair to penalise the small investor and at the same time to confer a benefit on the wealthy professional man who makes his tens of thousands a year. There is finally a serious difficulty to which Professor Pigou refers at the very end of his discussion of the subject. The levy would be exceedingly difficult to collect, if there were widespread and

whom one would expect complaints of prosperity. It is not, however, possible to discuss ~~the~~ ^{the} letter the arguments by which Mr. O'Farrell attempts to show that some strange obliquity of vision affected the public and the statesmen of the time. Those of your readers whose memories go so far back may recall the days when bands of the workless paraded the streets, singing in doleful cadence:

"We've got no work to do-o-o-o,

We've got no work to do-o-o;

We're workmen stout, but we're all turned ~~over~~ ^{to}

And have got no work to do."

When I think of the sufferings of the workless then, of the million and a half unemployed to-day, and of the millions ~~of~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{on} the brink of unemployment, I ~~am~~ ^{am} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~indignant~~ ^{indignant} at any insinuation that the problem is one that mainly affects the interests of the employer class.

The illustrations I gave of the connection between falling prices and depression are thus unaffected. I suggest that the sequence a consequence, and that the Government, in giving effect to the policy of the Cunliffe Committee, has aggravated a situation that was already sufficiently difficult.

There are other points I should like to allude to, but I must not trespass further on your courtesy.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

JORN D. MILLER

November 5th, 1921

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ERRATUM.

"The Revolt Against Authority," Beck. (FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, November, 1921)

Page 778, line 1, "\$700,000,000" should read \$100,000,000.

